



MVH3

If the hare ain't live,
it ain't Mt. Vernon.

Run: # 858

Date: November 1, 2003

Hares: Late Cummer, French Toasted, Full
Metal Balls & Rocky Whore

Location: Annandale High School, Annandale

Los Dias de los Muertos (The Days of the Dead)

The pack should have taken the theme to heart. Days of the Dead – days is plural, as in – it would take days to do trail. Dead – as in how they would feel if they completed it. The hares were comprised of an illustrious group of 3 Grand Masters and 1 Joint Master. A combined run count of 1099 and hare count of 105 – wow that's almost as much as **Missing Link!** What happened on that blissfully warm fall day? Each hare set their own trail. Not that it wasn't a great trail – they were all great trails. The pack was happy that they actually connected. All the right elements were there – pavement, wooded trails, shiggy, mud, PI, tunnels, scenic vistas, and water. It had enough for two trails, or so **Dual Airbags** said. The hares, **Late Cummer** and **Rocky Whore** were decked out in cute kitty outfits – or upon reflection, road kill? Or are cats their favorite dead people?

Trail

The pack took off around the school through a field. **Flying Burito** assisted the late arrivals **Tore Ass**, **Fire & Ice**, **For Sale or Rent**. **Tore Ass** immediately left the parking lot going the wrong way so **Cuff Me Stuff Me** put the wankers back on. **Big Bird Turd** is passed while explaining to a virgin that, "scribes write about all the bad things on trail." "Why?" "Because I haven't seen a good one yet." Passed **Slip Knot**, **Holiday Ho**, **Spreadsheets**, and **Rutro**. Then another group of walkers after crossing Heritage. **Only Two?**, **Red Snapper**, and **Phat Guinea** were desperately trying to overtake the FWBs - **Hands Solo** and **Whack Me Smack Me**

Lick My Leather Balls. Now running down Heritage from the opposite direction are **Hollow Point** and **Poop Deck**. They are closely followed by **You've Got Tail**, **Let's Make a Deal**, and **Mellow Foreskin Cheese**. These DFLs caught up as trail meandered through the community as the sounds of the beltway were getting louder. We all knew what that meant— Tunnel! **Hollow Point** and **Poop Deck** could be seen in the distance running away from the tunnel. **HP** eventually turned right and found the start. **PD** went left, found a lot of road, and more road. He did make it in, though he whined a lot about a trail he never did!

Tunnel

Who would have guessed we had to climb down into the tunnel? Hmm, must be the reason for no dogs and no strollers! **Tore Ass** was perched over top of the manhole trying to carry **Ernie** down. Would you believe that wasn't working? So **Let's Make a Deal** and **You've got Tail** offered assistance and lowered **Ernie** into the hole. Oh no, not another opportunity for a dog to bite. **Running Bare** shows up just as **MFC** was climbing onto the ladder. We do not know where he came from or where he went but he was at the end. It was not a bad tunnel, relatively dry, high ceiling, not long and there was a light at the end. Briefly out into the daylight then back into a second shorter tunnel. No hash marks, no hare arrows, no pack arrows. Each and every hasher had their own version of where trail went from here.

The Schism

Back to between the tunnels and **Tore Ass** and **MFC** decide to go up the side onto a road. Hashers at a check far down on the right looking confused. There were hashers running left yelling they were on true trail. The story was that the pack found a couple of checks on the right but that there was true trail all around and no BTs. Perhaps a connectivity issue. If this was one of the SNAFUs, for the DFLs it was a major blessing. The now no-longer DFLs went left because this part of the pack was closer. **Rear Area Security** said it was so and amazingly he was correct or maybe the hash gods do take care of the slow. Though anyone that carries a 'gobbler' and knows how to use it can't be bad! **Velvet Tongue**, visiting us once again from Africa, commented on the shiggy and wet conditions. Then, all of a sudden there were FRBs passing us!!! Seriously, when the trail is already 30 minutes old no one expects to see **Throbbin Member** or **Leave It In Beaver?** Or was confusion part of the hare's plan. More confusing were those quasi-hare's arrows; or were they pack arrows? Instead of three lines through it there were only 2. We leap-frogged each other through the woods, paralleling the beltway on a trail marked by yellow paper printed with arrows. Since when do hares carry a staple gun? Over the next hour or so a good portion of the pack passed us.

Bavarian Bush, **Continental Drip**, **Blank Check**, **Happy on His Knees**, **Cyclops**, **Puke Me up Buttercup**, and **Urine View** caught up just before trail crossed another road into that portion laid with miles and miles of PINK engineer tape. **Rocky Whore** claimed no responsibility for this part. The tape was blocking a perfectly good trail, straight through the woods. Hmm, could it be? Wait – Watch - Listen. Aha, hashers up ahead. SHORT CUT! **Velvet Tongue** and **MFC** loved it. **Continental Drip** on the other hand could not be swayed. The next overlap was more pink tape but there was flour too. Wonder if the hare(s) got a little confused Up ahead **Dr. Strangelove** and **Cyclops** checked out the next short cut. As we waited, **Happy on His**

Knees cums by yelling "I think true trail is this way". Well, he sucked **Velvet Tongue** into following him but then left him in the woods when he decided to short cut. Seconds later the voice is heard – on on short cut! Runners up ahead. We entered the Turf Management compound and trail entered woods on the right and followed a stream to the left and around to Braddock road. These are the same woods that the pack got lost in earlier this year and **Byte Lightning** had to bring them out. Running along a biker trail and then into the woods to run around a lake. Now catching up were **Pud Knocker**, **Great Balls of File**, and **Bite Me Elmo**. The lake was beautiful as was the trail. There was a check by an information kiosk. It was marked by a branch to continue around the lake. **Cyclops** and **RAS** came up behind me but turned left to go into the woods. It must be because they heard a whistle. The check was remarked in the direction of the whistle. No flour, just that long lonesome whistle. Lo and behold, there was **Full Metal Balls** just a-blowing away. Hmmm, was he trying to make up for the sins of his co-hares by saving what was left of the pack? Trail continued to a check before climbing a bank to the road. It was marked to go straight but for some reason **Put It Out**, **EgoTesticle**, and **Happy on His Knees** were found searching for trail. **FSOR** followed the pack arrows to true trail and led the wankers into the shaggiest section of all. Yes, if you have PI it is from this section that led up to the final tunnel. Suddenly from out of nowhere **Bushmaster** scurries by. Then it was out onto pavement and a few more miles of road where **Burnt Sox** caught up.

The "No Stinkin Tunnel" Walker's Trail

Now why for goodness sake if the hares say don't bring dogs or strollers people do? However, **Big Sweaty Pussy** and all the walkers refused to go into the tunnel. They said they could not find it. Of course there was yet one more phone call to **Late Cummer**! So maybe the strollers would have been okay! **Do Lay Me** also stated the walkers didn't know if the yellow paper arrows were part of the hash but they followed them anyway. Huh?!

Till the Pack Cums In

Or till the cows come home. Whining **Dual Airbags** picked up a Maryland license plate just before the last tunnel exclaiming how the two-hour trail was so f'n long that her car broke down. **Rocky Whore** put **AndHow'sHerBush** in charge of **Just Peter** but the virgin whined about how his silk shirt was all sweaty from the fast pace. Good thing he didn't wear the whole suit!

There was plenty of hashpitality as Rocky borrowed the backyard of **Just Brian**. The official **BSP** roster states he has missed more than 30 – Doesn't that mean he's a virgin again? He was gracious and drank with us. **Rocky Whore** knows hashers and brought the food out in stages. The curry rice chicken was great, as was the pistachio pudding/ marsh-mallow/pineapple salad, pumpkin cookies and potato salad!

CIRCLE

14-Karat Cock was RA. Dual Air Bags complained again about not knowing any of the songs. Private parties were very small. Geez, was it because everyone was way too tired!

Hares Late Cummer, French Toasted, Full Metal Balls & Rocky Whore

Virgins Just Peter courtesy of Rocky Whore

Visitors Just Kim (Belgium SHAPE H3)

Backsliders Cyclops, Do Lay Me, Ego Testicle, JailHouse Nookie, Just Brian, Late Cummer, Latin Analyst, Rear Area Security, Redrum, Scrotum Scraper, Rocky Whore, Running Bare, Velvet Tongue.

Analversaries Puke Me Up Buttercup – 15, Big Sweaty Pussy – 55, Whore Moans – 145, For Sale or Rent – 205, Milk Money – 275, French Toasted – 385, Pud Knocker - 385, Missing Link - 645.

Birthdays Blank Check, Milk Money (143rd).

Namings NONE

Violations HARES~HARES~HARES!

Hashit **Puke Me Up Buttercup** added one chopped off pant leg to the hashit. **Rear Area Security** was awarded it for just realizing he was still on day light savings time!

AFTER THE CIRCLE

Rocky Whore finally got her 4-wheel huge big f'n truck pulled out by the guy in the recreational vehicle – **Tore Ass**.

Hash # 860

10:00 AM – November 15, 2003

Theme Home Cumming!

Hares: Whore Moans, Battery Operated Buddy//Roxy Operated Body, Leave it in Beaver, Roxy Moron

Start: Mount Vernon (Grist Mill Park)

Directions: From I-495, take the Route 1 South Exit. In about 4.5 miles, turn left onto VA-235/Mt Vernon Hwy VA. VA-235/Mt Vernon Hwy becomes Old Mt Vernon Rd at a split in ½ mile, veer right onto Old Mt Vernon Rd. In about 1 mile, turn right onto Mt Vernon Memorial Hwy. The entrance to Grist Mill Park is about 1 mile on the right. Park in the lower left area of parking lot

From points South, take I-95 North to Route 1 North just beyond Woodbridge, stay on Route 1 past Ft Belvoir, take a right onto VA-235 to Mt Vernon Memorial Hwy, turn left into Grist Mill Park.

Dog Friendly Factor: Runners trail is tough dog friendly. Walkers trail is wimpy dog friendly

Stroller Friendly Factor: Runners trail is not stroller friendly. Strollers okay on walkers trail

Miscellaneous: High PI potential. Lots of shiggy. As usual, bring dry shoes and clothes

HARELINE

Hash 861 – Nov 22nd – Pre-Thanksgiving'Hash, Arlington. Tore Ass, Mellow Foreskin Cheese, ChapAQuikDik, Standard Deviant, Fire&Ice

Hash 862 – Nov 29th – Thanksgiving Pot Luck, Woody Park. Burnt Sox, Well Drilled, etc.

Hash 863 – Dec 6th – **MVH3 Annual White Elephant**

Mismanagement:

Joint Masters – Burnt Sox & French Toasted
Religious Advisors – 14-Karat Cock & Poop Deck
On-Sec – Big Sweaty Pussy
Hash Cash – Hollow Point
Hare Raiser – And How's Her Bush
Scribes – Hops & For Sale Or Rent
Haberdashers – Cheap Slut & Loan Shark