

Houston Hash House Harriers



Pooper Bowl Run

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

Hares: Donut Holer

Hash TRASH

Since 1979

Run 1346

May 30, 2004

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

The Start

The Pooper Bowl started on the west side just inside of Beltway 8 on Westheimer near Sherlock's. Although a wee bit delayed after the Super Bowl, this Pooper Bowl was still attended by numerous folk in their traditional Super Bowl attire. Strangely, there was an inordinate amount of Cheeseheads...Why only Wisconsin fans are year-around fanatics is beyond this Hasher.

It was a gorgeous humid Spring day. The *live* hare, Senor **Donut Holer**, took off to the south out of the shopping center. The hashers milled about comparing football regalia and contemplating possible recipients of the coveted Pooper Bowl.

The Trail

After a heathly delay, the hounds were off, lead of course by the regular F.R.B.ers, such as **John Boy** and **P.P.** Heading south out of the shopping center the first check headed the pack west through a field towards the Beltway. Surely unbeknownst to the Hare, H4 has recently run through this area on a run with **Silent Dick** and **Rollersballs**. It was almost déjà vu. However, despite this familiarity with the terrain, we were slowed at a check after the desolate streets and empty fields. **F.M.R.** and your Hash Trash write (**Jane Does**), leading the pack, came upon a check. A deceptively close mark to the check led F.M.R. back out the street heading for the Beltway. I, assuming that the first mark only feet away *had to be a false*, attempt to go further east, but alas, I was wrong.

The trail continued under the Beltway and onto a Bayou. At a divergence, the pack was slowed by a clever check. Many hounds, assuming that the

check was going to switch the direction to the south, simply were wrong. Rather, the trail continued going west. Crossing a street and going into a small office complex. I, running along with Mr. **Hooter Bill** and **Duke of Puke**, came upon the Beer Check. Granted I and many other hounds noted the painfully obvious B.C., however, **Hooter** announced "What is this, a beer check?", all the while standing atop the B.C. mark...*maybe it's time for bifocals??*

The B.C. and After

Beer, water, humidity, and sweaty runners. Just what else can you ask for?

A rumor was started that this B.C. was only a trick and rather the end was just "around the corner." Once we were on trial again, whoever started that rumor, succeeded in convincing Shuttle to go north, rather than follow the marks again west. We proceeded through a small shiggy patch (with poison ivy and all), then west through an apartment complex and residential area, and north into a larger shaggy patch. Upon exiting the shiggy, there was the Circle.

On-On

Jane Does^{*1}

¹ Despite knowingly missing quality entertainment, I was not able to stay for the Circle and mysterious exchange of the Pooper Bowl. Of what I saw, I understand that Head Sucker was transformed into a Tuna Sandwich. Another initial impression of the Circle was Small Johnson's cheerleading outfit. It is my understanding that the outfit was the same one he wore in high school...frightening, just frightening.

The Circle

The On, On, On

