

# Oklahoma City Wild Wild West Hash House Harriers

The International Drinking Group With a Running Problem

## Hash Trash

Week Ending 02/07/09

### In Attendance

#293

#### Hares:

Norman Masturbates

#### Hounds:

Dyke Whisperer

Homie Don't Blow That

I Crave Periods

Little Spermaid

NFHN-Jena

NFHN-Jason

NFHN-Lydia

#### Receding Hare Line

02/13 TRD Pre Lube

02/14 Texoma Red Dress

02/21 Scope Dees Nuts

02/28 TBA

03/07 Dyke and Sperm

03/14 Who Blew Pooh

03/20 GD Pub Crawl

03/21 Green Dress

03/28 Dangle and Rent

#### ON-ON!

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## Hash With a Heart On

So there we were...

A beautiful day for a hash. The wind was only blowing at blinding speeds but the temperature was at a perfect 70F. Norman Masturbates volunteered to do a trail in an area that he was all too familiar with. The start location was the parking lot of Aspen Athletic Club. An area that is affectionately known as Norms Ol' Standby. Much in the same way that he says he knows where trail is going to end up, many of us know where trail is going. Or do we?

Hey, since we are having trail why don't we pop some hashing cherries. Great idea! Little Spermaid's virgin, NFHN-Jena showed up shortly before she and Dyke Whisperer did. Homie and Scope were already there and so was Norm's Truck. But where was Norm? Homie contacts Norm who says he is at Mikes, a short ways from the start location, having a beer. I guess pre-laying all your checks is thirsty work. Norm is not the only one that the duo are concerned with the location of. Where is Homie's Virgin? A quick call from Scope indicates that he will be running late. NFHN-Jason got his first introduction to PST.

Norm decided to grace us with his presence, the sweat still dripping from his Cartman-heart boxers. The big question now is, "Where is a fucking Beermeister?" It is an odd weekend and Pooh has asked him to participate in the non-hash-appropriate behavior of D&D. The hounds are irritable when there is no beer on trail. True to the running theme Norm contacts the Beermeister who says that he is lost and at Starbucks. Starbucks, Hell. Where is the beer? Norm gives him some quick instructions on how to get there. I.C.P. Is not from here after all. The important part is that there will be beer.

Shortly after Norm hangs up with I.C.P. He gets a call from NFHN-Lydia, who has just driven past the standing pack, telling him that she could not find everyone. Everyone that was standing around in heart adorned accessories was waving their arms to indicate their location. She eventually found her pack and joined in while taking compliments about the state of her car.

Scope was decorating everyone with heart stickers and candy heart rings. Everyone should get at least one good heart on. Some big and some small, but all were satisfied. Even more satisfied when I.C.P. Showed up with a cooler filled with beer.

The beers were dispersed as everyone's hash name was being explained to the virgin that had arrived. What about the one that had not? Another call went in to NFHN-Jason who indicated that he was on his way. Everyone was enjoying the hoppy libations of Keystone and barely noticed his tardiness.

The pack did eventually get anxious to get on trail. Dyke Whisperer called the pack in for chalk talk. Norm stepped in dancing about the circle explaining the marks that he had already laid. NFHN-Jason arrived just as norm was getting started.

With the hare having made things clear as mud our RA brought Norm to his knees once again. Norm spends so much time on his knees getting blessed he doesn't even need knee pads anymore. Doused about the head and ears Norm attempts to hares away as NFHN-Lydia is snorting the lines of flour on his chest.

Giving the hare his fifteen minutes to pretend that he hasn't already laid trail some of the pack take the opportunity to piss on trail. The others continue with introductions, the telling of tales and "getting to know one another". Everyone secures their hearts on and is off to find the hare.

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Despite the fact that it was quite windy none of the trail marks seemed to have blown away. Unlike the previous week's trail. NFHN-Lydia's powers of trail perception were on the fritz so we had to rely solely on old fashioned trail finding methods such as sight.

Trail led the pack through a variety of urban shiggy. Over parking lot and through the sidewalk. The pack skipped ample opportunity for being charged with public exposure or other such nastiness decide not to bare their various parts to the passing cars or the good workers at Sprint. There was one said worker that considered abandoning his job at the mention of hash but decided the better of it.

Off in the distance all can see the distinct silhouette of Norm's pick-up sitting at the beer check. The two virgins advise the Hare Raiser that they are having trouble finding the markings. Scope lets them know that the pack would be pointing them out to them but did not want to interrupt the date they were having. After the pair were sufficiently embarrassed he shows them the trail marks as they comes to them with a brief explanation.

The pack approaches the beer check to find Norm sitting in the back of his truck on the grounds of a school. The parking lot is sparsely populated with a scattering of middle-schoolers. Hesitant but thirsty the pack conspicuously drink of the refreshments.

After a quick picture check and complaints about a general lack of "good shiggy" they send the hare away once more. With time to spare a few take the opportunity to once again relieve themselves of the left over parts of beer. A hedge of the appropriate height seems like just the right spot.

The pack trails through the front parking lot stopped once again by a gratuitous picture check. It is almost like the hare is truly afraid of being caught. The hounds are persistent and hungry for some good hare pie so off they are.

Then, as if delivered from "G" himself, the shiggy appears. Thick and wooded complete with a water feature and dead animals. Hacking and stomping they make their way along the imposing concrete trench. The water threatening them the entire way that they may just be going for a swim.

Not this time though. They emerge from the shiggy checking their gashes and licking the wounds. Crossing an old trail hared by the same hare our heroes wind back to the start location to once again find our pre-trail laying trail crosser looking quite satisfied with himself for not having been caught. You have still been caught my friend just not in the way that you might think.

Our RA calls everyone to circle where the virgins' sponsors discover why it is a good idea to have a designated driver when you do bring a virgin.

Here are some of the awards our RA handed out:

FRB: Scope Dees Nuts

FBI: Homie Don't Blow & Little Spermaid

DFL: NFHN-Jason

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

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