

MVH3



Mount Vernon Hash House Harriers

Run No. 1010
Today is
26 Aug 2006

Hashing Northern Virginia since 3:30 am - Saturday, 10 am - US\$5

www.dchashing.org/mvh3 - 202-OVADREK

If you don't start in the morning, you can't drink all day!

The signs were clear: the web page, the temporary OVA-DREK hash hotline, and **Rocky Whore's** email warned that the trail was stroller-hostile. Adding to that, the distance challenged-duo of **French Toasted** and **Bcuz He Can**, backed with long-suffering wife **Do Me Next Week** and the Hasher Who Cheats Death, **Throbbin' Member**, were listed as hares. But can I read the signs? **As it turned out, the servant has become lord in the house of his master because FT's front portion of the trail was far better than his former mentor, Cuz He Can's, middle portion of the trail. Our beloved Cuz He Can appears to be hitting a bad stretch of trail.**

Due to circumstances beyond my control, I was late, but I still arrived to find the pack in no particular hurry to start. At least the hares had shown by 10:30, an improvement over last week, but I had time to deploy said stroller while **Cunning Runt** and **Byte Lightning** jeered at me while trying to figure out if I was running or strolling.

Even though it was a smallish crowd, no doubt scared off by the fear of a **French Toasted** trail, there were several newcomers, and **Dr. Jekyll** gave a hurried Chalk Talk to show them the ropes and the marks. **CRAFTY** led Father Abraham, and then we were off, the Walkers lost in one direction, the Runners in the other. Actually, the Runners were off in every direction, thanks to a series of Back Checks (and who are they for, sports fans?) that kept the pack stumbling over one another for the first five minutes. OK, I still think they're for pussies, but here's why. Though the BCs worked, that's not rocket science, since they pretty much have to work. The mark that knuckled the FRBs to the Hares' will was actually a well-laid check - the false trail led **Byte**, **Jekyll** and **Runt** to the BT, and then made them retrace their steps to run a new path parallel to the first, but on the other side of the street. Now that's genius.

During this back and forth, I chatted with **Dr. J.** He's on the road back, but I knew he was still lame

Mount Vernon Hash# 1011

Cheap-Labor Day Hash

10:00 AM - September 2, 2005 -- \$5.00 US
Hares: Standard Deviant, Chappaquiddick, Green Eggs and Spam, and Poop Deck

Start: Glebe Elementary School, 1770 N. Glebe Road, Arlington, VA 22207

Directions: Find I-66 and head towards Glebe Rd.

From I-66 Eastbound: Take the Glebe Rd exit and turn left at the second light onto Glebe Rd. At the 6th stoplight turn left on 18th St and into the Glebe Elementary parking lot. Look for the Cheap Labor, park and hash.

From I-66 Westbound: Take the Glebe Rd exit and turn right at the stoplight onto Glebe Rd. At the 3rd stoplight, turn left on 18th St and into the Glebe Elementary parking lot.

because, frankly, I was pushing a baby jogger and still running alongside him. He shared that he maybe had started a bit too fast, and might have pulled something. Then he made a "beep, beep" noise and disappeared in a trail of smoke. One day we'll train him, I tell you.

While we were lost in the maze at the start, two comely blond lasses kept getting in the stroller's way. I ran around them, and they shouted, "We're really impressed that you're doing that." Impressed that I was about to risk stroller and contents on a trail like this? If I'd known older chicks impressed that easily...

And speaking of, **Whack Me** and I were bringing up the rear, when she confessed that she wasn't feeling too well. I gamely told her she was fine, but the vultures overhead told a different tale. I

to send a search party if she didn't show up for
r, then disappeared on a wheel friendly
shortcut, to find **CRAFTY** cutting the other way.

We hit the FRBs as they headed toward a set of
grills that covered the first of the day's tunnels. Being
the astute hasher, I noticed that the tunnels seemed
to lead to another set of grills about 50 feet away, so I
stay above ground while the pack ran underneath.
This put me, or rather the stroller, in the unique
position of leading the pack through the second
tunnel, under I-66 and into some marshland cum Wal-
Mart.

Things got a little tricky here. The trail went
along a stream, but we took the less hostile path
overland, across the marsh with culverts about 3 feet
wide. The stroller cleared them all, but I nearly fell in
once. Bumping and grinding, we hit strip mall
civilization in due course and ducked behind a
minimart. I had been with the pack's first wave, but I
lost them here, and in due course the B-Team showed
up. **Puke Me Up Buttercup** helped me lower the
stroller into another marsh, and **Vienna Sausage** gave
me a little suspension over a narrow, rocky, wet creek
bed. **Bush Master's Daughter** commented that her
parents had treated her just the same way, and look
how she'd turned out. Very scared, I chuckled
nervously, and at that very moment we passed a
partially submerged, little girl, pink bicycle, obviously
left by another dear dad taking his girl out for a stroll.

Then we hit the mother of all tunnels. Tunnel
No. 3 was directly under the Dulles Access Road, and
pitch black in seconds. **Just Brian** had a flashlight, and

The Joint Masters were so intimidated by the triple
threat of the Hares from Hell that they took the
walker's trail.

Mis-management

Joint Masters: Corkscrewed & OrganIcer

Religious Advisors: Put It Out & CRAFTY

On-Sec: Dual Airbags

Hash Cash: Loan Shark

Hare Raiser: Rocky Whore

Habs: Poop Deck & Whack Me, Smack Me LMLBTS

the B-Team stuck together on our way in. Actually, it
was cooler, well-marked with glow-sticks, and a
straight line, so except for that underground thing this
may have been the best part of the trail! The last time
the little girl headed through a long, dark tunnel toward
the light at the end, someone hit her on the butt and
she cried. This time, only the wimpiest of the hounds
were crying.

Enough. Free from the tunnel, we took to the
streets while the trail and the B-Team continued along
a rocky stream. The Hash Gods were with us, though,
because within minutes we caught with the B-Team as
they were emerging from the stream. And while we'd
missed the beer check, we'd brought our own liquid
refreshment in sippy cups!

The Hares passed us and were amazed/
scared that we'd gotten a stroller through that trail.
(Forgot to tell them to look for **Whack Me**). We fell into
the familiar groove to **Bcuz He Can's** place, picking up
stray hashers along the way, including **Billy Goat MF**,
who cited post-honeymoon jitters for an upset stomach
that slowed him. The kid was yelling faster, faster, and
jeering at hashers as we passed them. Sure enough,
the usual suspects, on the usual lawn, and we were
on-in.

One by one, the pack straggled in, well-beaten
like Large, Grade A Fresh Eggs. **Missing Link** and **FMB**
found a "shortcut" and missed all four tunnels. **Two**
Hand Job, with **Loan Shark**, in tow, came in all a-twitter
about the trail being too long. I did feel for her being
trapped with the **Shark** for a solid hour, but no one
accused them of Sex on Trail.

The upshot: I tested the trail with a **Crash Test**
Baby (**CRAFTY** added an official naming after the circle
broke up), and it really was **NOT** stroller-friendly. I will
take their word for it next time. But to all you whiners,
you had a trail that was a reasonable length (when did
Mt.V H3 start complaining about anything less than six
inches?), and it had unique suburban shaggy – four
tunnels – plus good old-fashioned marshland. This
was a perfectly fine trail, one no hashers should
complain about, except for five or six stray markings.

After all, Back Checks are for pussies.