

Subject: Hash Trash-July 18, 2004

The 1353rd Running of the Houston Hash House Harriers
7/18/04 (yes Butt
Pirate, that information is readily available and it
in no way makes me
anal like Geek!)

So there I am, 2/3rds of the way through circle and
Tuna Pucker turns
to
me and says "so, you're writing hash trash, right".
Not a question, a
directive. Oops, I forgot I told her I would give it a
shot and I have
been paying hashing appropriate attention only to the
gory details of
the trail and circle. Anyway.....

The hares, Silent Dick, Minnie Mousse and Flounder had
the pack gather
at an abandoned parking garage of the old Town &
Country Mall. It was
shady and COOL in there-more to come on that. The
pack took off
heading
east out of the garage and the minute we left the cool
shade and hit
the
blazing sun the hares went from a sprinting start to a
turtle shuffle.
The hares continued to shuffle the entire trail as we
made our way
through the new shopping area south and across
memorial. Down some
more
streets and then some more streets and then, oh yeah,
some more
streets.
A do loop at the beltway down to the bayou and back
helped some
shufflers cut off some, um, more streets. I am hating
the hares. You
guessed it, west we went down some more streets and
just when I was

fixin to really start some good hare bitchin we turned
a corner and
entered a Nature Reserve in the middle of the
neighborhood. Shade,
shade and more cool shade-I love the hares. Liquor
Hard informed me as
I shuffled past her that she knows why I got my name.
Why I ask.
"there
is no other way to fuck you" -Huh?? Have you been
talking to Little
Pussy? Just Rei and I observed a visitor from the
Carolinas running in
front of us with a naked woman tattoo on his back.
Being the mothers
that we are, we worried that some day he might regret
that decision but
felt better when we realized he could always get some
clothes tattooed
on to cover her curvy body. We were dumped back out
in the sun onto
memorial, crossed the street and continued down a
drainage ditch
heading
north. Now let me point out that just because we were
heading north it
in no way started getting any cooler. At this point,
as we shuffled
along in the blazing sun (on grass this time- do I
hate or love the
hares right now) we encountered a Nazi lady sitting
in her car in her
driveway shaking her finger at us (not that finger,
she is a little old
lady) yelling, "this is private property-this is
private property- this
is....." She needs to get out of that big shiny
Buick for awhile,
attend a hash and live a little. After narrowly
escaping the harrowing
finger shaking ordeal, the FRB's turned left and
realized there was no
trail. They kept looking and looking even though they
hadn't seen
flour

for about a ¼ mile. No one ever claimed FRB and intelligence should be used in the same sentence. The pack catches up, turns right FOLLOWING trail leaving the FRB's to catch up. More sweltering streets to I-10 then east on sweltering frontage road (I am almost hating the hares) when it appears we are heading back to the start. We will end in that incredible cool parking garage for an A to A!!! . I do love the hares. But wait, as a group of hounds head directly to the garage I decide to stay on trail having been screwed one too many times by going along with the short cutters. Trail continued along the I-10 frontage road, crossed the beltway frontage rd. and looped around to the ON HOME which was literally at the corner of I-10 and the beltway feeder in a gazebo in a strange little refuge park surrounded by busy streets and freeways. Saran Crap was in the gazebo when I arrived. His hands were in the air and he was proclaiming to all that would listen (you realize, I was the only other one there) "I am the FRB. I am the FRB. All by myself." He left before I could make him do a down down for that. I also didn't get to accuse the hares of prelaying a trail where the end is 200 yards from the start but there was no beer there when we arrived. Is this getting too long? Circle commenced and Thong Long Gone was feeling giddy. Giddier than usual she said. Now we all know her so how can that girl get giddier? At one point Butt Pirate had all the hounds

with no hash name come into the circle. Theresa finally got named Mother Fucking Theresa b/c her daughter exclaimed at some point that "I'm not fucking Theresa " b/c they look so much alike. Or I think that's what happened. The goal was to name Just Rei but as she so appropriately stated when asked why she didn't have a hash name: 'I'm not stupid'. We tried to work off that but we were trying too hard. Tuna Pucker tried to pull down the RA's pants and NARC tried to pull down Little Pussy's pants. Neither did a very good job. That baby boy new guy and RollerBalls had to drink out of their new shoes and we finally figured out why Roller never wears socks-so he doesn't ever have to tea bag. He even tried to get away with putting his cup in his shoe by trying to get us to believe those shoes wouldn't hold the precious fluid. They held just fine he swallowed every drop. The new guy that always wears the shirt that says 'my girlfriend is out of town' brought a box of cigars and all the smokers had to do a down down on their knees. There had to be more to it but I missed it. NARC had to drink for sucking up to Butt Piratte the RA (what's new) and McPisser had some pent up aggression towards me for hijacking his wife for most of Saturday to hash in Galveston. I told him it wasn't my fault because she would have Cum Anyway. Luckily, he took out his anger on the RA by running into the circle and butt slapping him so hard his hand was bruised. Butt Pirates butt will bear that hand print for good. I hope

his wife is understanding. Circle ended and Butt
Pirate proclaimed
that Carolina hashers can come hash here anytime b/c
they sing good
songs like he does. I couldn't argue with that.

And that's all I know about that hash.

ONON

Fu@k Me Running