



The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

"eh, pourabeer on'em"

April 27, 2003

Annandale Death March

Hash # 884

On the Trail

You have to wonder about a trail that begins with a Chinese fire drill; hashers, hares and MisManagement running around in confusion, **Just Jeff** spilling his beer all over some other big guy. The Trash could just end here and you would know everything relevant about this trail, but since there is some much white space, I will elaborate, needlessly. So, then wonder what life experience caused our fearless Grand Mistress, **TWIG**, the beautiful figure of Athena that she is, to encourage a Chinese fire drill in the circle- it really puts the M in MisManagement. After that mess cleared itself up, the all-blondie trio of **Tit-ly Winks**, **Stick Your Finger In It** and **\$50 Bitch** rallied our virgins with the White House Cheer. Then your faithful Scribe and a couple of other losers came out into the circle and totally screwed up Father A.



Everything seemed fine as pack started down the trail, pretty hares, well, except for **Dead Hare**, beautiful day, and some nice Vagina countryside out in front of us. But very quickly, the FBR cleared out in front, and as **Duck Job** pointed out, "these checks aren't fooling anyone". The trail wound back and forth across creeks, swamps and all kinds of shiggy, and the pack got so strung out that even **US Boob and Oral Report** wasn't all the way in the back. As I was crossing one of the may creeks, or, well, maybe the same damn creek, out of nowhere, **Short Bus Bitch** appeared on the wrong side of the creek and moaned, "I've made it this far without getting my shoes wet", so what you gonna do, I gave her a ride across, but got no tip. So anyway, **Shorty** was last person I saw for the next hour. I got kind of lost and was wandering around the bush (no, not **Go Fuck Yourself's**) until **Test Tub Baby** and **Major Disappointment** came cruising by and got my ass back on trail.



The pack trickled into the beer check for about 40 minutes, complaining about the trail. Everyone was comatose, collapsed on the grass around Shitty Shitty Bang Bang like trash strewn along the side of a highway. The exhausted pack did manage to give **Stick Your Finger In It** some shit about the trail as she got into the beer check, but she claimed to be a "sub-hare"- what the hell is that, sounds



like BS to me. To throw the boys a bone, **Stick** climbed on top of a KO'ed **Iron Maiden**, in a girl on top position (or is that a girl on bottom) and road her for a while. Something like that would normally get a lot of attention, but only **Puddle Fucked** could manage a lack-luster comment about strap-ons. **Just George** was crowned beer bitch and performed his duties in a very hasher-like manner.

The one bright spot at the beer check, aside from beer, was when **Sucks It Blue** got a little hungry, and who won't on such a long trial, and picked a nice, plump earthworm from the grass and ate it. Yeah, and with no chaser or catsup. Lets hope in the future he just sticks with the beer bong. **Peeking Duck** got some action too, when Duke, **Might Tight's** pouch, took her down, doggie-style of course.

For more information on hashing in the D.C. Metro area go to www.dchashing.org/; or call 202-232-HASH ext 7#.

Want to see how they do it in far away places? Check out <http://gototheshash.net>.

To abuse the scribes, rat on a fellow hasher, or see some of your own outrageous lies in print, e-mail us at whitehouse_forum@yahoo.com.

I'm not sure how many people actually ran the trail back to the start, but you could count them on one hand. After your trusty scribe ran down a long false trail following the beer check, there was strong YBF smell in the air seeing absolutely no one else on the runners trail, except for **Mother's Lay** wondering around some residential neighborhood acting as if he had just taken a bad spill off a bike. If the trail wasn't bad enough, **Ivy Licker** was seen riding back to the start in the back of **Mic-ock Shoots Blank's** pickup, whining, "I already ran the trail today."



The Circle

Needless to say, four bags of ice were set out for the hares, and to their credit there was bare ass on the ice, and it stayed there until our solemn occasion. After the first, second and third down-down for the hares, **Just George** was honored for his beer bitching.

We had a fine lot of virgins, but after that trail, who knows if we will see any of them again. **Just Bob** by **Snap Crackle Poop**, **Just Bill** by **Cliterature**, **Just Rod** (there's a hash name in there somewhere) by **Just Dave**, **Just Maureen** by ???, **Just Martin** by the internet (that's okay), **Just Rob** by **Semen Mixer**, **Just Terry** by **Swings Both Ways**, **Just Aaron** by **Coin Operated**, and **Just Tim** by the internet- maybe **Just Tim** and **Just Martin** should get together so they're not so lonely. We had one lonely visitor that survived the trail and it was **Swamp Bitch** from Guam, damn those South Pacific babes are tough, easy on the eyes too.



If this happens to you, figure out which of the following apply a) you have no life, b) you haven't taken a shower since the equinox, c) your beer budget for the entire week is \$4, or d) your best chance of getting lucky this week is finding someone who's on their ninth pint of Miller Lite. We had some analversaries-maximus; **Slip Knot** and **Mr. Magoo** with 300 God damn runs, and **Poodle Fucked** with 150 runs.

Long-time-no-seers (these are the people with a life), **Dangerously Close**, **Hollow Point**, **Depth Perception**, **Your Like Cock**, **Arakie**, **Mr. Dovalino**, **Mr. Bob Dovalino**, and **Looney**.

And we had a very solemn occasion, **Just George** is now known at the White House Hash House Harriers, and in the World of Hashing, as no, no, you suck and couldn't come up with an indecent name for **Just George**. So start thinking in now, so we don't have to throw the poor guy back for a second time.

Announcements

- Time for the 2nd Annual Backyard Bash! Saturday May 10th. 12PM - 10PM. You may remember last year's event, or you may not (in some cases even if you were there). This year will be even bigger and better! Raising money for the American Cancer Society through our Relay for Life team. Contact Golden Showers (jasonamurray@hotmail.com) for more information.
- Are you going to Costa Rica InterAm 2003 or thinking about it? Do you want to know the flight plans of other hashers? Check out the link on the www.dchashing.org web site. Hasher Humper is maintaining a spreadsheet of flights.
- The World InterHash is in Cardiff, Wales July 2004 <http://www.hasher.net/IH2004MAIN.htm>. Check out the website- it probably won't be in the eastern hemisphere for another 20 years.
- Bend Over Rover and Tuttle Dick are now engaged- hurry, talk some sense into that girl.



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