

HOUSTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



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call for info: 981-HASH

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MOONLIGHT CHRISTMAS LIVE HARE HASH

HARES: Pineapple and Wallbanger

And we were off to a good start!

I have never seen so many cars in that parking lot! I'll bet, and maybe Scum Puppy can confirm this, that there haven't been that many cars parked there since the AIDS epidemic first broke out. If you weren't there early you had to be creative for parking - on the grass, in the drive, double parked, or with the motor running in the street, etc. What a crowd! Even PT drug in off his death bed to join us. Others that you haven't seen in years suddenly appeared out of nowhere. This didn't hold a candle to the 400th, but you could tell we were fixin' to party hardy.

Well into the Christmas spirit, Hash Cash Digital tried some creative accounting and scored \$2 extra off of some hounds before the checks and balances corrected the situation. Pineapple suggested that if you had the \$2 we would be happy to consider it our Christmas bonus. Some were foolish enough to go with that.

With spirits high, the Moonlight Christmas live hares, Joint Masher (as is traditional) Pineapple and his lovely consort Wallbanger laid the ground work for a long and confusing run. Yes it was long, 90 minutes, but it was mostly confusing for those that listened to the hares. There is always some truth to what Pineapple says, but he likes to tinker with your head. So if Pineapple ever cries wolf, no one believes him. Those that did got a lot of good hill training before they ever found the right parking garage.

Off go the hares. Ten minutes later, off go the hounds. The trail went down Woodway, south on 610, west on Post Oak and that is where you made your own trail. Marks were few and far apart. There were no checks. There were false trails, but the group kept coming on them upside down. Whenever we stumbled onto a False, we could just cross the F to follow the actual false trail to the trail.

In this manner the group groped its way to Westheimer and Midlane. Retracing our steps from one of the only two checks of the evening, we headed west to San Felipe and found Red Asses lost trail, which took us on a nonstop road course to the On Home atop a seven story parking garage - which is right where Pineapple said it would be.

After about seventy people had accumulated, for a much needed respite, and well stocked on-on, Pineapple decided to make a sweep. Probably 20 hashers were still unaccounted for. Rumors were rampant. The best of these was that Cocker was last seen hailing a taxi. PT was last seen puking his guts out in a flu induced delirium in a gutter amongst Christmas shoppers in the Galleria. Geek and Sleezer were either stair climbing, riding the elevator, or both to the top of Transco Tower where they would either find the On Home, be able to spot the On Home, or jump. Lastly, there was a rumor that one of our hashers was to fire walk (before the keg was floated) in some kind of pagan ritual going on near the Wall of Water.

Evidently, Pineapple got everyone. Geek came in full of the Christmas spirit. Cocker left once she got her bag, mumbling something about a humbug, or maybe that was a hum job.

The On Home was quite nice for a little while. The view was splendid. The munchies were adequate. The beer was cold. And the bathroom facilities were unusual, right Poison? We got to watch, from our lofty perch, as the fog moved in to enshroud the Transco. Unfortunately, the fog brought with it a 10 degree drop in temperature. Thats when the group decided to adjourn to an ononon. It has been so long ago that I haven't any idea where if I ever did know.

All in all, it was a good run.

Tammi Fay

Dec Full Moon, 1987
My 1st Hash!
On On
Half moon
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