

## The "Gator that nearly ate Roller Balls" Trail

(Start Location: Sterling Bank Memorial/Asbury)

### Hares:

Rain Bitch, Master Chugger, Dumpster Digger, Bush Snapper, Gonad, Muscle Phart

# Houston Hash House Harriers

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

## Hash TRASH

Run #1468

(Monday) July 24, 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 "Alligator that nearly got Roller Balls" trail

Monday evening, 6:15 p.m. Hashers are gathering in the Sterling Bank parking lot off Birdsall and Memorial. The sky is overcast threatening rain by scattering a few drops, but the rain holds off all evening, thanks Rain Bitch. The six Hares, all residents of the Hash Hotel, remind us, "Get over it, an early Monday night start time use to be the norm," years ago before the Houston Hash moved to Sunday afternoons. During the chalk talk we're told it's about a three mile trail which the hares laid about a half mile each, they also promise virgin shiggy and bugs. The pack of about 50 runners leaves promptly at 6:45 PM under cloudy skies. Bleeder and Dry Hose leave about five minutes later, passing a late Grind Slut, putting on his brand new shoes in the parking lot.

Dry Hose and Bleeder meet up with Roller Balls who is running to the start from his house. He is amazed that the pack has already started. Turning around he sees the pack crossing Birdsall running east on Fagan. The three continue heading north to catch the pack, which Roller easily does.

Trail heads north across Memorial drive, and meanders through the neighborhood of million dollar homes. Somewhere on trail Wad to Blow, and Who the Fuck R U point out the house that had been owned by President of TSU. It was quite a mansion. The house has now been purchased by Mario Williams, first round draft pick of the Texans.

Trail eventually goes to Memorial park, then back across the Memorial Drive to the Ho Chi Minh trail area. In order to increase the shiggification, the hares avoided using any of the existing trail markings. The hounds struggled up and down numerous steep hills and embankments, some so steep that many hounds were reduced to crawling a snails pace.

Now going into another million dollar home neighborhood in Memorial Park, then through the edge of the Hogg Bird Sanctuary. From there, the trail runs along the edge of Buffalo Bayou, where Muscle Phart had urged runners to stay on the trail at the edge of Buffalo Bayou rather than run in people's yards. When Roller Balls encountered Muscle Phart, he decides

to swim down the bayou, rather than run the trail. Roller was followed into the water by Grind Slut and PeeWee.

As Roller is swimming along, he suddenly hears a loud snap in front of him. The noise turns out to be a 6 foot alligator that was annoyed by the presence of the swimmers. As the story goes, Roller and his companions were out of the water within 5 seconds.....who says hashers aren't good athletes?

Near On Home while attempting to avoid running on private property and apparently from an admonition given by Hare Muscle Phart, Roller Balls and Ass Wipe choose the way of the bayou. Dry Hose lives up to his name and decides to take True Trail, which is on dry land. He hears an exchange between Roller in the bayou and Hare Muscle Phart on the bank. Roller: "What was that that brushed up against my leg?" Hey, is that Ol' Charlie? By God there's his eyes, that's Ol' Charlie, alright." – a six foot 'gator.

Perhaps on another occasion he might stop and chat with Ol' Charlie, but this evening Dry Hose picks up his pace reaching On Home to be greeted by FRBs, Womb Service and John Boy already drinking beer. It is a place where Hare Gonad the Barbarian was heard to say "Welcome to My Backyard."

A wonderful location on the banks of Buffalo Bayou right behind the Texadelphia restaurant was the on-home. The circle was enjoyed by all. 5 or 6 reboots and 1 new boot were abused by the RA.....and then there were numerous accusations and disrobings until the keg ran dry. The group reconvened for the On-on-on at Texadelphia for food and more merriment. Thanks to the hares for organizing a great event, a great circle. May many more Monday runs be in store for the hash. Thanks to Pull the Plug / Dry Hose for the write up this week.



Faithfully submitted and ON-ON,

-- Rubbin' the Boy Wanker --