

# The Trash

“Pay up Sucker”

April 13, 2003

The Taxman Cumeth

Hash #882

This is going to be short. Your faithful scribe forgot to complete line 8,521 (E) (xi) on her tax return so she has to pack and head for the border before the IRS SWAT team tracks her down.

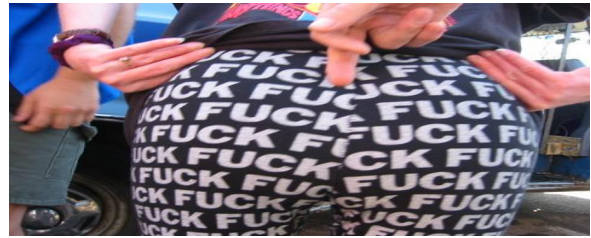
As **\$50 D.B.** pointed out, a hash without our regular RA is a hash without snow, hail or rain. **TWIG** filled in and discovered what all RA's know: Hashers never shut up. Especially if the hasher is **M.I. Cock Shoots Blanks**, just back from a place where a lot of people treated him like an Amway salesperson or worse, and he hasn't had a beer in a long, long time (more than three days). **Target Practice, Peeking Duck & Head Knobs & Broom Dicks** formed a beer bucket brigade from **Shitty Shitty Bang Bang** to **M.I. Cock** in a heroic attempt to return his BBL (beer blood level) to normal, but eventually they decided to tuck him into the back with his own keg.



“Rokay Raggy!”

**Semen on the Pew** had just returned from a tougher assignment: Guarding a Catholic girls' school in Argentina, where he will be fondly remembered as **Señor on the Pubes**.

**TWIG** got everyone to settle down by promising to go down on the person who was quiet the longest. (Didn't your teachers do that too?) Then she set the hares on us. When, **Puts it Out, Swings Both Ways, Triassathong & Shockacock** announced that running the trail would make staying up all night doing taxes seem like a day at the beach, we suspected we were all well and truly:



And when we found ourselves slogging through a stream five minutes after the start we knew it. Even **Dead Hare** and **Shellacking the Bishop** were slowed down by the knee deep shig, and **Back Snatch** lamented the fact that he could be sitting in a Paris cafe instead of watching **Goofy** take forever to cross a stream to avoid wetting his tootsies.

But it wasn't all running through razor-sharp briars and ice-cold streams. That would be too easy. Soon we came to a tunnel.



REVENGE OF THE SWAMP THING

According to **More than a Mouthful** it symbolized the shafting we get from the government every year. Or something. This did not reassure **Just Laura**, who said something creepy was lurking under water and sucking at her shoes, but **Ovum Easy** assured her it was just **Bad Dog**.

Finally the runners found their beer check behind Wolf Trap, which according to Canine rules of ownership, a lot of you now own. But there was no time to linger, because there was still so much more fun ahead. **My Ass Hurts** lived up to his name by ass-sledding down a rocky hill. And **Turtle Dick** was the source of not a few sore asses. “He offered to carry me across,” **4 Sale or Rent** recounted later “but he took forever to get what he called the correct grip.” “I won't sit down for a week!” **Celtic Climax** added. But **Stud Finder** complained

that **T. Dick** was not an equal opportunity proper because he refused to give him a lift.

After more shiggy, water, tunnels, hills and horrifying McMansions, the runners and walkers came together for the second beer check.

**WARNING: The following paragraphs contain scenes of horrific carnage. Do not read on if you have not had a beer or two.**

Later, **Bundling Board** would say everything seemed so normal. “**Microsoft** was taking pictures of tits and ass, **Free Refills** was telling everyone to get their own damn beer, and **Triassathong** was saying ‘If you think the FIRST half of this trail was hard...’ ” When disaster struck. Or more precisely, **Blowin’ in the Wind** struck the beer table sending himself, the beer table and the beer to the ground.



The horror. The horror.

**Summer’s Eve** and **Pissed Off** worked heroically to salvage some of the beer, while **Ben Laid** and **Poodle Fucked** worked half-heartedly to save **BitW** from the angry mob. It was a good thing they did, because you can’t re-name someone you’ve just torn to shreds. After **Just Jacklyn** was appointed Beer Bitch, **Blowin’ in the Wind** was re-baptised as **Miller Low Life** (or, ‘That guy who spilled all the beer’). But whatever you call him please, please, keep him away from the beer table.

In a solemn frame of mind, everyone made their way back to the start, but more beer and healthy snacks made with real cheeze by-products helped everyone recover from the nasty shock and all were soon ready to single out people for ridicule and down-downs.

The hares were brought back out and had to do two down-downs for a trail that was twice as shitty as normal.

Next up, the bevy of **Virgins** received the beverage of choice. In order of the number of times they farted on trail they were: **Just Chloe**, **Just Shaune**, **Just Jeremy**, **Just Amy**, **Just Beth**, **Just Becky**, **Just Mike**, **Just Slavin**, **Just**

**June**, **Just Matt**, **Just Julie**, **Just Angela**, **Just Dorene** & **Just David**.

The **Visitors** followed the virgins into the circle of death: **Storm Trooper** has hashed all over the world clad only in Doc Martens, but finally picked **Bengal** as his home hash. **Just June** is hashless, she just keeps an eye on **S.T. Smell my Beaver** came from **Tidewater**, **Fatty** rolled in from **Nittany Valley** and **Pissed Off** came all the way from **EW4**.

A lot of **Long Time No See**’ers came out to celebrate Life, Liberty and the Purfuit of Beer, or at least getting their taxes done: **Tipher Whipper**, **Crossdresser**, **Ovum Easy**, **Ben Laid**, **Ragin’ Cajun**, **Juicy**, **M.I. Cock Shoots Blanks**, **Stud Finder** & **Kiel Basta**.

Then it was time to celebrate Analversorries. In order of need to get a life: **PiO** & **Trouser Snake** cum with alarming frequency and have racked up **200** shitty trails (most of them hared by **PiO**). **Dumb n’ Dumber** and **Fuck ‘em Dano** weren’t far behind with **125** and **100** rancid trails dis-respectively. **Golden Showers** is getting up there with **50** crap-i-licious trails, and finally **White Out**, with only **25** putrid trails is clearly the most well-balanced of the bunch. Unless you count her tendency to refer to herself in the third person.

But there were more important things to do, namely, award the Hash Shit. **Miller Low Life** seemed the obvious candidate, but his 6th Hash-sense caused him to leave early. Many favored leaving it in the hands of **Mitey Tite**. Others suggested: **Trouser Snake** for stealing Bon Jovi’s wig, or **My Ass Hurts** for knocking **MLL** into the beer table. But in the end, **Dumb n’Dumber** showed that a body double’s life isn’t all wine and concubines: He was awarded the Hash Shit because he looks like **MLL**.

And finally it was time for the most important event of all. **Just Laura** is smart, level-headed and attractive, so why she hangs out with half-brains is anyone’s guess. Her



name: **Va-Va-Va-Gina** is another mystery, that many of you will try to plumb in the future.