

## Memoirs of an English Man from Scotland in Texas

Hares: McPisser and Cums in His Mouth

# Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
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## Hash TRASH

Run # 1324

January 11, 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

04.01.11      Memoirs of an English Man from Scotland in Texas

Hash Number Who cares!      Scribe by Twizzel the guy in the Tartan Shorts

Well now could this be a disaster, Beam me up Twatty slides up in that feminine way and suggests that I could scribe the hash this week. Of course she won't get her tits out but might let me off next weeks beer tokens, so what else do you do when visiting a foreign hash! Oh well in the spirit of friends across the pond well I sort of accepted. Bit hard not to as I am now drinking there beer, maybe in Texas they are looking for bit of culture, bit of Burns, maybe a poem from Wordsworth or even some Shakespeare, Yep she chose the wrong hasher not even any Doric!

So on the subject in hand; Friday night after a narrow escape with the closet gay anglers asking directions to the happy meal park area in memorial. It was an in Hash name! The ever so kind boys obviously guessed I was an innocent, and pointed me towards a dark wooded area "I think they may be hiding in there". Luckily there was not a beer in sight, and their shoes were too clean so I guessed they were trying it on fakes! A quick withdrawal was in order and after driving three circuits of the park, eventually contact was established with the real hashers and the famous St Arnold of course the beer made a pleasant Friday Evening. Introduced to a library of phallic names which seems to have been erased from the decaying brian cells. Boy George took me a shine to me and spotted I was a secret Country and Western fan insisting that I come down to EL Campo on the Saturday to listen to the

legendry Gary Pee Nun. Thinking this was an area in Houston I agreed, only during the two beer drive did I realise it was close to Mexico. An excellent night 24 pack of lone star consumed, there must have been thousands of stars on the way back, to arrive the worse for wear at the monster mansion at 03.30.

Oh shit! Supposed to be in work at 0700 to witness a test. Awoke hangover as good as any Scottish ale so no change from a normal Sunday. Pretended I lost my pass and could not get through the gate so might have got away with it. Only problem my breath was more toxic then a can of Shiner Bock. Good job no need to do hard sums today, eventually slid away to meet Friar fuck who was going to take me to my first Houston Hash. Another wrong turning on the way back to my new pad now where the hell am I staying Habersham In Bunker hill! Wrong side of I10 again. Got there before the Friar had read the Houston gazette for the 2<sup>nd</sup> time and now we were off. What a surprise, a Houston Hash in Pasadena another 100 mile drive this time east. Arrived at 3.00 thinking we would be nearly last, but hardly anyone here, I am assured this is normal and eventually while the sun sinks lower in the sky, the pack gathered. At about 15 degrees from sunset, a hare proceeded to lay some flour checks and arrows in the car lot and then runs off. Leaving the pack still mingling behind aimlessly eventually the RA? Sort of announces the start run but no idea of how many spots and your on etc. No pre-run down down awarded so we cannot handicap the FRB. We all charge off in the indicated direction very athletic looking across the university playing field obviously trying to attract a few college girls totally wasted effort as too late in the day and there's

nobody else stupid enough to be out. After a little while the runners and the walkers split and we come to the first check. This seems to cause great confusion whistles groups of hashers in all directions frantic arm waving well this looks like fun. The walkers are off in the opposite direction and we are prospecting for flour in the shiggy. A need to get rid of the end of last nights Lone Star suddenly takes hold me, this inspires a Harriett to run off into the woods to hunt for the elusive white powder, strange were female eyes are located? There is enough scattered trash about but no white spots. Noticed there seems to be bit of the pack moving fast off to the East and the race is on, more whistle blowing and the horde are now spread out across several drains, banks while running in very squelchy stuff. Not much flour was spotted (Obviously an expensive commodity here) However, another check is found. The pack heads off again to the east (Its easy to spell) I decide that the trial over the mud road is far more likely and check out the north. After about half a mile, I hear the whistles again and decide to short cut around this factory. Oh shit bloody great drainage ditches never mind just wade across all 3 of them legs, trainers fully wet now. Manage to catch up with the back of the FRBs, can see the remainder of the pack falling further behind. I was supposed to record quotes on the way but hard to catch up with any one who can has breath to talk. Very hard to take notes now as not good running and writing. Lots of flour now and more shiggy, water and bogs and then we come out to a nice flat concrete surface ready for some factory of the future. Of course we must leave trail prints behind just to show we were here. Off again up a highway much to concern of the civilian drivers who don't know how to deal with this about 200 yards we cross into a wood full of briars and clinging creepers and a number of nasty looking shaggy bits. At this point I am wishing I got my injections topped up before I left the UK bit late now. I also wonder if there are any snake vaccines carried by the hash! Some really difficult Bayou crossings claimed several hashers, obviously not used to climbing here! The Lone start gut rumble is now kicking in but must keep up with the front pack as no idea were I am and I have no money either. The pace speeds up ? and the trial continues breaking through into a estate where all the civilians turned out to silently watch us pass through. Must have thought we were part of next weeks marathon or maybe just checking we were not running on

their grass! I think it was blue balls that tries to commandeer some tractor claiming he is at the back because he was fat. Kids loved it made a change from the Game boy, then off back into the woods again past the mini-moto crossers and out into more wasteland. Past a wrecked boat more shiggy and into the delightful Panther Park.

Well now what a place this turns out to be obviously the lord of the rings battle scene was filmed here. Possibly the fall of Sauraman in Isenguard! An ideal place for Hashers as it has been well and truly done over. We congregate in a trophy graveyard where the more adventurous of the pack search for lost Gems like the softball rule book and the 3<sup>rd</sup> place trophies. After an eternity the 3 packs congregate around and the drinking begins as the sun finally sets we locate to the upper level for the circle in very salubrious surroundings. So on to the Down downs

Hares:- Macpisser, Comes in his mouth, ????

New Boots:- Moses, Millenium from Kenya, Twizzel Aberdeen, Rowdy Barnes London, Mermagenda crotch and It end fast from New Orleans.

Reboots:- Fry nipples, there were 3 others but missed there names!

Awards:- PEE PEE Tanya Harding award for Birthday Keg

Arse Wreck for long service to hashing

Pearl necklace and Group sex why?

John boy for not going on the trial.

Suddenly in sight comes the last hasher(Sorry cannot read your name), of course nobody new he was missing! Turns out he followed flour all the way round the woods must have been challenging in the dark, could not understand where we all were!

More downdowns:- Twizzel for not bringing gifts like the Kenyans

Geek for getting out of the hares car half war round

Sneaky pussy for something to do with grub

John boy for kissing the dog

At this point it got too dark to record anymore down downs as almost everyone got one that remained.

We then departed to the On Inn for more beers and eats. Just as I thought I had survived Friar fuck insists I tried one of the flaming wings. Well I can handle the famous Thains Chilly Pie so this should be Ok. Swiftly I placed this in my gob it seemed ok and started munching at the sparrows leg. Suddenly a thermal nuclear explosion is starting initially on my lips and now spreading down my throat, even quenching with beer cannot stop this critical reaction from stripping all my taste buds.

Never mid the Atkins diet just hand those little devils out, which will soon cause an appetite loss.

Well this ends the tale, as most of the AH3 pack, know I can drag a story out, see you all next week, for the Houston mad Marathon.

Twizzel

