

Houston Hash House Harriers

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



Since 1979

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

2 Assholes and a Shag

Hare:

**AssWipe, Bowel Burglar,
Jane Does**

Hash TRASH

Run #1378

Jan 9, 2005

Start Location: 610S @ Fannin

The start was at the academy sports store at the intersection of 290 and 34th St. on a pleasantly warm winter day. About 50 hounds assembled for this rare live hared trail. Haberdashery was out and selling like hotcakes (believe me, your Hash needs the money!).

And, as Roller Balls said, "We all met in the parking lot for the start, paid hash cash and said hello to our hash buddies. The hares told us how they laid trail and then sent us off."

The Trail

Trail took off Southwest, then west, and then north. This trail made excellent use of neighborhood drainage ditches (here in Houston they call them "bayous") cutting East and West but generally continuing north.

And, as Roller Balls said, "The trail was pretty good with some decent checks, including that one where everyone pretty much got screwed up. Roller Balls was the first one in, as usual. Heartache bitched about the trail and said it wasn't how he would have done it. Geek came in about an hour after the rest of the hash. Hooter was amazed how so many people beat him in."

There wasn't a single false trail or blow job!

Finally the trail ended close to the intersection of TC Jester and Pinemont in open, undeveloped field.

The Circle

When we arrived at the On Home we found a sweet keg of St Arnold's Amber and Dick The Boy Wonder grilling (apparently his parents freezer had

quit, so he decided to share with the Hash, it was great!) Whilst waiting for the circle to start Grind Slut found a very old bag of flour stashed under a bush. Apparently this wasn't virgin hash territory!

So the circle started; we had about eight reboots including a rare appearance by Bare Ass Burns and Ball Grabber. We didn't have any new boots or visitors, but there were two birthdays: Roadkill, Too and Grind Slut.

DownDowns: Drummer Bill for losing the Hashit, Roller Balls accused Sticky Lips of admitting that her cucumbers go soft, Asswipe accused Bowel Burglar of hashing for 12 years without haring until now, Lube Job accused Heartache of not being able to out run Role Model, Grind Slut accused Ball Grabber of avoiding the Hash since she caused Small Johnson's arrest, Roller Balls accused Narc of changing his clothes like a woman and pulling his underwear out the top of his towel wrap, Peewee accused Jane Does of calling 911 simply to get firemen to come to her residence to give her manly attention, Roller Balls accused Grind Slut of having paint on the top of his head because he was bent over receiving from the rear while out in the yard painting, Butt Pirate accused Muscle Phart of going the wrong way on trail and it was obvious that the whole pack was going in one direction.

We floated the keg. We ate Dick the Boy Wonder's food. I don't know where the OnOnOn was.

Your thirsty scribe,

Krusty Kreme

