

# Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

June 2, 2011

Hash Website: [www.lbh3.org](http://www.lbh3.org)

## POOP FICTION: FORTUNE HUNTERS AND THE CHALICE OF THE GODS

During the 1960s, the waters off the California coast were crowded with gambling ships: floating palaces of sin, din and corruption that drew coastal rumpkins to this international flotilla like ants to a jar of honey. The ships offered not only gambling, but every vice and perversion known to man, especially the Greek one, the Dominator. The night it ran aground in Lunada Bay, they had a clothing optional 'toga party' that got so out of hand that no one on board even noticed that the ship had plowed into the rocks. They kept right on drinking, snorting, sweating and screwing until the ship broke in half and started to sink. With all hell in ruins, they grabbed what they could and bailed out. One of the lecherous dickheads on board was the Special Ambassador from Greece, who was bringing Alexander the Great's priceless gold chalice to San Pedro for an exhibition, but managed to lose the thing when he, and his ten drachma date went down in a roar of twisting metal and sea water. The chalice was never found. Legend has it that it would turn even the sweat off of a dog's bollocks into the sweetest, most ass-kicking beer you could ever drink. Pure filthy black magic... enter the Long Beach Hash. Who, in this madhouse that we live in, is more deserving of this treasure? We are the rightful heirs to Alexander's legacy of "drink, drink more, and drink again!" It was to be ours; all we had to do was find it. The only things that stood in our way were the Lunadians.

The Lunadians are an ugly tribe of dim-witted thugs who managed somehow to buy the land above the cliffs where the Dominator went down. They loathe outsiders, but at the same time fear them. Maybe they hold the chalice, but no one has ever got one of them to talk... but no one has ever raked them over like the Long Beach Hash.



We began our hunt for Alexander's magic mug on a hill just above the Lunadians' mini republic. The cup had to be down there somewhere. If one of those philistines had found it, the boorish, bragging noise from their mouths would be insufferable, but if one of them did have it and managed to keep his mouth shut, he'd probably sit on it like a senile old hen and blow holes in anyone who came near it with a shotgun.

Anyway you sliced this minefield, it was going to get dangerous. Below us to the west were the unforgiving cliffs of Lunada Bay and above that, a tribe of criminal sociopaths who would gladly gnaw the flesh from our bones like wild dogs if they got the chance. With all things considered, it was going to be a bloody good night.

So here, perched on the edge of the universe with nowhere to but the emergency room, were some of the goddamndest fortune hunters ever assembled, good hashmen like **CAPTAIN HOOK**, **ROYAL FLUSH**, **HAIRY TWATTER**, **BOYZ R US**, **BOY GEORGE**, **CALAMINE CRACK**, **MAXWELL STUPID**, **JULIO CHILD**, **POLLINATE HER**, **SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT**, **JOCK**, **SAY WHAT?**, **CHINBALL WIZARD**, **DANCING QUEEN** and **MOUNDS OF JOY** stood tall like Che Guevara's army ready for war. We had the cause, all we needed was the direction, and at 6:30 we got it. As **HORNEY TOAD** and **YUELL JACKOFF** prepared to launch our offensive offensive, we were all ears and beers. "Be careful on trail tonight; the cliffs around here are about as stable as quicksand, and the neighbors about as predictable as a bipolar bear, so watch your back, and if you get into a fight with any Lunadians, kick their ass. Let's do it!" And after leaving in opposite directions from the only T/E split on the trail, they were off on the trail of the grail.



The plan was to encircle the Lunadians and leave no stone unturned, and no flowerbed untrampled in our search. If one group ran into resistance, the other would soon approach from the rear and beat the hide off the filthy animals. I felt like Alexander himself as we poured down the first section of trail that led toward the sea. Just before the cliffs, **FRUIT, O.F.F., V.F.W., LAST TRAIN, ASS HUNTER, 2 YUNG 2 DU, PASSING WIND** and myself ran into our first ripple of resistance. Through the chill of the cool ocean breeze, I could feel the heat from a set of beady, red eyes, tracking our every move from a nearby house. "Ha, watch this you wanker," I yelled. "If I find the cup, I'm gonna move in next door and burn your house down!" And with that, the eyes that had glowed like simmering red shafts of iron, glazed over and faded into stunned oblivion. Good shot, Doctor. Bullseye!

The trail then took us right to the western edge of the United States, and a 500-foot, near vertical cliffside plunge into the rocky shoreline of Lunada Bay. 'The Bay' is one of the most localized surf spots in the state, but I don't see how anything without a tail could make it down these cliffs carrying a surfboard, but it does sort of rank the cretins who surf here on the evolutionary scale, doesn't it?

Once at the bottom, the trail led along the rocks until we reached Beer Check #1, which was set up in something that looked like a Viet Cong hut left over from the war. It was a contemptuous little hovel built by the gilded piles of monkey stool who grunt around here throwing rocks at the other species who happen by ... hmmm, where's a case of dynamite when you need it.



I continued along the rocks along with **PRINCESS OF INCEST, WRECTIM, MORNING COCKTAIL, BIG BOOBS, DEEP STROKE, SCRATCH N SNIFF** and **ACHEY BREAKY FART** until we came upon the wreckage of the Dominator. It was here that the cast-iron Goliath had met his David in the form of the coastline's jagged rocks that lined the shore like shark's teeth. If the grail had been lost here, it had long since been reclaimed by Poseidon, and that stingy S.O.B. doesn't give anything up without a fight.

Tip-toeing across the rocks for another quarter mile or so, wobbling like a bunch of high schoolers leaving an all-night 'kegger', we came across our next opportunity to line an early grave with our beer-bloated carcasses; a near vertical climb that would make a mountain goat sick. There are certain things in life reserved for mad dogs, Englishmen and hashers, and I guess that a near vertical climb on hillsides looser than a 90-year-old hooker is one of them. We clung to the slippery, crumbling hillside by our fingernails as it began to disintegrate around us. One wrong move and we'd plummet downhill faster than the resale value of a burning house! But Apollo looks down favorably on his favorite jesters, and we made it to the top and beer check number two.

At the top, we were met by **OPEN FLY, H.R. BUFFNSTUFF, TITTY BEAR, DAMIAN, POT HO, CUM NAIL ME, BEAVER, HOWDY, BALLSAGNA, HOZER, S.I.D., PLAID COW** and **ALWAYS JUICY**. Still no sign of the cup, and it was starting to get dark.

The trail then led right into the center of the Lunadians' empire. By now, they knew we were here, but the big question was where, and when would they come at us, and with what. Would it be some of their inbred surf punks, or would it be the Nazi police force that they keep up here. If they capture us and take us downtown, they'll hang us all in a meat locker somewhere and use us for baton practice. Our quest to find the cup had washed out like the tide, and now it was just a simple question of how to make it back to the on-in in one harmonious piece.

Guessing that they had found our trail, I took to every shadowy avenue I could find, dodging scores of clenched-fisted homeowners who were now just realizing that their sanctity had been violated by the nuts-deep sodomizing we'd symbolically given them tonight.

After urinating down the mail slots of a few houses that had surfboard rack equipped cars in their driveways, I made it safely to the on-in at **YUELL JACKOFF's** house where it all began.

Although the grail was still out of our hands, it was comforting to know it was still out of the hands of the Lunadians, but where was it? Again, Apollo has ways of protecting his beloved jesters, and keeping his favored sons' treasures out of evil hands.

As we consoled ourselves on a well executed, but fruitless campaign to find the chalice of the immortal Alexander the Great, no one noticed the barnacle-crusting old cup leaning against **YUELL's** garage, sitting forlornly amongst the weeds that have somehow defied extermination. On it read, "Your vessel should never go empty. Your women should never go dry. You can't drink your spirits forever. With this cup you can certainly try." It was followed by the initials A.T.G.

Rest easy, sweet king, your chalice is safe with us.  
Disturbingly yours,  
Dr Hunter S. **SUPERSCAR**

– **LBH3 WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS**

Run Date: 5/26/2011 Run #: 1450

Hares: Yull Jack Off and Horney Toad

Place: Palos Verdes Miles: 4.4

Attendance: 60

New Boots: Sasha Travaglio, Stryder Zalabak

Returners: Strawberry Short Dick, Titty Bear,  
Deep Stroke, Big Boobs, Cum Nail Me,  
PlaidCow Disease

Visitors: LEROY LA, Pot Ho LA, Spankee Yankee

Patches: Southern Discomfort 25

Hard in the Saddle 369

Royal Flush 200

ON ON: Chili an weiners from Julio Child at Horney Toad and Yull Jackoff's place

Run Notes: Lots of streets with a scramble across the rocks at the shoreline, sunset views at the beer check with the fire pit going.

Attendance: 60

Hashit: Chin Ball Wizard for tripping over a dike's snatch and scratching up his face.

## Receding Hareline

Date	Run #	Hares	Comments	Location
6-16	1453	Kowpaddy Kowboy		TBA
6-23	1454	J.A.K.O.B.		TBA
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 15<sup>th</sup> Aniversary</i>	Seal Beach

### REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 1168      Date: 6/8/2006 (5 years ago)  
 Place: LaMirada  
 Hares: STUMBELINA and VICTORIA'S  
 SECRETIONS  
 Miles: 3.75      Attendance: 77

The hares directed us to the start at Rosecrans and Beach Blvd. (the farthest northeast corner of the LBH3 Thursday night box) and advised us the usual, "...not dog or stroller friendly...blah, blah, blah." This was **STUMBELINA's** first lay with LBH3 and when the hares did their pre-run briefing, he introduced us to some unfamiliar trail markings, such as "?", which is kind of like a check, only not a check. (Huh?) When the pack was off, we headed into winding, hilly streets and then into dense shiggy. Soon we encountered the first "?" and continued bushwhacking. At least we were rewarded with Sierra Nevada, Newcastle and Coors Light at the first beer check. A turkey/eagle split led us up a steep hill where scribe **PILLSBURY** (writing as **ROYAL FLUSH**) passed walkers **KAMMONA** and **FLOTATION DEVICES** and then blew past **PMS** and **CORN HOLE HUSSIE** when he reached the inevitable downhill. We circled a ball field, cut through some more dense undergrowth and reached another T/E split. Here the scribe encountered **6-9 SPLIT, TAKE A #** and **ALOUETTE** coming backwards out of the eagle and muttering something about "YBF", another non-traditional LBH3 trail mark. As we proceeded forward, we headed toward beer check # 2 and found **STUMBELINA** informing us "YBF." We backtracked to the split and ran into others who hadn't actually seen a "YBF" marking either. On the downhill, we reached beer check # 3. We continued on through more shiggy and another park to finally reach the on-in. Here we viewed the notation "**HARE SNARE 6:40 PM, POOR AIM, O.F.F and PIG IRON.**" Incumbent hashit **ROYAL FLUSH** had his plunger snatched twice by **SPACE AVAILABLE**, who tried to throw it onto a roof but missed by 8 feet! After awarding patches to **KAMMONA** (369) and **SNATCH OF THE DAY** (50) and giving a birthday down-down to **FRUIT OF THE LOOM**, it was time for **FLUSH** to try to unload the hashit. Luckily, **MR RAT'S ASS** nominated **HOWDY DO ME** for giving a blowjob demonstration and **FLUSH** was finally off the hook. The on-on was at Chili's.

**ALSO IN JUNE 2006** - The hash bid a farewell to **MARY TYLER WHORE** who lost her valiant battle with pancreatic cancer.



**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](mailto:snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)**

### Mismanagement Committee 2011

<b>Grandmasters:</b>	"Princess of Incest"	(562)715-1708
	"Chinball Wizard"	(562)858-6353
<b>Hash Cash:</b>	"Hi Speed Copulator"	(562)822-8400
	"6-9 Split"	(562)858-6511
<b>On Sec:</b>	"Special Head"	(562)522-8774
	"Morning Cocktail"	(562)338-5826
	<a href="mailto:snooze@snooze.lbh3.org">snooze@snooze.lbh3.org</a>	
<b>On Disk:</b>	"Mounds of Joy"	(714)292-1035
	"Passing Wind"	(562)533-2246
<b>Brewmeisters:</b>	"Last Train"	(714)SLIMEUP
	"Veteran of Foreign Whores"	(559)681-3866
<b>Munchmeister:</b>	"Wrect Him"	(562)228-5199
<b>Trailmaster:</b>	"Victoria's Secretions"	(562)381-5592
<b>Haberdashery:</b>	"J.A.K.O.B."	(562)688-7572
	"Kind of a Whore"	(424)235-KOAW
<b>Hash Flash:</b>	"Ballsagna"	(314)420-2654
	"Got Dibs"	(714)350-8948

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