

Houston Hash House Harriers



The Day PP Saved the Hash

Hares:

**PP, Salt Water Taffy, Stinky
Pussy Foot, Rain Bitch**

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

Hash TRASH
Run #1350
June 27, 2004

Since 1979

Joint Masters: Rain Bitch, PP
Religious Advisor: Butt Pirate
Hash Cash: Barbie, Cums Anyway
On Secs: Tuna Pucker, Krusty Kreme

Start Location: TC Jester & 20th.

It was Thursday before the final word came through: there was no hare for Sunday. The joint masters would have to hare. With Rain Bitch and Stinky as beer bitches and me as food slave, PP and his lovely bride Salt Water Taffy set out to lay a last minute trail. The OBVIOUSLY NOT Middle Eastern hares set an uncharacteristic trail of only 3.5 miles.

The pack gathered by the old Kmart on TC Jester. The threat of rain had us all guessing that it would be a small turnout. We were wrong! About 50 hashers showed ready to run rain or shine. The pack took off in the direction the hares pointed only to miss the 1st mark. The slower members of the pack showed them off by finding the mark through an opening in the fence. "On On" was called and the FRBs came running.

To photograph the runners in action, I rode my bike ahead of the pack. A few blocks later, the trail lead to the dead end of a street. The first mark after the blockade was artfully laid on a pair of pooped-in tighty whiteys. As I stood below to photograph the hashers, I watched as almost every hasher eyed my bike wondering why it had been abandoned there. (NO Group Sex—it's mine----REALLY.)

As I was shortcircuiting on my bike, I saw a group of police and fire vehicles. A woman drove passed me and told me they wouldn't let me through because of terrorist activity. OH SHIT. NOT AGAIN!!!!!! I talked to the officers with the hope that the pack would not be slowed down, but of course Houston's Finest had to discuss it all in great detail. I saw the pack form at the other end of the road block. The officer said the couple dropping the white powder

were middle eastern. I countered that info. They believed me after described both in detail including the color of their backpacks (red camelbacks.) No officers, the tall, thin, curly redhead is NOT middle eastern. Little did everyone else know, this was the second time that the trail caught the attention of men with guns. PP was actually stopped by an officer while laying trail next to a federal building. Salt Water Taffy talked the officer into letting him go back and wipe out the marks. He was worried about confusing the runners with a misleading trail into federal territory.

The Circle

We ended at the front porch of a little icehouse/restaurant owned by a guy named "Buzzy." I never found out the name of the place, but it was perfect: nice patio, seating during the circle, rain proof roof for the circle and good burgers to follow.

Our hero-PP was given the HashShit award by Glow Worm for police involvement. Jenn, our newboot, did her down-down wearing what appeared to be new shoes. Just Stacia brought her out and Cums in a Can brought out Stacia, so they all did a new shoe down-down. Jenn was also "allouetted" by Dick the Boy Wonder ,Glow Worm, CIAC and a few others later that evening.

I did a 1 mile beer run after we ran out. Not worth mentioning except that there was a convenience store two doors down. I even knew that the "Beer Near" mark was in that parking lot. I forgot. Oh yeah, how could I not mention the choir? Fuck Me Running and Horney Hooker standing on the back wall during the circle claiming to be "the choir" when we all know these bimbos don't know

the words to ANY of the songs. They did look
marvelous trying. Thanx mismanagement for
stepping up and haring what turned out to be a fun
and dry day.

On-On,

Tuna Pucker

