

## The Puke Ass Merrick Run

### Hares:

Ass Wipe, The Duke of Puke and Merrick

# Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
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Since 1979

## Hash TRASH

Run #1302

August 16, 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:** Southeast Houston, Cullen Rd. and McKinney St. in the Kroger parking lot.

It was a fine partly cloudy and warm Sunday afternoon when I met my good friends of the Houston H4 for the weekly run. Following the directions Roller Balls so lamely tried to give us, we finally found ourselves at the Kroger on Polk in the lovely industrial area of near South Houston.

After the Hash Hawks grew hoarse trying to sell their wares, the chalk-talk began for the benefit of the three new boots. Then the pack was off!

I ran with my trusty steeds, Razzo Rizzo and Stinkier Than Shit, down streets and through neighborhoods and over drainage ditches. The machine shops of Harrisburg and Navigation promised us a FRIGGIN' STREET RUN!

We soon got separated from the pack and I was hashing with Dick the Boy Wonder and NFHN Monica. Sorry to break up this budding romance, DTBW, but I am not going to get lost alone, even with two ferocious canines to protect me. Not in this foreign part of town.

Then we hit the railroad tracks and Geek found us. Isn't that a BA-A-AD sign? When Geek stumbles upon you, aren't you hopelessly lost?

More railroad tracks and more and more and then, the perilous train trestle over the bayou with a 30-foot drop and nowhere to go but down should a train come. Ahhh, this is reminiscent of the famous Train Trestle Stumble Through Humble of many years ago. Well, we slowly made our way across and then we came upon...MORE RAILROAD TRACKS! It soon became apparent that this was not a STREET RUN, but a TRACK RUN!

Leaving the train tracks behind us after one-and-a-half hours, we entered a subdivision and DTBW kindly led us down the newly re-discovered trail. Geek was calling us to another direction. What to do? Well, Monica, Razzo Rizzo, STS and I made the wise decision and we were soon discovered and then our weary souls were rescued by Ass Grabber, AKA MY HERO!

AG drove us to the end where the circle was in full swing. What? You didn't wait for us??

Beer was plentiful and munchies were abundant. The hares, Duke of Puke, Ass Wipe and NFHN Merrick, drank for haring this terrible trail and Merrick was floured for being a virgin hare. He wore the flour proudly, too, right into the late evening at the On-On-On.

New boots were recognized. Krusty Kream brought Christon out and Goes Both Ways brought Caitlin and Colleen to their first run.

Attempted namings began with only one success. NFHN Katherine had spent quite a “wad” of dough at the haberdashery prior to the run and she successfully got a new hash name of “Wad to Blow.” Very cute!

NFHN Eddy, who is the hash spy in the Houston Police Department, was offered “Homo Cide Orificer,” “Smells Like Bacon” and even “She Biscuit” for mounting F\*ck Me Running. But the RA, Shuttle Cock, was not pleased with any of these names and tabled the discussion.

I attempted to name Merrick “Willard” because STS had seen rats on trail and because of a slur Roller Balls made on the hashline earlier. This did not please the RA either and I was banned from the circle.

After making a further attempt to drown myself in beer, Pound Puppy and I retreated to the On-On-On, which was held at The Last Concert Café. The detailed maps offered by the hares were left behind, of course, and we finally found the restaurant/bar with the hope of drowning ourselves in Mexican food and beer. But, alas! The restaurant was closed! Oh, well, they were still serving beer! And fun and merriment were had by all.....

***On-On,***

***Roll Model***

