

Johnny Cash Memorial Hash

Houston Hash House Harriers

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



Since 1979

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

Hares: Choo Choo, Will Work For Pants

Hash TRASH Run 1361 Sept 12, 2004

The Start

The start was so far north it was just under the bottom lip of the Woodlands. Although I didn't need a passport to drive so far north, I could feel my car depreciating under me as the miles rolled by. About 30 hounds gathered at a softball complex with lots of young girls running around. This would have been a more appropriate start for a Jerry Lee Lewis hash than Johnny Cash, but there was plenty of shuggy to keep our attention. The hares announced that they used three types of markings; flour, tape, and toilet paper, and then tried to confuse us by telling us that any three of these items would be a false.

The trail

With that we were told to run towards a rabid dog and then turn left. The pack took off West and soon cut south into shuggy. We pushed our way through underbrush, across bulldozed clearcuts, and then trampled a fence on private property to stay on trail (even though there was a gate 10 ft. away). We then found ourselves on a narrow trail on a county park preserve. Butt Pirate said that it made him feel like he was running real fast because all the trees were whizzing by.

Next we crossed over a small bridge over a clear running Creek with a short false trail off to the right. True trail continued on straight and then right along the creek again. The trail tended to continue to follow the creek which caused Heartache to bitch and moan more than he called on-on.

After one last check along the creek, true trail headed south into some strange rich no man's land with immensely oversized houses out in the middle of nowhere. The trail continued through their oversized housing subdivision with one last check

and a long false before ending in a cul-de-sac..... not even close to the clear, cool stream that tantalized us all along trail.

The circle

After an adequate break (actually waiting for Grind Slut to get in, which he did at the end of the circle in a vehicle) we started into our religious ceremonies. No virgins, a few reboots, a few visitors (we were so far North that Red Foreskin and Yard Ralf said that it was only a 15 minute drive from College Station!). As the 30 hounds proceeded to kill the keg of Dos Equis, we warmed up to our accusations. Heartache accused himself with a perfect opportunity to pass off the Hashit, but Grind wasn't there. Drummer Bill, following Heartaches lead, tried to accuse himself similarly, but ended up talking forever about Chinese people. He was made to drink. This encouraged him, and he tried to tell another long pointless story about an aerosol can. We made him drink and then get out of the circle. Liquor Hard sang a song in German. Our veteran hasher Don (15 years?) was named "Pull the Plug" (hint to hashers, never admit to your profession in the circle). Smooth Stroker attempted to accuse Skeezer the Sleazer (sp?) of obsessively combing his hair, but was then deemed to be a bimbo and had to drink when she volunteered to sleep with him in order to get out of drinking for a lame accusation (it made sense at the time).

On On,

Krusty Kreme

