

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

March 31, 2011

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org



POOP FICTION: IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE: NIGHT OF THE VENDETTA

We were on top of our game tonight. It was only the first week of spring and all the nuts indigenous to the Long Beach area were already in full bloom. Maybe it's the watery scourge that continues to rain torrents of misery on the region or maybe the brain-eating solvents that we tried to embalm ourselves with on St. Patrick's Day. Anyway, we were ready to go and so were the neighbors who live around Star Wars Park, the start of tonight's run. Rumors of our return had them rolling around on the floors of their homes, chewing on the carpet the way Hitler did when his supply of meth ran out. In between these gruesome seizures they kept repeating, "Oh God no, they're back, those goddamn sick bastards are back." Yep, we're back all right, and on top of our game, but games can change, for better or worse, in the blink of an eye.

What happened to us tonight was bound to happen sooner or later, but it turned a night of what should have been joyous lunacy into a night of vendetta.

Our hares for tonight's run, NUMB NUTS and OBI JUAN E-COLI looked more like the tag team of Benito Mussolini and General Francisco Franco, but with leadership like that, we were guaranteed all the sweaty, hand-wringing thrills of pre-Novocain dentistry. Ready to open wide and take that searing ride into drill city were BROOMHILDA, SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT, FRUIT, BOYS R US, ALWAYS JUICY, ALOUETTE, ACHEY BREAKY FART, DICKOREATER, A,T&T, MAXWELL STUPID, IGGY, WYNONNA JUGGS, BOY GEORGE, TIT MITT, JOCK, BUSTER and 2 YUNG 2 DU.

After the hares gathered us together for a rousing speech that promised a socialist utopia in our lifetime and a beer check on every corner, they were off, leaving us believing in the essential goodness of man. After a 15-minute reflection and affirmation period, so were we.

The first part of trail led us down 7th Street to the river trail that ran under it like the toe-mounted camera of an internet pervert in a ladies underwear store. We followed trail until we saw the letters "BN" in Edison Park. It was here that our whole world stopped cold. Dead cold. Where our beer should have been was a big empty space and a nasty feeling of violation. It was gone. Some crawling turd of a person, or persons, had "crashed our stash."

We should have stopped the hash right there and formed a dragnet to sift through the self-righteous scum around here til we found out who stole our beer. They'd hit us far below the belt. They'd hit us right in the heart of the organization. Beer is to the hasher as the motorcycle is to the Hell's Angel. We need to get a gang of vivisectors together and do a living autopsy on the lice, or louse who did this ... and that's just what we did.

Fun was no longer a part of the equation; from here on out it was vendetta.

With vengeance being the great motivator, I crashed into a nearby hobo jungle with **SPONGE, BUSTER, MOUNDS OF JOY, PACK MY CHUTE, CHINBALL, PIG IRON, SNATCH** and **NECRO, WRECTIM** and **PINKY** looking to kick the guts out of whoever stole our beer, but we found neither beer nor bum.

The next part of our hunt took us through an eventless series of streets that led to the sprawling campus of Long Beach State and the section known as Dormitory Row. Ah yes, the dorms, the dorms full of beerheads who wouldn't think twice about carting off a couple of coolers of beer that they'd hijacked from a park.

Animals can sense danger, and by the time our pissed off hornets' nest swarmed into the campus, all the good-time Charlies and their starry-eyed semen depositories had taken cover behind the heavily barricaded doors of their residences, fearing that another Ted Bundy style dormitory massacre was about to land in their laps. Even the sound of one pop-top echoing into the night would have sent us scaling the walls to get at the source, but the only sound to be heard was the sound of the cold wind, and the hot, angry breath of the 'vendosos'. The trail then led back up 7th Street to the 49'er.



Despite the recent makeover, the place still had the same old wrinkles, but they must have been strapped for money because as soon as our late arrivals **HI-SPEED**, **6-9**, **PRINCESS OF INCEST**, **KOWPADDY** and **WHOLE BLOW OUT** were in, they closed the doors behind us, forced us to drink their beer, and took our money. After a few pitchers and a few inappropriate gropes by a blimp-titted old cougar in a leopard skin dress, I'd had enough and punched my way past their baloney-necked security turd and easily found trail leading south on 7th Street.

The trail then turned north into a kennel-like series of town homes. Here, on the streets of this land shyster's kookhouse, I found trail that followed what had to be part of the million dollar tour, given to the yahoos and rubes that come out here looking for the promised land of the 1950's, by pushy salesmen in ill-fitting suits. As I sped through the maze of deception, I heard a snap, the unmistakable snap of a beer can being opened inside one of these oversized cubicles! Before I could act, **PILLSBURY**, **HOWDY**, **BROWN THUMB**, **VICTORIA**, **MORNING COCKTAIL**, **BLACK N BLOOD**, and **V.F.W.** had kicked down the door, dashed in and hog-tied the startled resident with an electrical cord, demanding to know where our beer was. The snap turned out to be nothing more than the bolt of a sniper rifle belonging to the owner of the townhome, a hitman from the "outfit" in Chicago. After a thorough search, we knew our beer wasn't there, so we left, telling our unwilling host to send the bill for the wrecked door to the Sierra Club.

The trail led us back to 7th Street, through another neighborhood and to the on-in. The fires of violation were soon snuffed out by the hundred or so gallons of beer in the back of **V.F.W.**'s beer tanker, but where was justice? Where was the mighty hand of retribution? In actuality, a lot closer than we could have possibly hoped for.

It seemed that the diaper-headed forces of Middle Eastern terror had loaded up a few six packs of beer with nitroglycerine, hoping to send some poor American Joe Lunchbox to his grave minus his house, face, fingers and a few other essential ingredients necessary for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It's lucky for us that God looks down favorably on his deficient children, but what about the opportunistic scumbag that stole our beer and opened that fateful can on the other side of Edison Park? In the grand scheme of things, the worms need feeding too!

Disturbingly yours,
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSGAR



LBH3 WEEKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 3/24/2011 **Run #:** 1441
Hares: Numb Nuts and Obi Juan E. Coli
Place: Star Wars Park, Long Beach
Miles: 6.9 **Attendance:** 59
New Boots: Phillip Wendt, Neha Shah, Jana Cervinkova
Returners: Pee Wee Sperman
Visitors: Frosty the Blowman- Humpin, Village Tool - Humpin, I'm On My Pyramid - Throw Down H3
Patches: Sponge-50
ON ON: 49ers Bar
Run Notes: Long trail, a little water and mud on Eagle trail, otherwise mostly streets; Through Cal State Long Beach campus.
Hashit: Numb Nuts for having \$60 worth of beer stolen.

» Receding Hareline

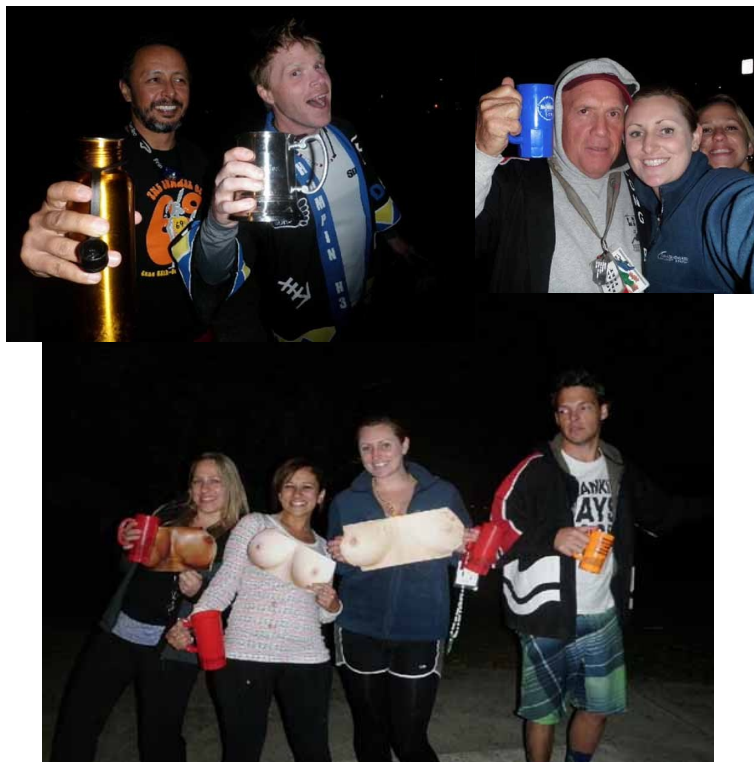
<u>Date</u>	<u>Run #</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>Location</u>
4-14	1444	Southern Comfort and I Chink So		TBA
4-21	1445	2 Yung 2 Du	I'm Back in LB Run	TBA
4-28	1446	OPEN! See Victoria to Hare!		
5-05	1447	Tit Mitt & Friends	Cinco de Birthday!	TBA
5-12	1448	Whole Blow Out	Whole Blow Outta Here!	TBA
5-19	1449	Victoria's Secretion		TBA
5-26	1450	Horney Toad & Yull Jack Off		PV Peninsula

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 602 Date: 3/31/1996 (15 years ago)
Hares: PILE DRIVER & PIG IRON
Place: Mandeville Canyon
Miles: 5 plus 509 stairs Attendance: 54

This Sunday morning found LBH3 traveling north on the 405 to Sunset Blvd. and onto Bayless Road off Mandeville Canyon. Scribe **STALKER GUMP** reported that the pack headed off onto a winding dirt trail until they crossed a small creek. Trail then headed uphill, getting steeper and muddier as it rose. The FRB's found a false and headed back downhill cursing the hares. **REAR ADMIRAL** and **BEN HERRPEES** didn't believe the marks and continued on uphill. Back down at the bottom, most of the pack crossed back over the creek and found flour. We ran along an old, unused and unmaintained road and past "some fallin-down houses and a rusted ol' v-dub bus in th' crick," which reminded **STALKER** of his rustic home in Carolina. We soon found out why those houses had been abandoned! We had to climb 509 steps to get back up to the main road. **STALKER** continued, "Dang - that'd be a bitch with a couple of cases of beer or jugs of shine to tote!" **ON YOUR KNEES BITCH, CHEAP MISERABLE SLUT, BROOMHILDA, DAINTY, A,T& T, SLIPPERY MONS, DOGGIE STYLE** and **WINEING FOXEN** ended up being pushed and pulled up the steps by several helpful men. After getting to the top, everyone stumbled along more hills and trails and passed through a lovely garden that was probably someone's back yard. Finally we arrived back at the start, which was also the finish. Eventually **REAR ADMIRAL**, **BEN HERRPEES** and a few other longcutters made it on-in. **SCOOTER** and **WANKER** presided at down-downs. We had visitors from LAH3 and Orlando. Our two new boots of the day were Julie (now known as **KRABS R US**) and Karl (**PIC N' SAVE**). The hashit was awarded jointly to the previous week's hares **DAINTY**, **BOYZ R US** and **SLUT MACHINE** for picking an on-on that was closed on Sundays. This week's on-on was at The Shack.

*Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions and other Blasphemy **MUST BE RECEIVED by Monday 9pm.** Otherwise, **IT WILL NOT APPEAR IN THE SNOOZE!** e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org*



Mismanagement Committee 2011

Grandmasters:	"Princess of Incest"	(562)715-1708
	"Chinball Wizard"	(562)858-6353
Hash Cash:	"Hi Speed Copulator"	(562)822-8400
	"6-9 Split"	(562)858-6511
On Sec:	"Special Head"	(562)522-8774
	"Morning Cocktail"	(562)338-5826
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On Disk:	"Mounds of Joy"	(714)292-1035
	"Passing Wind"	(562)533-2246
Brewmeisters:	"Last Train"	(714)SLIMEUP
	"Veteran of Foreign Whores"	(559)681-3866
Munchmeister:	"Wrect Him"	(562)228-5199
Trailmaster:	"Victoria's Secretions"	(562)381-5592
Haberdashery:	"J.A.K.O.B."	(562)688-7572
	"Kind of a Whore"	(424)235-KOAW
Hash Flash:	"Whole Blow Out"	(714)386-WHBO
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Thursday, April 7 2011, 6:30 PM

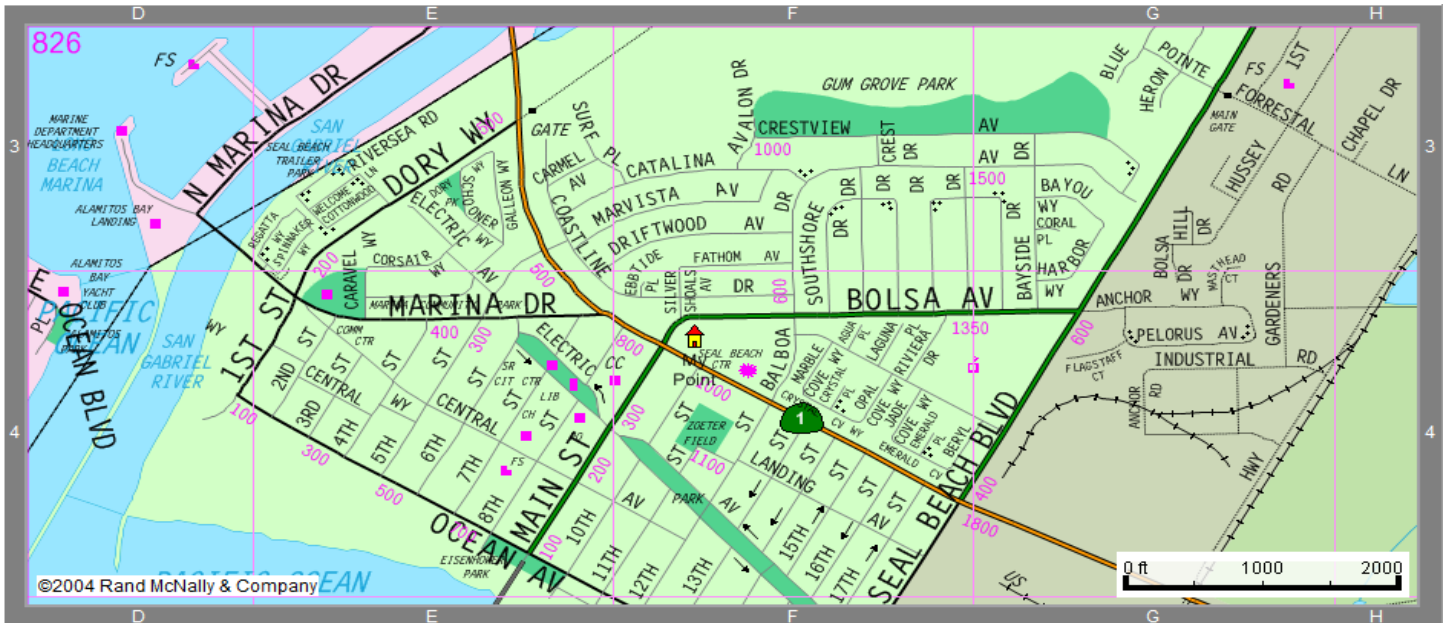
Revenge of the TriFucTa

Hares: *Nice Hair Fag and Necrofisiac*

Location **Seal Beach Pavilions Parking Lot**

Cost **\$5**

From the 405 - Go South on Seal Beach BLVD. Go Right at PCH, and right into Pavilions parking lot just before Main St. From Long Beach - take PCH south into Seal Beach. Just after Main St., turn left into Pavilions parking lot. Park in back corner between Pavilions and the Copy Center Store. Many years ago, the Orange County Pickup Hash scheduled a run on a Tuesday night at the Seal Bach Pavilions. Not to be out-done, the BIFT hash and Chapter 13 hash scheduled trails on the Monday and Wednesday of the same week, starting from the same location. What ended up happening was the TriFucTa. 3 Trails in 3 Nights, all from the same location. We covered pretty much every ounce of available trail in this area over the three days, and I don't think we've started a hash at this location since. This was probably at least 5 years ago. Those of you that completed this event probably still have the t-shirt. It was the most god-awful looking shirt in the history of hashing. So dig deep into your hash t-shirt droor and bust it out for a return to TriFucTa territory.



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