

Looking for a Little Pussy Hash

Hares:

**Womb Service with Little
Pussy in absentia**

Houston Hash House Harriers

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



Since 1979

Hash TRASH

Run #1301

August 10, 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: Uptown Park.

So, there we were, gathered at Uptown Park in the Galleria area among the fancy shops and pricey high rises. Not a place for hashers, except for Toolbox and Bare Ass Burn, of course. They decided that they just didn't feel like hashing in 95-degree heat with 90% humidity. They felt the urge to go shopping. So off they went following their own trail of overpriced Italian shoes and caramel frappucino's not to be seen again until the circle.

The Trail

The rest of the hounds found trail 12 minutes after Womb Service departed the pack for a live trail hash. Would you expect anything less than a live trail from Womb Service? The pack headed north along the 610 west loop frontage road and quickly found flour going under the 610 bridge going across the Buffalo Bayou. A check was found and true trail headed east along the bayou and then back south along the 610 frontage road. The pack continued to stay together as trail meandered back down into the bayou tributaries behind the Animal Hospital and then through the Post Oak area inside the loop. The pack lost flour near the train tracks and San Felipe area. Such a Puss managed to pick it up heading north again down in the ditch below the tracks. The pack was spread out at this point all along the tracks heading towards Memorial Park. Many of the hounds suspected the Full Moon parking lot to be the On-Home but Womb Service is not that predictable. He led the pack through the Ho Chi Minh briefly and then into the Fruit loop area of the park for a Glorious On-Home.

The Circle

The circle began with several accusations, which are much too illicit to print here. Plus, if you only read these hash trashes and never come out and hash...you should come out and witness the illicit behavior yourself dammit! The Harriett formerly known as " " was named Wad to Blow after making repeated trips to Fire Tunnel's Haberdashery table prior to the start of the Hash. The circle then degraded to a degenerate circle where there were excellent hash songs echoing throughout the park. During the circle everyone enjoyed fondling French Drip's ball...tennis ball that is. Upon completion of the degenerate circle several Harriet's demanded to be ridden, and ridden hard. Eddy was just the man to do it, and he did! Tuna Pucker, Fire Tunnel, Fuck Me Running and Gaslight allowed Eddy to ride them all. He rode Fuck Me Running the best, around the tree and back to the keg in record time.... now we all know how she got her name. Eddy, you the man, you weren't even out of breath, thanks for letting is watch!

**On-On,
French Drip**

