

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

Millard "Hollow Point" Stahle

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 835 Saturday, May 24, 2003 *Dead Squirrel II*

For the moment, it wasn't raining, and that seemed to create a festive atmosphere. *Dr. Strangelove* was sporting a new shirt from Norm's Beer and Wine of Vienna. *S'Not* wore freshly pressed shorts for the occasion (although he really should use less starch).

The hares were no style slouchers either. With the terrorist alert level elevated to Code Orange, they mixed an oh-so-fashionable and color-coordinated bright orange blaze chalk in with the flour.

The Trail

Within the guarded confines of the U.S. Naval Observatory, an extremely accurate atomic clock records the passage of time down to fractions of a nanosecond. At the precise moment that remarkable clock registered 10:15. a.m. – give or take eight minutes or so – the cry of "On-On!" issued forth from the Old Centreville Crossing Shopping Center parking lot.

The heartless hares attempted to send the hapless hashers on a fool's errand around the shopping center, but a large contingent

of SCBs refused to be taken in by this common trick. *For Sale Or Rent* and *Hops* diligently tracked the short-cutters, including *Because He Can*, *Hollow Point*, *Hot Legs*, *Organ Icer*, *Pud Knocker*, *Puke Me Up Butter Cup*, *S'Not*, *Urine View*, and *Wankers Aweigh*. Even *Byte Lightning* was more willing to shortcut than to shortchange his chances of "winning" the hash.

After transiting a soggy soccer field, we ascended a small ridge and scampered left along a homogenized condo cluster. After passing Rabbit Hill Ct., the pack filed onto the Little Rocky Run Trail.

Taking a left turn, *And How's Her Bush* skirted along the side of a field toward some woods. "Are you?" we asked collectively. "Mrppgh vrgghhhh," he uttered in reply. Fortunately, *Just Herman* followed in his tracks and blew his shiny new whistle; a form of communication the pack could actually understand.

The trail followed a straight path directly beneath high-voltage power lines. In fact, the trail was so unerringly straight that some wondered aloud if the hares had an unhealthy fascination with electricity. To be fair, the hares hinted at a left turn, but



sensing the feint, *Organ Icer* hung back until the more gullible realized their folly.

A homeowner watched with amusement as the pack came to a confused stop at the edge of the woods. This was an unusual homeowner in that he a) had a sense of humor and b) didn't claim to own all the adjoining property and parklands. "Is this the game where you catch the rabbit?" he inquired. Well, sometimes, but not today.

The monotony was finally broken by a turn into the woods. "Go back to the start," read a note in a basket left by the hares. The pack took this prank in good-natured stride, expressed admiration for the hares' cleverness, and exchanged a few smiles.

Just kidding, of course! We wanted to kill them. "I've been screwed!" said *14 Karat Cock*, furiously expressing the obvious.

The trail was muddy and treacherously slippery as a result of the month-long deluge of rain. When asked whether she had fallen down and if she was having fun, *Just Sophie* gave a thoughtful pause before replying simply, "no." *Less Filling* was losing her footing and instinctively reached out to *Tastes Great* in an attempt to regain her balance. Predictably, both tumbled into the mud. In the anger that followed, nobody remembers who pushed whom first. But there they were, writhing in the mud when one thing led to another and ...

All right, *so what* if every bit of that was a lie. We're just giving the pigs what they want to read. And besides, the first maxim you learn here at the Jason Blaire School of Journalism is "Never let the truth get in the way of a good story."

To summarize, true trail was only half-a-mile long. After another two miles, there was a BT back to the start. And, the hares maintain, the true trail part was live.

The significance behind calling this hash "Dead Squirrel II" goes back a few years. *Snow Fairy*, one of the founders of the Mount Vernon hash, had a flower shop at the very shopping center from which we

started. She once hared a run that actually took the pack through her flower shop. Half way into the run, the pack found an attractive basket containing a dead squirrel and a note reading, "run back to the start." Well, the poet Jean de La Fontaine wrote, "No path of flowers leads to glory." In any case, *Poop Deck*, *Roto*, and *Screws Everybody* paid beautiful tribute to a departed friend who will not be forgotten.

The On-In

Juicy mad cow burgers and a full keg of Dominion Pale Ale kept the party going for hours. Some of us may have overindulged, but an abstainer after all is merely a weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure. Many thanks to the hares for a great time!

Announcements

Registration forms for the 2005 InterAmericas Hash in Toronto will soon be online at http://www.hogtownh3.ca/IAH2005/IAH_Home.htm. The registration fee will remain a low U.S. \$150 through the end of June.

Next Hash: June 7, MVH3 #837

Hares: *Byte Lightning*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *Flying Burrito*, *Hollow Point*, *Pinky Penis*, *Stained Sheets*, *Wankers Aweigh*, and *Womb Broom*

Theme: Combat Beer Patrol

Start: Skyline Towers Shopping Mall
5115 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church, VA

Directions:

From I-395: Take King St./Rte. 7 West for many lights. Following Leesburg Pike/Rte. 7 and George Mason Dr. intersection turn left into Skyline Mall.

From I-66: Take Exit 71 and go south on North Glebe Rd. then turn right onto Carlin Springs Rd. Follow Carlin Springs Rd. until you reach Leesburg Pike/Rte. 7 intersection then turn left onto Leesburg Pike/Rte. 7 and then turn right into Skyline Mall.

Dog Friendly Factor: NO DOGS!

Stroller Friendly Factor: Okay

Miscellaneous: Bring dry shoes and clothes.