

The PSHHH Trash

News about the runs and other Hash stuff for April 2005

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MAY 2005

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JGMs Throw an Unbelievable AGPU Run No. 647

Muddy Balls and **Pus Sucker** put on the 2004/2005 regime change party also known as AGUP on April 1st 2005. Thanks to **AssMa's** excessive drinking at a run last year your crafty Ex-JGMs got **AssMa** to sign away his rights to his condo club house for this auspicious occasion. What a fine establishment it was. Big club chairs, carpet, (ready to vomit on) big TV with porn! There was a keg that was drained by the participants. Caveman BBQ chicken, Lasagna, a fine spinach salad and hash brownies (didn't you know!) **Dandy** almost finished his penis joke/story from last year but the neatly attired **Just a Little Prick** stepped on it maybe next year (**Dandy** does the length of the penis joke make for something?)

Midget Molester and **Ass Hole** got the award for the shiggyst run. A cute little

pooping cow. Our Hare Raiser **Gallop** received a bottle of Wild Hare wine for the most hared runs, (Editorial Comment: this is the second year in a row he has won that title, any takers to dethrone him?) **Groper** started to tell a joke we heard before which put the Hash into a temporary vegetative state. **Where's** was there and told a joke about plasma screen TVs made by Philips. **Thumper** lead us in singing many fine songs from his repertoire. **Loan Shark** showed up and was promptly cornered by the Hare Raiser and by the end of the night he signed up to hare for 30 some runs. **Half Ast** shows up in his usual throw caution to the wind and jovial disposition. He was later seen stuffing the leftover brownies in his JC Penny sports coat pockets (high times at Eagles Nest!)

Offal Opple found the time between driving submarines and his busy social calendar

to grace us with his presences. **Muddy Balls** got a Down Down for still being JGM hat challenged about the 5th time for the same infraction that. **Pus Sucker** calls them when he sees them.

Besides the teenaged lesbian Jello vat wrestlers with nymphomaniac midget tag team (sorry about the green lime and red cherry stained carpet **AssMa's**) the highlight of the night was none other than **Fucking Crazy** and his 90 minutes of non-stop Your mama is so fat jokes.

Oh yeah the new officers!

The Asses, **AssMa's** and **Ass Hole** are the JGMs

Muddy Balls RA

Wheres is The Hash \$

Pus Sucker Puts this rag together

Gallop and **Half Ast** are back as Hare Raiser and Historian respectively

JGM's Silver Anniversary Kickoff Run

Well the new JGMs hit the road running beating the bushes, turning over rocks to get rout out the Classics. **Fugawee** Shows up! See what you fair weather hashing wankers missed besides and exciting run. This Run started out with **Half Ast** spiriting out ahead of the pack on the trail paralleling to road we parked on. He caught the trail heading up the

hill towards the open pit mines but his effort was for not, he found the false trail. Back down the trail warning his fellow hashers of his finding. At the bottom of the hill he met up with the newly elected JGM/Hare who promptly accused him of short cutting! Poor **Half Ast** pays for his valiant effort for the PSHHH at the Piss Up. Talk about abuse of power! Instead of heading up to the mines the trail took the pack across the road and

Run No. 648

in to a relatively flat but forested area out to the power line right away on up to more trails then to the long awaited Beer Check ten feet after the beer check we were back to the cars. At the Piss up **AssMa** dragged out **Ass Hole's** (CONT page 2

2005 Snow Shoe Run Run # 646.69

A to B in Alaska big long fucker one hound **Dim Sum**, Piss Up at fat Eddy's in Nome no beer but a milk shake?!

LATE DICK

ON ON

TO THE GREAT PISS UP IN THE SKY

AKA RICHARD ANDERSON A PUGET SOUND HASHER LEFT US ON APRIL 19 2005

LATE DICK HAD 64 RUNS AND 3 HARES WITH THE PUGET SOUND H3

HE AND HIS WIFE NANCY LIKE GOING TO GARDEN SHOWS. HE WAS ALSO A SKIER. HE'D GET OLD FOLKS OUT OF THE SENIOR CENTER AND GET THEM A GOOD WINE BUZZ ON AT EB FOOTE WINERY.

WE'LL MISS YOU

LATE DICK

ON ON

A Georgetown Adventure !

Run # 649

If you made it to # 649 you saw the pure haring genius of **Gallopin'** and **Pus Sucker** in action. There was the return of pre-run pop corn and beer. This was the New JGMs, **AssMa's** and **Ass Hole's** first run without a vested interest in the run. They also did a very good job at paying homage to the hares. A NFP to PSH3, **Porta John** showed up .

The run began with a perfectly executed circle jerk with portions of the trail passing within one block. The next master piece of trail laying art was the Back Check placed half way across the 4th Ave railroad bridge. You can thank **Thumper** for leading the pack to that BC. Just a **Little Prick** thought True Trail was under the 4th Ave bridge. **JLP** took off on his

imagined trail bringing **Where's** along on his folly. The Pack found True Trail through a parking lot A few Checks later the Mona Lisa of this run was found by **Where's**. With much enthusiasm he blew his whistle and his ears bleed due to the close proximity of the two walls. The 16.457 inch wide passage was eventually navigated by all. On to the Beer Check **Thumper** ran right pass it the Beer Check. **Rottenkock** stole **Muddy Balls** beer , **Bailey** had a water check the locals were amused. After the beer check the trail took the pack past a go cart racing place; possible future piss up venue .

The Circle was a grand affair with more popcorn, imported Danish lager and a

Down Down beer we are not soon to forget. **Half Ast** got 3 or 4 DDs, **Muddy Balls** for finally handing over his JGM hat to the new regime. **FC** got a DD for some "r" or "m" word and our ever bubbly **Chilly Willy** got his DD by default. The On On On was at Stellar's. **JLP** was busily correcting the grammatical errors found on the menu while simultaneously dressing down the tattooed-princess-waitress. **Rottenkock** beer was rare . After most of the pack left for the night, the tavern's door swung open in step a foot wearing a snowshoe, YES, it was **Dim Sum** back from his Northern doings! He regaled the few with tales of inbreeds, dog shit, drop packs full of tampons and other exciting tales from his trail !

Free Living will, So Gallopin' can't sign you up for a run when you're a vegetable !!!

*I, _____ (fill in the blank), being of sound mind and body, do not wish to be kept alive indefinitely by artificial-means. Under no circumstances should my fate be put in the hands of peckerwood politicians who couldn't pass ninth-grade biology if their lives depended on it. If a reasonable amount of time passes and I fail to sit up and ask for a **cold beer**, it should be presumed that I won't do so ever again. When such a determination is reached, I hereby instruct my spouse, children and attending physicians to pull the plug, reel in the tubes and call it a day. Under no circumstances shall the members of the Legislature enact a special law to keep me on life-support machinery. It is my wish that these boneheads mind their own damn business, and pay attention instead to the health, education and future of the millions of Americans who aren't in a permanent coma and who nonetheless may be in need of nourishment. Under no circumstances shall any politicians butt into this case. I don't care how many fundamentalist votes they're trying to scrounge for their run for the presidency in 2008, it is my wish that they play politics with someone else's life and leave me alone to die in peace.*

I couldn't care less if a hundred religious zealots send e-mails to legislators in which they pretend to care about me. I don't know these people, and I certainly haven't authorized them to preach and/or crusade on my behalf. They should mind their own damn business, too. If any of my family goes against my wishes and turns my case into a political cause, I hereby promise to come back from the grave and make his or her existence a living hell.

Other Stuff and Continued Stories

Crystal Mid-Week Ski Hash Run # 648.69

Rottenkock, **Groper**, **Pus Sucker** and **Meatless in Seattle** met up at Crystal Mt. Ski Resort on April 5, It was 2 years since **Groper** last skied but one could not tell by the way he shot across the upper half of Green Valley bowl and executed a prefect summersault off the at the south lip of the bowl closely followed by **Rottenkock's** double with a Daffy! After a day of great skiing for a poor ski season the snow hounds headed to the Snorting Elk Cellar for a "Just

one Drink" On On. After 2 bottles of wine and 4 pitchers of micro brews, Nachos, **Groper's** announcement and stories of the Cracked Moon Hash **Pus Sucker's** tales of overseas hashing . Three hours later it was time to leave the Elk. Maybe Next ski season The PSHHH can put together more perfectly coordinated Ski Hash Days like the 5th was!

Run 648 Cont. 243,000 BTU high performance BBQ grill , after 2 hours of cooking at 90 degree F **Thumper** turned the propane tank on it's side which got all the cooking done except **Midget's** side of buffalo **Family Jewels**, **Where's** and **Piss Boy** put on a great skit but I forgot what it was about. A small sized bimbo named **Nikki** showed up and got a Down Down. She could teach some of you a lesson in how to properly do a Down Down. **Groper** was told a good joke. **Gollopin'** was in good from with his one liners.. **Thumper** was trying to get **FC** in the "Your Mama is So Fat" joke zone but was unsuccessful. **Thumper** it will happen again.