

Houston Hash House Harriers



Bastille Day Run

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

Hares:
Heartache

Hash TRASH

Since 1979

Run #1297

July 13, 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: South Loop 610 off of Lakes of 610 Dr.

The Run

In celebration of the French National Holiday of Bastille Day, **Heartache** promised the Hash a high socked, traditional "Malaysian" style run.... he did not disappoint. After several attempts to describe the methods he used in laying trail with the blue, white, and red tape on trail to represent the French flag, he finally gave up in disgust and pointed north to where the first mark of flour was to be found.

The pack quickly scrambled and found the first mark near the retention ponds just south of the loop. The pack split, some running east on the north side of the pond and some running on the south side. Those running with **Trailhead** were privileged to witness her amazing ability to fly while hashing as she hovered several feet off of the ground in an attempt to find a shortcut to the trail. Her landing appeared painful and she really should consult **Cums in a Can** before future attempts to fly. She did survive with only minor scrapes, but no shortcut was found.

The pack came back together and headed south to a check and then west into 7ft. tall grass, where a back check was found. Trail picked up again heading south, perpendicular to the back check and into some semi thick shiggy. After breaking out of the shiggy and into an open space a check was found and some of the hounds mentioned that we had run through the same area just weeks before during the Erections hash, laid by **Grind Slut** and **Barbie**. Trail continued through the woods and by that time the FRB's had separated from the pack.

But, as trail came out of the woods and onto a right of way the FRB's were attempting to resolve a check. Many of the pack went south, **Fire Tunnel** and myself headed north along the right of way and back into the woods heading west. We stumbled upon the water check that Heartache must have just laid because the water was ice cold.

That was when it happened. **Fire Tunnel** looks at me after taking a swig of ice-cold water and lowers the collar of her shirt to below her shoulder and begins to run in place. I'm thinking, oh no, she's suffering symptoms of heat stroke. She then starts singing the following lyrics to the song "Maniac" from the movie Flashdance.

Just a steel town girl on a Saturday night
Looking for the fight of her life
In the real time world no one sees her at all
They all say she's crazy

She's a maniac on the floor
And she's dancing like she's never danced before
She's a maniac maniac on the floor
And she's dancing like she's never danced before

She then grabs an old chair from a nearby trash pile, swings it around, sits it down and then straddles it. She then swivels around, extends her legs, bends down and grabs one of the bottles of water, lifts it over her head and dumps all of the water on herself. As I stood there, mouth agape, she stands up and wipes off her face and says, "Lets go French Drip, let's get back on trail." I was still stunned, so I followed.

We continued on trail and eventually get to a very

marshy area. At this point, I was running/sloshing with **Burning Rubber** and **Eddy**. After what seemed to be about 15 minutes in the marsh, I hear **Burning Rubber** saying “Ok, I’ve had enough of this, this isn’t fun anymore. Where’s the beer? I want to go home, where’s my mommy? Are we there yet? I tell him that he should stick it out. Like in National Lampoon’s Vacation when Clark Griswold says to his family on the way to Wally World “We’re ten hours from the fucking fun park and you want to bail out. Well I’ll tell you something. This is no longer a vacation. It’s a quest. It’s a quest for fun.” **Burning Rubber**, remember this: Hashing is a quest, a quest for beer!

We soon found our way out of the marsh and onto a high ground area where we found a check. Several hashers were already attempting to solve it. We eventually found flour to the west down a dirt road. After another check, we saw Beer Near and soon found the end.

The Circle

Shuttlecock circled up the pack and began the business of down-downs. The hare was called into the circle and gave the hash an abbreviated version of how Bastille Day was the celebration of the French Revolution. He reminded the hash that it was the storming of the Bastille when the citizens of France overthrew King Louis XVI and the aristocracy. **Roll Model** was heard to ask, “**Heartache**, why are you here then.”

The circle continued and welcomed re-boots **Out of Tuna, Scott** and several others.

After the circle the hash was treated to BBQ left over from the **Cocker** memorial service that was held on Saturday.

After the live Space City Run on Saturday and the excellent trail for the Bastille Day Run, **Heartache** had a very busy Hash weekend. The only thing he didn’t do is but the keg for Friday Happy Hour. That would have earned him the honor of the first ever (I believe) Hash Triple Crown. I for one would like to think him for dedicating his time to the hash.



On-On,

French Drip