

The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

March 2, 2003

True Blue Balls Hash

Hash # 876

Gee, weren't the hares great this week? **Pay-Per-View, Gaping Ho & Poop Deck** realized we were all disappointed that we missed the Finland Ice-in-the Hole run, so they made sure we got to run through as much snow, slush and freezing water as the half-brains who did go to Hell-stinky.

So there we were. **Free Refills** predicted the hares had lured us all the way out to Fairfax, Va for purposes to horrible to mention. **The Pimp of Sarajevo** added to our distress by fouling the air and shaking the ground with monstro-kielbasa burps. **Hardwood.cum** swooned, but quickly recovered when **Where do I put it?** tried to revive her with dick-to-mouth resuscitation.

The hares started a nightclub-style stampede when they announced that there would not be a beer-check, which sent **Just Luke, Mr. Softie & Two Lips in the Bush** sprinting for the solace of **Shitty Shitty Bang Bang**, which caused the rest of us to think it was time to go, which lead to the shouting, confusion and tripping over loose shoe laces that signals the start of a hash.

Soon we were slipping and sliding through the muck and snow. **Test Tube Baby, All Lickee No Dickee, and Raise My Titanic** went down in a tangled heap and were a long time getting off and even longer getting back up.

Hey Ho made it hard for the rest of us to stay on our feet because the **Diva Dog** was gleefully dragging him through every pile of snow, and puddle of mud on the trail.

Several suspicious looking men in stained rain coats emerged from the surrounding woods to oggle **Looks Like a Kid, Drinks Like a Girl** as he skipped along in his Girl-scout uniform, and **Boo-Boo** sent us all flying as she rode by on her pet wolf.

After a trot through a quiet neighborhood, we hit the land of 10,000 raging torrents. **Slip Knot** was nearly swept away as he leapt from ice floe to ice floe but veteran half-brain he is, neither he nor his beer went in the drink.

After more spastic dashing through the snow we came upon **Micosoft, Turtle Dick and Swings Both Ways**, who were terrorizing the pack by throwing their frozen balls around. Those who braved the barrage were rewarded with shots of peppermint schnapps, provided by the hares to make up for the lack of Beer Check.

38 Flavors and 4 Sale or Rent stopped to make anatomically correct snowmen, which caused **Road Whore** to complain that he felt inadequate (he did cheer up when he later heard them complain of rather private cases of frost bite).

The rest of us, crazed by the need for beer, staggered off for a second heaping helping of shiggy. Eventually we came to a spot where we could either crawl on all fours through prick-ly shrubs, or wade through a swamp. **Dumb n' Dumber** dove into the bush while, **Back Snatch** chose the swamp and distracted us from our suffering with an award winning belly-flop. On the far

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side of the swamp, **Poop Deck** watched several near drownings before directing **Snatch Shot** to a near-by bridge. Who says chivalry is dead?

Finally, the hares ran out of crap to make us run over, under, in or through, so we hopped to the On-In, having lost one shoe in some bottomless pile of sludge.

Once there, we were cheered by the sight of **\$50** doing her St. PauliGirl imitation: Pouring out beer for all (and plotting to steal the OTH Hash-it from **Bad Dog**).

We were also greeted by **Evil Jesus** who made supportive comments like, "You RAN one of **Pay-Per-View**'s trails!?! You dipshits!" until **Mother's Lay** shouted "Be silent, you loathsome knave!" and threw a sodden Armani doe-skin loafer at his head.

Virgin **Just Kelly** was chosen to be our beer bitch. Obviously hanging around with **Kid** is really good for the wrist muscles, because she poured like a pro.

As soon as some feeling returned to our extremities we circled up.

Virgins **Just Kelly (Scout Mom)** and **Just Amy (Blue Balls)** were brought out for inspection. We searched briefly for the missing Virgin, but decided she had been frightened off before the start because **Duckie** gave the "chalk-talk" by peeing in the snow.

Next, the violations flew fast and furiously. The hares were violated for laying trail through a flood plain. **Kid** (aka **Drinks Like a Girl Scout**) was violated for dressing like a Thin Mint. **Boo Boo** found out that if one volunteers to be a designated driver one should not forget that one needs a CAR.

Just Kelly, poured herself a down-down for having a bigger dick than **Kid** (if that's a violation we're ALL in trouble), and then she poured one for **Just Jan** for saying it was a great trail. Does anyone want to play S to **Just Jan's M**?

Analversorries were next: **Two Lips in the Bush (69)**, **Pay-Per-View (150)** and

scribe **Back Snatch (150)** were dragged out to display the hazards of not having a life.

Then it was time to make **Just Jan** regret that comment about the trail by giving her a name. She prepared for the solemn occasion by kneeling down and performing a slow strip tease until she risked getting an eye porked out. **Spinal Tap** promptly did two things: 1) suggested we name her Gypsy Rose Lay and 2) showed just how very ancient he is. She nearly wound up as Frost Bit Clit, until it was suggested that because she is so friendly it would be really appropriate if she had to respond to the question: 'What's your name?' by saying '**Go Fuck Yourself!**'

Announcements

Help out three ways on **Sunday, March 23**. 1. Support the half-minds who are r^nnng the DC Marathon by coming to the beer stop. Meet at 5th & K, NW, accessible from the Gallery Place or Mt. Vernon Metro stations. 2. Help distribute that other liquid at the water stop. Send your name (nerd and Hash), email address, telephone number, Home Hash, and shirt size to peytwms@erols.com, or wrldwide@erols.com. 3. If you want to be a pacer, (or haven't found a pacer yet) contact Stick: stickyfii@hotmail.com.

March Full Moon: National Pi(e) Day (aka Einstein's b-day). **March 15th**, Start: 7:00 p.m. Meet at the Waterpark near the Crystal City Metro. Dress as your favorite mad scientist or favorite pi(e). Pi(e) finding on trail, Pi(e) eating contest afterwards. Cost: \$5. www.dchashing.com/~fmh3/.

The **OTH Hashathon** is less than a month away (April 5th). Register by March 26 and \$20 measly bucks gets you four trails. and dinner (rumor has it those who don't survive will be main course). Fork over 12 extra bucks by the 26th for a t-shirt with your name. For more information, or to get a registration form, go to www.hash-grease.com/ or call 800-783-5260 (#10).

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