

Smelly Twatty Hash

Hare: Beam Me Up Twatty,
Smelly Trench

Houston Hash House Harriers

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

Hash TRASH

Run #1413

August 14, 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

When Smelly Trench and Beam Me Up Twatty decided to lay trail on the west side of town on War Memorial and Clay, they deemed it the Smelly Twatty run for obvious reasons. Little did the pack know that this particular name would carry a double entendre of a most malodorous variety. There are flashbacks every time I walk by my still-unwashed shoes on the porch. I guess I'm not wanting to deal with the memories yet. :-X

The run began across a very short length of concrete to the grass by Clay Road. After wading through the first stream, the trail led right into the woods where there was lots of open space to run, and poison ivy was easily avoided by a quick frolicking leap. Arachnophobia almost detained a few hashers on trail, but, with loving support and a kick in their pansy arses, they were able to continue unabated.

The pack came upon a water check near a fence on trail with three generous gallons of live giving substance. It would appear that the trail continued on, but it was found to be a false trail with true trail picking up to the right. Then the "development" of the trail's climax occurred as the pack schlepped through muddy patches carefully at first and then full force as they gave up. A few more open fields and a few more twists and turns (including my passing up of Lube Job although he **was** injured) led us out of the woods where the FRBs could be seen sprinting about trying to find trail near the road.

At last, a yellow flag was seen and the pack bounded off to it, which brings us to our climax and more accurate reason for the trail being named Smelly Twatty. Because you see, gentle hashers, the hares led a trail through mud. And not just any mud. Foul, gut-wrenching, sewage-baring, waist-high mud. As yours truly watched the pack in front of her, I laughed at the other hashers and thought "Oh this isn't so bad. I don't need to go around as it will take way too long." Little did I know that my first step would put me mid-thigh with every subsequent step seeming to take gazillions of minutes each. This patch of mud probably made up a quarter of the time it took me to finish the damn hash. :P Two birthdays later, I finally emerged from the concoction and panted the remaining portion to the On-In.

The rides back to the car were long ones so there was plenty of time to drink the two kegs from Two Rows and a container full of margaritas. The circle consisted of one new boot named Kamela (pronounced Cah-mel-ah with the accent on the first syllable) who is a self-starter ;) and a good sport, downing the entire portion of her beer. Visitors were Slut Slinger from Austin and another hashers from Jakarta, Indonesia and reboots were -hmm who cares? Getting older were McPisser (31), DTBW (proclaimed 25), Rain Bitch (47), and Horny Dog who didn't share her birth year but looks great!

Accusations were long which make remembering all of them a bit difficult and perhaps unwanted. ;P Highlights include Hooter Bill getting called out for arriving late and perusing the map of the end. But wait there's more! His rumored response to "Someone's deodorant isn't working" as a group of people rode vertically upward in an enclosed environment was "My dear, I'm not wearing any." John Boy did a down-down for countless accusations one of which was pushing people away from the keg so he could get some beer first. He was this week's winner of the revered Hashit which he took like a man. In all honesty, he should get the Hashit for nothing else other than Argus the dog's continued interest in his "Smelly Trench." A few FRBs got called out for being racist as if that's an abnormal thing. And last but not least, Butt Pirate got called out for being a lazy bastard and sitting in chairs concurrently occupied by FMR with a broken foot, Saltwater Taffy holding Holden, and Stop N Blow who has a little one on the way. Oh the inconceivability of it all!

Hoping to develop anosmia by the next run,

She Bangs

