

**White House Hash House Harriers
Trail # 871
Holiday Party Recovery Hash
February 2, 2003**

Hares: *Spinal Tap and Hasher Humper*
Brew Crew: *Mr Softie*
Start : *The Humble Abode of Spinal Tap
and Hasher Humner*

Tired, hungover, and ready for beer, the hash gathered in the sun room of **Hasher Humper** and **Spinal Tap**, though some hashers such as **Burning Bush** and **More than a Mouthful** looked less than prepared. However, **Duck Job** assured them that the most strenuous activity they would have to perform was to fight **Free Refills** for access to the bottle of champagne. **The Pimp of Sarajevo** had already given up on this idea, and had settled down in the driveway where SSBB was already dispensing golden nectar. He spoke with **Wheredafukawe** and **Mellow Forskin Cheese** were discussing holiday parties past, and how the previous nights fun compared. With the aroma of good food and cheap booze in the air, **For Sale or Rent** and **Ivy Licker** were spurred to quickly get the hashing part of this hash over with, and so they encouraged others to circled up. **Mother's Lay** objected, saying she was happy where he was, but when **HarePPPi** said she was going, it spurred him off his ass. The pack circled in the back yard, and after a quick version of Father Abe, the recovery hash was on. The pack traversed thick shaggy as they exited the yard, going straight down the driveway, past SSBB where **Mr Softie** was playing with his taps, and encountered a check. The pack split, half going right and half going left. After several hashes to the right, the pack encountered something called a CB7, confirmation once and for all that **ST** is not just a half brain, but is completely backward brained. **Rodeo Fuck** concluded that it must mean that we were on a BT, and we headed back for the first check. When we arrived, we met the group that had checked left, who had been back checked themselves. **Master Rebator** wondered where the hell trail could go from here, since each direction was a BT. **Trouser Snake** argued that since we were back in front of the start, we should have a quick beercheck. However, **RoadWhore**, making his first real decision as GM, decided that the hash had had enough of this shitty trail, and with the aroma of fine cooking in the air, ended it right then and there. The hash then moved to the back yard, hoping

for a quick circle. This was possible, since we could dispense with some of the usual circle rituals such as welcoming virgins (it appears there were none left after last night) and visitors (they were all scared back to their more tame hashes). There was no such lack of violations however. The hares were violated for marking a WH4 trail with MVH3 markings. The person that pointed this out, **\$50 Bitch**, was violated for knowing what MVH3 marks look like. **Big Bird Turd** and **Blond Roots**, who couldn't quite make the previous nights shindig, were violated for showing up to a recovery run when they had nothing to recover from. **Semen on the Pew** was violated for not getting enough sleep (if you could have seen what kind of shape he was in and if you had seen how the neighborhood children ran, screaming in terror, you would understand). **And How's Her Bush** was violated for extreme flatulence in circle (he swears someone placed one of those gag noisemakers in his pocket...don't believe it). After the violators drank, we then welcomed back long time long time no seers **Dangerously Close, Daddy's Dick**, and **Blond Roots**. Next on the list, we saluted **WorldWide** for surviving 25 hashes with us. Finally, we came to the circles most important event, the awarding of the brand new 2003 Hashit. After being blessed by new RA **WOWO**, the hashit was awarded to **Tiddley Winks** for her overwhelming absent-mindedness. It seems the night before, she not only did she lock her keys in her car with the engine running, but she also left the dress she came in at the VFW. (*Editors note – seeing her in that military uniform made me want to run off to the nearest recruiter. Oh my goodness.... God Bless America*). **TWIG** was made to drink with the hashit, since she was responsible for making sure she had something on, depriving the hash of beauty personified. Then, after a quick Swing Low, the hash adjourned to sample **HH's** fine fixins and watch videos of interhashes past. (*Scribe note – I just wanted to say that it has been a pleasure to serve the White House Hash as scribe. It's been a great year, and I'm looking forward to my whole two weeks off before joining Full Moon MM. Thanks for all the compliments this year and for all the down-downs. This is Hey Ho signing off. On-On!*)