

Houston Hash House Harriers



#1306

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

Hares:

**Smooth Stroker, Menage
Myself and Eargasm**

Hash TRASH

Run #1306

September 14, 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

Smooth Stroker, Eargasm, and Manage Myself were the hares for the run following the Space City Campout and they did a great job! The trail started at Beltway 8 and Hollister at an empty warehouse. I chose to walk a shortened version of the turkey trail with **Minnie Mousse, Trail Head, Horny Hooker, Monika, and Gas Light**. The eagles left and we were told to head along the beltway, under the underpass, and pick up trail there so we would miss a large tangled and rough part of the trail. The turkeys were directed to take a smaller tangled and rough part of the trail with all three trails eventually rejoining. It was a good plan.

Our pack was ahead of the other two packs at the underpass when we promptly lost trail. After much checking, we saw hashers heading into the woods way off in the distance. The pack was long gone! **Gas Light** entered the woods and crossed the creek first as she had made it across with the signal ahead of us and we never saw her again until circle. Our first sighting of flour on a fence was on a fence post across Beltway 8. How did we miss it?

Trail took us past an interesting rest stop composed of a chair and table nicely placed alongside a slimy, stench-filled retaining pond. This was the first of two interesting seating areas we would pass, both oddly placed in the middle of nowhere. We crossed barbed wire, waded across mushy areas behind and on a levee, and crossed a wooden footbridge placed in the middle of nowhere with trees growing through it but nothing at either end of it. **Krusty Kreeme** and **Merrick** caught up to us here only to fly right past us again. Where had they gone off

trail so badly as to be so far behind us for so long? Again our pack was alone and wandering along a dirt road before entering the woods. The mosquitoes were evil here.

We heard gunshots as we crossed a ditch and entered more woods with **Trail Head** taking the slippery on-your-back route to the water below. She was covered in mud along the length of her whole body. More woods, walking along ditches, through the woods again and we hit our second cozy seating area with chair and table, deep in the woods. Interesting.

We encountered an open well filled with antifreeze-green slime which made us want to recall the "Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble..." childhood riddle we have always attributed to witches at Halloween. It did resemble a cauldron of witches' brew with a long, thick stick shoved in it for stirring. Beyond this, we began to hear hashers and soon found **Pipes** backtracking along trail looking for us lost DFL walkers. He claims it was only a moment of weakness that resulted in his backtracking to find us and we shouldn't expect such treatment in the future. At the Beer Near mark, we crossed paths with a beautiful 18" Coral Snake. **Pipes** grabbed a stick and poked at it as **Trail Head** and I continued on. He eventually ran up behind **Horny Hooker, Minnie Mousse, and Monika** and scared them with a stick, while claiming he had the deadly snake.

We arrived at the circle just in time to hear a **Small Johnson** accusation, well-after everyone else had arrived, but luckily before the keg was completely empty. Yes I was DFL again, but enjoyed walking with a great group of women I enjoy. It was a good trail and a great time, even with very little circle to enjoy.

Thanks again **Smooth Stroker**, **Manage Myself**, and **Eargasm** for a nice Sunday afternoon hash!

Scribed by: **Beam Me Up Twatty**

