



MOUNT VERNON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Hash Trash #863 December 6, 2003

If you don't start in the morning, you can't drink all day! "live" "trail" Saturdays at 10 rain or shine!

Arlington, VA 12/6/03—Over the river and through the woods the wankers they arrived. Big ones, little ones, fat ones and skinny ones, all came trudging through the massive 4" snowfall toting delightfully wrapped tidings of holiday joy. Once again the underground cult of Mount Vernon half-branes was massing for the White Elephant Christmas Gift Exchange Hash.

THELEAD-IN: As the orderly cue made it's way into the American Legion, BigSweatyPussy dutifully relieved each of \$19.99 and DangerouslyClose provided painfully detailed operating instructions for a unique giveaway: cute little hash socks! At last it was over and I was able to blow kisses to SpreadSheets and BlackBox, toss my package towards the tree and dash for the keg. Beer was flowing into neat little green and red cups BEFORE trail. There truly IS a Santa Claus!

THEFOREPLAY: So as we milled about, the hares made themselves known: GaySheepLollipop, AndHowsHerBush and BurntSox studied their maps and checked them twice, assuring everyone that this would be a "live" "trail" as always. At 10:04 sharp, the hares were away flinging pink flour on the "live" "trail" as they sped off to Washington Blvd. I returned to the keg and made small talk with StainedSheets, HardDrive and LateCummer, then PoopDeck and I harassed RoxyMoron for gratuitous stretching until BurntSox issued the order to circle-up. After hearing more than we cared to about this "live" "trail" the hare brought forth token old/fast guys like CheapSlut and ByteLightning to lead FatherA (with 1.3 beers in me now, I don't remember who actually did, but flashbacks of the hokie-pokie make me think of Byte).



THETRAIL: As the oh-so fashionably late walker hare BurningBush entered, we were off. After 14 seconds of walking ISO trail, oN-oN was called and the pack sped downhill in pursuit of CunningRunt. Slush <snip> puddles <snip> pink hash <snip> nasty backcheck <snip> cross bike trail <snip> ToreAss shortcutting <snip> slush <snip> frogger across Lee Hy <snip> "live" "trail" <snip> why did we ever leave on an AHHB trail? <snip> where are the walkers? <snip> DualAirBags heaving <snip> WoWo bitching <snip> Ernie terrorizing dog-park.

40 minutes later: are we still on trail? Who cares! That's Washington Blvd, so the warm food and cold beer is only moments away. Where are those walkers? Could their trail have been much longer? BigBirdTurd and BurningBush let the secret out—they took all the walkers on a short stroll over to MellowForeskinCheese's house and had a cocktail party while us wankers were out slushing through the trail. My what rosy cheeks they were sporting on return!



THEFEAST: Back to the beer where MissingLink and FullMetalBalls were in total confusion as to the kind of beer until someone pointed out the Yingalingaling and Killians caps on top of the kegs. The vultures soon stormed the buffet line and dove into a great spread of BBQ, chili, soups, salads, chips, dips and other edibles.

THECIRCLE: Appetites sated, PoopDeck circled up the bloated horde and initiated the post-trail ceremonies. The hares demonstrated proper down-down technique for the VirginKevin, a few anal-versarians were recognized: BigBirdTurd-315, ToreAss-265, BecuzHeCan-215, Put(s)ItOut/Suck(s)MyDick-165, 14CaratCock-135, PayPerView-135, GreatBallsOfFire-95, BadDitch-85, CRAFTY-69 and BigBang-45. I got to tie up RaiseMyTitanic with her 5-run headband and more drinking ensued.

Poop & BurntSox next tried to explain policy and procedure for the Gift Exchange: gifts are to be opened according to number of runs, anything that can be drincken from will be, anyone may select a previously opened present, that person takes again from the pile, . . . bla bla bla. BigSweatyPussy will maintain order at any cost.

The children's table proclaims that they can't see, so Twazzuup®, BigBang, CRAFTY, TitKaBoob and WoWo drag their crap right in front. The geezers tried to move their table, also, but it was too heavy.

THE MAINEVENT: First to cum forward were those who missed yesterday's GrandMaster Luncheon: BlackBox, MissingLink and WellDrilled opened the first three gifts as penance for their absence from the majestic meal. Following our very own hash royalty, the VirginKevin opened up some humongous phallic crayola which he was promptly made to drink from.



It was all down hill from there. Thank goodness BurntSox and Poop were there to frequently mop the floor—who would have known so many hashers dribble that much? \$2Head managed to open an obscure little box that contained a beautifully monogrammed BigSweatyPussy ~~200 Run~~ jacket. I think he actually liked it—too bad! \$14CaratCock was awarded HashShit for admitting to breaking the clock. Someone drinks from a

huge purple sled—Sox mops floor. HolidayHo takes jacket.

TriAssAThong is delighted to receive a fondue pot; more mopping. SnapCracklePoop gets inflatable-doll and blows that puppy up. Hashers aroused until noticing back door labeled “SpudDick was here”. RaiseMyTitanic opens something with 8 different glasses—then attempts down-downs from each one—the ship went down faster. Poop mops. WoWo takes BSPJ.

Two folks wind up drinking from electric toasters. ToreAss mops up the mess. Then a VERY classy ceramic toaster cookie jar emerges, GutterBalls drinks from it then tries to hide it. Sox mops. GreatBallsofFire takes BSPJ.

GrannyBoulders and MightTight oh-so-gracefully slip into dainty little thongs. A bottle of Jagermeister is passed around—empty in 47 seconds. Gay porn collection is reviewed, CRAFTY tops it with a year's supply of Playboys. RockyWhore puts on the BSPJ.

CheapSlut and LoanShark fight over the Viagra™ Instructional Video. BigSweatyPussy carelessly handles his package and breaks a beer bottle; he is promptly awarded the hashshit. WellDrilled takes BSPJ.

Grimey old T-shirt shows up; Poop proclaims it the oldest WhiteElephant gift in existence—whole room turns positively giddy! BurntSox tries on the BSPJ (it's a little loose).

Childrens' table checks their watches in unison—none have opened a gift in over an hour; they slide the keg closer. TitKaboob flashes LoanShark, CheapSlut & Co. Bottle of nitroglycerine is passed around. Someone else tries to drink out of the big purple sled. Poop is back to mopping. DangerouslyClose grabs the BSPJ and proceeds to hide it under her chair.

DualAirBags attempts to open her own gift, gets slapped down by the religious authorities. Another bottle breaks on floor, LoanShark slices hand open and proceeds to splatter blood all over the Legion. HotLegs digs the BSPJ out from underneath DangerouslyClose and looks charming in it.

CunningRunt steals the big purple sled and sips from it like a pro. No one mops. Into the home stretch. Byte finds the BSPJ and declares it a perfect fit! MissingLink finds a real gift: a corkscrew. Finally CheapSlut is awakened to claim the mother of all gifts. His 671 runs let him to take home the big purple sled! That'll make one of his great-grandkids very happy Christmas morning.

The kiddie table gets a chance to cum open a 2nd time, cuz there are leftovers!

We swung low, vowed to get a piece and then retired to finish off the keg.

oNoN! PutItOut (scribus-fill-inus)

Next Week's Trail: MVH3 #865
Saturday December 20 10:00 AM
Hares: WellDrilled & 14CaratCock
Beautiful Downtown Fairfax, VA

Santa Claus
North Pole, North Pole
December 18, 2003

Dear Santa:

I understand that one of my colleagues has petitioned you for changes in her contract, specifically asking for anatomical and career changes. In addition, it is my understanding that disparaging remarks were made about me, my ability to please, and some of my fashion choices. I would like to take this opportunity to inform you of some issues concerning Ms. Barbie, and some of my own needs and desires.

First of all, I along with several other colleagues, feel Barbie DOES NOT deserve preferential treatment—the bitch has everything. Along with Joe, Jem, Raggedy Ann & Andy, I DO NOT have a dream house, corvette, evening gowns, and in some cases the ability to change our hair style. I personally have only 3 outfits which I am forced to mix and match at great length.

My decision to accessorize my outfits with an earring was my decision and reflects my lifestyle choice.

I too would like a change in my career. Have you ever considered "Decorator Ken", "Beauty Salon Ken", or "Out Of Work Actor Ken"? In addition, there are several other avenues which could be considered such as "S&M Ken", "Green Lantern Ken", "Circuit Ken", "Bear Ken", "Master Ken". These would more accurately reflect my desires and perhaps open up new markets. And as for Barbie needing bendable arms so she can "push me away," I need bendable knees so I can kick the bitch to the curb. Bendable knees would also be helpful for me in other situations—we've talked about this issue before.

In closing, I would like to point out that any further concessions to the blond bimbo from Hell will result in action be taken by myself and others. And Barbie can forget about having Joe—he's mine, at least that's what he said last night.

Sincerely,
Ken