

Super Bowl Pre-Game Show

Hares: Wad to Blow and Who The Fuck Are You?

Houston Hash House Harriers

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

Hash TRASH

Run # 1327

February 1, 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

The Super Bowl Pre-game Show

It started much like the hash hotline suggested a long drive north to the Southside of Dallas (or at least it felt like as I drove out to the woodlands.) The Hares (Who the F%\$# are you and Wad to Blow) found an excellent starting point as the pack placed their cars in the parking garage. I guess everything is upscale on that part of town. Good think Heartache took his Mercedes to the Carwash before bringing it into the lot.

With a brief chalk talk of "Has anyone not done this before?" the pack was off. Much to the pleasure of the hares the entire pack got sucked (into) and Fucked by the checking at the tunnel under I-45. Nice 2minutes into the hash and my shoes are soaked. The bulk of the pack ventured back under the interstate to pick up trail while Grind Slut and his pack of fairy...oops I mean Merry men tried "Geeking it." Yikes!! The trail zigzagged back and forth through the piney woods and across the moist sand to a series of dirt roads. With long sweeping loop and trombones, the pack stayed fairly well together and much to my surprise (as with many at the hash) I was following Geek and was actually on trail. After another little loop following a little pussy (no really that's his name) into the woods and back out again the front-runners pulled away from the pack.

The trail kept teasing with the idea of crossing toward spring creek until we pulled out onto the road. For all of those who ran the Marathon, it was flash backs I'm sure and for those who didn't, it was a long as you would possibly care to run down a long trail of high class urban shaggy (also known as concrete.)

Just when the trail seemed it would never end a Montgomery County Constable pointed me to the on in for a cold beer.

The circle was called by stand in RA, Pipes but then was delayed due to a car back. Pipes must have been eager to get thing rolling to see the Packers in the Superbowl (ooh wait...they weren't in the Superbowl) as he pulled up to the circle demonstrating how anti-lock brakes work. The recognition was quick with a big faux pas by Saran Crap (under Geek's direction) as he floured the hares whose virginity was apparently in question. Right like the hares are virgins! There was a long list of reboots, one new boot names Shawn (the brother of some brown dick or something like that). Whose brother is he French Drip?

The circle was closed and we headed off to the On-On-On at Molly's Pub for more beer, free hot Wieners for all, and a little football on the tele. When as was said and done, it was another great day at the Houston Hash. If you were there you know, if you weren't you can only imagine, and if you can't remember and your ass is sore...I had nothing to do with. AARRRRRRR.

Your Scribe for the Day,
Butt Pirate.



