

Houston Hash House Harriers

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



The Model Bitch Hash

**Hares: Rain Bitch and
Roll Model**

Hash TRASH

Run # 1328

February 8, 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 skies are blue, and all the leaves are green.....

More on that later, but first I have to make a resolution. After sitting on the toilet for the fourth (yes FOUR) time today, I will not go to Fajita Willies after drinking a keg of Zeigen Bach again!

Yesterdays run, with your hares Rain Bitch, and Roll Model, began as many others, a chilly gray afternoon in the Houston winter. As I rolled up, I saw Stink Pussy Foot Mother F*cker wandering aimlessly around the parking lot. "What's up?" I asked. "Oh, well, we are parking in a tow away zone, and I was looking for a new spot." was his reply. "Jump in, I'll help". Driving around the shopping complex, we saw many empty spots and no tow away signs in front of what we suspected was one of Houston's finer strip joints. Hooking back up with the hares at the original parking spot we were informed Rain Bitch had gotten permission from the Kroger manager to park where we were, so I promptly parked under the sign that read "No parking at any time, tow away zone." After paying my \$5.00 I found myself standing in the parking lot with Shuttlecock, French Drip, Butt Pirate, and Dick the Boy Wonder when Will He Peter shows up and promptly states that he needed some "Anal Genie" or something to that

effect. I guess Digital Input just isn't doing it for him anymore.

After a brief and confusing chaltalk the pack started off north (I guess) toward some warehouses and empty fields. While crossing the street, I noticed a cassette tape on the ground that must have been dropped by one of the hares because it was entitled "Reincarnation and Sexuality". It was tape 2 of a 2 part series. Bummer that I don't have a cassette player in my car anymore. As we came upon a check at the intersection of a road and a bayou, the pack became thoroughly lost. F*ck Me Runnin' scouts up the right side of the bayou to find nothing. PP and Ass Graber scout down the street to the right to find nothing. Pump Me ends up in some neighborhood wandering aimlessly, and the rest of the pack runs up the left side of the bayou to find a pretty long false. After the entire pack congregates back at the check some more scouting is done, and true trail is found going up the RIGHT side of the bayou. Hmm... didn't I say someone had already checked that direction?

Following the bayou we came upon an arrow pointing going across. Well the arrow always indicates true trail, the hares told us at the start. Across we go. First was StinkyPFMoFo who had no problem crossing, followed by Swizzle who sank up

to his bullocks. Sucks to be him. We go through a little neighborhood and loop back to the bayou to another arrow pointing across. Damn, should have stayed on that side to begin with! After crossing again, we go into some woods that are being chopped down, and who should I come upon, but mister “Anal Genie” himself, Will He Peter. Back out on the main road looking for trail, we come across another something dropped by the hares. This happens to be a DVD sleeve cover from none other than our own SOS’s new porno film. Yes, she had the stage name of Brianna Blaze, but we easily saw through that charade. This was later used as a study guide by HOV during the circle.

Great run hares.

ONON

EZFag



Cutting into some woods off the road we ended up in the flood plain. Here Will He Peter proceeded to tell me a story about some guy who injected cocaine into his penis, and eventually lost IT and both his arms and legs due to gangrene because he had an erection for 3 months. What?????!!! Going through another neighborhood and ending up in the parking lot of some office building the keg was tapped and the bananas were eaten, and I sang my new song, “The Skies are Blue...” I highly recommend that everyone reading this rent the movie “Cannibal the Musical”. When suggestions for the ONONON were being taken, some of us suggested that we go the bar (jokingly of course) that Stinky and I were going to park at. To this, Burning Rubber informed us that Wish’s is a SWINGERS BAR not a Girly bar. So we end up going to Fajita Willies, where the statement was made, “Look, they call it ‘Falita Willies’” to which Roll Model replies “No, Hooter, you are looking at it on the back of the glass, and its all backward, just the backward J looks like an L.”