

Crab Hash/H4 Hash

Hare: Dick the Boy Wonder,
Butt Pirate

Houston Hash House Harriers

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

Hash TRASH

Run #1414

August 21, 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

Hooter Bill arrived promptly at the announced starting time for the Crab Hash & Houston H3 run on Sunday, Aug 21, at 4:00 PM, as the Hare, Butt Pirate, noted. Starting site was at Clear Lake City Blvd, where El Dorado Blvd ends, with a fence and unknown woods and wilderness ahead. Butt Pirate announced that the trail was laid in red, white & blue flagging (wood-fiber biodegradable, of course) in no particular order, and the pack took off at 4:50 PM, going through a hole in the fencegate. A minute later, the pack was confronted by an irate landkeeper, yelling, "Come back, come back, I may not look like a runner, but I am, and I can catch you" or words to that effect. The FRBs obeyed, while the rest of us high-tailed it back through the hole in the fencegate to the start. Butt Pirate told us to pile into a truck and drove around to another point on the edge of the wilderness, along Space City Blvd, to let us out, saying we were missing only half a mile of trail. The FRB hashers who had obeyed the landkeeper had been let go by the landkeeper and ran up just as we were let out of the truck. So on and on we all went, through lots of briar and woody scrubs and good checks. Hooter, leading the pack at one point (except for a few of the usual suspect FRBs like PP and Saltwater Taffy), almost got run over by a BIG BLACK WILD PIG running like thunder. Trail took us out of the woods and scrub and along oil field roads for a while, winding through oilfield stuff. We found ourselves after a long time running in territory that looked a lot like the trail near the end of Butt Pirate's run of a month or so ago. But trail didn't go that way. It turned and went down

a powerline easement, and then into woods of really tall pine trees, and then ended on the other side of a chainlink fence (where Butt Pirate was waiting to help us over.) The run took about two hours to do, and it was a HOT one. The cops had come and gone. DTBW had his tye-dyed tshirts hanging on racks for sale. McPisser led the circle. Two cold kegs slacked the thirst of the pack of about 40 or so. Ass Grabber drove up with a dehydrated CIA and Balut and ?, saying he had found the trio wandering around, nowhere near the start they were trying to "short cut" to. The on on on was at 726 Shorewood, with cold beer and leftover brisket from DTBW. Note to future Hares: red or blue flagging is easier to see in the woods than white flagging (and biodegradable is best). Note to Hooter Bill: Try to be on time more often, and you stand a better chance of being run over by a BIG WILD BLACK PIG.

Hooter Bill

