

The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

"eh, pourabeer on'em"

Sunday February 2, 2003

2003 Mis-Management Maiden Hash

Hash Number 872

On Sunday, the new Mis-Management gave us a preview of what life would be like under their administration by trying to kill us all. They should have considered the fact that we were all feeling a bit delicate after Saturday's debauchery, and they did. Sort of. "We laughed when we thought of you slobs struggling up all these hills." **F^ck 'Em Dano** sneered. "It would have been worse if **Pullz It Out** hadn't stopped me."

Many of you guessed we were in trouble when you spotted Grand Masturbator **Road Whore** managing to look satanic while sporting a giant pink fluffy bow. I'm sure it was a trophy from when he killed, stuffed and mounted (not necessarily in that order) the Easter Bunny.

Tit-ly Winks, the new Hash Cashstress played Good Mis-Management to her co-conspirators Evil Mis-Management by sweetly asking people to please sign in, but around **Shitty Shitty Bang Bang**, it was business as usual as **Mr. Softie** administered beer enemas to anyone who complained about the way it tasted. Hash Flash **MicroSoft** reveled in his new position by taking pictures of **Duck Job**, the new Hare Raiser demonstrating his simple, yet effective technique for getting people to Hare: He gets his victim in a head lock and rubs their face in his jock strap until they agree.

\$50 B!tch did her best to encourage the new Mis-Management to stay the course in '03 by showing off the spiffy bag that was her reward for being our RA in '02. "Oh yah!" she said in that strange tongue they speak in Minnesota, "Du sure kan get a lotta lutefisk in det little baby. You bet ya!" It's a pity no one could understand her.

While **Jiffy Lube** tried to find meaning in **\$50's** warbling, **Mellow Foreskin Cheese** limped up and announced that he had to walk a

whole block from his house to the start of the hash. If he had an inkling of what the hares had in store for us he would have gone right back and spent the afternoon reading the paper on the toilet (which is his normal weekend routine).

Dicklomat mentioned that his greatest achievement to date was finding the start of the hash. He may be a little disoriented because he is just back from an extended stay in the tiny country of Poo-Tang. The inhabitants must be very friendly and enjoy cooking for visitors because as he reports, "The women gave me crabs every night!"

Semen on the Pew told anyone who would listen that he never made it home last night, but he did shower (good thing too, no one likes stale semen). Of course we all knew what this meant: He spent the night in a roach motel passed out on top of a 75 year-old hooker.

Evil Jesus and **Vibrator** distracted us from our throbbing (who said) heads by engaging in their Tantric pre-run stretch routine. With the judicious use of a crowbar and a bucket of water, **Slip Knot** and **Goofy** were able to separate them when they got stuck in position 84.

Plenty of other head cases were in evidence before we started: **Just Patrick** (not to be confused with **Just Pat**) in an eye-stabbing "Eye need a name hat"; **Just Pat** (not to be confused with **Just Patrick**) who alarmed us all with his imitation of Mr. Heat Miser or a white Don King, and **Poodle Fucked**. Apparently **PF** hasn't been able to get his head in some real bush for a while, so he has taken to wearing a fake plastic one. Or he wants to be a French tickler when he grows up.

Before anyone decided to sneak off, **WoWo** bellowed at us to circle up. After introducing the new GM's: **Road Whore** - still in that f^cking bow - and **TWIG**, **Just Patrick** was summoned and we were reminded that he needed a name (like the

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Chernobyl pink hat wasn't enough of a hint). The lone Virgin, **Just Rebecca**, was dragged out, ogled, and released. Then the hares, **38 Flavors**, **Road Whore**, **F^ck 'Em Dano**, **Tit-ly Winks**, **Tough Woman In Green** swaggered out and told us a bigger bunch of lies than usual by promising us a short, hill-free, water-free, shiggy-free trail, but before we could power up our remaining brain cell to realize that Arlington is all hills, **Have Dick Will Travel** lurched into the ring to lead us through a flaccid rendition of Father Abe. **Oh Oh Boo Boo's** house-trained Timber wolves joined in and soon every dog in the vicinity was howling along. Fine, the dogs may have sounded better, but they kept getting their left and right paws mixed up.

We thought we had a while before we started, this was a 3:00 hash and it was only 3:20 after all, but **TWIG** whipped out a cattle prod and started zapping hapless half-brains. As we fled our new Grand Mattress we nearly trampled **Spinal Tap** and **Hasher Humper** who had just pulled up. By the looks on their faces they were as shocked as we were to find the hash starting so early. But there was no time to warn them that the new GM's were crazy and the hares were psycho because the runners were on-on up a cliff and the walkers were on-on up the first of about 20 hills.

The walkers, lead by **38 Flavors** and **Tit-ly** soon came across **Virgin Avec Mary's** other car: A 1990 Ford Escort with a vanity plate reading "VAM 1." She sputtered about evil twins and copyright infringement, and we might have believed her if she hadn't left her solid gold tiara with VAM spelled out in rubies on the back seat.

"OK, its mine!" she confessed. "I just wanted to see how you commoner's live." But there was no time to explain life among the proles to **VAM** because **38 & Tit-ly** were yelling they would tell **Road Whore** the Easter Bunny killer, if we didn't move our asses. **Ground Chuck** tried to raise our spirits by discussing the increasing relevance of the game show paradigm in light of the spread of capitalism, or something, and **S on the P** and **Telecum** tried to sneak off to get help but the hares told **Ground Chuck** to shut up or else, and dragged **Semen and Telecum** back in line by their ears, so we finished the our climb up the alpine slopes of Arlington in silence.

Beer Check and Base Camp Alpha

As we dragged ourselves to the top of another rise our spirits lifted at the sight of **SSBB** parked in front of **WoWo's** pink chalet. We didn't have time to admire his fine collection of garden gnomes, pink flamingos, whirligigs and those cutouts of fat ladies showing their knickers, we were too busy trying to get to the beer. It would have been nice to sit quietly and enjoy the view from 25,000 feet above sea level, but **Spinal Tap** had autohashed there just so he could elaborate on the horrible things that happen to GM's that start early. It was unfair because it sure as hell wasn't our idea, but the hares had snuck off to dig tiger traps and sprinkle caltrops on the 2nd half of the trail so we had to bear the brunt of his wrath. We were soon joined by a second group of walkers. **Mother's Lay** walked up swearing, "Odd's bodkins! This ruddy walk hath caused me to perspire and simply ruined my Gucci loafers!"

FRBs to the beer check were **Put It Out** and **Big Bang** who expressed surprise that the beer check was so close to the start of such an easy trail. They were promptly bludgeoned with a garden gnome.

More survivors from the runners trail straggled up, many bearing scorch marks inflicted by **TWIG**. She joined us and announced that all of the runners were in because she was the last one. As she spoke, a 3rd, 4th and 5th group of runners appeared and began staggering up the hill. "Damn it" she hissed. "I thought I'd lost those geeks!"

Lost on the runners trail: Finger Pickin' Good lost his dick on the first half of the runners trail Sunday. If found, please keep it a warm moist place until you can return it. He apologizes to anyone who hurt themselves trying to climb over it.

Finally, **Full Metal Balls** pulled up in my favorite position on the runners trail: DFL. Demonstrating how he got his name he announced that this was his second time around because his dog wanted to run. **WoWo** interrupted our snorts of derision by announcing it was time to select the Beer Bitch. **Just Deb** was chosen for this dubious honor and **REV** had finally showed up (where were you earlier **REV**? And did you wake up covered in lipstick stains or tobacco juice?) so he could perform his dubious role as Songmeister.

As soon as he finished, the hares got us moving with pitchforks and flaming torches. Off we lurched after **TWIG**. The runners trail was now quite empty, many people having decided to try what they thought would be an easier trail. Poor fools.

TWIG displayed the depths of her madness by claiming our red faces and teeth clenched in agony were actually smiles of delight, but we were too tired to give her the thrashing that was hers by rights.

Because what goes up must come down the trail was fairly uneventful. A trot past a small served to remind us of the brevity of life and how vital it is to kill all hares if we want to enjoy as much of it as possible. Something to ponder as we finally reached the On-In.

Visitors, Virgins & Violations

After cautiously getting a beer (**Mr. Softie** had run out of beer enemas and was now toting a length of hose and a funnel) we circled up again to insult our fellow hashers. First on the block was **Just Rebecca (She'll Check Anything)** who appeared courtesy of **Just Eric**.

Visitors **Rumple Foreskin**, Seoul, Korea and **Dragon Queen**, Chicago, received a warm White House welcome (flying beer, middle fingers & moons) but **DQ** sang us a new song to appease our hostility.

Long time no see'ers emerged from their holes so we wouldn't forget who they were: **S'Not**, **Jiffy Lube**, **Stool Sample**, **Daisy Chain**, **Nocturnal Emissions**, **Turkey Timer** & **Hawaiian Puke**.

The following people were reminded to get a life soon: **38 Flavors**, **Looks Like a Kid**, **Drinks Like a Girl** & **Iron Maiden**, celebrated 25 shitty trails. But **Snatch Shot** topped them in the Please get a Hobby Sweepstakes for attending 100 shitty trails.

Once you start insulting people for no reason, why stop? That's what violations are for after all. **WhereDaFuKhawe?** drank the drink of choice from his nice new shoes. **REV** was violated for eating spoo on trail to keep up his strength, **Just Amy** for sleeping through the holiday party, **WoWo** for buying a house so far from the start, **Rear End Loader** for allowing her bush to slap **Burning Bush** in the face. **Evil Jesus**, **Pullz It Out** & **Oregon Grinder** enjoyed a three-way violation for going into an \$800,000 house to

answer nature's call and being disappointed when their large deposits weren't accepted as a down payment (special thanks to **For Sale or Rent** for that little nugget of news), and **Duck Job** for drinking from his jock strap, which doesn't hold that much beer.

This probably would have gone on all night, but we had more important things to do because it was time to the name people who weren't smart enough to run away after their first hash. **Just Patrick** was the first to kneel down before us. **Just Patrick** is an attorney for the biggest porn company on the East Coast and he enjoys sex with chickens on top. A lot of you suggested names: **Just Patrick** could have become **Opie Fucking Cunningham**, **Pet & Feelia**, **Charity Fuck** (either a suggestion for a name or a request from some very lonely people), **Can't Keep It In**, **Pukes Like a Virgin**, **Penile Solicitation**, **Pro Boner**, **Bottom Feeder** or **Super Size Her**, but **Richie Cum-in-Hand** won the day.

Once you've poured beer over one person, why stop there?

Just Tona went shopping and showed up really late in a futile attempt avoid the inevitable. **Just Tona** is a student at Georgetown Euniversity, and is doing research on the missing pages of the Karma Sutra. Kneeling quietly, she winced as we suggested names like **Warsaw Packed**, **Pec-to-maniac**, **Pissonya**, **Can't Say No**, **Strip Throat** (and those are just the ones fit for The Trash) so she was probably really relieved when we settled on **Ass -fix-iation**.

Once we ran out of people to pour beer on, there was only one thing to do: Award the Hash Shit. There were very few surprise nominations:

Tit-ly already had it so we reasoned she should keep it. Another contingent was in favor of giving it to **\$50** simply because. Of course the GM's were a favorite for starting the hash so early. Some surprise nominations were: **AndHow'sHerBush** for farting in spandex (noise and air pollution), **F^ck 'Em Dano** for abusing his meat, **Duck Job**, for not having enough meat to abuse, and finally, **F^ck 'Em Dano** for causing a terror alert when he abused his meat. Or maybe it was for using white flour to mark trail. After the people made their voices heard, justice was served, the GM's walked away with the Hash Shit and we all headed for the On-on-on.

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