

The Virginal Vaginal Eructation Run

Hares:

P.P,
Womb Service
Vaginal Eructation

Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: www.h4.org
Hotline: 713-425-4274



Since 1979

Hash TRASH

Run #1296

July 6, 2003

Joint Masters: Grind Slut, Such-A-Puss
Religious Advisor: Shuttle Cock
Hash Cash: Fire Tunnel, Trail Head
On Secs: French Drip, Beam Me Up Twatty

Start Location: Terry Hershey Park near Memorial and Elbridge Dr. in West Houston

Hares: P.P, Womb Service and the virgin hare Vaginal Eructation (Please refer to attached document to see exactly what Vaginal Eructation really is.)

The Run

After a brief chalk talk by **Gaslight** using a bag of Chex Mix, the "Live" hares set off in a northerly direction. The pack set off about ten minutes later hot on their trail. The hounds found trail quickly heading south along South Mayde Creek heading in the direction of Buffalo Bayou. Halfway down the long stretch heading south, the pack was distracted with a call of "On Hare" from our newly elected RA **Shuttle Cock**. Several of the pack looked over to see **Shuttle** hot on the hindquarters of a real live hare (the kind with the fluffy tail). He darted off into the woods for what most of us suspected was a bit of bestiality. With the pack starting to spread out at this point the trail headed towards the convergence of South Mayde Creek and Buffalo Bayous, where the first check was found.

Most of the pack went across South Mayde Creek, with the exception of **Hardache**, **Shuttle Cock**, others and myself. We all took the pedestrian bridge across Buffalo Bayou in lieu of the imminent water crossing. We ran east towards Eldridge hoping to intersect the pack. I then veered south through a ravine and then through some shiggy to Enclave Parkway where I saw **Ass Grabber** who notified me that he had seen the virgin hare **Vaginal Eructation** but no sign of the pack. Little did we know that the pack had headed north towards I-10 and Addicks Reservoir.

Ass Grabber and I ranged for a bit with no luck and eventually headed back towards the last known flour mark. **Fire Tunnel** later told me that as **Vaginal Eructation** was making his way back to the start to get the shag wagon, **Ass Grabber** spotted V.E. again and continued to chase him until **Fire Tunnel** physically tackled **Ass Grabber** so that the virgin hare could continue with his haring responsibilities.

With some minor confusion as to where the actual end was, **Vaginal Eructation** successfully dropped off water for the water check and with the help of **Fire Tunnel's** advice made an ending spot. The FRB's quickly appeared, followed by the rest of the pack, with the exception of **Roller Ball's** and **Little Pussy** who were way late Dead Fucking Last! When they did arrive, both were covered with grass on their back and in their hair. **Roller Balls** actually called me on Monday to request that I write something about how pretty the day was and what a special moment it was when he and **Little Pussy** were holding hands running slowly through the fields of flowers and how the combination of the light rain and the sunshine really aroused him. That was why he was DFL so he said. With everyone in, circle-up was called and with the help of **Road Kill** the Enforcer the pack complied

The Circle

Such a Puss began the circle by ceremoniously anointing the new Religious Advisor **Shuttle Cock** with the hash RA robe and hat. Shuttle graciously accepted the garb



and was heard to say “Yea, look at me now, I’m the RA. I’m really gonna get laid now!” The Hash welcomed **new boots** Eddy, Sherry and Krystle. **Reboots** included Adolph Oliver Bush, Bush Snapper, Cock Tease, Dry Hose, Minnie Mouse, Silent Dick, Sticky Lips, Goody Two Shoes, Pussy Whipped and Orient Queer. **Birthday** down-downs were given to Roll Model, Salt Water Taffy, Fire Tunnel (who is 35!), and myself.

Many accusations followed including one from **Rain Bitch** accusing the hares of something that was lame. Her down-down song was sung by **Gaslight** and it went like this:

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders

Lifted up her skirt and farted like a man.

Wind from her skirt blew out six winders,

Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

The circle continued with much frivolity. The amount of beer was appropriate with only minor additions to the supply needing to be made by the hares. With the keg and canned beer consumed, the **On-On-On** was announced at Big John’s Pub (now named Westside Pub) on Dairy-Ashford.



French Drip

Addendum:

Clearing the Air About Pussy Farts (Vaginal Eructation)

Reference: <http://www.jimgoad.com/goddess.html>

It produces tremendous sadness among consenting adults. A terrifyingly disheartening experience, it causes great distrust between couples. A neglected, regrettable cubbyhole of human sexuality, it has ruined thousands of relationships.

When a woman's vagina ruins a tender moment with a loud, unexpected expulsion of Cunt Gas, what is the discerning gentleman to do? When the giant slimy clam opens its mouth and belches, what is the proper etiquette? Do you ignore it...or try to console her...or do you tell her how truly repelled you are? Do you try to make light of it with jokes such as, "Who CUNT the cheese?" Or do you immediately get up, get dressed, leave, and never call her again? Do you ridicule her as a cheap hooker filled with rotted sperm? Or do you reply with a friendly fart of your own?

Even if she only does it once, and even if you don't tell your parents or clergymen about it, her slovenly vaginal eructation will always be in the back of your mind, forever destroying any hopes for total intimacy. It's something you need to talk about with your physician and your marriage counselor, and even if they're helpful, the damage may have already been done.

We're talking about pussy farts, gentlemen. Beaver burps. Muff music. The medical term, "vaginal flatulence," sounds like the name of a death-metal band. In England and Australia, where "fanny" is synonymous with "pussy," they call them "fanny farts." Still others call them "varts," a contraction of "vagina" and "farts."

But the most popular slang term to describe vaginal flatulence seems to be "queef." Some say the word is onomatopoeic and describes the sound the vagina makes when it unexpectedly expels air during sex—"queef!" Others say it's a combination of "quim" and "whiff." Others insist the word isn't "queef" at all, but rather "quiff." Or "queeb." Or "queever." Or "quiblet." A correspondent from Southern California says his homeboys call it a "quafe," rhyming with "safe." In eastern Canada it's called a "keiff," rhyming with "knife."

But whatever you call it, at least call it "disgusting."

Comedians such as George Carlin, Howard Stern, Richard Pryor, and "Dice" Clay have made sport of it, rare is the woman who finds pussy farts funny.

Since it typically happens during moments of sexual rapture, at those rare, blessed moments when men and women share each others' bodies and spirits in the fullness of what it means to be a Sexual Being, the pussy fart is perhaps the single most disgusting and soul-destroying bodily function known to mankind. Unfortunate human realities such as body odor and anal mishaps are the domain of both sexes; vaginal flatulence, like menstruation, belongs in a Realm of Disgust exclusive to the fairer sex. Both male and female genitals can be seen, touched, tasted, and smelled. But only the vagina boldly ventures into the fifth sense, that of sound.

Flurpf! Fwomp! Blurp! Flap! Splat! Thar she blows! A warm, wet, stinky blast from the vaginal steamhole. How charming. How dainty. How thoroughly ladylike. Even without vaginal flatulence, the female procreative organs are a repulsive parfait of mucus membranes intermittently exploding with blood; the pussy fart is the cherry on top, proving forevermore that **WOMEN CAN BE ICKY.**

So whenever a group of women start raggin' about how all men are disgusting, all you need to say is two words: "PUSSY FARTS."

The room will become silent. The women will either slink away in shame or attack you en masse.

THE PUSSY FART IS SHROUDED in disinformation and misunderstanding. This reporter could find no direct medical texts dealing with the topic of "vaginal flatulence," and this after days of wading through google.

Surprisingly scant literature exists on a subject acknowledged as so universal. This may be evidence that even doctors are embarrassed that it happens and don't want to think about it.

A physician friend likewise came up with no solid research but instead offered the following opinions:

"I did a MedLine search on vaginal flatulence and found jack diddly. However, based on some personal reflection...it is most likely due to the architecture of the particular vagina. Firm vaginas allow for a tighter seal around the penis, letting less air penetrate into the vaginal vault when the piston-like action of intercourse occurs. This forces air into, and then out of the dead end of the vagina. It would follow then, that loose vaginal muscles will allow queefing to occur. What causes loose vaginas is academic, however, but if a human being has tumbled out of it, or if it's been mercilessly penetrated, logic would indicate these as probable contributors."

A group of women on a post-hysterectomy BBS reported an increase in pussy-farting after their operations, which lends credence to the idea that it's caused by a loose vagina. And a phenomenon known as "windsucking"—basically, equine pussy-farting—occurs among female horses whose cunt-caves have been rendered slack after giving birth.

Several accounts suggest that it occurs most often during "doggy style" intercourse. Many other women report pussy-farting during orgasm. This may be due to the fact that a woman's vaginal muscles expand and contract during orgasm like chimney bellows, sucking air in and then blowing it out.

Pussy-farting is not always caused by sexual activity, because some women claim to get them during yoga squats or other strenuous feats. Through skillful vaginal flexing, many women can actually produce them at will, causing great mirth at slumber parties and in the girls' bathroom.

There's ample cinematic evidence of such willful vaginal flatulence. Most notorious is perhaps a 1979 Mitchell Brothers film featuring one "Honeysuckle Divine" and her amazing talkin' snatch. A thing of repellent wonder, Ms. Divine's poony-ya-ya quacks and snorts and breathes and shoots ping-pong balls and blows out candles to the snickering delight of a SF grindhouse audience. Another video has circulated for years that was allegedly sent by a wannabe groupie to virtuoso guitarist Steve Vai. For what seems like ten hours, she tries to woo the fast-fingered rocker by making frapping sounds with her sloppy starfucker gash. There are also reports of porn vids wherein a saucy female blows out every flame in a candelabrum with her snatch before drinking a goblet of cum...another where a girl fanny-farts into a flute...even a video called "Amber the Lesbian Queefer."

But in stark contrast to such willful pussy-farters stand perhaps millions of women who not-so-silently endure the humiliation and social stigma of involuntary vaginal flatulence. What's worse is that there's no way to tell whether a potential mate will be prone to queefing. It's not like the vagina is a coal mine and you can send a canary in there to test whether it's safe.

I have a friend who, back in his high-school days, dated a gal who once pussy-farted nonstop for a half-minute after he pulled his meatbone out of her.

It was to be their last date. The next day in school, he told everyone of her vagina's didgeridoo-like performance. They all laughed and started making cruel farting noises whenever she'd walk by them in the hallway. She was emotionally ruined and probably became a nun or a stripper.

I once knew a girl who queefed so much, it was as if her cunt was a set of worn bagpipes hiding under her tartan schoolgirl dress. She had straight black hair, a round face, and nostrils big enough to insert coins in them. And her cunt snorted like a bronco. It was a frickin' whoopie cushion, let me tell ya. She spent much of our relationship speaking through a muff megaphone. She was disgusted and ashamed of her relentlessly belching cuntflaps. It humiliated her to the point of violence on more than one occasion.

Her mortification at queefing was directly tied to the hatred she bore for her vagina, which was directly tied to her guilt, which was directly tied to her low self-esteem, which was directly tied to the lowness of her self. She localized her self-hatred in the act of queefing, rather than the proper place, i.e. her entire being.

And yet, maybe we're looking in all the wrong places, too. One often mistakenly searches for profound answers amid the tangible and pragmatic. As we all know, the vagina is a gateway into the mystical. Perhaps the reason

we can find no concrete answers about the pussy fart is that it's hard to find spiritual things stuck amid common, vile concrete.

Is it possible that a pussy fart is actually the voice of the Goddess? Does a queefing cunt serve as some sort of Vaginal Oracle? Is that the voice of the Mother of All Creation speaking through the meat curtain? Is the pussy fart some sort of Lost Chord leading us all into a new gynocratic age? Viewed in such a celestial light, the vagina becomes a spiritual vessel, sort of like a tooth filling that receives radio transmissions. And perhaps the message is urgent, like a dog trying to lead villagers to a child trapped down a well.

Maybe it just sounds like dolphinspeak to us because our technology is too crude, our fall from grace too complete, to ever understand what Goddess is trying to say when she speaks through a pussy fart.

One mouth is never enough for a woman. Maybe we aren't listening closely enough, and maybe there is a message deep inside those talking vaginas, if we can only get past our understandable disgust.



French Drip