

**Grind Slut's  
Anniversary Run, and  
G's Birthday Run**

**Hares: Grind Slut,  
Bump Slut, and Gaslight**

**Houston Hash  
House Harriers**

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
Hotline: 713-425-4274



**Since 1979**

**Hash TRASH**

**Run 1354**

**July 25, 2004**

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

**The Start**

As STINKY, GROUP SEX and I drove the one quarter of a mile from our apartment to the start of the run at Memorial Drive and Crestwood, it began to rain.

"I love running in the rain!", I said to my fellow hounds. "Oh! Big surprise there!", says GROUP SEX. STINKY related that he has begun collecting umbrellas since he met me, which was also no big surprise.

A decent size pack met for GRIND SLUT'S annual anniversary run and G's birthday run. GASLIGHT gave a quick chalk talk, given that it was raining really hard by this point, and pointed us to where the first flour mark was.

Because of the rain, very little flour remained, but we turned at Blossom Street into the woods, and ran, assuming that was where trail went. The pack ended up on the Leiberman Loop and took a right to run towards Memorial.

A bit of confusion set in at this point while the hounds looked everywhere for flour. PP started running back where he was told by the hares to go to the Fruit Loop to look for trail.

Once everyone got near the Fruit Loop, most of the pack went into the woods where they saw some flour. HOOTER BILL and I wanked and stayed on the sidewalk, knowing that we would end up on the road again at some point.

The pack went into the woods at one corner of the Fruit Loop and ran down a long, wide path where

there were faint pieces of flour on the trees. Many of us thought that trail may have went into the woods because we could find no more flour. However, someone ran to the end of this trail, and found a check, which brought the pack back on trail.

GROUP SEX, COCK BROKER, one of the new harriettes, and I found trail off that check and began yelling, "On! On!" at every flour blob we saw to alert the pack as to where trail went.

FUCK ME RUNNING and LITTLE PUSSY could hear us, so they ranged to catch up to the voices, found trail, and continued on.

While crossing a stream, we come upon DUMPSTER DIGGER, who was doing the walker's trail.

Shortly after that, HALFMOON shows up on the same trail, carrying an extremely large umbrella (afraid he'd melt?) and we could hear the hares' voices just on the other side of the trees, so we ranged and found the end way ahead of the good runners.

Here's to the shortcut that pays off!

It turns out that the rest of the trail continued on, crossed an ephemeral stream, and doubled back to get to the sandbar at one of the turns in Buffalo Bayou. GRIND SLUT was right; this was a virgin ending place.

Great trail as always hares!

**The Circle**

The hares had chosen Elissa IPA beer for this run. How they carried the keg to this sandbar is a testament to their strength! Word has it that GASLIGHT strapped it to her back and carried it from the start on the walker's trail.

BUTT PIRATE ran, as usual, a great circle where we had a visitor from El Paso H3 who brought a virgin, several Reboots, which included the hares, and many worthy accusations.

BUTT PIRATE and LUBE JOB decided to float down Buffalo Bayou to the On On On at Texadelphia, and walked into Texadelphia dripping wet. Wow!

Happy Birthday, G!

**On On,  
Rain Bitch**

