

Trashski

“Polish that Pole”

July 28, 2003

Polska Hashki

Hash #902

Hello fellow half-brains, or as they say in Pole-land *Dzien dobry* (lit: Meet my big spicy flesh tube). The hares certainly did their part to promote Poland last week by inviting us to embrace a big meaty Pole. And what better place to do it than at P Street Beach in Dupont Circle? Unfortunately it was raining, hard, so to our dismay the only man showing his sausage through tight fitting spandex was Andhowsherbushski.

But before that could happen Summer Eveski stalled for time while Prison Prom Queenski & Monday Sticky Mondayski re-set the parts of the trail that the deluge had washed into the Potomac (all of it). So he distracted us with 1) Marky Mark's stunt dick from Boogie Nights; 2) A WMD (Woody of Mass De-flowering); or 3) A kielbasa.



Bratwurst ist gut, aber kielbasa ist besser!

Once we were circled up, WoWoski blamed the downpour on the hares. Since he usually inflicts freezing cold weather on us we bought it. We would have bought anything at that point if it meant we could finish the hash and get out of the rain.



German shirt.
Polish hash.

While the guys cleared their throats and looked at their feet and the ladies looked on hungrily, he explained that there would be a Pole swallowing contest and the winner would... the winner would... Well, the winner would be really popular that's for damn sure.



I don't know. How many Poles does it take to set a shitty trail?



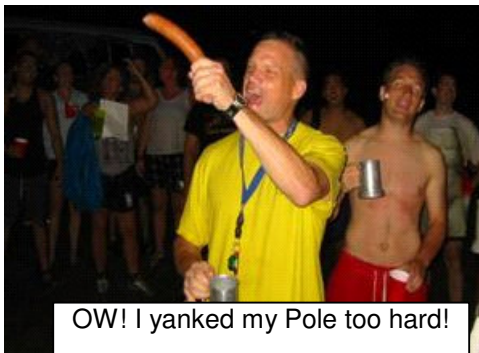
Idoer won't hold your Pole but she will squeeze your lemon.

Finally, we were allowed to start wading through most of Georgetown. Put it Outski made sure the walkers stayed close by bellowing. Eventually we came to a check (on the walkers trail?) it became clear that the hare had no idea where we were going and it began to rain, harder. Bundling Boardski suggested mutiny, hanging all Poles from a light pole and heading to the Ononon. Coin-operatedski and SlipKnotski quickly took up the cry: We hate the hares! Death to the hares! But just when things looked grim for the Poles a hot, salty, meaty smell filled the air and it wasn't coming from the runners who had started to stampede by. It was a kielbasa and pierogi check. We love the hares! The hares are greatest! We shouted with our mouths full.



Little man, big dream.

But before we could eat ourselves into massive coronaries (a common fate among kielbasa and pierogi gobbling Canucks, according to Cock Swatchski) it was time to continue our little jaunt, across the Rock Creek Speedway and through embassy row to the beer check where Just Dougski was named Beer Bitchski.



OW! I yanked my Pole too hard!

Finally we swam back to the start and made a few folks drink some brewskis.

Virginskis: Just Polly, Just Justineski, Just Bonnieski, Just Paulski. Visitorski: Anorak - Belkshireski, Englandski. Longtimnoseerski: Semen Sampler. Needs to get a lifeski: Tri-Ass-A-Thongski - 25 shitski trails. Violationskis: Closet Slutski for raising international tensions by ringing embassy door bells and running away. Greased Pigski for letting her dog steal the kielbasa. Microsoftski (125 shitty hashskis) & Cum Scoutski (69 inverted hashskis) for their matching his n' his outfits.



I'm super!

Thanks for asking!

The Hashitski: Will stay with Two Lips in the Bushki for the heinous crime of letting earth shattering farts at 7 am and saying it was a fire cracker. Finally it was time to announce the results of the suppressed gag reflex/kielbasa gobbling contest. The winners, in order of likelihood they will appear on next month's cover of *Tonsil Ticklers* are: GoFuckYourselfski, Hardwood.Cumski and Summer's Eveski.



Oh, I wish I were an Oscar Mayer wiener!

Ononononski: What better place to end a Big Pole hash than in the Big cHunt?