

Grand Masters: KEEZER the SLEEZER
Joint Masters: HUT POKER
TRAIL BOSS

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THE MARATHON POOPER BOWL

1/26/92

Hares: Power Tool, Low Blow

The Marathon

The hash made its usual lemminglike mass entry into the Houston-Tenneco Marathon, in cold, drizzly weather, Bubble Butt went by like a police car headed for a doughnut shop, earning a new marathon PR, 2:59. Vega: 3:10. Ivy Martino, 3:49. Marilyn Ward, 3:54.

Others were not so hasty. Hot Poker and Cock Robin showed the strain as they passed the hashmile. Pure Sex and five run-ins were still on the course when the cops started to close it and make the runners run on the sidewalk, but these hashers chose civil disobedience.

The ABC Wide World of Television cameramen love to catch the look of straining fatigue and determination on a runner's face as he or she nears the end of a marathon. What profound thoughts is this jock or jockette thinking toward the finish of this prime test of endurance?

1. "Lookin' good"? Fuck you, buddy. 2. Where's that mile marker? 3. God, do my legs hurt. 4. How slow can I go and still get

a mug? 5. Where is that mile marker? 6. What sadistic son of a bitch added 385 yards to this crazy event? 7. Where's the mile marker?

The Hash

By the time the finishers had stiffened up and begun healing, it was time for the Pooper Bowl hash. We met in the cold rain on West Gray and Woodhead for a chilly ramble through Montrose. The hardy hares laid it live and included a beer check on the campus of the University of St. Thomas. The cold but triumphant hounds reached the on-home at Heads Up (sounds like a dope den or a hairdresser's) off Montrose near Fairview in time to watch the Washington Redskins begin their Buffalo hunt.

The Pooper Bowl

Cocker awarded the non-coveted Pooper Bowl to Low Blow. Accepting the award for him was his sleazy girlfriend, Lola (see Gastroporn, below), a notorious ice cream slut.

Your faithful scribe,
Silent Dick

NEVER ON SUNDAE
Hash Gastroporn Supplement
(Reader Discretion is Advised)

Pornography is only profitable when people feel guilty about sex. Nowadays, people regard sex as a normal, healthy pleasure. What they feel guilty about today is rich food. So, there could be a market for diet porn, like this example:

Lola Granola felt her mouth water as the big cocker, Polly Saturated, unfurled her huge, curved banana. Only Salad Sisters Produce, at \$1.59 a pound, would have such fruits, so big, firm and unblemished. Lola shivered hungrily, anticipating the high-calorie thrills ahead, until her nipples rose like cholesterol on Christmas Day. She gazed hypnotically at the cocker's tasty nuts and warm, rich chocolate syrup until she felt her own slippery syrup flowing in her lap. Lola's oil had always been extra virgin, but no amount of sodium benzoate could retard her spoilage any longer.

The cocker smiled cruelly, brandishing her Cool Whip. "You've come a long way from Pepperidge Farm, baby. You pretend you've got moral fiber, but you're just a 79-cent spread! Under that fancy Weight Watchers label, you're a cheap little tart. Colonel Sanders told me all about you and Sara Lee."

The truth of her fattening past, now come back to haunt her, hit Lola like a pie in the face (sort of a boom-meringue). Memories of Sara Lee came flooding back, vivid as an anchovy burp. Now the souffle of her hopes had fallen and tears bitter as horseradish streamed down her apple cheeks. "All right," she sobbed. It's true. But, what could I do? Nobody doesn't like Sara Lee!"

"This time you'll get your just desserts? The cocker reached under Lola's transparent wrapper and up her cottage-cheese thighs. "I'm going to eat your banana split."

"No ! Leggo my leggo! I'm saving my appetite for my husband!"

To her surprise, Lola felt herself yielding to the icy-sweet, soothing touch of the cocker's embrace on Lola's trembling body. Despite herself, Lola savored the rough feel of the cocker's full, ripe melons on her cupcakes. Chocolate kisses spattered all over Lola's body until she dripped with triglycerides and low-density lipoproteins. "Dextrose! Give me all your dextrose!" she murmured, surrendering to her primitive hunger.

Their blood sugar raced higher and higher together in gustatory abandon. Lola felt herself exploding like popcorn in the microwave of Polly's lust. Finally, the cocker answered Lola's cries with one triumphant burst and creamed all over her until they fell back, exhausted, onto the unopened bags of brown rice,

from The Hound of the Baskin-Robbins,
by Arthur Conehead Doyle