

## Thank G It's Summer Hash!!!

Hares: Gaslight & Out of Tuna

## Houston Hash House Harriers

Website: [www.h4.org](http://www.h4.org)  
Hotline: 713-425-4274

### Hash TRASH

Run #1399

June 5, 2005



*Since 1979*

**Joint Masters:** Fire Tunnel, Tonka Fuck  
**Religious Advisor:** McPisser  
**Hash Cash:** N.A.R.C., Fuck Me Running  
**On Secs:** Ass Wipe, She Bangs

The hash congregated yesterday at the Agnes Moffett Park off Hammerly and Beltway 8 for a 3 pm start. Before the start of the run, the [sun-o-phobic hashers huddled up under the trees](#) to try and stay cool for [Gaslight](#) and [Out of Tuna's](#) shiggy run to commemorate the official start of summer and their summer vacation - the bastard(ette)s. ;) The ice cream man paid a visit and many hashers ran over to purchase their [favorite sex toy - I mean popsicle](#) - from the portable jukebox whose hit song harkens back to the ragtime at the turn of the century.

All aspects of this hash can be summarized using the two words "hot" and "cold." For instance, the staggering heat under which we perused trail - hot. The many times the pack got off trail and had to wander around what felt like forever - cold. The sight of two pairs of

harriette butt cheeks on the ice in the circle - hot. The temperature of male testicles post-ice - cold (or was that the natural state of affairs?)

But anyway I digress. The trail was complete with two good sizes hills, two-three fence climbs, one lake swim, and one barb wire dip. At one check closer to the end, a few brave hashers crossed the ditch and staked out trail in all directions returning empty-handed while others - most outspokenly [Hooter Bill](#) \*poke\* - stood on the other side of the ditch not wanting to get their feet wet and dirty unnecessarily. Then the sound of a whistle was heard over the horizon and all was well. And how could we forget our old friend, [Mr. Poison Ivy](#) who also made an appearance on trail. My thighs are still inflamed from the camp out and not in the way you might be thinking. :P

[McPisser](#) performed his first sovereign duty as RA bringing [Natty Light](#) as down-down beer in place of [St. Arnold's Elissa](#). I'm not sure if that classifies as cruel and unusual punishment, but surely there's a law against it somewhere... anywhere. heh Accusations tended to revolve around the presence of 4 solidified masses of life-giving substance which were also provided by your kind and loving RA. First ass ice sitter was [WHP](#) who lost part MCIX of a bet the details of which I can't remember. Then it was [Pee Wee](#) who accused [Free Ride](#) of skipping her haring duties in [Alaska](#) to go fishing. Because Free Ride had surreptitiously bribed McPisser with the fruits of her labor, your honest and upstanding RA overrode the accusation and Pee Wee became \*ahem\* wee. Then [Little Pussy](#) got a ride on the "hot seat" for neglecting to provide the ice. Not to be sexist, the ice was also blessed by [Roll Model](#) for buying 22 Houston Chronicles from

the homeless man on the corner and by [Rain Bitch](#) who was mistakenly called Roll Model and seemed a bit \*too\* happy to oblige. Three queer accusations: [Rubbin the Boy Wanker](#) for sucking a little too hard on a rainbow popsicle at the start, WHP for shaving his nipples and navel, and H L & Penis for presenting his ass on trail and expressing disappointment at the lack of takers. And last but not least, there was, my friends, [a jiggle off](#) the real winner of which was not declared.

And the hash went in peace full of [6.6% ABV Elissa](#)...

Your peddler of Trash,

She [Bangs](#)

