

# Mount Vernon Hash House Harriers

Unlike usual, I left early and roared down I-95 on my new vibrator; I felt like I had a rocket between my legs. I had been there only 5 minutes when I spotted Duals doing the Nasty; she was yelling at Byte Lightning for not spreading enough flour on the pre-laid portions of the trail.

I played it cool and pretended not to notice and waited until a number of other wankers were swarming before I made my way over to Organ Icer's version of Bad Dog's car for sign in. Soon enough all the wankers were signed in, we even had a couple of distaff visitors. Slip Knot was so excited because he'd heard that Southern women were easy. He learned that while spending the night with Cheap Slut at the AGM. Cheap Slut told him

that he loved Southern Comfort, but Slip thought he said comforted by Southern women.

Lulu the Gay Sailor declared to no one in particular that his sweatpants were loose because he'd lost a lot of weight. His sweet diminutive mate, LMAD, didn't have the heart or courage to tell him that they were stretched out because she'd been lending them to the National Zoo for the elephants to stay warm. Cuz He Can told Lulu that his secret was Spandex.

After much pissing and moaning, the hares were away. For about half a second the mighty midget, Duals, was even LEADING the hares. Order was restored when Corkscrewed went off looking for a place to short cut and get lost. As soon as the hares were away, Quick Drawers went

*Hashing Northern Virginia since 1985 - Saturday, 10 am - US\$5  
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 If you don't start in the morning, you can't drink all day!*

Run No. 995 -- Saturday, May 27, 2006  
 10 am - US \$ 5

Hares: **Missing Link and Full Metal Balls.**

**Location: ??????????????**

**We refused to supply directions because Rocky Whore did not ask for them in a manner becoming a Hasher Woman.**

**For this reason, we should not have to drink because we would have provided them if only BOB, Organ Icer, or Cunning Runt had asked us for them.**

**Confused Old Veterans!!!!!!**

off to do some pissing and moaning in peace and quiet because the On Sec would not give him a discount for bringing about 25 members of his extended family to the Hash. Why we weren't all invited I'll never know, but I was grateful?

The remarkable, Crafty, made sure we were all limbered up by working the rust off his version of Father Abe and the pack was away. On-on to a construction site that seemed to be the resonant theme of this arduous 5-mile trail.

At this point French Toasted and Billy Goat took off in search of a hare, or a beer check. After some twisting and turning in the construction site, we turned into the

**Run No. 993 – May 13, 2006**

