

# Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
Hotline: 713-425-4274



## A Midsummer's Day Hash

**Hares:**  
**Blue Balls and Fire Tunnel**

## Hash TRASH

**Run #1298**

**July 20, 2003**

**Since 1979**

**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:** The Great Northwest Quadrant of Harris Count, TX.

A Midsummer Day's Hash was lots of fun on a hot and sunny afternoon. This run was short, mostly shaded, and started at the back of a newly developing subdivision. It is easy to imagine large parts of this trail will be totally covered in houses in the near future. Too bad too as the area is so beautiful.

The run started at the end of a road in the process of being extended. The first obstacles on trail were big dirt piles, massive holes, tractor ruts, giant concrete water drainage pipes, and mud. Everyone scattered, searching for the best route through the construction site. Reboot Steve immediately took the most direct route to the first mark by running part-way through a mud pit before sinking up to his knees in sucking mud. He was a good sport, searching for his sucked-off shoes and socks, as the pack made appropriately hash-like comments and continued on.

From there the trail went through a grabbing, biting briar patch. Once past that massive tangle, we were into the woods and to the edge of a creek. Being a back of the pack runner, I got to watch all the front runners cross the steeply-sloped Little Cypress Creek only to have to turn back at a back check while the rest of us found true-trail on the dry side.

We plowed through low-hanging branches, single file in several places, following trail through the dense woods. Short-cutters often paid a heavy price for their efforts. Saran Crap was stuck in impenetrable brush crying "Ouch!" several times as Slum Bag, walking along a close-by, clear and easy

portion of the trail made fun by yelling "Saran, don't come this way. Ouch! Ouch! The brush is too thick this way, Saran! Stay on THAT path!"

Eventually we crossed barbed-wire fences, Little Cypress Creek, and then black tarpaper construction barriers at the edge of a field. From there trail followed a horseback-riding trail through beautiful towering pines and along the edge of Fritsche-Neudorf cemetery. Trail opened onto a green meadow with a flagpole in its center. Seeing a flagpole pop up out of nowhere seemed strange until we later learned we were crossing a Boy Scout camp next to Fritsche Park which is scheduled to be closed due to funding issues. As a public service, Fire Tunnel asks that we all call Harris County Commissioner Jerry Eversole's Office at 281.755.6444 to complain about the pending closing of Fritsche Park. A last bit of dense woods before finding the On On at the dead-end of Fritsche Cemetery Road.

Lots of beer and birthday cake were enjoyed as we circled up with encouragement from Roadkill Too. There were several reboots: Bare Ass Burn (autowanker), Eargasm, Penis Warmer, Slumbag, Thong Long Gone, Tool Shed, Goes Both Ways, Mudder Pucker, Blonde Bitch, Hope and Karl. Faulty Towers visited us from Germany. New Boot Debra came out with Goes Both Ways. We were glad to see she seemed to enjoy her hash experience much more than she was sure she was going to at the beginning of the run. She initially planned never to return...before she even ran the FIRST time. And Jane, an unsuspecting victim of Krusty Kreme's seemed to really enjoy herself after

she got over the shock of finding out what she was in for with the hash. Krusty gave her no information about the hash, not even to expect the different names or what circle would involve so everything was a surprise, a pleasant one it seemed, to her.

Pump Me offered up a naming for Steve based on his off-trail mudding experiences. He was "inflicted" with the name of Mudder Pucker after numerous mud related names were suggested, yelled, screamed, booed, cheered for, and chanted. He knew this naming was coming as he had earlier bragged he didn't have a hash name because he had NEVER done anything stupid on trail.

Saran Crap offered up a naming for Kathryn after watching her obsessively tape together an old torn map at a past On On On. She liked her proposed name, Sticky Snatch, and it was tabled for now.

The regular pack rounding out the circle included: Adolph Oliver Bush, Balut, Beam Me Up Twatty, Burning Rubber, Choo Choo, Crack of Dawn, Cums in a Can (autowanker), Digital Input, Drummer, Erector, Estrus, French Drip, Geek, Gonad the Barbarian, HOV, Hairy Palms, HeartAche, Horny Hooker (autowanker), Krusty Kreme, Liquer Hard, Master Chugger, Minnie Mousse, PP, Pipes, Pound Puppy, Private Dick, Rear Layer, Roadkill Too!, Roll Model, Salt Water Taffy, SOS, Silent Dick, Smooth Stroker, Sperm Bank, Sticky Lips, Such-A-Puss, Tool Box, Trail Head (autowanker because of a wedding dress fitting), Who The Fuck Are You, Will Work for Pants, Womb Service, Wow Mom Wow, Fast Eddy & Kathryn.

Great hot dogs were served up at Pickles for the On On On followed by a late supper at Los Cuscos. Thanks Fire Tunnel and Blue Balls for a great run!



***On-On,***

***Beam Me Up Twatty***