

MVH3 Hash Trash

Joint Masters

Steve "Burnt Sox" Royster
Eric "French Toasted" Geyer

Religious Advisors

Brian "14-Karat Cock" Shapleigh
Fernando "Poop Deck" Omega

On-Sec

Dan "Big Sweaty Pussy" Kaplan

Hash Cash

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For info on MVH3 and
other area hashes, visit
www.dchashing.org/mvh3

For hotline info on area
hashes, dial 202-PUDJAM0
(202-783-5260) and select
option 6 for MVH3.

Co-Scribes

Jay "Hops" Hopkins
Gerry "For Sale Or Rent" Kutz

Hare Raiser

Rick "And Hows Her Bush" Gray

Co-haberdashers

Frank "Cheap Slut" Wooldridge
Richard "Loan Shark" Gill

If it ain't live hare, it ain't Mount Vernon

Hash 834

Saturday, May 17, 2003

It's Déjà vu all over again

For the second week in a row, the Mount Vernon Hash gathered at Franconia's Lee District Park for an encore performance of "Hare We Go Again," starring *Battery Operated Buddy*, *Cork Screw'd*, *Leave It In Beaver*, and *Whore Moans*.

It was a brisk 48 degrees with a damp breeze chilling our bones. Several warmed themselves before the hash with Starbucks coffee. *Gutter Balls* fortified himself with coffee at Bob Evans – along with pancakes, sausage, hash browns, biscuits, three eggs (over easy) and a side order of grits with enough butter to choke a goat.

We would cover much of the same trail set by the same hares as last week. But at least in this re-run, it wasn't pissing down rain.

The Trail

It was early on when we found ourselves skirting the edges of a children's soccer game. It was hard to tell whether we were more fascinated with the pint-sized Peles or they with the ridiculous and unexpected gaggle of whistle-blowing "adults."

The ceaseless onslaught of rain touched off explosive plant growth, including PI, which caressed our legs as we scurried through its woodland home. Prickers

threatened to shred legs of all but those harriettes fortunate enough to be trailing the chivalrous *All Lickie No Dickie*, who held them aside (the pricklers, not the harriettes).

The trail eventually deposited pack alongside Kings Highway South. A familiar check at Deer Run Drive took us up that street and into a log-strewn patch of woods that had the pack bouncing and hopping.

A check at Huntley Meadows Resource Management Area (apparently a minimum security prison for lawn mowers) added to our sense of déjà vu. Incidentally, it was here that *Yes Dear* instructed his dog by personal example exactly how the whole peeing on trees thing is accomplished.

A paved service road led us out of the wilderness to the intersection of Telegraph Rd. and Kings Highway South. *Hazukashii* offered an inspirational shrug as forward momentum briefly halted in front of the corner Exxon station.

Flour was soon found – excuse me, make that magical, mystical *hash* – in front of the headquarters of the 398th Finance Group, the renowned "Fighting Pencilnecks."

A true trail arrow directed the ever-thinning pack into the woods. Muttering something about his virginity, *Put It Out* led the way past a carousel and a red caboose.

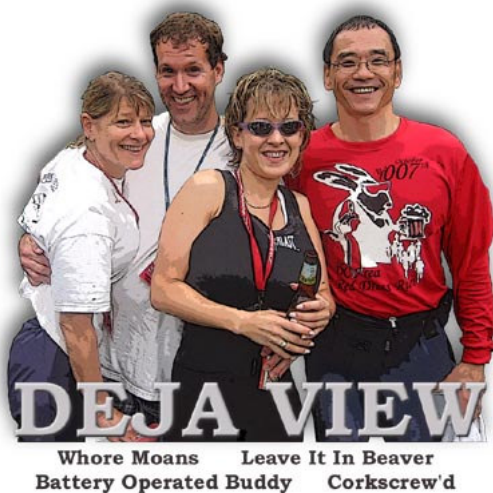
A water fountain was cleverly chalked "H2O" by the hares, lest we not recognize

the requisite water stop. Running beside a baseball field, we could see the same parking lot from which we started. *And Hows Her Bush* regarding the pack from across the field, much like the deer in the headlights who is unable to move. We darted left and away from the cars into a public access between two houses.

Wanks With Wolves missed that little dart and instead rejoined the start of the out trail and never-ending Ground Hog Continuum.

Finally breaking free of the repetitive loop (a process known as *vujà dé*), the pack climbed to the On-In at the Highland Park Pool and Tennis Club.

It was another fine effort by the hares, but I can't say I'd want to do it again (and again).



The On-In

Leftovers again? Actually, the hares put out a delicious spread. And an assortment of beers helped avoid the nasty déjà brew of M*ller L*te. Kudos for a great job; all of which was done under budget. Speaking of the hares, *Whore Moans* was stuck with an MVH3 Ten-Hare Pin, 20 percent of her trails having been set in the past fortnight. Long-time-no-seers included *Cums In Three Courts*, *Just Don*, and *Nurse Krotchet*. Welcome back to *Head First*, who has returned to the area following a three-year sabbatical with the Aloha Hash. *Just Dannette* was recognized for her fifth hash

with MVH3, but was at 7-11 fetching coffee at the time. Fecal felicitations go to hare raiser *And Hows Her Bush*, winner of the Hash Shit for sending out directions to an EWH3 hash instead of Mount Vernon's.

Epilogue

With some acts, the best parts come after the credits have rolled. For example, *Big Bird Turd* put together an impromptu down-down for *Organ Icer* and *Cheap Slut*, who came in only as the hares were packing up to leave. *Cheap Slut* merely slung the beer over his head to the misfortune of *Mellow Foreskin Cheese* who at that precise moment elected to walk behind him. *Running Bear* finally returned, but only after running to last week's ending at *Chez BOB*. And *S'Not* never did come back, inexplicably concluding that the On-In was being held at Fort Belvoir. The Fighting Pencilnecks did find our trail, however. Ignorant of the sacred powdery *hash*, they went hysterically blubbering to the hazmat team. Incensed local constables in turn took vengeance by raiding a White House Hash circle on Sunday, forcing them to pour out keg of M*ller L*te. How embarrassing is that? Getting caught with coyote ugly beer!

Next Hash: May 31, MVH3 #836

Hares *Full Metal Balls* and *Missing Link* celebrate *Missing Link's* 100th hare!

Start: Walnut Hill School Administration Center on Camp Alger Ave. in Falls Church (ADC map p.20, E-9).

Directions: From 495 in Virginia, take Rt. 50 EAST, towards Falls Church. In less than half a mile, take a right on Jaguar Trail, (at the first traffic signal). Bear left at the split, merging onto Marc Dr. Take a right on Holly Hill Dr. immediately after Falls Church High School. Take the fourth left onto Camp Alger Ave. Look for Walnut Hill School on the right. If you get to Dye Dr., you have gone too far.

Additional Info:

Dog and stroller semi-friendly with Ivy Block a must! Bring dry shoes and socks, as well as beautiful female virgins. The hash won't end at *Link's* house but you're welcome to run there.