



Mount Vernon Hash House Harriers

Run # 1152
on
25 April 2009

Hashing Northern Virginia since 1985 - Saturday, 10 am - US \$5
www.dchashing.org/mvh3 - 202-PUDJAM-Zero
If you don't start in the morning, you can't drink all day!

Hares: Sizzle Sac, One Hand No Job, 14K, Dual Air Bags

Virgins: Just Cue, Just Chris

Visitors: None

Returners and Backsliders: Foul Balls, What Happens at Sea Stays In Me, Just Aaron, Daddy's Dick

Analversaries: French Toasted – 650 (and don't you forget it!), Foul Balls - 200

Namings: None

Birthdays: None/I have no idea. Given the median age of this "mature" group, I'm left to wonder, does anyone really want to be reminded of a birthday?

Violations: Milk Money for her same, unwashed hashing pants and for needing help to pee from **Dual Air Bags**. **Dual Air Bags** for gladly helping **Milk Money** to pee. **Loan Shark** for his lack of color coordinated attire and **Organ Icer** for dressing him to her taste. **Becuz He Can** for admitting that he trains for the hash and doesn't run the Friday before so as to be fresh. **French Toasted** for EXCESSIVE whining about his run count, "I've got 650 not 649 runs..." insert high-pitched whine here. **Missing Link's Daughter** for Oreo Abuse. She eats the filling and throws away the chocolate cookie part. Her dad knows a thing or two about licking filling. Probably has thrown a Cookie or two away as well. **14K** was caught "seasoning" the hot dogs with what was described to me as PWC basil (ie: blades of grass). But he was just getting started... Lastly, **Sizzle Sac** for leaking flour while laying trail. Blob, long thin line, blob, long thin line, blob, etc. Gretel would be proud. Name change potential here? **Leaking Sac?**

Hash*t: French Toasted – Excessive whining (see above)

Spoiler alert! Our hares, **Dual Air Bags** and **14K**, among others, had us all headed south once again. You

Next Trail: Mount Vernon Hash # 1153, 10:00 AM – Saturday, May 2, 2009 -- \$5.00 US

Hares: Loan Shark, Organ Icer, Corkscrewed, Pulls Out Early

Start: Parking lot of closed Magruder's Grocery (for lease sign on building). Corner of Columbia Pike and Gallows Rd: 7010 Columbia Pike. Annandale Plaza is across the street from a 7-Eleven and a church. – See ADC Map of Fairfax County, Map 22, G-1.

Directions: From Sterling/Herndon/ Reston (and Points West): Find your way to the beltway... via *Route 7, East* or *Dulles Toll Road (Route 267), East* (or a combination there of). From Tyson's... take *Interstate 495, South (Outer loop)* toward Alexandria/Richmond. Take EXIT 51 for *Gallows Road (Route 650)* and take a LEFT onto *Gallows Road (Route 650), South*. Continue for about 1½ miles and Gallows Road turns into *Annandale Road*. After about ½ a mile... turn LEFT onto *Gallows Road* (yes... again!!) and follow all the way to Columbia Pike. Park and look for wankers.

From 395 North or South:

Take the Duke Street West/Little River Turnpike exit 3B. Go to the 4th stop light which is about 3 miles and take a RIGHT onto *Evergreen Lane* and continue to Columbia Pike. Take a RIGHT onto *Columbia Pike*... and then a U-TURN at *Gallows Road*. Start will be in Magruder's Grocery parking lot. Park and look for wankers

Dogs Factor: Tough & semi-tough dogs.

Stroller factor: Strollers best on walkers trail.

Miscellaneous: A-B run. As usual, bring dry cheap shoes and cheap clothes. Cheap bag vehicle provided. Hares say you will get your dainty feet wet. As usual, bring dry shoes and clothes.

guessed it... to PWC! The start was a site to behold, two grizzled veterans of the hare-ing circuit taking two virgin hares under their wings. Inspiring. Touching really. Right up until we were treated to **Duals** screaming, "Well, go get your flour dummy!" I think she was a bit upset about having just shown **Milk Money** how to pee. Then again, it might have been that reverse period thing. Nice two days a month, mean and nasty the other 28. **14K** wasn't in a much better mood. At the appointed hour I shouted, "Hares away!" **14K** looks up, bag of flour in one hand a flip-flop in the other, drops the flip-flop, and then flips me off! Nice. But **14K** is always cramping and hormonal.

So, fashionably late, they were off. **Sizzle Sac** and **One Hand No Job**, each paired with their sensei. The trail was a pleasant mix of parking lots, and mercifully, shaded off road stretches through the woods... as it was HOT! Apparently PWC is a bit more south than I realized.

Cunning Runt took off as usual; I did happen to see her returning from a BT or three but then lost her in the last mile. Early on, while running with **Becuz' He Can**, I learned just how seriously he takes his hashing performance. He *trains* for the hash, takes Friday off to taper so he can be fresh for Saturday's run! How this didn't saddle him with Hash*t for life I'll never know.

At the walker/runner split I encountered **S'not** and **Milk Money**. By the way, what the hell is up with his hat? Did someone rip the fishing lures off it? I digress... so there was **S'not** and **Milk Money**, both running. Yes, if you hash long enough you might catch **Milk Money** actually running. Next time I saw them was at the end, with **S'not** sporting two bloody knees. I'm sure there is a story there...

As for the rest of the trail, well, I found myself in a pack of 5. **Vienna Sausage**, **Just Aaron**, and two other guys, sorry I haven't got all the names down yet, taking turns staring at **What Happens at Sea Stays in Me's** ass. On behalf of the others... thanks for the motivation.

Finally, after crossing a stream at least 5 times, the end was in sight. Of course, most of the pack was already in. As always, I was left wondering how in the hell did THAT happen! Guess I need to train more.

What a peaceful suburban setting. Birds chirping, **14K** sweating over a tiny little hibachi (a funny image you just had to see), kids playing (**Sizzle Sac's** Mini-Me son among them), beers being chugged. It just made me want to fire up the riding lawn mower and down a six pack!

Missing Link was heard talking with one of our

bandana and a bright red t-shirt, emblazoned with a huge hammer and sickle, was trying to explain something about the duality of man. **Missing Link** responded with a grin and a description of how many ways he can kill a commie, pinko bastard like the one standing in front of him.

Becuz' He Can proceeds to present the new Hash*t! It is white!?! Who the hell has ever seen a white plunger? He told me it was **Do Me Next Week's** fault. He sent her out to get the plunger and she finds a two for one sale on the white ones. Apparently their upstairs bathroom has a new plunger too.

Now, **Cuz He Can** took it upon himself to decorate the plunger. In true hashing style, he stuck tootsie rolls inside. Apparently, the hash deserves a used plunger. Funny? Sure. But wait... in true Carl Spackler fashion, **14K** takes it from him, gives it a good smell, then proceeds to eat the tootsie rolls! Was he disappointed it wasn't real sh*t? Probably. Then he goes back to cooking food for everyone.

Ahhh... just another day in the PWC.

On-On
Your Humble Scribe,
RIQ

