

HOUSTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Grand Masters: RY MOBHETT / PETE BERNERT
JANE MASTERS / JANA MARRER / MON YEAH

Dr-Bus: JOHN BRISWOLD

Hash CASH: HEN KID

Referee: AUSTIN: MIKE YOWELL

call for info: 981-HASH

Postmaster: Address: HOUSTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS P.O. BOX 801341 HOUSTON, TEXAS 77280 U.S.A.



RUN #431

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS HARLOT RUN "The Heights Circle Jerk"

Hares: Norma Jean and Magnolia Thunder Pussy

It was good for me, was it good for you? I came, but I think I was jerked off on the run.

I for one would never miss a Harlot Hash. The Hash Harlots have a well deserved rep for doing an on on to the max. Their runs do lack a certain machismo that pops up every now and then in runs by folks like Choo Choo, Keeser, Captain Scuttlebutt, Reverend and Rugburn. But "wimp" runs just allow more time for the serious on on. And really, now, what are we running for anyway?

This Harlot run started at an abandoned laundry on Washington and Durham in the Heights. I actually parked in Chicks parking lot, but was too dense to make a connection. (There was a number of other choices in the area as far as good Hash bars go, but I was certain we would end at someone's home.)

As we assembled, the Harlots canvassed the crowd for comments on why Hash Women were better than other women. After collecting the green, the assemblage was assembled for the offing and some brief comments by the Harlot Hares. Their findings tallied, the Harlots read some of the opinions of the Hash as to why. As best as I can tell, the consensus was that they just think they are better, but any tail will do! After this exercise in self praise, the Hares set us loose with some unseen directions.

Unfortunately, some of us followed Generic Butt Wipe on a well marked trail to Uranus' pad. One or two Hashers were lost in route to a very large and mean German Shepherd. Others were simply mauled. Most of the Hash followed Norma Jean's direction and headed north. From the beer check at Uranus', the hot group headed on. Fifteen minutes into the run the two groups came together. That's ran into each other, you know, on the rail road. The counter clockwise group explained to the others that if they had run the trail correctly, they would have had a beer by then. Off the clockwise group went to Uranus'.

This left Tammy Faye, Geek, Glass Blower, Keeser, and one or two others high and dry with nothing but dead ends. All trails but two were false. One was the one the clockwise group came in on, and the other had two marks - a false. Unfortunately, Norma Jean may be beautiful, but she can't count above one. Or was it that MY Pussy's favorite number is two.

Let me digress here. If we abbreviate Magnolia Thunder Pussy to M.T. Pussy, does that read Empty Pussy or Mount Pussy? Either way the options are rather suggestive.

After realizing all the Hashers were gone but Geek, Tammy Faye was having serious misgivings about being in the same area as Geek. Fortunately, Glass Blower popped up again and led us back to the corner by the cars. From here, the small assemblage sniffed out the on on in Chicks. Things were already hopping when we rolled in. A typical Harlot's on on was underway.

First there was beer by the pitcher. Then a food spread that was excellent - barbecued chicks, with the trimmin's. The Hash wasted Chicks Sunday night free munchies. That will be the last time he lets us in for free food! Later there were some barbecued ribs - good and sloppy (rather like Hash women, stays on your mustache all night long.)

Then the hash got serious. Down downs for the hares Norma Jean and M.T. Pussy. Down downs for the new boots little Whitney and Olive from Northern China. Getting very serious, the sacred naming of names was performed with Suzanne dropping her given name for the title Bush Hog. Martin has been canvassing for the name Charmin since he started running with the Hash, so they gave him a similar name, Generic Butt Wipe! Another name was given that was too dumb to print so I refuse to acknowledge Mr Claudine Longet, Mr Moon River, or Mr Osmond Fucker.

Steve Warner got an easy brew by turning 42, as did Choo Choo for stopping at the Mens room on the way in and being named DFL. But no one, that's no one, is as much a mooch as the always moving away Free Fall. One day Free Fall will realize he can buy a lot of beer for what it is costing him to continually move his residence.

I have been told that the Hash partied into the night in good Harlot style at Fizz, Elans, and finally closing down Anabelle's. The morning was brought in with coffee at the Weston Oaks.

Those Harlots can really swing. Why are Harlots better than other women? They just have to be.

It was good for me! Was it good for you?

Why don't we do it in the road

Tammy Faye