

**See Jane Hash, See Jane  
Hare**

**Hares: Jane Does and  
Gaslight**

## **Houston Hash House Harriers**

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
Hotline: 713-425-4274

**Hash TRASH**  
**Run # 1321**  
**December 28, 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 sit here again trying to recount the wonderful time I had on the last hash of the year. Time passes quickly; I can't believe I haven't sent this out yet. Maybe it's because I just don't want to let the memories go or maybe because I am the world's worst procrastinator when it comes to writing. But in my special room time warp exists. One calendar says January 2004, but I can look behind me and it is still December 2003. All I know is that I have to meet Jane Does in 2 hours and I will have this ready for her to read.

So I regress, December 28<sup>th</sup>, 2:00pm – what a beautiful day it is. The thermometer reads 73 - how I LOVE Texas winters. Jane Does and her Hash Consultant, Gaslyte are laying the last hash trail of the year. I gather my hash clothes, ready my bag, and put Argus in the backyard to chase migrating birds. The lovely Firetunnel was in my neighborhood scouting for her run the next day so she kindly picked me up – aaahh I love not having to drive ☺

Out to 45 South we head towards my old college stomping grounds, the University of Houston, for a glorious day of hashing. We arrive early and find Jane Does guarding her bags of flour and nervously awaiting her co-hare, Gaslyte, Gaslyte and Grindslut, the beer/food bitch arrive. Beam Me Up Twatty asks me to write hash trash. As you all know, I am directionally challenged, so I will account as much and as well as I can.

As the hounds gather and pay their hash cash, I begin to hear the rumble. The crowd takes notice of the clouds gathering towards the south. As usual, if you don't like the weather in Houston, just wait a few hours and it could change. As time passes,

people become nervous of the impending weather. "Get you ponchos now" cries Catamite. Only \$2 but the price will increase as the rainfall does. Stop-n-Blow caves to the pressure as the drizzle starts. The wind picks up and people start scrambling for warmer clothes. Halfmoon tears through the shag wagon looking for his bag. He finds it and pulls out his safety device – his cellular phone. He calls his lovely wife, Cums Happily, and promises her great things if she could bring him warm clothes for the end. He realizes what a wonderful woman he married when she told him she would deliver them. Toolbox, not feeling well, decides it's best not to run in cold, wet rain. She abandons the idea of hashing. She too is a wonderful wife and says she will go home and return with dry/warm clothes for her hunny Frenchdrip. People riddle her for leaving the hash, but it is acceptable behavior because will stop by my house and let Argus inside. What a neighborly thing to do.

The hares took off. What studly women - a live hare trail. About 15 minutes later the pack takes off. Even after 10 years, the scene still amazes me. Sixty or so people take off running – yelling, blowing whistles, crying on-on with hopes of catching 2 sexy hares! Pee-Pee and Fivor lead the pack as we do a short jaunt through campus and head out Spur 5. Trail heads off in the shiggy – the best place to run. I can't believe my eyes when I see a group of 6 people choosing to bypass shiggy to run on the street. I can only make out Low Profile, Ass Wipe, and Duke of Puke. These three will be shamed for this behavior later. The pack then heads toward McGregor Park. We run through new development. Urban Living is building lots of new houses if anyone is interested in a new home. As we run

down Griggs and OST, I see Jehovah Witnesses riding their bikes. I think to myself in many ways the two groups are similar. They spend their days riding the streets telling people their message and we run the streets yelling ours. We both have traditions and a community of people. From Griggs trail takes us down Terwester (sp?) towards North Parkwood. On trail we have seen the nice, new area of Houston and a stones throw away is the 'not so nice area.' As I trail, a truck full of potatoes passed me several times. I didn't know if it meant I needed more starches or just a friendly reminder of the Murphy Brown TV episode making fun of Dan Quail. I am just glad others saw it too so I don't think I am completely crazy. Anyway, trail crossed through a fence to the 'Elite Black Neighborhood of Houston'. Apparently it is true about living on the right side of the tracks. As soon as SOS, Firetunnel, and Thong Long Gone passed through the fence, the temperature dropped about 20 degrees. SOS waited to see her fellow hounds reaction to the temperature drop. She found it so weird she too wanted to make sure she wasn't crazy also.

Trail headed to the Grocery Supply Trailer lot. Many different groups of people got hung up in this area. Tuna Pucker, Scream Cheese, Butt Pirate and his wife were running around like mice in maze. Luckily some other hashers found them and helped them onto trail. From there we ran down Grand Avenue passed the Houston Deliverance Center. I am not quite sure what goes on there but it peeked the interest of many. As I started to cross the street, I saw an ambulance from Dave County Florida pass by. I hope it wasn't too big on an emergency since the response time will be slow! Boy it is amazing what you see on trail. From there I am not quiet sure how we got to the end. I never was able to get the specifics Gaslyte. I do know we ran down some street, a railroad and eventually ended up on Alameda. We headed for the pavilion on Alameda.

By the time I got to the end it was cold but was only drizzling. Circle was delayed shortly as the hares went to look for the lost DFL's – SOS, Firetunnel, and Thong Long Gone. Everybody eventually made it to the end and circle ensued. Jack Shit from El Paso was visiting from. Twirly Man was our token visitor. Pinky was our reboot as he is finally back from China. Grindslut accused Duke of Puke for being obsessed with himself. GS made comments about his clothes & hair and then broke out singing the Masturbation song. I think Grind just wanted to

sing the song and was looking for an excuse ☺ Cell Phone Brother (I don't know if we named him that or not) did a great imitation of the brothers we passed on trail. Johnboy arrived late because he had to work. According to hash cash he refused to pay – that cheap bastard.

Finally, Rainbitch lived up to her name and brought the rain. It was cold & raining and there was no beer left. I guess it is time to bid ado. Thanks Jane Does & Gaslyte for laying a great last trail of the year. And thanks Grindslut for providing us with beer & food.

On-On,

Stop-n-Blow

