

**The 11th Annual Dick
The Boy Wonder Texas
Crab Hash Is Over So
GO Home Run**

Hares: Shuttlecock and
Dick the Boy Wonder

Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: www.h4.org
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Hash TRASH

Run #1303

August 24, 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

I had a fantastic time at this run! It started at Sabo and Beltway 8 and officially marked the end of the 11th Annual Dick The Boy Wonder Texas Crab Hash. Shuttle Cock and Dick The Boy Wonder were the hares with Shuttle Cock laying the actual trail while Dick The Boy Wonder herded hashers out of his parent's house. The run started with the information that it was only about a 3 mile run and if you wanted the walkers trail instead, it was all on the streets and would be a long, hot walk.

Just after the pack took off without me, Stuck On The Bone, Closet Queen, and their new hasher friend, Kennon, arrived straight from the Lazy Bimbo Run at the Crab Hash. They were all totally drunk and just giggling and grinning from ear to ear. When Stuck On The Bone ask for directions to the walkers trail, I told her what the hare had said about that trail and suggested they take true trail with me. She agreed and asked that I "take care" of her and her two drunk friends on the trail which I agreed to do. Yeah well, it was a learning experience!

The pack was long gone as we started out walking through a neighborhood, myself with three fun drunks in tow. Kennon took advantage of the first check to head under a bridge and take a long pee. A LONG pee! We waited forever for him to return. Once again on trail, we came to our first water crossing and heard the first round of moaning and groaning about Kennon's new Nike shoes. He was NOT going to get these shoes wet! We waited and waited through his shoe removal, wading, and shoe replacement. At this time we were lucky enough to still be able to see Cock Broker in the

far distance waiving to us to show us the direction of true trail. Was she already feeling sorry for me? Hummm.

Now we were finally off into the woods to follow trail through some nice shady shiggy. Leading three drunks into the woods can be entertaining with all the giggling and stumbling. We hit our first check with no pack in sight. My drunk friends wanted to know, "What do we do now?" My answer, and one I'd use several times during the next two plus hours on this 3 mile trail, was to say just stand on the check and wait for me to find trail. I found trail, went back for them and led them to the first of four big F's we'd find this day. Each time we'd find a false I'd take them back to the check with more instructions to wait there for me to find trail. Mudder Pucker eventually wandered up to join our little drunk pack of entertainment and assist me with checks. Lucky guy. I just know he couldn't wait to get rid of us by the end of this run.

The five of us were finally on true trail and the rest of the checks were easier with two checkers and three drunks. And then it happened...the tunnel. There was a big arrow pointing into one of three big drainage ditch tunnels running under I-45. We could see the small little square of light at the other end and could tell it was going to be a waist high water walk in semidarkness. Kennon wanted to run across the interstate instead, but Mudder Pucker and I finally convinced him that was a really bad idea, especially since he was drunk. He still didn't want to get those new Nikes wet! Stuck On The Bone and Closet Queen were well ahead of Mudder Pucker and myself when Kennon finally

agreed to just do it. So he sat down to take his shoes off. No, No, No! Mudder Pucker and I demanded he keep them on. He finally agreed with much complaining.

So we are all wading in waist high water with about knee high sucking mud pulling at our shoes and wearing out the muscles in our calves for the length of this long tunnel. By now, Stuck On The Bone and Closet Queen seem to be sobering up, while Kennon seems to be getting more wound up than ever. He started singing loudly about how could God do this to him, how ruined his new Nikes were, how his electronic car keys were probably ruined (I couldn't believe it when he pulled them from his pocket in the tunnel and was waiving them around unsecured), about how his cell phone wouldn't stop buzzing now that it was full of water, and with the occasional demanding and often repeated question, Did we really do this kind of thing for fun? I just laughed and laughed all the way through that tunnel.

When Mudder and I finally got to the end and got out, we sat on the side of the ditch and listened to the loud singing. When it stopped, we were reminded of the canary in the coal mines and began yelling for him to keep singing so we were sure he was still alive in there. He was really slow in that tunnel and was way behind us. We were so glad to see him finally emerge.

We found two more big F's, one after taking a really long little walk along a ditch, before we headed back along the feeder road to find another arrow. Stuck On The Bone, Closet Queen, and Kennon were exhausted, sobering up way too fast, and hating life by the time we hit the check under the intersection of Beltway 8 and I45. Mudder Pucker and I suspected an A to A by now so he looked in the logical direction for tail while I checked the opposite direction just in case. The three drunks were sitting on a concrete block once again waiting for us to take them on true trail as Mudder Pucker waved us in the right direction, then waved goodbye, and headed on into the end without us. I couldn't blame him.

I joined my three drunks and began to lead them the last mile or so of trail. That last mile was interesting in that I was cursed for daring to suggest they take true trail instead of the walkers

trail, praised for being the hero who could find trail and get them safely back, and questioned repeatedly about my sanity for doing this kind of activity for fun anyway. There was much discussion about the various ways to torture a hare during the last mile. Sobering drunks can be so entertaining, I just kept laughing to myself and enjoying the experience. I had a great time on this trail. I'll probably never suggest to anyone that they take true trail instead of the walkers trail again. But I sure had a good time this time! These three people really made this experience unique and memorable!

We got to circle just in time to drink for being DFL, about an hour after everyone else made it in. As Kennon walked up, first thing he did was to rant and rave about how his new shoes were ruined! The rest of us had agreed not to rat Kennon out for his new shoes since he'd been through so much. Oh well. You can't protect people from themselves.

Closet Queen, named at the Crab Hash after being caught in the closet in compromising positions more than once during the weekend, had his named confirmed in the H4 hash. I don't anticipate seeing him, Stuck On The Bone, or Kennon on true trail again anytime soon. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world! Thanks again Shuttle Cock and Dick The Boy Wonder for a side splitting fun time!

Beam Me Up Twatty

