

The Ghosts of Christmas Future Hash

**Hares: Butt Pirate,
Lube Job, Saran Crap**

Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: www.h4.org
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Since 1979

Hash TRASH

Run 1374

Dec 12, 2004

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

The Start

The start was at Sam's Club at the South 610 loop at Fannin Street. About 40 hounds gathered on a surprisingly warm afternoon for this Hash. This was the last festivity of the Houston Hash House carriers Christmas party. Friday night's pub crawl celebrated the ghosts of Christmas past hashers, the Saturday Hash celebrated present hashers, and today's Hash celebrated the ghosts of future Christmas hashers.

There were quite a number of future hashers at this run. Butt Pirate brought Alyssa, Lube Job brought Jesse, Saran Crap brought Kinsey, Nipple and Dime brought Alaina, Mudder Pucker brought three kids (sorry Mudder, can't remember their names), Catamite brought _____, and Such-A-Puss brought _____.

While waiting for the start of the Hash, Mudder Pucker related his anxiety that there was no shiggy in this area. Hah! I guaranteed him that he would have plenty of opportunities to run through mud, thorns, and mosquitoes if the hares lived up to their reputations.

The trail

The hares took off South demanding a 15 minute headstart since they were all pushing strollers. However, when the pack was let loose we were told that the Walker's trail went south and the runners trail took off West. We headed south and then West behind Six Flags, continued southwest across Kirby and into urban shiggy. Mudder Pucker's son was hesitant to charge into the water, but after seeing the pack charge past him, he realized that there was no getting around it.

Apparently at this point much of the pack pussied out and shortcutted south. However, true trail continued West into the shiggy and then south. Heartache and Gonad the Barbarian obsessed over some cat tracks claiming that they were from some type of wild ocelot. Later, once Heartache caught me on true trail, he also told me that there was a "pot plantation" just to the left us. Okay, Rush.....

Anyways, we crossed over some railroad tracks and then trail headed east. Serious east. As in, for at least a mile of straight road run. It sucked. I absolutely hate running forever and seeing other hashers a half-mile ahead of you still running straight. At this point I began losing confidence in my hares.

And yet they redeemed themselves. After running east for ever, we found a check with true trail heading south into some excellent mud, thorn, and brush overridden shiggy. True trail headed south through this area and ended up on, surprise, Fannin Drive! We followed this a little bit south and then southeast through a nice wooded field to end at the On Home.

At the On home there were many many welcoming people. Well actually there were many many welcoming mosquitoes! We have the beer there, We got the food set up, and the 30 of us who stayed to brave the mosquitoes began the circle and began working on the keg of St. Arnold's Christmas Ale.

The circle

So we started off by honoring our hares. We honored all of the future hashers. We honored the visitors (Red Foreskin and Yard Ralf). We did the

Samoa slap dance (to fend off the skeeters). And then we finally got on to accusations.

Okay hashers, I have to apologize here and make a promise. From now on I will attempt to pay better attention at the circle. Apparently I enjoy the beer too much and this in combination with the fact that I'm getting older and the memory is getting worse means that I can't remember much of the circle anymore. Sheesh!

Anyways, from what I do remember.....

At the beginning, when Mudder Pucker's son was called out to drink for being a virgin, he was so eager he drank during his song. Then, he was so confused that he actually listened to the Harriettes and took his shirt off and drank again! He should do fine in the Hash.

Roadkill was accused of barking up the wrong tree. Apparently Saturday night he was asking every single female that happened to be within a mile to dance with him. He even asked Tuna Pucker's girlfriend to dance with him!

I accused the hares of trying to create a future Houston Hash which is all females. Look at their offspring!

There were many other accusations and then lame accusations, but I can't remember. We continue to work on the keg as the Hash dwindled to less and less people. Finally an On On On was called at Two Rows in Rice village.

Until next week... Same Bat channel, Same Bat time!

On On,

Krusty Kreme

