



Hash Trash

Perspectives from Pump Me, The Poultry Princess!

Run: Pooper Bowl

Date: Feb 3, 2002

Run No: 1217

Hares: Halfmoon & The Pits



Checking began for me as I exited I-45 on the Peirce/Bagby exit(technically known as the Peirce/Dallas) exit, trying to find the illusive right turn off the long feeder that was supposed to take me three short blocks to the Spec's. Who ever said that guys give better directions then women obviously had not met Roller Balls.

Has anyone else experienced the feeling that downtown Houston rotates on it's axis, allowing south to become north, east, or west depending on how much time you have spent being lost. Well when I found myself on Leland heading away from downtown I decided to get out my Key Map and finally made it to the start. Things looked

a bit ominous as the only hasher still there was Geek. But I had to look on the bright side, so was the hare, so at least I'd have my hash bag at the end.

As we started up the street I was heartened to see a couple more hashers a few blocks up. As they were solving a check Geek and I caught up and I realized this was going to be a fast trail as the other two hounds were Grind Slut and Gas Light. A lovely little circle jerk added Sticky Lips to our entourage. Trail went smoothly as we all ranged and checked a bit here and there, until we came to a check with flour leading north right off the check. Gas Light and Sticky Lips, not trusting flour in such immediate proximity, started checking west. Grind who had been paralleling east, cut west just north of the check. Still finding flour heading north Geek, Grind, and I continued on trail, calling, and I repeat, we WERE calling, ON ON, hoping the wayward harriets would realize a false false equals a positive trail. The remainder of the trail meandered northward or was it eastward, maybe it was northeastward, anyway it meandered, and with the help of a few on-on calls from Geek and Grind, and a very helpful taxi cab driver, I stayed on trail. Our little pack got further dispersed after the George R. Brown center. Grind went south, Geek went east, and I went north. Yes I know in hindsight that north was the wrong direction. But I did happen to meet a very nice gentleman in the illustrious

neighborhood I had found myself, who gave me very good directions to the end. He saw me looking around somewhat dismayed and said, "Hey, you wanna go one block up, take a left, one block over, turn right, you go 'bout three blocks, and you be alright."

I stood in the street looking at him with my hands on my hips and said. "Are you sure?????!!!" To which he replied, "Your 'bout making me wanna show you the way!" Well that was enough for me, I thanked the kind gentleman, and took off following his directions, and sure enough heard Geek calling off to the right within a few block. Now here things get a bit confusing because I

heard Geek calling but I didn't see him at the end as soon as I would have expected. In fact Grind came in after me also, making me DFL FRB. All I can figure is, I must have managed to cross outside of the vortex which encompasses downtown Houston. In so doing, distance and direction became normal for me, whereas Grind and Geek were within the vortex which must have been spiraling away from the On-On causing them to have to run further.

The On-On started out rather pleasantly. Although I had some indication of a good turn out at the start by all of the cars parked there, I missed the initial joining of the pack and so was mingling with everyone saying hi, and of course speculating who this years Pooper Bowl recipient would be.

The On-On circle was short and distracted as many private conversations ensued in anticipation of the upcoming ceremony. As the veiled shrine was wheeled to the center of circle, the pack condensed into a semi-circle of trepidation. Excited for the festivities to begin, yet fearful of the prospect of becoming the spectacle rather than the spectator. I had made myself comfortable in the front row, lounging in the lap of Metal Muff. I knew I shouldn't get too relaxed as invariably I get called up as a diversion from the real Pooper Bowl recipient.



It was difficult to hear what was going on in circle as the pack was in a frenzy, buzzing like a colony bees. It appeared Half Moon had called all hashers into the circle that had Greenbay Packer garb on as Pipes, Slum Bag, and Tuna Delight all entered center stage sporting green and yellow. Happily I had none on, so I stayed put. My repose was snatched from me as Half Moon's meaning became clear, he intended all Packer fans to enter the circle. I reluctantly joined my fellow Packer fans, still clinging to the hope of spectatorship, buoyed by the fact that Slum Bag and Tuna Delight made fine Pooper Bowl prospects. Impending doom fell over me as first Tuna Delight disappeared from my left side and Slum Bag was announce the first runner up. I stood there stymied, disbelieving that I was about to become very uncomfortable.



The whole scene became surreal, Pipes appeared to be possessed by the Mad Hatter as he began jumping around maniacally screaming "Yes! Yes! Yes! It's about damn time!", his face beet red with exertion looking as if he might explode. I was helped into a large pair of granny panties, and I took my seat on the Pooper Bowl and was instructed to look forward as the pack was clued into what I would become. After the mass of voyeurs had

intoned their approval, objection, elation, and revulsion, I was introduced to AFLAC, a dead, plucked, disemboweled, duck, who would assist me in my transformation from harriet to Turducken.

For those of you who are not familiar with the term, a Turducken is a Thanksgiving delicacy that involves cooking a hen inside a duck inside a turkey. I have never tried one and unfortunately for me, if I ever do, I fear the experience will be marred. The first step in my metamorphosis was to insert **AFLAC** into the front of my granny panties, next I was made to don a full body bra with ample room for visitors, which was to be the case as a hen were deposited in each cup.

I was then slathered with oleo, which was actually the most enjoyable part of the whole ordeal. The pungent odor of raw poultry was overwhelming, but I soon had the olfactory experience of my life as raw puréed onions and celery were poured on me from head to toe. The rest of my transformation took on an aberrant quality.

I tried to focus on the faces of the pack, as bread crumbs and puréed liver was showered upon me. A moment of reprieve was welcome when Pipes' Hammersly cap was placed on my head and the goop stopped dripping down my forehead threatening to blind me.

But then Half Moon leaned close to my ear and whispers sadistically, "This last bit may hurt a little, just let us know if your about to faint." And they proceed with the final crowning of the Pooper Bowl Princess. One rather large turkey, tailored into a helmet was shoved upon my head.

Half Moon for this I must say Thank You. Yes, Thank You. You have solidified my initial assumption that you are one sick and deranged man. We can all benefit in the knowledge of what can happen when a mind becomes so idle that lunacy and dementia run amuck.

On-On and Beware

Pump Me

On-On and Long Live the Pooper Bowl!

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