

The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

"Yo mama's so big, her belly button's got an echo"

May 11, 2003

BAD MUTHAFUCKA HASH

Hash # 886

Over the train tracks and through the hood to yo mama's house we go. The whores know the way to get you to pay for their crack with a little blow.

YO' MAMA'S SO STUPID SHE THINKS MEOW MIX IS A RECORD FOR CATS.

No one ever made it to yo mama's house, or even they own mama's house and for a while it looked like no one would make it to the end. But no one could have guessed that soon they would all be crying for their mommies as they flocked to Union Station on Sunday.

Not that the hares didn't issue a subtle warning that the trail would suck. **Semen on the Pew, The Pimp of Sarajevo & Hare P-p-p-i** didn't show up until 3.20. "I think they were arguing," **Telecum** said later. "At least, they kept saying 'No, you said you would get the flour!' or something like that."

YO MAMA'S SO UGLY I TOOK HER TO THE ZOO AND THE KEEPER SAID "THANKS FOR BRINGING HER BACK."

Fortunately for everyone, **Golden Showers** shared some of his leftovers, which helped numb the pain of shambling around D.C. on a hot spring day.



The trail was pretty much a repeat of the trails for the past few weeks. In other words, it was long, confusing and marked with a teaspoonful of flour. "If this keeps up" **Road Whore** commented later, "all hares will have to ice their own balls before the start of each hash."

YO MAMA'S SO POOR I SAW HER HANGING THE TOILET PAPER OUT TO DRY!

But that was no comfort to the rest of the half-brains who hit the first check 30 seconds after the start and then spent the next 10 minutes looking for trail. Soon the stress began to take its toll. "People cracked and started to do some really fucked up shit," **Up Her Alley** said. "Like trying to give h3ad to a street sign."



"**Legend of Spit and Swallow** claimed he deflowered **Octapussey**" **Tipher Whipper** added, "He's about 10 years too late for that." If anyone

needed further proof of the trail's mind-altering effects, several people claimed they saw **Mitey Tite** and **Poodle F^cked** fogging up the windows in a parked car. **MT & PF** later said they just got a little hot under the collar because they felt so guilty for autohashing.

YO MAMA'S SO HAIRY, THEY FILMED "GORILLAS IN THE MIST" IN HER SHOWER.

After a while **Semen on the Pew** realized he should at least check on the pack to make sure they weren't plotting to administer ice cube suppositories to any hares in the vicinity. He followed the sound of **Hey Ho, Vibrator, Tittly Winks & Turtle Dick** screaming RU? at the top of their lungs and when they had stopped abusing him he pointed out a short cut.

In this case, ignoring their mother's admonition to respect their elders paid off because they made it to the beer check ahead of everyone else.

That's right I said yo mama. To find out more go to www.dchashing.org/; or call 202-232-HASH ext 7#.

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.

Vol. yo No. mama

YOUR MAMA IS SO SKANKY, SHE WORKED AT A SPERM BANK AND GOT FIRED FOR DRINKING ON THE JOB.



Soon others straggled in and received the traditional Brew Crew greeting, margaritas and lessons on how to please a woman or, at least the chalk outline of one.

Once the margaritas were finished and the chalk all licked up it was time to strap the apron on **Just Sue**, name her Beer Bitch and then continue the fruitless search for flour.



YO MAMA'S SO OLD SHE'S GOT RUNES ON HER DRIVER'S LICENSE.

Back on trail... Oh wait, there *wasn't* a trail. The hares had decided that there was a world flour shortage and didn't waste any on the 2nd half of the trail. The quest for flour took the pack past **Harep-p-p-i's** house. **Microsoft** avenged everyone by



dropping his pants and depositing a little 'Thanks for the shitty trail' gift on her front step. The FRB's went bounding away into the distance and were never heard from again. Good riddance.

Just when things seemed hopeless, **TWIG** appeared directed the bewildered masses to the On-in.

YOUR MAMA IS LIKE A POSTAGE STAMP, YOU LICK HER, STICK HER, THEN SEND HER AWAY.

Getting a hash name is a lot like getting a nerd name. On the day you are born a bunch of strangers, many in pain and/or under the influence gather around and try to decide what to call you. Therefore it was only appropriate that on this Mother's Day two people received their hash



names:

Just Craig once took a dump in a stranger's RV but couldn't figure out how to work the toilet. Therefore he shall now be known as **Brown Eyed Swirl**. Next up: **Just George**. It took him four years to attend 10

hashes. Who knows what he would be called if he had cum more regularly, but he didn't so now he's **Slow to Cum**.

YO MAMA'S SO SKINNY SHE USES A CHERRIO FOR A HULA HOOP.

Virgins: **Just Sue, Just Harry, Just John, Just Lance, Just Colby.** Visitors: **Tuna Prick - Samurai Hash & Repossesses Me - Tucson.**

LTNSrs: **Bull Derek, Beatle Juice, Up Her Alley, Turkey Timer & 8apuss.** Analversorries: **Tipher Whipper - 125, Mitey Tite - 250, Harep-p-p-i, 8apuss & Telecum -25.** Violations: **Mellow Foreskin Cheese, Spinal Tap & Hasher Humper** for inflicting yet another disaster on the African continent, in this case, themselves. *On-on-on* Thunder Grill.



YO MAMA SEZ: YOUR DICK MUST BE AT LEAST THIS BIG TO ENJOY THIS RIDE.

Today's pack of lies brought to you by the Jayson Blair School of Journaljism

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