

Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: www.h4.org
Hotline: 713-425-4274



White Elephant Hash

Hares: Will He Peter, French
Drip, Tool Box

Hash TRASH

Run #1376

Dec 26, 2004

Since 1979

Joint Masters: Rain Bitch, PP
Religious Advisor: Butt Pirate
Hash Cash: Barbie, Cums Anyway
On Secs: Tuna Pucker, Krusty Kremer

Start Location: Houston Proper

Sorry for the repeat, I dropped a paragraph on the first attempt.

Dear Grind and Gaslight,
If I run many more WHP trails, I'm going to vote Democratic.

First let me thank the hares for their hard work during Christmas week, and to French Drip and Tool Box bless you for dealing with WHP.

The Trail

As with any WHP run, it wasn't long before there were large groups of hashers running around with no trail in sight. I would like to tell you where the trail went, but after the loop through downtown, 10 falses and 5 back checks, hell I don't have a clue. One of my favorite parts was a tunnel, the stench of urine was so bad, I didn't even know I was running with one of our more hygienically challenged hashers. The hares out did themselves by cleverly combining this run with the Christmas Eve trail. We were so happy to find the BN sign, too bad that beer had been gone for a couple of days. We continued on through a few more back checks and a couple more falses, then finally the end. The beer was cold and good, there was plenty of hash leftovers for quite a feast. McPisser, our RA for the day, then called the group together. I had to leave about then, sometimes teenagers can cut into your fun. McPisser will handle part 2 of the Hash Trash.

When I left, Geek and Hooter were not in yet, I guess the trail wasn't that bad after all. Now if I could delete WHP trails as fast as I delete his emails.

Your rookie scribe, NARC

The Circle

>Narc wrote: "I had to leave about then..." and "then" there was great rejoicing. As soon as his car rounded the corner, a Salvation Army truck pulled up, it's

doors flew open and then some strippers came out of it with two more kegs of beer.

Heartache sang us Christmas carols and got all teary-eyed. Geek ran trail and came in on time, Hooter Bill showered, and Will-He-Peter and Donut Holer french-kissed.

Wow, NARC, you should've been there.

Anywho, we had a blast in the circle. We had hares(3 of them), Newboots(3 of them), visitors(3 of them) and accusations(3 of them that were worth a sh*t). The RA was in rare form, I don't know how he does it. here's what we learned:

- Limp Noodle, Baby Huey and some other turd (please don't take offense, turd) are home for the holidays.
- Role Model apparently has a friend (who needs to hare before we can name her even tho' she has "Kinda Big Boobs")
- Grind Slut, Will-He-Peter and Baby Huey are all members of the GWF. (Gay Wrestling Federation)
- Stuck on the Bone likes to be treated like a dog.
- Will-He-Peter cannot drive.

That's about it. It got a little chilly, so we went to the Blackhorse Inn for ONONON & Gift exchange. The gifts sucked ASS (as is the point), but a good time was had by all. and then I left... and then the Salvation Army truck pulled up and its doors flew open...

*OnonOnon
Mcpisser,*



