

The Trash

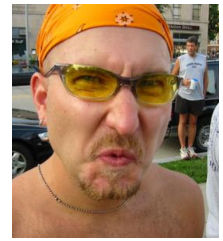
White House Hash House Harriers

"eh, pourabeer on'em"

August 4, 2003

The Balkan Hash, A Peace-Keeping Operation

Hash # 903



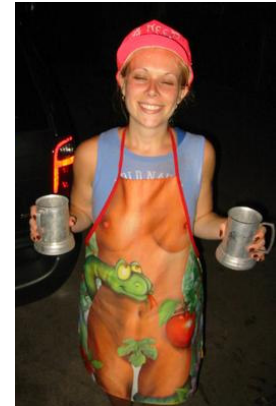
On the Trail

Why don't we have more Woodly Park starts, it's the best- urban shiggy, ethnic variety, and you can always cab it to the Circle, if you get lazy. You hear the strangest shit at the start; **Bundling Board** talking about attaching a flashlight to something 'cause people are telling him to stick it where the sun don't shine. **#2**, now bearing the burdens of married life, seems relieved to be at the hash instead of checking math homework. **Bad Ditch**, since her beau is otherwise occupied by the Navy in an undisclosed (beach) location, has been squandering her time hashing and piled up 100 runs. **Hare Pie**, oh **Hare Pie** why did you do it? **HP** is now engaged to **Just Anne Marie**, you know, the tall girl with dark hare. **Cliterature**, our savvy literary scholar, waxing poetic about the wild life at Dewy Beach and the up cumming Bull On



The Beach event that includes a bull cooked on the beach. (As the ever-curious Scribe, I realized that I never heard of roasting a bull, just pigs? **Cliterature**, in a very Army manner, says "well, it's not really a bull, it's a pig, they just call it Bull

On The Beach.") **Just Kelly** mentions her weekend was pretty wild, leaving her puking in **Brown Eyed Swirl's** garden. What do you think about **All Lickie No Dickie's** dog collar? Eventually, Religious Advisor **Wax On Whack's Off** calls the virgins into the Circle and after introductions, asks **Microsoft** for a song- and of course **Microsoft**, with what, 200 runs, come out with Father A- a down-down for later. The Hares, **The Pimp Of Sarajevo**, **Swing Both Ways**, **Semen On The Pew**, **All Lickie No Dickie**, and **Ass Hopper**, introduce the trail with a warning that we will be bombed at the Chinese Embassy and watch out for land mines. The trail starts off with a check that leads down the hill into Rock Creek Park. **Iron Maiden's** lend/lease pooch can't resist taking a doggie dump in the park. **Das Kunt** sees this action, can't resist either and stops for his own environmental.



The trail then proceeds down the dirt path to a back check that has the whole pack hump it back to bridge and then down the other side of Rock Creek. As I took some time at the start to finish my beer and make a few notes, this Scribe is

feeling pretty good to see everyone come back, makings me FRB. The

back check has the trail going back down the other side of the Rock Creek only to cross back over the sewerage-laden creek, back to the other side. That kind of BS could only be conceived by military minds. The trail continued up the steep slope to Mass Ave, in some hands and feet action. **Just Tency** was thoughtful enough to clear out the bee's nest on the way up the hill, one or two bees climbed in her



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>.

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until you find it.” **Just Rick**, insightfully responds, “Doesn’t that mean we’ll have to run a lot further?” Both will be drinking! The trail eventually leads us to the P St beach for a beer check. **Just Kelly** is crowned beer bitch, and the pack notices how well the apron aligns with her anatomy. After a tour of Foggy Bottom and the White House, eventually the end is in sight. Какая ужасная дорожка! (What a shitty trail!)



by the Internet (whose cell phone rings while she’s in the Circle.) **Just Erin** is then called out by the RA for loosing her shit, and **Ass Hopper** serenades her with a couple of verses of *Let Me Lick Your Vulva*. **Shellacking The Bishop**, last year’s beer mile winner, is violated for being a no-show this year. Analniversaries are **3-2-1 Fuck Off** and **Grab My Ass** with 25 runs and a cheap mug. The demure but lonely **Bad Ditch** with 100 runs gets a better mug. **Iron Madden** with 50 runs, the pear-shaped, but still beautiful **Vominatrix** with 175 runs and a child, and leading the git-a-life club, is



Bavarian Bush with 400 runs. Violations: **Ass Hopper**, with a new record- getting lost on his own trail three weeks in a row, **Fucks On Command** for stretching, **Just Ben** for a family affair with his sister, **Side Show Boobs** for cell phones usage on trail, **Tit-Ka-Boob** for getting **Tit-ly Winks** wet and not finishing her off (just like a girl.) Then a very solemn occasion, **Just Kelly**, who mailed her ex-boyfriend a blowup doll (damn, that’s a thoughtful ex,) is now known at the White House Hash House Harriers, and in the World of Hashing as **Postal Pussy** (note to Harriers, she’s not seeing anyone, except for **US Boobs And Oral Report** and it’s not serious- think of the benefit when you break up.) Another very solemn occasion, **Just Ben**, who seems to have a rep for the worst pickup lines at the Hash, such as “Come on, what do I have to do to see you naked?”, is now known at the White House Hash House Harriers, and in the World of Hashing as **Casa-nada**. Yet still another very solemn occasion, the speedy **Just Tenley**, who likes pigs in the Missionary position is now known at the White House Hash House Harriers, and in the World of Hashing as **Turbo Twat**.



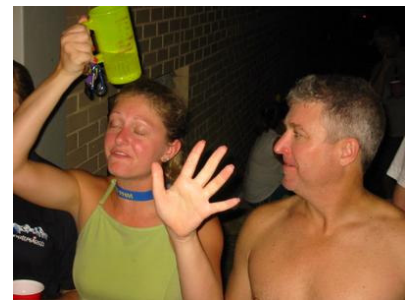
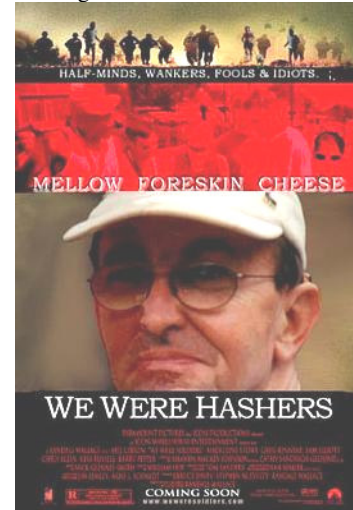
shorts- normally, watching one of our lovely harriettes slapping her ass would be good grist for the joke mill, but I couldn’t do it (however, I did offer to kiss it and make it better.) Finally, the trail wound back over Rock Creek one more time to the Chinese Embassy, where we were treated to a shot of Slijvovica, which translates from Bosnian, as Nasty Shit. **Just Ben** took his shot and spit it out, saying “what is this shit?” Yes, that is correct! Following the shot, **Bavarian Bush** and her Virgin **Just Rick** are trying to solve the check- after one attempt, **Just Rick** asks **Bavarian**, “Well, how do we know where the trail goes?” **Bavarian** responds, “You run

The Circle

Just Kelly is first into the Circle and is praised for her beer bitching skills, followed by **Hares Ass Hopper**, **The Pimp Of Sarajevo**, **Semen On The Pew**, **Swings Both Ways**, and **All Likcie No Dickie**. **Bad Ditch**, who you might remember is just cresting 100 runs, is asked for a song, and comes out with...nothing- have a down-down. Virgins are next; **Just Neil** by **Just Tenly** (where was he, when she had a bug up her ass?) **Just Linda** by **Just Ben**, **Just Chris** by **Jamie**, **Just Erin**

MFC

My solution to US troops in Bosnia is, instead of using the regular army, to use disgruntled postal workers. Think of the advantages: the postal workers are better armed; there are more of them; and mostof all, no one would object to sending them.



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