

Grand Masters: KIT MOGNETT / PETE GERNERT  
Joint Masters: JANA McBEE \ RICH VEGA

On-Sec: JOHN GRISWOLD  
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WEAKLY RUN INFORMATION: nine ate one hash

HASH 419 (The Queens Revenge Hash No.1)

HARES: Dr. Pocket Rocket and M&M (or did she give up her maiden name to be M&J?)

First they abduct and screw our hash women, leaving behind a lovely Mata Harriet to spy on us and drive the troops crazy, but now they return and perform upon our troops what the colonials did to the Red Coats two hundred years ago - lead us around by our yinyangs and abuse us.

As the local troops were called to muster, it looked like a replay of the battles of 1776 but this time the numbers were with the locals. 96 to two, and I put my money on the 96 - a real mistake! The Rocket man even rubbed salt in the wound by making the woman we love sell the shirt she was wearing, (the same one he was wearing too!)

After many threats of giving the Rocket man a tour of west Houston in his birthday suit the hare was off and running. Obviously non plused in his bunny ears. The cocky locals stood about bragging and carrying on. We had his woman, his beer and he had a measly 12 minute start.

As the crowd moved forward, some were convinced that the hare would circle us and lay trail to the west. Those that took that lead did finish first with the help of those of us that followed the trail. The masses headed east and then dissolved into 96 groups going different directions.

Tammy Faye, while primping, lost sight of the masses and became lost, only to find himself with Puber and Mad Max. These three fortuitously cut the trail to find V and Scum Puppy in search of the elusive Englishman. As all reasonable hope was waning, Tammy Faye observed the V-mobile cruise by. Alerting the others, TF stumbled across the water check only to be abused by the lovely water boy Pineapple with the question What are you doing here so soon? TF drank his water anyway and trucked off with V and Puber - Scum Puppy already having departed.

By this time night had fallen and all the fun of stripping the Rocket man had been dashed and the desire was replaced with the overwhelming need for a beer. V, Puber, Max, TF and others fell in behind Buzzy Mae to finally track the hare to his warren.

Very few preceded this diligent group of hashers, but those few that did were certainly more worthy of the first beers. They not only had run the trail backwards (which is difficult on a live hare run), but they had better legs than any of the second group (except Tammy Faye). These runners were the lovely Cocker, Glass Blower and Wallbanger. I believe Scum Puppy ran in with the three lovelies, but he was just the point guard for the men hashers.

It is here that I will admit that we have been hosed by Dr Pocket Rocket and the lovely Ms M&J.

By the time the rest of yall arrived, Scum Puppy had already quaffed five beers. Puber was of course pushing the family brew. In a very professional manner, the Rocket mans truck was converted into a chuck wagon with dips and chips, canned brew and pop was available in coolers and a nasty keg was tapped from V's wagon.

Obviously the cops had heard about the hosing, because they sent Blue Thunder to light the night and entertain the group. Unfortunately for them the party was over and the group was adjourning to the on on on.

There were eleven new boots and scores of returning newly booted runners. Unfortunately, they shall remain anonymous to protect them and because TF waited until Sunday to do this write up and didn't get their names.

For some of us this was a great hash. For about 75 hashers, this was a humiliating debacle akin to the Rataan Death Marches. Welcome home Mr. and Ms Jarvis.

on to San Antonio

Tammy Faye