

# 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Tourettes Hash DAMMIT!

Hare: Butt Pirate, N.A.R.C.,  
McPisser, Cums Anyway, Little  
Pussy, Fuck Me Running

# Houston Hash House Harriers

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

## Hash TRASH

Run #1407

July 3, 2005



*Since 1979*

**Joint Masters:** Fire Tunnel, Tonka Fuck  
**Religious Advisor:** McPisser  
**Hash Cash:** N.A.R.C., Fuck Me Running  
**On Secs:** Ass Wipe, She Bangs



### **This is a Channel 4 news Special Report**

.Ron Burgundy: This 4th of July weekend was hot hot hot, but that didn't stop a group called the Houston Hash House Harriers from nearly dying of heat exhaustion down in Pasadena. Supposedly, no directions were needed find to the start of the trail as the hounds just followed their nose to the smell of pollution as Toucan Sam follows his nose to find the Fruit Loops.

Veronica Corningstone: The beginning was down near I-45 and the Beltway at Holly Bay

sports complex on Crenshaw for a 4 p.m. start. Your hares had multiplied by 3 compared to the number of hares at a "normal" hash. SIX people were needed for the Tourette's Run. hehe Those are some horny rabbits! I guess that would explain the porn found on trail by Dude Where's my Car.

RB: The trail started off across a cow-paddied field with occasional Tourettes outbreak being heard over the din of the intermittent traffic. (Cue video of people running and cursing sporadically) It then went to the left along a

small creek with the occasional check that required the coordination of hares on both sides of the crossing. Most of them stayed the course not wanting to get damp.

VC: But little did the hares know that their efforts to stay dry were screwed as the pack made it out of the woods to a CUM check and had to wade through water anyway. How about that shoe-sucking mud, Ron?

RB: That mud was nothing compared to the mud ahead! After crossing waist-high disgusting water under a bridge to the water check, the pack was off again zigzagging through the forest with sticks as they tried to avoid harmless banana spiders. There were even men, a so-called Hooter Bill, who was rumored to have screamed like a girl at the very sight of one! They should have called today "Attack of the Killer Spiders."

VC: The end of the trail brought the pack to a large water crossing which required swimming of all involved. The shoe-sucking mud almost ate the shoes of many a hasher, but, by helping each other, everyone made it up the other side of the bank. Aww isn't that cute!

RB: The FRBs namely Womb Service, Rollerballs, and Shuttlecock (who shortcutted!) drank two kinds of nectar at the end of the trail: Bud Light and Elissa along with the standard snacks. What people really wanted was the meat though. And by meat, I'm talking about the 50 lbs of flesh waiting for them at a nearby pool. People were getting so hungry that it almost turned cannibalistic.

VC: With that in mind, your RA McPisser started the circle a bit early to appease the hungry hashers. There were two new boots with forgotten names brought by Mudder Pucker. Also, the pack tried to name Rick who has been coveting the toilet plunger called Hashit for a good 2-3 weeks. Names such as "My Precious,"

"Precious," and "Preshit" were suggested, but the whole thing was eventually tabled because people couldn't make up their damn minds. On on to the accusations, Ron!

RB: After Rick failed to be named, he had the pleasure of sitting on 3 huge blocks of ice until the next accusee. After that, Butt Pirate placed a neck brace found on trail around Rick's neck. Then Dry Hose who mistakenly left his GPS device on trail donned the neck brace and took a seat on the ice. He also was the recipient of a lovely plunger. Go Dry Hose! Try using that thing as a compass!

VC: Finally, Butt Pirate turned against his own kind and blamed the other hares for not helping lay the trail. Do I hear mutiny?? Rain Bitch accused Balut of mistaking an arrow for an X on trail. Time to get those eyes checked!

RB: At last, the pack departed to Butt Pirate's house nearby for the brisket and water sports. DFL Rubbin' the Boy Wanker and Just Sam finally showed up after taking a bad turn in the woods. Luckily, they made it in safely and Sam will now be known as Matahor.

VC: Great story, Ron...for the entire Channel 4 news team, I'm Veronica Corningstone.

RB: And I'm Ron Burgundy. Go fuck yourself, Houston, TX.

(Transcribed by your very own She Bangs)

