

Houston Hash House Harriers

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



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

Mafia Hash

Hares:

**Balut, Rear Layer,
Stinky Pussy Foot M.F.**

Hash TRASH

Run #1307

September 21, 2003

Hash start location: near the Fiesta beverage mart at the southwest corner of the Nasa Road.1/I-45 intersection.

“A rainy September day”, I thought to myself as I left my driveway, “indeed a fine day for hashing.” Heavy rains over the past 24 hours had caused the bayou in front of my house to rise out of its banks, which momentarily caused a dilemma for me, since that’s the only time that White Oak bayou has class II-III whitewater, but after a bit of soul searching and a quick look at a map and a few air photos which revealed an abundance of shiggy I packed up my hash bag and headed down south.

A small but eager pack of hounds were present for the hares’ pre-hash briefing. Due to the heavy rains and preponderance of shiggy, the trail was laid in pink plastic surveyor’s tape. (Note to future hares: pink plastic surveyor’s tape is not a recommended trail marking material.) They also informed us that they had to do a major re-routing of trail, and so now we would not have to swim the flood-swollen river, however the same river would be available for our swimming pleasure at the end of the trail. This was a major hint as to the location of the on-on, but as it turns out only for me, as you shall see in a moment.

Anyway we took off across a muddy and grassy field with the usual FRB’s leading the way. The first check was at the intersection of two paved roads, which I believe may have been the last pavement that true trail had anything to do with. After some fucking around with false trails and such, a very short time later I found myself standing on F.M. 528 (or maybe it was 529), watching the

pack run off into the distance at about a 45 degree angle to the roadway. So now, as a hasher with 15 years of experience, it was time to go into Short Cutting Bastard (SCB) mode. Note to the attentive readers: this the last time that I was on trail, so if you’re expecting to hear about how the trail was or see your name in print, don’t hold your breath.)

I recalled a Galveston hash that ran along this very same road, and that there was a small bayou about ½ mile ahead. Additionally I could see a traffic signal up the road at about the same distance, so I logically concluded that there were at least two routes that I could take to cut over toward where the trail was going, so I would either do the shortcut that pays off or at least hook back up with the pack. As I started my trek westward I spotted **Will-He-Peter** riding his bicycle; I think he saw me as well but he pretended not to notice. I made it to the bayou and proceeded back south hoping that I would intersect trail, no luck. I then found myself cut off from going southward by a subdivision fence, so I continued westward and downstream along the ditch.

By this time I was starting to have doubts about ever seeing trail again, but then I remembered the hares’ hint: *the flood-swollen river will be available for your swimming pleasure at the on-on.* I gambled that this drainage ditch would soon empty into Clear Creek. Since I knew that the general flow direction for major creeks in this area is west to east, and I had been heading west, I assumed that when I eventually got to the creek I would be upstream of the hash. Sure enough, I

intersected Clear Creek, and wow was it flooded and moving fast, faster than the normal hasher can run. Taking a page from one of the more radical editions of the “Big Book of Hashing Skills”, it made sense to me to swim out into the creek’s fastest current and float casually downstream, which should then eventually arrive at the on-on.

Traveling on a flood-swollen creek is an interesting experience, even more so without a boat or other means of floatation. Assorted logs and sticks were common, along with glistening brownish red mats of fire ants swept out of their nests by the floodwater. I had to concentrate on staying afloat while also staying in the strong part of the current while avoiding whirlpools of fire ants and logs, while also trying to make myself look as big as possible to discourage any hungry alligators that might be lurking about, ready to slide into the water like a scene from an old tarzan movie. Meanwhile I was also carefully listening for any hint of hashers on trail or pink tape in the bushes. When I reached the sewage treatment plant there was a convenient place to climb out of the river, so I clambered out and what did I see but pink tape. After a fair bit of searching around and getting scratched by barbed wire I concluded that this was not hash trail, and there was no way out via dry land, so it was back into the river for me. After a little more floating I spotted a roadway and climbed

out again, only to encounter **Cunt Hound** following trail on pavement. The river was more fun than pavement so back in one more time, and a short time later I sidestroked up to the keg.

The on-on circle was conducted by **Such-a-Puss** (standing in for R.A. **Shuttlecock** who claims to be infected by West Nile virus). The highlight of the circle was a series of accusations centered around rumors that **Butt Pirate** and the hasher formerly known as Scott Wald spent nearly an hour giving each other sponge baths in the men’s room; this led to Scott being named **Brown Eye Dripper**, so congratulate him next time you see him at the keg. The hares then supplied a feast of spaghetti & meatballs, salad, and graham crackers for dessert.

As darkness fell the last beer was drained from the keg, so a few stalwarts headed over to the Clear Lake Hooter’s just down the street from the start location. The goings-on there are classified as “what goes on the road stays on the road”, but let’s just say that the Clear Lake Hooters has much higher quality employees than do the Kirby or NW Freeway Hooters.

Anyway that’s all for now. May all your hashing dreams be pleasant and satisfactory.

GS

