

The Trash

WHITE HOUSE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

"Bald as a baby's bottom."

August 25, 2003

The Hairless Hash

Hash #905

Holy crap, what gives? Has the White House Kennel been invaded by Hare Krishnas? Is a local Chemo ward on a field trip? No silly! It's the Hairless Hash, a dream cum true for any cue ball fetishists who happened to be in Alexandria.

Why the hairless hash? Because this is America, where people can do all sorts of foolish things to themselves and still get laid. "It works for me" said Sux it Blue "I have to fight the babes off all the time." Later he was seen administering a "SiB Special" to co-hare All Lickee No Dickie who foolishly dozed off while a bald man with clippers



was in the vicinity. ALND was a tad irate when he woke with his hair in his lap but he quickly

cheered up when Gimme A Dick, Burning Bush and Bonnie Brewer got into a fight over who would polish his head.

So then what happened? Oh yeah. Circle up, introduce hairless hares: Hash Flash Microsoft, Sux it Blue, All Lickee No Dickie, Smooth Groove & Fuck'em Dano. Listen to Golden Showers call ALND & Dano "Fuckin' posers." Ogle virgins. Insult visitors, sing Father Abe and hit the trail.

And that was about it. You people are becoming tediously well behaved which makes things difficult for the scribe, who hits the bottle and the quality of The Trash suffers as a result.



Guess what else I have in my shorts!

In keeping with the lack of reason that attends most hashes, Microsoft lead the walker's trail, and since he doesn't know the meaning of the word 'Walk' – or, as we soon found out "Wait up!", "Slow the fuck down!" or even "Medic!" – we were soon thundering along at brisk pace. VAM took one look at who was leading the walkers and hopped into the VAM mobile with Jingle Jizz. Normally this would result in a violation for auto-hashing, but since she has agreed to Scribe next year, she can take a dump right on trail while wearing new shoes and you won't hear about it in the Trash.

Bundling Board wasn't as quick on the uptake and soon he was begging for his better half, a beer or a bed in no particular order. Raise My Titanic told him to stop being a sissy and helped him along by applying her foot to his ass every few steps.

Mellow Foreskin Cheese made the brilliant observation that Microsoft didn't want anything to do with the walkers. His comment was supported by three pieces of evidence: 1. We didn't see him for most of the trail because he was at least three blocks away at all times. 2. He took exactly one picture of the walkers. Possibly to prove that he had been with us so it wasn't his fault if the walkers disappeared.



3. As soon as he got to the beer check he 'lost' the map for the walkers' trail. Road Whore tried to return it to him several times, but he was too busy hash flashing to take it back. Plus, he dug his sunglasses out of the bag vehicle in a rather feeble attempt to disguise himself.

To his credit, he did get us to the beer check way ahead of the runners so we were able to drink in peace for a bit.

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You think being bald is funny? Just wait 'til you get to be our age, you little punk!

Eventually the runners arrived, blabbed about how tough the trail was and got sweat all over the place. Everyone drank a lot to replace fluids lost on trail, in other hashers and to the mosquitoes sharing the beer check, Just Ben was named Beer Bitch and it was time to find the shot check.



After a run that featured multiple back checks, the walkers trail was a bit more popular. Freddy Kruger used his hot dog as an excuse to switch to the walkers trail. Closet Slut grabbed Golden Showers' hot dog so she could walk. Capitan Jerk said he was still weak after drinking the water in Egypt but he managed to struggle the shot check.



Holy Communion, Hash style.



WARNING. Do NOT place your dick on the shooter slide.

Everyone made it through the shot check without incident. When the slide developed a hole

Dicklomat and Senor Doucheberg manfully volunteered to bare their torsos so the harriettes do body shots. But before anyone could accept/decline, Yank Me Out plugged it up with Big Sweaty Pussy's cell phone. They bickered all the way back to the On-in.

Virgins: Just Casey, Just Colin, Just Greg, Just Dawn, Just G, Just Deana and Just Sarah.

Smooth Groove, who brought her menagé a trois partners, Just (another) Greg and Just Tyler, discovered that if you fail to tell your virgins to leave the new shoes at home you get to find out what their feet taste like. Visitors: Donkey Punch - New York, Stoli Cherry - Moscow, Likes 2 Bang Poles - some hash where the scribes don't take notes, Boob Teaser - Carolina, Living Proof - Hampton Roads, Dogs Bollocks - Dakar, a hash full of wankers judging by DB's brand new, high-tech foot gear, which now tastes of good old American beer. Violations: Back Snatch - Getting old. Peeking Duck - Left a giant cock ring in Boob-a-Loob's bathroom. Poodle Fucked - Stuffed a giant beaver. Big Sweaty Pussy - Phone sex on trail. Ducky passed the Hash Shit on to All Lickee No Dickie for



impersonating a Hare Krishnan. And finally it was time for that solemnst of solemn occasions: A naming. Just

Stephanie works in public relations. Her favorite barnyard beast is a pig and she likes it doggie-style. Names were suggested and just as quickly rejected. We were stumped. Was this elusive hasher going to escape with out a name? Then it emerged that she loves Tootsie Pops. So it was only natural that she will now be known as: Three Licks and Then Bites.



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