

“Hot for Teacher” Trail

(Start Location:
Hammerly Blvd / Beltway 8)

Hares:

Sticky Lips, Smelly Trench,
Thong Long Gone, Dry Hose,
Puke, Pinky, Scud

Houston Hash House Harriers

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

Hash TRASH

Run #1469

July 30, 2006



Since 1979

Joint Masters: Pull the Plug, French Drip
Hash Cash: Dry Hose, Tool Box
On Secs: Can't Touch This,
Rubbin the Boy Wanker
Religious Advisor: Roller Balls



I think of all the education that I missed. But then my homework was never quite like this. ‘Hot for Teacher – Van Halen’

It was a hot one, like seven inches from the mid-day sun. Having arrived late to the start of the run due to a family reunion that was in town. To make it hash related – my cousin, some of you met her at a New

Year’s Eve party, will try to make happy hours and hashes in the future.

I pay my hash cash and start running. While running I realize why the Levi company has not made any inroads into the sport and fitness market. Denim is not a great fabric to run in when it is 95° outside. If you do run in denim wear black. Black is cool.

I remembered having seen hashers at the corner of Hammerly and the Beltway so I run down Hammerly, grab a couple jello shots from Puke as he’s heading down Brittmore, almost causing a wreck, me in my hot shorts with sweat glistening off my chest. Just the sight causing the soccer moms in their minivans to lose control of their vehicle and almost run off the side of the road.

Walkers are spotted in the distance, **Crack of Dawn**, **Tuna**, **Horny Dog**, and **Tiny Bubbles**. I cruise past them and spot **Letch**, **Keezer**, and **Hairy Bellyfonte**, so I help them look for trail. We go down Shadowdale having briefly spotted Rollerballs for a brief second. We spot more marks and head into a park where we see the lovely pair of **Sticky Lips** and **Thong Long Gone** at the water check. This is the runner/walker split of the trail. So I start running the runner portion of the trail, and I see the FRB’s. That’s kinda weird because I thought for sure I was DFL. So I’m running along and I must’ve found every false there was. I kept trying to blow past the false to find trail and nothing worked. So eventually I catch up to **Pump Me** and we solve the last bit of trail and come to the on-home. The hares tease us by ending in a baseball field right next to a public pool. But we have cold beer to cool us off.

A glorious end to another fine day of hashing. Hashers cool

off with the hose and I’m reminded of the scene in Flashdance that I spent many a night reliving in my young impressionable mind. We had several new boots come out and enjoy the hash with us, **Mike**, **Eric**, and **Elizabeth**. I think they enjoyed themselves and we hope to see them again in the near future.



Namings are a unique thing.

Sometimes a person can be named in a week, sometimes it takes many many years. But today we did have a naming and it was appropriate on so many levels. **Lisa**, a new boot, that had been out running with the hash for a couple of weeks had spoken to **EZ Fag** about being able to piss on command, not sure how that comes up in conversation, but it’s the hash. So now **EZ** wants a golden shower, but Lisa declines. Near the end of the accusation, **Letch** says, “If you had tits you’d be a ten. But since you don’t you’re an eight.” And so **Lisa** got down on her knees as **Lisa** and she arose as **U R ‘N 8**. She now joins the other piss hashers, **McPisser**, **Yellow Hose of Texas**, **Golden Shower**, **Pee Pee**, **Pee Pee Longstocking**, and **Silent Pee**. We drink more beer, kill the keg, and all is well in the hash.

Ending festivities were held at Brittmore Ice House, the hares provide hot dogs. I do not know if **Rain Bitch** did her special trick with the hot dogs, but I hear **Crack of Dawn** and **Tuna Delight** may give her a run for her money next time.

Class dismissed.



Faithfully submitted and ON-ON,

-- Rubbin’ the Boy Wanker --