

# Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562)888-0LBH(0524)

December 4, 2011

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

## POOP FICTION: PEDRO'S PIRATES AND THE PERVERSIONS OF FALL

The year was 1863, and despite all the malarkey they teach in Northern schools, the North was in grave danger of losing the Civil War. Northern General William Tecumseh Sherman's Nazi-like tactics of loot, murder and burn had angered the South so much that they were ready to do anything necessary to see Sherman and his blue-bellied pigs swinging from some Southern oak tree like orchestras of rotting wind chimes ... even make a deal with General Santa Ana of Mexico. Santa Ana was no better than Sherman, but his men and guns could tip the scales of war in favor of the South. So on a moonlit night, in the shadow of the Alamo, a deal was struck; in exchange for men and guns, the Confederates would return all captured Spanish land to Mexico. With waves of Santa Ana's pissed-off pistoleros attacking from the west and the Confederates from the south, the North would have been pinched into submission like an offensive pimple. All that was needed now was some gold to buy guns.

With the deal sealed over a few quarts of Mescal, a few hits of mescaline and about a dozen cases of cerveza, the Confederate gold was on the way ... but enter the wet blanket of fate.

Fate is a bastard, a fun-stealing, needle-nosed jackass of a prick who rains on parades, fills diapers full of shit and closes liquor stores right as you get to their front door. In this case, fate came as two English pirate ships that hijacked the Confederate gold in the Gulf of Mexico.

With the plot to end the War of Northern Aggression in favor of the South sinking into the Gulf Stream waters, the pirates bee lined it to the west coast of the United States and the hell-hole of 'La Porta de Los Angeles', where they proceeded to wreck their ships, get drunk, get laid ... and lose their money. Legend has it that the pirates entrusted a saloon keeper named Pedro with their chests of gold. Pedro was a sneaky little turd who embezzled enough of the pirates' stash to buy himself sainthood and a string of whorehouses before getting busted by soldiers from the Yankee garrison in nearby Wilmington, who worked over the hapless runt until he coughed up his loot. With a chest of gold in hand and Pedro in the stockade, the soldiers forgot all about pirates. There's the catch my fellow deviants, I said "chests" of gold ... there were ten! Enter Captain **JOCK** Sparrow.

Captain **JOCK** has sailed the seven seas, dove deeper and came out drier than any man before him. During his tours of duty in Vietnam, even the enemy saluted as he sailed by, but his pre-run speech on lost pirate treasure fell on drunk ears until they heard the word 'booty'. Time seemed to stop as a whole different set of glands took over. The collateral damage from the action could affect every man and woman in the outfit. We were going to get laid! Not just stuffed and porked into blissful submission, but laid in all its greasy splendor.



Sensing the hash had already drank themselves well beyond the signal range of any further verbal communication, **JOCK** and his mighty co-hare **PACK MY CHUTE** weighed anchor and hauled ass up the hill toward the Korean Bell, but not before strapping a pair of rubber turkeys to their heads. We watched in sadistic delight as the pair, who looked like the Foster Farms chickens, sent an entire bus load of Korean tourists screaming toward the sea in a blind panic, now believing that all Americans were insane and incredibly violent ... everything Kim Jong Ill had warned them about.

With the tourists at the bell in full retreat, it was our turn, and along with **BROOMHILDA, FRUIT, BOYS R US, ROYAL FLUSH, PIG IRON, WILD BILL, ALOUETTE, WRECTIM, KOWPADDY** and **6-9 SPLIT**, we sent the rest of them to their station wagons in a howling lather of whistles, grunts and disgust. There was sex in the air and the source was us.

Our trail of tail led us to the top of Gaffey Street before it plunged downhill toward the harbor. As we ran, I scoured each and every doorway for some lustful strumpet but saw nothing. After about the seventh or eighth turn on this zigzagging thumbscrew of an adventure, I spotted a well-fed Amazonian creature in a red outfit beckoning me from her front yard. I dropped my flaps and took aim. After a few thrusts, I was knocked to the ground by a huge explosion. It turned out that my front yard floozie was an inflatable Mrs. Claus, whose Chinese PVC nether regions had ruptured under the savage pounding, leaving me unfulfilled and covered in bits of plastic cloth, (Note to \_\_\_\_\_, what was really on that piece of paper that you dared me to eat?)





When the last bit of meat was plucked from the bone, I, along with **HIGH SPEED COPULATOR, BLACK N BLOOD, TRANNY WHEELS, SOSA** and **KAMMANA**, sat atop an old, but still fully stocked powder magazine looking much like the stuffed birds we had just eaten. I then sparked up the last bit of medicinal opium I'd gotten from Dr. Wi Poon, and wondered in our lustful haste had we missed the entire point of today's mission.

Pedro knew that a good raking across the coals by the Yankees was eminent, so he entrusted the remaining nine chests of gold to his cousin, a drill-happy dentist named Dr. Dolor, who used it to fill in the gaping holes he ground into his patient's innocent molars. He also developed the intricate bridgework that every foul-mouthed rapping homeboy calls his 'grille'. Still used today, the hijacked Confederate metal does produce an interesting phenomenon when air is passed over it though. If you listen closely, you can hear the music of the old south reverberating from the owner's mouth. It gives a whole new meaning to the old phrase 'Whistling Dixie'!

**DISTURBINGLY YOURS,  
DR HUNTER S**

**SUPERSCAR**

After pricking that overfilled gasbag, I picked myself up and followed trail that led me to a beer check in an old cemetery where I proceeded chemically cremate a few more regions of my brain with **PRINCESS OF INCEST, V.F.W., 2 YUNG 2 DU, OBI JUAN E-COLI, PINKY, SPECIAL HEAD, POOR AIM, CALAMINE CRACK, PASSING WIND, MAXWELL STUPID, RIFF RAFF, YUELL JACKOFF, HORNEY TOAD, IGGY. O.F.F., SAY WHAT, CHINBALL WIZARD, SCRATCH N SNIFF, ACHEY BREAKY FART** and **SCABBY HAYES**.

After a few more turns in the noose of a trail that wound back and forth across the hills of San Pedro, I came across a pair of bikers who looked like a leather clad version of Tweedledum and Tweedledee,

If there was any available booty to be plundered in this town, the bikers would know where it was. "We're looking for booty!" I hollered, trying my best to appear somewhat rational. "Ain't we all, bro?" he replied. Somewhere in my scrambled consciousness, I remembered **JOCK**'s story of pirate gold and I wanted it all. "No man, I want the chests!" The second biker replied, "Oh I get ya. Look up on the top of the hill by the bell. There was some kind of naked hippie buxom love girl commune living up in the woods there." That was all I needed to hear.

Chuffing up the hill like a mad steam engine, I crossed over Gaffey and into the woods surrounding Ft. McArthur. It felt like my lungs were going to explode, but death would have to wait.

Just as I neared the summit, I spotted a slow moving female with the booty of a goddess and packing enough fleshy gold under her shirt to pay off the national debt... it was **ALWAYS JUICY** who, when she heard my doglike panting behind her, turned, lifted her shirt and gave me both barrels. The rush of cresting the hill straight into the eye of the sun, and the muzzle flash of **AJ**'s twin man killers was in describable. With heaven above and earth below exploding around me, I tumbled downhill from the summit into the On-In, spent, released, and in bad need of a beer and with the fires of lust temporarily extinguished, I was hungry.

Good thing I'd flamed out and crashed near the site of Captain **JOCK**'s food-for-all Thanksgiving blowout. We feasted like savages and drank like pigs in heat thanks to the razor sharp culinary skills of **BROWN THUMB, JULIO CHILD** and **POLLINATE HER**.

### **LBH3 WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS**

**Run Date:** 11/27/2011 **Run #:** 1477 **Miles:** 4.3

**Hares:** Jock, Pack My Chute **Attendance:** 85

**Place:** San Pedro, Gaffey and Paseo Del Mar

**New Boots:** Armanda Meadows, Judith Gallardo,  
Jeremy Paul, Melisa Sponholz

**Returners:** I'm on My pyramid, Maxwell Stupid, Poor Aim, Yull Jackoff, Horney Toad, e=Mc Fucked, She Bangs, Vagina the Grrrr, Asscrackastan, Scabby Haze, Double Dipper, Sucks on Trail, Lizard King, Julio Child, Cum on my Long Ride, Absolute Whore, Pollinater

**Visitors:** Fall Bunyan-Hump Hash, Army Strong--Carolina Trash, Hedgetrimmer & HedgeHog, Splash--OCH3, Mossadomizer, Muddy Flaps, I Don't Give Enough, Soaked Wood, Mastardbastard--LAH3, Ginga Ninga, Royal Flush-Humpin, Vossenmeid--Honolulu

**Patches:** Ballsagna=50 Hi Ho=200

Broomhilda=1100 Hockey Jersey

**Hare Patches:** Jock= 85

**ON ON:** Walkers Cafe, Paseo Del Mar and Pt Fermin Pk

**Run Notes:** Jocks Turkey Run--all the trimmings at the ON IN. Streets, Hills, VIEWS, VIEWS, VIEWS! ON IN at top of bluff overlooking Catalina.

**Hashit:** I'm On My Pyramid--For letting Always Juicy out "Tit off" her.

### **Scooter Needs Your Platelets!**

Former **GM Scooter (William Souder)** needs blood platelets every 7 to 10 days. **To check out if you are a viable donor, call UCLA Platelet Donation Center at 310-476-5339 and check to see if you are taking any disqualifying medicines.** If you can directly donate, call Jock at 310-629-8971 to carpool up to Westwood. **Early Saturdays is preferable to beat the traffic, but Jock is willing to drive up on Friday mornings for any interested donor.** For any additional info, call Don Feinstein (Darth Vader) at 310-476-5229."

Thank you- Jock

## Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run #</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>Location</u>
12-18	1480	Poor Aim		TBA
<b>12-24</b>	1481	Damian the Anti-Christ & Sin D Bare	<b>Sat LA/LB Holiday Run</b>	TBA
Jan 1 <sup>st</sup>	1482	Whale Boner		TBA
1-08	1483	Hi-Speed Copulator		
		TBA		
1-15	1484	<b><u>OPEN-See Victoria's Secretion to hare!</u></b>		
1-22	1485	<b><u>OPEN-See Victoria's Secretion to hare!</u></b>		

### REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

**Run #** 1201    **Date:** 12/10/2006 (5 years ago)  
**Place:** Huntington Beach    **Attendance:** 96  
**Hares:** Blow Interest, Buster Hymen,  
 Geezer Teaser, Special Head    **Miles:** 4.5

The announcement for this run invited us to celebrate BUSTER HYMEN's birthday and to attend a Special Santa Claus On On at Casa Geez afterwards. We met at Seacliff Elementary School. Scribe JC SUPERSCAR was busy taking notes and observed ROYAL FLUSH and BEN DOVER wearing head & face protector masks that made DOVER look like 'Abdul Ben Hashen'. Soon the hares (BUSTER CLAUS and his 3 Pickled Pixies) and the pack were off through the school, over a fence and into a nursery. We then headed into the wetlands. From here we headed up a hill and out of the swamp. FRUIT headed downhill at full speed and led us toward a concrete tunnel. Somehow we ended up outside a sports complex and ran across a clearing to a beer check. Then trail disappeared until LAST TRAIN, NICE HAIR FAG, POOR AIM and PILLSBURY came bursting out of the bushes and led us through some woods, across another street, and on to beer check #2. From there, we headed through Central Park and reached the on-in at last. Down-downs included a birthday salute to BUSTER and patches for LICKWEENIE (25) and ROYAL FLUSH (69). We named Just Joe CALAMINE CRACK due to an incident involving poison oak. BUSTER received the hashit for chivalrously giving BLOW INTEREST his underwear to wear after she told him that she didn't have any on! Then we adjourned to GEEZER's house for the on-on. For a mere \$7.00, we were treated to homemade tamales, chicken enchiladas, Chile Colorado, beans, rice and mas cerveza. We also had the chance to participate in a game. Everyone had the chance to count all the Santas inside and outside the house. Believe me, there were Santas everywhere! Somebody no doubt won a great prize (probably something to drink) but I'm not sure who won. AWARDED BEST ON-ON OF 2006.

ALSO IN DECEMBER 2006 -  
 Run # 1204 on 12/31. TOO LOOSE TO SCREW does her first run with LBH3 as a visitor from Chicago H3. Just Aida gets named AI DA HO.



**Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions and other  
 Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by  
Wednesday 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
	"Kammonawannaleia"	(714)658-2595
<b>Trailmaster:</b>	"Victoria's Secretion"	(562)381-5592
<b>Haberdashery:</b>	"J.A.K.O.B."	(562)688-7572
	"2 Yung 2 Du"	(562)338-5449
<b>Hash Flash:</b>	"Ballsagna"	(314)420-2654
	"Got Dibs"	(714)350-8948
<b>Webmeister-Snooze:</b>	<a href="mailto:pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com">pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com</a>	
<b>Webmeister-General:</b>	"homoSAXual" - <a href="mailto:lbh3beer@hotmail.com">lbh3beer@hotmail.com</a>	

Sunday, December 11, 2011, 10:00 AM

Pre Lube to The OutWhore Jacket glitter, tututs & sequins...  
oh my birthday hash!

Run 1479

Hares *OutWhore Shit, Morning Cocktail* and *Victoria's Secretion*

Location Irvine

Cost \$5

From LB take the 405 south and exit Irvine Center Dr. make a right turn and follow the street to Bake Pkwy. Turn right and take the first left into industrial complex. If you can not make a right on Bake due to road closure go past Bake and turn right into first driveway and head towards the back of industrial complex building address is 16400 Bake Pkwy

From South OC take the 405 north and exit Bake Pkwy go left then at Irvine center drive make a left take a right into first driveway of industrial complex and head towards the back. Address is 16400 Bake Pkwy

