

Oklahoma City Wild Wild West Hash House Harriers

The International Drinking Group With a Running Problem

Hash Trash

In Attendance

#291

Hares:

Down Down to Tuna
Town

Who Blew Pooh

Hounds:

Dyke Whisperer

I Crave Periods

Norman Masturbates

Scope Dees Nuts

Receding Hare Line

02/04 Social OC South

02/07 Norm

02/11 Social Spinozi's

02/14 Texoma Red Dress

02/18 Social OC South

ON-ON!

Salute the First Member

So there we were...

It was the perfect day to break in a new hare. This was Tuna's Primoris Lepus or First Hare. As is the tradition amongst the hash, the new hare is to be accompanied by an experienced hasher or the closest we have to one. Our former Hare Raiser, Who Blew Pooh, volunteered to throw the saddle on Tuna and ride him all the way down down. So ride him she did, whipping and frothing the entire way.

With one of our hares being Pooh we observed PST shown up 15-30 minutes late to Tuna's house for Chalk Talk and Hares Away. Our Religious Advisor, Dyke Whisperer, called the group to order as orderly as you can get a heard of cats. Pooh and Tuna tag teamed the faint markings on Tuna's back porch. Dyke brought the hares to their knees blessing them about the head and shoulders, paying extra attention to the face, with his sacred white stuff.

The hares were away. The hounds milled about speculating the size and shape of a widget. NFHN-Lydia was called away due to hash inappropriate behavior of going back to work. She will need to be reminded that "Saturday is a Hashing day!" The hounds waited the larger part of fifteen minutes before they were weary of staring at each other. It was not long before they discovered that this particular trail would be one not easily navigated. The hounds followed the single arrow down the driveway where trail disappeared. Scope noticed a bad trail in one direction and elbowed in the opposite for Norm to check for trail "Thata way." After a couple of blocks the pack finally noticed a true trail leading around the corner.

The rest of the trail was clumsily navigated while the four hounds desperately searched for trail. Once the pack had just about exhausted themselves either looking for or making their own trail Scope called the hare Pooh. Pooh gave directions to the Beer Check insisting that they had laid down plenty of hash. Scope explained to her that either the wind had blown it away or it went the way of so many other powdery substances and was snorted by the locals.

As the pack approached the beer check they could see our hounds standing there quite proud of themselves with a mysterious dusting of powder on their faces. Most likely it was left overs from the RA's Blessing but it is still under investigation.

The hares were asked to lay it down heavier and harder so that the pack would stay on trail and not just beeline it back to Tuna's. The hares were again away leaving the pack with the remaining beers.

The trail was to lead directly back to Tuna's, however, the hares arms must have been tired as they laid down the chalk like dyslexic invalid school children. The pack forged their own trail making it double the length of the remainder. Still yet, they all arrived back to Tuna's and enjoyed the Keystoney libations.

Here are some of the awards our RA handed out:

FRB: Norman Masturbates

FBI: None on Trail (Norm because shit rolls uphill)

DFL: I Crave Periods

Hash Shit: Down Down to Tuna Town (Brown Brown Tuna Town)