

READING HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

WILL'E
Thank You,
You'll Be Missed

TRASH!!!



MISMANAGEMENT

GM:Everyday Asshole
Joint Masters:...Polly Has Tits
.....Roadkill
Hash Cash:Horn O' Plenty
Trailmaster:.....Decoy
Hash Horn:Girlie Boy
On-Sec:Got Me

A Wise Hasher Once Said:
"TRUTH LIES AND MISCONCEPTIONS..."

Hares:Bluster
.....Princess

Run #... 564
Name ... The Happy Hoe Hash

Creativity nil. Creativity zero. Creativity zilch. Creativity zip.
What am I stupid for volunteering to write this damn trash?

Q: When and where was the Hash?
Princess: November 3, 2002, 3:00 PM, Fritztown Fire Co.

Q: What were the directions?
Bluster: Don't ask me. Left is right, right is left...otherwise duh.

Q: How many new boots were at the on-on?
Princess: I think 33 people ran the hash. Or was that the Rolling Rock bottle? Do you have any idea what you can do with a pony bottle? Winy. Yes, please note, we were 5 short of a case on new boots.

Q: 19 new boots is impressive. Do the new boots include Bluster's father?
Bluster: No, he took a left rather than a right. Go figure, I call him Dad.

Q: What attracted so many new boots?
Bluster: Princess.

Q: OK, what was the attraction for the bimbos?
Bluster: I already answered that.

Q: ON-ON lead us to the tracks, not right but left. Did you have something to do with that Bluster?
Bluster: Fuck you.

Q: After the train ride and at the second check why did everyone go up?
Princess: It is a well know fact that Bluster refuses to go DOWN.

Q: Why were the new boots the only hashers with muddy shoes?
Butch: Sorry, I thought they would know that 6" of mud = muddy shoes. Duh...

Q: Hill – Big Hill – What are you stupid? OK, I'm stupid for writing about it. Anyway, what was the purpose of the Smiley face?
Princess: A photo op for Over Exposed and a reason for Bluster to drink.

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Q: Who would name the second highest, hard, rocky mountain in Berks County Cushion Peak?

Bluster: I swear, I had nothing to do with it.

Q: Warning, Warning, Warning...that is all we heard about pissed off land owners. Did I miss something?

Princess: Cool landowner directing the hash “over here folks”. Apparently Bluster was confused, or ... refer to that left right thing.

Q: Why did the trail end in front of the fire company without arrows or checks?

Guke: Wait to Bluster’s father brings home the bar tab for him and Princess. I can’t believe the bar tender believed us that the tab was Ok’ed.

Q: Notes under the wipers. Proceed to South Mountain YMCA. Damn, we would have done better without directions. Princess, what was the problem?

Princess: Bluster did it

Bluster: **FUCK YOU.**

Q: *I have the dubious honor of writing your trash. Since it was not planned, what the hell happened?*

Bluster: *Same old shit happened at the apre. People ate, drank and the same old desperate bastards tried to get their cheap thrills from other guys wives or girlfriends. But you don't have to quote me on that.*

Q: The food was excellent, but were the rolls responsible for any deaths.

Princess: If you like wet noodles in tomato sauce you would be impressed too. One can only hope that one day Bluster has something in common with the rolls.

Q: Bluster has been taking all the heat. Princess, I was wondering what color thong you were wearing.

Princess: I thought everyone knew.

Q: I can’t remember the down-downs. Can someone help out?

Bluster: There were down-downs for hares, new boots, out of towners, working during the hash, sober persons, stupid individuals and a group down-down for the king himself...Will’e.

Q: Two months before Christmas and I kept hearing bells.

Princess: You were drunk.

Q: No Seriously.

Bluster: I suppose it has something to due with A Christmas Carol. We had a new boot naming.

Q: No shit, tell me about it.

Butch: “Bill”, a poor young soul with a heart of gold and a cane of silver ran the trail. Not one whimper or wine was heard as the young lad made his way over track, mud, rock and hill. In the true spirit “god bless everyone”

The newest naming: “TINY TIM”

Q: Why did the lights go out in the middle of the down-downs?

Bluster: I thought I would help...*the same old desperate bastards tried to get their cheap thrills from other guys wives or girlfriends. But you don't have to quote me on that.*

Q: Any other statements:

Princess: Keg Kicked...No problem enough cans and wine to keep all happy until the last cheap bastard left around 8ish.

Bluster: Dom drank most of the wine.

We the druken and inebriated of the Reading Hash would like to thank Bluster and Princess for a truly SHITTY HASH. We do sincerely hope that thanks to the wine, Bluster finally knows what color thong Princess is wearing. Further and more important we hope Bluster has finally found the roll of Princess’s dreams. If all else fails, nothing else makes sense, or just a total loss by your on-sex. Remember this:

“But you don't have to quote me on that.”