

Hash Trash
Run # (Ask GEEK!)
3-25-2001

Hares: DUKE OF PUKE, BOB, and????

It was a beautiful day in the neighborhood as **TOEJAM, AMANDA, CRACK-OF-DAWN** and I arrived, somewhat hungover, but enthusiastic nonetheless. Having just cum from the skydiving campout, we were primed and ready to go hash. Shortly after our arrival the hare made a pompous speech telling us the trail was going to be a fine shiggy trail (another trail of the year, there are so many), warning us to pay attention for this type of mark and that kind of mark, and advising us to use Off at all costs. This sage advice made perfect sense to me so I made a special effort to ignore it all.

The pack was off at about 3:40 p.m., the Running of the Hounds had begun! The trail began like almost every other in recent hash history. **IDIDADOG, (GROUP SEX'S Dog)**, make a near suicidal charge down the street. It looked like face plant city for **GROUP SEX**, but with a finesse and skill that only a hasher could display, she arrived at the on-in uninjured. Seconds later, **HEARTACHE** arrived driving through the pack. The pack continued, minus the dead and wounded, to the first mark. We hit the first the check, turned right into suburbia and were almost immediately on call. After a quick left, right and left again we coalesced into a pack of **ROLLERBALLS, JOHNBOY, CLARK CUNT**, and myself. Admittedly there were many others but I only have a limited number of brain cells remaining so these other glory hounds are screwed. The trail then left the evil streets behind and entered the shiggy. We zigged, we zagged, but basically we did a big circle and came out just a sort distance down the street from where we went in, clever hares. Our progress or lack thereof was easy to gauge. A loud and continuous chorus of shit, fuck, goddammit, son-of-a-bitch and the tried and true Death to the Hares followed us from one check to the next. This part of the shiggy was first rate. We had enough mud and blood to satisfy anyone. At this point I came across **GEEK** on trail with a real hash babe, funny, I have never seen him move quite so fast. It is obvious that **LORNA DOONE** has been gone to long. The trail continued in much the same way it had begun. Deep shiggy followed by long and longer straightaways. The pack was able to stay on trail fairly well until we came upon a check as the trail turned back to the bayou. I can't say who found the trail but after 15 minutes of searching the pack was moving in the right direction. The end of the trail was not very far from this point. A long straightaway, a turn through the shiggy and one last straightaway to finish up, and the **BEER NEAR** was in sight. As I arrived, I was greeted by **HEARTACHE** and **DICKHEAD** already there having a beer (some things never change)!!

As we were beginning to circle up I was told an unlikely story about a heroic effort put forth by **ALL HEAD-NO SHAFT** (although his girlfriend referred to him as **NO HEAD**, maybe because of more intimate knowledge of his endowments). I listened closely, decided it was a lie, and proceeded to read between the lines. **ALL HEAD** comes running down the bayou and, while looking for a good place to cross, immediately notices that **CRACK-OF-DAWN** and **AMANDA** are stuck in some deep mud. Yes, he says, two defenseless women at my mercy. I have it made, they can't possibly escape. As he moves in however things immediately begin to go wrong. As he approaches his victims he becomes stuck in the same mud they are and they begin to show signs of resistance. **AMANDA** strikes first, a solid blow to the midsection. Luckily for him **ALL HEAD** is well defended in this area. **CRACK OF DAWN** is another matter. Having a lot of experience with cops and kids she knows to go for the head. So striking **ALL-HEAD** quickly upside the head she puts a quick end to any foolishness. However in the end all three end up covered from head to toe so things turned out for the best. The circle was fairly uneventful, the highlights being the two namings. The hare Bob was named **ASS-WIPE** and one of our harriettes was named **QUACK WHORE**. We then headed off to a fine drinking establishment and had the finest of beers. **FREE!!!**

Thank You Hares Good Job!

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