

Witches of Hashwick

(Start Location: Terry Hershey Park)

Hares:

Hide N Go Pee

Matahor

One Hole Too Many

Estrus

Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: www.h4.org

Hotline: 713-425-4274

Hash TRASH

Run #1463

June, 18, 2006



Since 1979

Joint Masters: Pull the Plug, French Drip
Hash Cash: Dry Hose, Tool Box
On Secs: Can't Touch This,
Rubbin the Boy Wanker
Religious Advisor: Roller Balls

The usual hounds were around – but I only see Estrus at the start. I suspect the witches had a malfunction of some kind, maybe working on a magic potion to lure unsuspecting hashers into their lair or maybe just a broom malfunction.

Estrus gives the chalk talk. The hare tells us not to range and to stay true to trail. Since it is Africa hot and humid I think that's a very good idea. We take off towards the Terry Hershey Park trails, some hashers go along the paved path, but myself and Womb Service tear down the shiggy trail. Trail goes along for a ways up and down the trail – which is nice since it is so cool and shaded. I expected a couple ghouls and gargoyles to be waiting for me behind some trees, but none were to be found. Running along through the shiggy, we come across many mud puddles – I manage not to get my shoes too wet for I knew what was coming later (a long story, but I had new shoes on). Up and down, sliding around on the shiggy trails we finally come to the WC (water check), but no witches were in sight nor water that the FRB's could see. It was also the Turkey-Eagle split, the group I was with McPisser/French Drip/Tool Box decide to take the high ground – turns out this was the Turkey trail – oh well. I'll get to the beer sooner. No sooner than I think that – I see the BN sign. But we couldn't figure out where trail went from there. There were a couple people swimming, cooling off in the bayou, but I was on a search for beer. Turns out the end was right across the bayou.

I must give the hares kudos for the ending spot. It was a previous ending spot for the hash years ago, but it was appropriate today. It was a very rocky enclave underneath Beltway 8. Almost like a scene

out of King Kong. The cave / drainage aqueduct for lack of a better term had graffiti obviously written by illiterates. If you're going to write slang about groups you hate – at least get the spelling right. I as most people who ventured into the cave were mesmerized by the primitive artwork showing scantily clad babes tied to the wall, along with the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and skeleton devils guarding the walls.

Highlights of the circle:

Hooter Bill drinking for his anniversary (20th??).
Donut Holer drinking for the Mosquito Hash 2nd analversary.

The Witches of Hashwick in a group naming.

There was one new boot at this hash – brought by Tool Box and Ass Grabber and I forget her name at the moment, but she is a bundle of energy. I believe she will be back to partake in much more debauchery with us.

Overheard at the circle:

“Can you get your foot outta my nuts!”

“Ask Womb how his womb is.”

On-On-On => Big John's Ice House.



Faithfully submitted and ON-ON,

-- Rubbin' the Boy Wanker --