

Houston Hash House Harriers



1300th Hash

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

Hares:

Trailhead and Such-a-Puss

Hash TRASH

Since 1979

Run #1300

August 3, 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

The gloriously joyous throng that gathered at one more empty k-mart seemed more than prepared to get the most out of an excellent hashing day. A quick sign in and the traditional (almost) hash contribution was followed by a pre-run garage sale put on by S.O.S. Shortly after turning down a ugly brown lamp and a radio that seemed to be permanently stuck on a Christian rock station I settled for a hash coffee mug and went on my merry way. The hares at an increasingly higher volume and pitch soon delivered run instructions. The hounds ignored them completely and the blind prepared to lead the blind.

The hash began with the FRB's being treated to a relatively quick trip around the block while the rest of the group headed strait across T.C. Jester and down the cement bayou. After a short trip down the bayou we went through a tunnel then turned into the woods to run some excellent shiggy. It was nice to get some trail running in town and the shade didn't hurt either. Just before I turned into the woods I saw SARAN CRAP heading back towards the start. Apparently his daughter had more important things to do than the hash run. She probably just needed a couple of beers it was a pretty warm day. Anyway now we know who wears the pants in the family.

A half-mile after we exited the woods the pack arrived at the first beer check. It was another nice shady spot to which the hares generously added sodas, water and BEER. A short time after they arrived the F.R.B'S took off to see what the rest of the trail had to offer. The trail crossed a field, twisted through a small neighborhood and seemed

to turn left down a power line off a check. Further checking proved the power line was a false trail. We lost P.P and Silent Dick at this point when they decided to blow through the false trail. They ended up making a good choice since this turned out to be the short cut that paid off. The rest of the FRB's, including GASLIGHT, ROLLERBALLS, P.S. KNAVE, SPREAD UM and myself headed on and on down the road to the second water check.

Having warned the out of Towner's about how easy it was to get fucked over in the neighborhood we were hashing through Roller and I immediately headed off in the wrong direction and got fucked over. You know what they say, genius never sleeps it just has the occasional nap. Following the echoes of P.S KNAVES and SPREAD UM's whistles we headed back across T.C. Jester and turned into the residential neighborhoods on the other side of the bayou. From this point on the trail began to look very much like so many St. Arnolds trails before it. We ran the usual combination of streets and ditches designed to get us under 290 and then on to St Arnolds as soon as possible. While it was a little on the hot side the hares cannot control the weather. The trail was really well done; I enjoyed it quite a bit. Good Job Hares, Thanks!!!

There were however a few other interesting things that happened on trail. It was related to me that HEARTACHE was seen trying to decapitate ASS WIPE. Apparently these two hounds shortcut towards St. Arnolds fairly early on. This marriage of convenience worked well until ASS WIPE decided to go racing. Luckily for ASS WIPE

HEARTACHE put to much pressure on his bum leg and his blow went wide.

Another hash icon HOOTER BILL was seen leaving a massage parlor that was situated very close to the end of the run. When asked he claimed he had a cramp. Yea, sure, O.K. HOOTER, I believe you.

Last but not least GASLIGHT, while sprinting for finish, slammed on the brakes and made a graceful yet desperate grab for some used condoms lying on the ground. You really have to respect the extra effort to balance the budget, I guess?

The circle was enthusiastic but you just could not hear a thing. Shuttle Cock did the only thing humanly possible; he sent the hash off to drink beer. The beer was great and the pizza just as good. The Hares and all of mismanagement are to be congratulated. All had an excellent time. Thanks again to everyone involved!!!

Remember it's all true-WOMB SERVICE

