

# Oklahoma City Wild Wild West Hash House Harriers

The International Drinking Group With a Running Problem

## Hash Trash

### In Attendance

#290 01/24/09

#### Hares:

Going Fetal

#### Hounds:

Homie Don't Blow That

I Crave Periods

Norman Masturbates

Scope Dees Nuts

Who Blew Pooh

NFHN-Lydia

### Receding Hare Line

01/31 WBP/D2T2

02/07 Norm

02/14 Texoma Red Dress

### Anniversaries

01/26 Chewy Named 1yr

01/26 Queen Named 1 yr

### Penalties

FRB: Scope

FBI: Homie

DFL: Pooh

Hash Shit: Little Spermaid (Geography Lessons)

### ON-ON!

## Hide and go Shiggy Hash

So there we were...

Those hashers that were brave enough to weather the cold assembled at the South parking lot of Fink Park in Edmond. A park aptly named for the hare laying trail that day, Going Fetal. Fetal recently returned to us after a hiatus from hashing. He has been laying trails since he was named by The Milan Hash House Harriers. He has been hashing with W3H3 since 2000. Armed with over 9 years of experience, Fetal poses a potentially formidable hare.

Our GM, Norman Masturbates, called for everyone to circle-up. Fetal made a futile attempt at explaining whatever the shit written with chalk was while the pack was hypnotized by the mini bottles of liquor and gratuitous mixers that littered chalk talk. Some of the hounds bore their teeth when presented with the tastiest of mouth watering treats, Grey Goose.

The hounds swirled around the chalk talk like ice cubes in grandpa's scotch. With our RA, Dyke Whisperer, absent our GM was forced to get his hands dirty by asking Who Blew Pooh to stand-in for the blessing of the hare. Pooh successfully brought another man to his knees. Standing over him she laid the hash hand upon Fetal, blessing him before sending him away.

The pack waited the majority of fifteen minutes before their impatience got the better of them. The pack scattered to the four winds in search of trail. Norm finally spotted something that resembled a mark. Despite the fact that it was not the first mark of trail it was still trail.

Trail led through the mild shiggy of the park. The pack was fooled by a check back. Tracing back the 4 marks trail led to our first mixer check. The pack assembles briefly to pass the drink before they are on-on again.

Trail led through Edmond's highest caliber of slums, the college apartment complex before crossing the street to campus shiggy. Trail quickly emerged on the concrete paths filled with the natives often found on college campuses, Hippies! They only briefly remove their bloodshot gaze from the ground in front of them to quickly asses if the hashers were something they could smoke. Dissatisfied that we were not they politely ignored us while we were looking for trail.

Scope and Homie having caught the scent of their elusive goose pointed their noses towards the smell and were off. In the distance we could all see where our hare was likely hiding but a hound must stay on the scent so as not to be fooled by our hare once again.

Trail did indeed lead us to Old Chicago. The official watering hole of th W3H3. We all partook of various libations while being treated by our hare to a sampler of goodies. The hare was off again. The pack was milling about discussing the potential path of the hare. Scope and Homie were still chomping at their chains debating which would get to the goose first.

With the pack back on trail it lead behind the shopping center just behind Old Chicago. The pack dipped in and out of the creek bed, sometimes unnecessarily. Homie gets the strong scent of The Goose followed immediately by Scope. They race to find it. Alas, Homie came out the victor. Being of good sport she shared her trophy with Scope but reminding him that she did win.

The trail led the pack through some rough shiggy back to the park walking path. The path took everyone straight back to start. Pooh handed out various awards and acusations to the pack but the hash shit was not on trail. It remains in the hands of Little Spermaid for geography lessons.