

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

June 16, 2011

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

On this day 6-9-69...Brian Jones quits (sic) Rolling Stones because of his drug problems, and Warren Burger confirmed as US Chief Justice.

On this day 6-9-11...a far more important event occurred. 6-9 SPLIT and HAIRY TWATTER hared and TWATTER earned his 69th LB run patch (he calls it a four-way 6-9, just humor him OK?). So there we were...fantastic incredible, as we rolled into the always exciting K-Mart parking lot on Bellflower and Spring. The pack was stunned by the inventive location, and even more stunned when a '69 Chevy Vega screeched into the lot shooting flaming exhaust (gay's OK!). When the dust cleared, the pack found a grinning TWATTER, fresh from detox after Saturday's Metro hash. A newly svelte 6-9 SPLIT emerged from the top like a drunken Venus from a seashell (btw, Hi VENUS!!! xoxo), and was only slightly harried by the six hours it had taken her to scale the fence of the detox, offer sexual favors to the guards, and blast out straight through the front doors with TWATTER slung over one shoulder. She's so awesome. Anyways, after the usual melodrama, the pack was off! (Like LAST TRAIN, who's gay).

We made a quick right to a teeny tiny little fence, so tiny even SPONGE could get over it without help (hmm, sounds like her ex-boyfriends). But would PILLSBURY BLOW BOY just step over it? Nooooooo. He had to show off. That devious genius whipped off his Humpin' headband, leaped over the crowd, and proceeded to rappel down the electrical cord stretching the length of the drainage ditch. He then ran ahead through the shopping center screaming, "I'm the wiener!! I'm the wiener!!!". HOWDY was super pissed.

Even with the exciting terrain full of shiggy and topless cheerleaders, the pack soon grew distracted and restless. After many moons they arrived at drink check #1. Dammit, Jim! The pack went straight for the electric kool aid being served with knowing smiles by the "sisters of the hare" (wtf kind of cult is that?). DANCING QUEEN and LEANING HARD were still running behind, having had heard of the mystical juice (no not THAT kind you sick piece of shit). They ran so hard they even tried to take PILLSBURY (who by now was also shooting flaming exhaust) (gay's OK, just ask LAST TRAIN) and dove into another drainage ditch to try to circumvent his unbreakable speed. As the music flourished, they found themselves facing another fence between themselves and the hotly desired mind-altering kool aid. In a desperate last stand they flung themselves against the fence like anorexic whales beaching themselves on the shore. Too bad they both got their scrotums caught on the fence (one wasn't hurt as he only has one ball, but I won't tell you which one). Luckily, CHINBALL WIZARD was there with a grin to get them off. Using both hands. (seriously guys, gay is just fine).



JC SUPERSCAR was the first to be taken by the kool aid. Disturbed, shouting, he posed with arms to the sky and exploded into a burst of color and sound. Innocent children from the around the yard were sucked into the swirling vortex. Only one made it out alive...the formerly angelic JUST BRIGHTON, prenamed "I'm Not Gonna Tell You". But he was.....changed. He was there, but... something was...different. He heaved up to the kool aid table and after ripping off the arms and legs of the few mumbling zombies in his way (2 YUNG was first to be eaten) (like a kid with pie on his face) with a chilling screech, he devoured them, washing them down with gallons of electric kool aid. He tore off towards his next victim while IGGY ran after him after him begging him to have mercy. JUST LINDA, annoyed with the snail's pace, finally shouted, "Enough already!" and forced IGGY into the stroller seat. She ran quickly despite IGGY's whining ("I want juice!") and was able to pin the evil BRIGHTON to the ground and sprinkle him with holy water from her diaper.

Strangely, BEAVER BAM BAM BALLS ran by...backwards. Maybe he heard about the dangers of the kool aid? HEAD FIRST attempted to make the most of his recent injury (which involved him in high heels and a particularly cheap brand of lube) to hit up unsuspecting newbies. He was observed earnestly explaining his new disability to TOP CUM, whispering seductively: "I have thhepecial needttth." He then waited with anxious expectation for her to drop to her knees and blow him. Imagine his shock when she saw through his clever charade, and fled, screaming, through the dusk? He was not seen again until midnight.

An Ithaca hasher whined about me carrying a notepad: "blah blah how we scribe in Ithaca blah blah". Yeah, bet you got some great band camp stories. Go find a flute and I'll show you what our band camp does with whiners. BALLSAGNA somehow got in an orgy (see photographic proof) with 5 guys. Now THAT'S how you do it!!!

Moving on to drinkcheck #2 (shit, any trail will seem great after electric kool aid!) the pack swilled whisky and lemonade while mysterious three-breasted alien women herded them towards the mothership. They even provided a book to show their peaceful intentions ("To Serve Hashers"). The pack heard them, because they had their tops off. Right as the pack was falling for it and about to be turned into interspace gristle, BEAVER BBB came running backwards out of the mouth of the spaceship screaming, "No!!! It's a coooookboooook!!!" Some of the pack, (especially WRECTUM and RODNEY QUEEN), wanted to get on anyways (the bloodthirsty aliens were, after all, topless), but then a cry of "Blowjobs! Blowjobs!!!" came floating down the street from afar. Not even naked tribreasted creatures could have stopped the surge as the pack stampeded away towards the next check. From what we understand, SCRATCH 'N SNIFF did, indeed, leave with the ship.



» Receding Hareline

Date	Run #	Hares	Comments	Location
6-30	1455	Pillsbury & a Virgin Hare		Long Beach
7-07	1456	Poor Aim	What Rhymes with 'Sixty'?	TBA
7-14	1457	Jock & Pack My Chute	BBQ Run	TBA
7-21	1458	Riff Raff & Southern Discomfort	Yet Another Redemption Run	TBA
7-28	1459	Pillsbury, Victoria & Ignorant F*ck	<i>Blew Dress 15th Aniversary</i>	Seal Beach
8-04	1460	OPEN! Sign up to Hare! See Victoria's Secretion		
8-11	1461	Poor Aim	Lingerie Run	TBA
8-18	1462	OPEN! Sign up to Hare! See Victoria's Secretion		

THIS DATE IS HISTORY - YEAR 1453

The Fall of Constantinople was the capture of the capital of the Byzantine Empire, which occurred after a siege by the Ottoman Empire, under the command of Sultan Mehmed II, against the defending army commanded by Emperor Constantine XI. The siege lasted from Friday, 6 April 1453 until Tuesday, 29 May 1453 (according to the Julian Calendar), when the city was conquered by the Ottomans.

The Fall of Constantinople marked the end of the Byzantine Empire, an empire which had lasted for over 1,100 years, and was a massive blow for Christendom. After the conquest Mehmed made Constantinople the Ottoman Empire's new capital. Several Greek and non-Greek intellectuals fled the city before and after the siege, migrating particularly to Italy. It is argued that they helped fuel the Renaissance. Some mark the end of the Middle Ages by the fall of the city and empire.

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 891 Date: 6/14/2001 (10 years ago)
Place: San Pedro Hare: SIN D BARE (solo)
Miles: 5 Attendance: 82

News Flash! SIN D BARE lays a trail that isn't in Palos Verdes, L.A. or Los Alamitos. This one began at the park and ride near Gaffey and Channel. He recruited **LAST TRAIN** to be the scribe for the evening. After **SIN D** took off, the usual pre-run activities took place: **FUNGUS** planned his (unsuccessful) snare strategy, guys watched **AFTERBIRTH** do her stretches, and **CUM PRIK POW** fondled **TWEEDLE**'s dog. Finally we were off and running through what **LAST TRAIN** described as a tour of South America. We ran through sandlots, up some streets (Nicaragua), through a field, past loose dogs (Tijuana), by some tennis courts, past dirty diapers (Argentina), spotted a poorly laid pack arrow with the notation 'Not the beer check' pointing off down an alley, and past even more dogs giving us shit. We did also manage to traverse some scenic canyons and hills. At last, our tour was done and we reached the on-in, complete with a view of L.A. harbor and the Terminal Island Bridge, ugly by day, but very colorful at night. As the Goodyear blimp hovered in the background, **4N LAY** and **BUTTSY ROSS** commenced down-downs. We congratulated **MY LEFT FOOT** on his 50th run and awarded the hashit to **FAGGEDY ANDY** for being a poofter. Then we honored **BUTTSY ROSS** as he was leaving Long Beach to get an education in Arizona. The on-on was at Acapulco, and boy were they happy to see us coming in 10 minutes before the kitchen closed - not! **LAST TRAIN** commented that we probably got phlegm tacos and burritos a la booger snot. Of course the hash got the last laugh, as we don't tip for shit.

ALSO IN JUNE 2001 - Run # 890 on 6/7 - Just Andy gets named **FAGGEDY ANDY**.

Scooter Needs Your Platelets!

Scooter needs platelets every 7 to 10 days. If you can donate, please call Darth Vader (Don Feinstein) to Schedule an appointment at 310-476-5229. It is similar to donating blood; it just takes a little longer.

Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by Monday 9pm. Otherwise, IT WILL NOT BE IN THE SNOOZE
Email 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
	snooze@snooze.lbh3.org	
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:	"Ballsagna"	(314)420-2654
	"Got Dibs"	(714)350-8948

Webmeister-Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Webmeister-General: "homoSAXual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Thursday, June 23, 2011, 6:30pm

It's a Beaner in a Virgin Trail

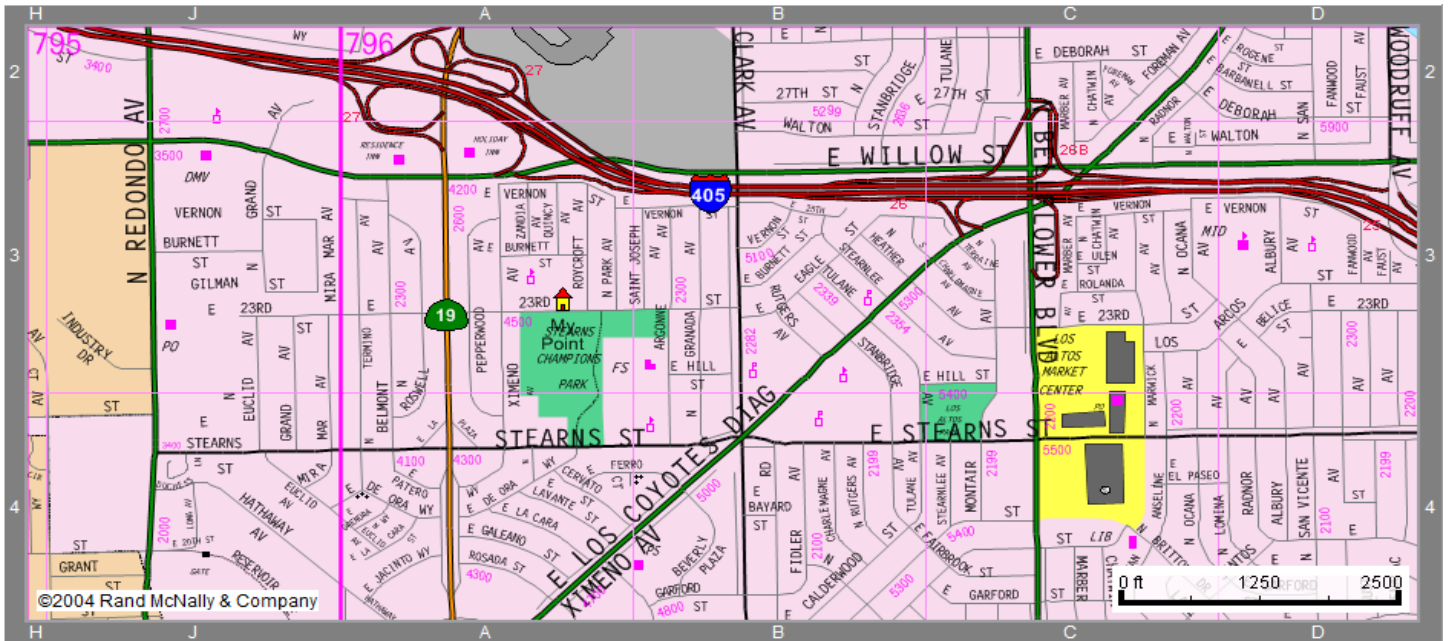
Run 1454

Hares *J.A.K.O.B.*

Cost: \$5

Location: Stearns Champion Park (4520 23rd St., LB)TG: Percy, Gordon & James are friends

405, Lakewood Blvd south (that's towards the beach), make left on 23rd Street, go up 2 blocks and the park is on your right, lfh. Virgins, All those Who WISH they were virgins, and those that would like to run thru the Ojos ('Eyes', gringos, 'Eyes'!!) Of A Beaner. We are ALL Colombianos at the end of the Day, or Run! Day Laboreres Welcome!



Alouette
Neva Higgins
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