

Saran Crap Gets Cuffed and Stuffed Hash

**Hares: Grind Slut,
N.A.R.C., & Gender
Bender**

Houston Hash House Harriers

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

Hash TRASH

Run # 1323

January 4, 2004



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

** EXTRA EXTRA **

Hashers Brutalized by Texas Railroad Police

On January 4, 2003, two Hashers fell victim to the unrelenting and brutal wrath of the Texas Railroad Police, an organization well-known for innumerable and unjustifiable beatings and ticketing of Houstonians. The two victims, **Saran Crap** of Houston and **Eat Tail Suck Head** of Mars, were cited and released after a harrying ordeal and brutalization by the authorities. They were threatened with a charge of felony in the first degree, and fearing such charge and fine, they were forced to succumb to the RR Police. Prior to the release, both experienced a taste of hell all too familiar to other victims of the RR Police.

The scenario began as the hounds were innocently running in Pasadena desperately trying to solve a clever check when they were nearly run down by the RR Police suburban. Sighting the suburban, **Eat Tail Suck Head** froze like a deer in headlights, realizing the RR Police were nearing. He was immediately assaulted and abused. **Saran Crap** valiantly attempted to evade apprehension. In hot pursuit of **Saran Crap**, the RR Police ran over two small children who were walking their new Christmas puppy, but that accident did not stop the RR Police. Their only goal was apprehending the alleged trespasser. **Saran Crap** was no match for the RR Police. Upon capture, one officer violently threw **Saran Crap** on the hood the car and kicked him repeatedly, while the other officer cuffed him. The victims were read their rights in Arabic. The arrest resulted in two broken wrists and several fractured ribs for **Saran Crap**. The hounds were

ticketed and released after a demoralizing and reprehensible detention by the Houston RR Police.

Another Hasher, **Rollerballs**, luckily escaped the wrath. Running with **Saran Crap** and **Eat Tail Suck Head**, **Rollerballs** was taken off course—and off the railroad tracks—after hearing the frightened whine of a trapped kitten. In a superman-like rescue, **Rollerballs** climbed a telephone pole to save the terrified pussy. While atop the pole, **Rollerballs** was able to witness the altercation between the two hashers and the merciless RR Police. With the help of **Rollerballs'** testimony, Houston prosecutors hope to finally stop to the reign of terror of the Houston RR Police.

Oh yeah, and as for the run...

The Start

N.A.R.C., **Grind Slut**, and **GenderBender** started the run in scenic Pasadena, near Brady's Island. **N.A.R.C.** was initially spotted at the start with blood running down his leg from his crotch area. His explanation being that his virgin haring was to be just like an O.T.R. (Attempting to follow **N.A.R.C.**'s cue, **Pavarotti** was later spotted with blood running down his leg as well.)

The Trail

The left the parking lot of the restaurant and headed towards Broadway; a street littered with the cheery establishments of multiple funeral homes. The trail proceeded east, following railroad tracks into an empty lot, and dumping the hounds out into the Manchester Wharves. One might ask, so did we find ourselves in golly ol' England. But alas, no, rather the trusting hounds (i.e., the ones sticking to true trail) were blindly lead on a crafty loop.

The trail proceeded south out of the Wharves and into a friendly neighborhood, where **Wad to Blow** and **Who the Fuck Are You?** were accosted by a dog. The incident forced the two to climb a tree to avoid the pooch. Too bad Cujo was not a malicious as initially believed; according to **Who the Fuck Are You?**, they only ended up “looking stupid.”

After more railroad tracks and a couple water checks, the trail headed west with a long straight-aways down Lawndale, home to some classy establishments, such as Mary’s Place and El Varquero Bar for example.

After crossing Broadway, the trail went further west into a park and wooded area, where in a Chariot’s Fire-like fashion, **F.M.R.** became the FRB after out-smarting **Rollerballs** on the final check. The final check was outside the wooded area and **Low Profile** noting the Hares off to the east yelled out to **F.M.R.**, “Run! And you can win the Hash!” (I think he deserves a down-down.)

The Circle

Floured (Virgin) Hares: **N.A.R.C.** and **GenderBender**.

Beer: Yellow beer and Shiner (leading one to ask what the hell happened to just one keg of premium St. Arnolds?).

Visitors: **Limp Noodle** (Philly)

And at the end of the first Hash run of 2004, **E-Z Fag** and **French Dip** drove off in a blaze of glory into the night with sparks emanating out the exhaust of **E-Z Fag**’s Land Cruiser...

Miscellaneous

As this being my first write-up for H4, I surveyed various Hounds after the race about the run, which produced the following run-related and -unrelated comments:

Such-a-Puss: Upon (quality) advice of counsel, he pronounced in a gleeful, high-pitched tone: “No comment!”

Pee-Wee: “Pee-Wee is loved by all.”

Sticky: “Hook, line, and sinker!” Referring to the loop in the Manchester Wharves.

Ass Grabber: “**Limp Noodle** is a good cuddler.” (As an aside, not only did **Ass Grabber** and **Limp Noodle** arrive at the Hash together, they shared a

hash bag and **Ass Grabber** was more than happy to do **Limp Noodle**’s laundry...Love connection???)

And Lastly, Stranger than Fiction

From a highly reliable source, it has been determined that on the Friday night prior to the run, **Shuttle Cock** frequented an after hours club where he met a *girl*, a very nice girl. They talked for the rest of the night, and the next morning to his surprise (and glee) he found himself in her bed, in her dark damp basement, wearing a clown suit, while tied to the bed...

On-On

Jane Does

