



Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

March 23, 2008

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

And it was...TRAIL OF THE WEEK!

It was 3:00 a.m. Wednesday morning, and I awakened suffering from the lingering aftereffects of three days of St. Patrick's Day celebrations. My head was splitting, I was half-clothed and green nail polish still adorned my digits. All of this was disturbing enough, but there was something else bothering me, something else I couldn't quite remember I had to do.... Well, it was still too early to fret about much of anything, so I fell back asleep.

Yet, somewhere in my subconscious, I was being haunted by a weird chant going off repeatedly in my head like a mantra. It went something like this:

"We arrive at the hash and pass out riches,
We run through mud and sometimes ditches!
We hear Fruit's whistle,
And on trail dodge thistle.
Now give us *GUINNESS*, BITCHES!"

(used without permission of **Necrofisiac**)

I snap awake. Holy shit! I now remember what I'm supposed to do – I'm supposed to do a write-up of last Sunday's hash! I agreed to scribe, and it's due...TODAY!

I suppose this little introduction is my way of telling you, the reader, not to expect too much from this write-up. That hash is over and done, it's waaaaay back in the past. Sorry, at this point I can't even remember much about it anymore (I blame two things: Killian's and Guinness). Hell, I'm surprised I can even remember my name. So don't expect wit, or clever and repeated references to anything Irish, or correct verb tense, or even very complete sentences. I am way tired, hung over, and at work early to devote no more than 30ish minutes to this. And what is not remembered, will be made up as I go along. So here goes....

Pre-hash

It is a beautiful morning. I'm doing the trek from Hollywood to Fullerton; it's my usual commitment of time and gas. It's so clear that the snow-covered mountains are visible off in the distance. Yes, another ski weekend blown off for the hash.

Upon arrival, the first to approach me is one of the hares, **Blojak**. He sidles up to me in his usual strange, serpent-like manner, to make sure I am still on board as the scribe. Yes, I do recall telling another co-hare, my pal **VFW**, that I'd scribe. Satisfied, **Blojak** slithers away, in search of a hapless female to trick into holding his hash shit.

And so I circulate after digging out a pen and some paper. By this time, hashers are showing up clearly exhibiting that they spent some serious thought on their St. Paddy's day attire. **AT & T** was socializing, very giggly of course, with her unmistakable vise-like grip on her beer mug. She had shamrock glasses, as did **Take A #** (had they been shopping together?). **Jock** had some amazing glittery hat on. **Howdy** and **Achy Breaky**, naturally, were indescribable.

I was taking in the sight of **Ben Dover** (self-described as "Oompah-loompah-ish") in his green "afro" wig, when I was surprised by a sharp pinch to my posterior. OUCH! The culprit was **Baby Crack Whore**. Who'd have guessed that? I displayed my green fingernails and she said, "uh oh," realizing her mistake. I was going to pinch back, but spanked her instead (I thought she'd prefer that).

Anyway, such a sea of greenness is not encountered often. The mass of green hashers continued to grow and become more roused with each beer ingeste

Trail

The hares, **VFW**, **Dickoreater**, and **Blojak** were finally off. We watched their departure. **Lance-a-Nut** muttered something about...their running styles (c'mon guy, didn't your mommy teach you if it's not nice, you don't say it?). We wait the requisite 15 minutes while full-force drinking goes on. **Fruit** announces the official start with his piercing whistle. The group heads off, some already floundering drunkenly, others jogging while taking care not to spill their beers. We immediately hit a check, and hashers split in every possible direction It's solved, and we head down the hill to arrive at an office complex, and hit another check. Strange, but hashers

seem to be coming from every direction possible. I am running, trying to get out of range of **Fruit's** whistle (how'd I end up by *him?*), before I suffer irreparable hearing loss.

We cross the street to enter a park. Several hashers have spotted trail leading down into a small canal. **Shaggy**, **Passing Wind**, and **Chewacca** (with **Little Poop Machine** in tow) are the brave souls who venture down. I see **Shaggy** going at breakneck speed through the stagnant water. **Chewy** helps his child down the treacherous-looking rocks. That is not an option for me today and I continue through the friendlier (yet hilly) park.

I encountered **Titt Mitt** and **Space Available**, and we ran up the seemingly endless hills. **Space Available** was extraordinarily whiny this morning. **Shaggy** reappeared, to tell us he was on a false. Wow, for once I was on trail. Beer check #1 was during this general time – lots of good Irish beer. I did not let myself get too delayed though, and proceeded (being scribe is indeed a position of great responsibility). **Sponge** ran up to greet me; she was in a surprisingly good mood. We proceeded deep into shiggy. Her positive mood began to waiver when we began sliding down the trails. I tried to warn those behind me to watch for the downtrodden grass, lest they slip and “take me out” on their fall down the hill. I warned, and immediately **Pollywood** almost did an ass-plant. People *never* take my advice. Then **Scabby Hayes** jogged up and slipped right behind me. Luckily, he saved himself from a nasty fall by “accidentally” grabbing my rear. Y'know, while I can understand a glancing slip and grope, there really was no need for the extended grab, to the point where he could identify everything in my back pocket by touch...yes, that was lip balm and no, you can't borrow it. I come upon **Rat's Ass** as I emerged out of the shiggy and embarked upon another hill. He's wearing an extremely tall Dr. Seuss-like hat, and for some strange reason has attached pink balloons to himself. He's a vision out of a psychedelic trip. We come upon **Short Cutting Bitch** who's headed in the opposite direction, doing what she does best. I stop and am tempted to follow, but **Rat's Ass** scolds me, knowing I'm supposed to scribe. **Rat** and I part company at the base of the hill, each of us following what we believe is true trail. Once again, I'm on. I intersect with **Passing Wind** and a few others, and we shortly come across beer check #2. I kinda knew I was on because I'd seen some walkers cheat and sneak this way. At beer check 2 there was (surprise) more Irish beer and (?) chocolate. Fearing being dead last I weighed my options. I witnessed hashers scaling some gravelly-looking hill, and heard of hashers going into a tunnel. I then saw a group of almost 20 heading off down the street. I asked **Space Available** what was up, and whether he was going to attempt the last big hill. “F*ck that! Im beat,” was his indignant reply. Since my knee was throbbing, I chickened out and stuck with the group, joining **Venus** and **Lance**, **Seaman Saver**, and the many others. I believe they were following the advice of **Massive Two Tits**, who is a native of Fullerton.

Unfortunately, we intercepted **Dickoreater**. He glared at me, and righteously so – I was the worse scribe EVER. I'm surprised he didn't beat me for not doing the entire trail. Anyway, beer check #3 was in the tunnel. From what I heard, it was *wonderful*. **VFW** had set up in the tunnel, and was waiting with MORE Irish beer and glow sticks. Everyone who made it raved about it. *Really*.

We crossed the street and were at the end. I continued to feel guilty about skipping out of the last part of the trail, but it was too late to turn back. Another lost experience in my life, never to be regained. Oh, well.

Down Downs

I sought feedback about the trail from hashers, but I think they were too involved with the beer in order to give me any useful information. **Fruit** said only very favorable things; I wasn't used to that and moved away (the man could snap at any moment). I asked **Hairy Twatter** about the run. He looked at me bleary-eyed and practically shouted, “Man, I am SOOOO f*cked up!” He then unsuccessfully wrestled with a jello shot as he happily told me how many drinks he'd had. Like I said, very useful information was not to be had.

After the GM rounded up the group for down downs (if you've ever heard the phrase ‘like herding cats,’ this was such a case). I recall a brutal push-up contest between **Just Jean** and **Screw Caps** somewhere (*why*, I ask).

Anyway...I'm running out of time here.

Returners, I believe, were **Down & Dirty**, **69 Split**, **Marquis de Sade**, and **Scabby**. **Pollywood** was acknowledged as a visitor from LA. There were intense hash shit nominations – **Lance** tried to nominate **Seaman Saver** but instead received it (I believe it had something to do with **Lance** giving in to his latent homosexual tendencies with **Seaman**). Then there was a Limerick contest, which was impressive. At that point, I'd been in the sun too long and had too much beer (totally out of character, right?). So I have NO idea who won (although my favorite was obviously by **Necrofisaiac**).

OnOn

In the interest of providing the hash with discounted beer, the hares decided against an Irish bar in lieu of a place called...Rocking (or was it Rockin'?) Taco. Mexican food. Well, I have heard it said that everyone can be Irish on St. Patrick's Day. Gawd, shoot me now; that's such a cliché.

Evidently, the hash was not ready to call an end to St. Patrick's Day. There was quite a turn-out at the Rockin' Taco (why does the name bother me so much??? It's annoying). We took over the room. At least 25 hashers continued the drinking. I was sandwiched between **Tissue Tits** and **Whaleboner**, and **VFW** and **Carmen**. I watched **Hairy Twatter** attempt to engage in a (losing) battle of wits with **Chewacca's** children. The toddler grew bored him quickly, while the older brother had a fondue marshmallow (gross) fight with **HT**. **Absolut Whore** kept an amused and watchful eye over her new beau. **HT**, after smearing his face with melted chocolate, realized he needed to suck down massive amounts of water. I think I suggested that he have another beer because I was enjoying his rapid decline.

Shaggy got groped playfully by some women, Absolut and Hairy engaged in PDA, and the rest of us insisted that there be no tenderness exhibited in the hash. Funny, when I departed, I think the group was merely warming up.

OnOut,

SOSA

Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run#</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>City</u>
4-3	1271	Pillsbury BB &	<u>FIRST THURSDAY RUN</u>	Long Beach
4-10	1272	OPEN-See Poor Aim to sign up!		
4-17	1273	Nice Hair Fag & Double Entry	Grand Prix Run	
4-24	1274	Sin-D-Bare		TBA
5-01	1275	Buster, Ben & Baby Crack Whore	Cinco De Mayo	TBA
5-08	1276	OPEN-See Poor Aim to sign up!	Pooraim@cox.net	
5-15	1277	OPEN-See Poor Aim to sign up!		
5-22	1278	OPEN-pooraim@cox.net		

Weekly Snooze Stats

Run Date: 3/16/2008
Run #: 1267
Hares: Dickoreater, Blojak, VFW
Place: Fullerton, Berkley & Harbor at the Court house
Miles: 4.3
New Boots:
Returners: Down n Dirty, Massive 2 Tits, Special Ed, Scabby Hayes, Marquis De Sade
Visitors: Pollywood
New Names:
Patches: Jar Jar=50
Hare Patches: Blojak=5
ON ON: Rock N' Taco on Harbor
Run Notes: 2 beer checks. Hillcrest Park, Brea Dam, St Patricks Day celebration. Hills and trails. A to A prime
Attendance: 83
Hashit: Sir Lance for surfing all the gay and lesbian web sites and finding Hot Semen Saver in a flex pose.



Gossip, Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions, and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by WEDNESDAY 5pm. Otherwise, it will not appear in the Snooze! Either e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org OR snail mail to:

**Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore
 1900 E. 53rd St. LB CA 90805**

Mismanagement Committee 2008

- Grandmasters:** "Sin D Bare" (310)544-5223
 Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham (310)675-5992
- Hash Cash:** John "He's So Sweet:" Kotlarski (562) 420-1221
 Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz (310)378-6453
- On Sec:** Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore (562) 423-6149
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- On Disk:** Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823
- Brewmeisters:** Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 427-1513
 Bill "Last Train" Nord (714)SLIMEUP
- Munchmeisters:** Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow (949)858-9386
 Carmen "Baby Crack" Fernandez (310)549-9406
- Trailmaster:** Dick "Poor Aim" Ames (714)734-6979
- Hash Pusher:** Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber (562)902-2443
- Songmeister:** Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 427-1513
- Hash Flash:** Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638
 Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander (562)761-8289
- Webmeister:** "homoSAXual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com
- Webmeister:** Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Sunday, March 30 2008, 10:00 AM

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Fullerton Hills Part 2

Run: 1269

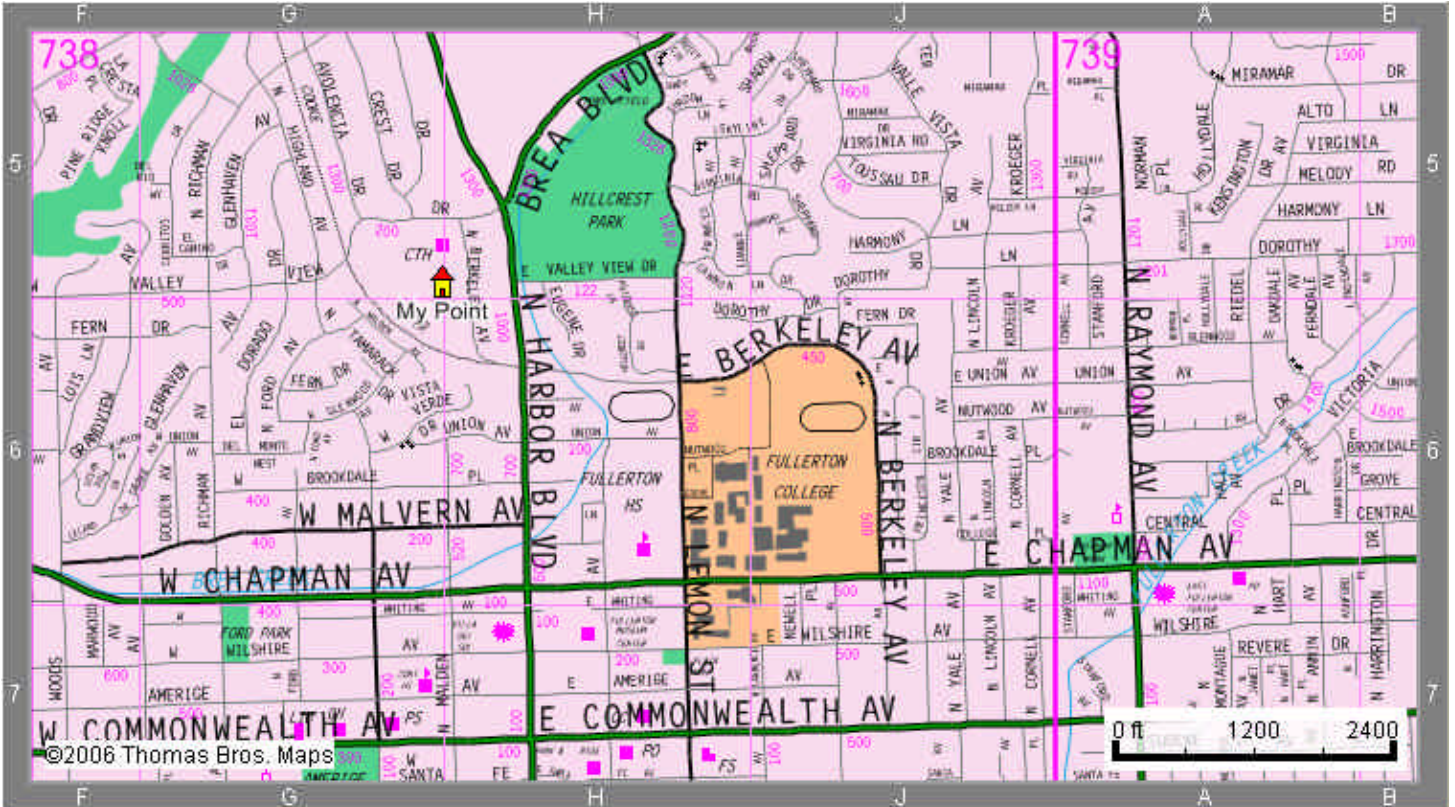
Hares: *Sin D Bare* and *Whaleboner*

Location: Fullerton

Thomas Guide: 738 H6

Cost: \$4.00

From the 91 Fwy, exit Harbor Blvd, go north. One block before the intersection with Brea Blvd, turn left onto Berkeley. Take the first left into the Fullerton Courthouse Parking Lot. Look for Hashers. On 3/16, Blojack and Dickereator showed the Hash the Hills of Fullerton. On that run Whaleboner and some special friends went long cutting and found some really good stuff that Blojack/Dickereator missed. Here's your chance to come back and do some really bitching shiggy on the last Sunday run before we switch to Thursday night. Bring all the same crap that Blojack recommended: flashlights, gaiters, dry shoes, Tecnu, stinging nettles salve, etc.



Alouette
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