



# The Trash

## White House

## Hash House Harriers

Date: 04<sup>3</sup>

"In Beer We Trust"

Hash # 940

Quote: "Where the FUCK have you been **R-U-N?**"-**Red Eye Vagina**  
"Hello [nerd name] I would like you to meet my Mom." – **R-U-N?**

### Tunnel-riffic

Sunday is a day of rest or so I thought. That was challenged by **Side Show Boob's** prophetic, "It is a **Put It Out** trail we are going to get wet." As is often true - Stop all thoughts, get a beer, and let the ladies do the thinking (also applicable to cooking and cleaning). Of course she was correct. **Just Ashley, KY Guy** and **Up Her Alley** started the trail in the neither regions of Virginia. Metro accessible? HA! It was cold, it was windy, and it was the best \$4 I spent all day.

The trail started innocently enough on suburban streets, but quickly we were plunged ankle deep to the innards of Fairfax tunnels. With a few missed steps **Semen on the Pew** separated his groin like a wishbone. It is not nice to laugh at tall people doing the splits. It is simply hilarious! At the first beer check **Put It Out** offered his bathtub cider to cold and weary hashers. Much appreciated **PIO**.



We were honored to have a hashing professional beer bitch. **French Toasted** served the elixir. "Boo Hoo I am on MVH3 MisManagement. You cannot do this!" Pour my beer bitch!

At the second beer check (NOT the surrogate beer check) several runners visited us as did our tax dollars incarnate, Johnny Law. Through wisdom and savvy **Jack Off Lantern** postponed our detainment until next week. Maybe we are traditionally called WH4, however to Johnny Law we will be forever know as **The Foundation of Under-the-influence Christians Konserving the Environment through Running**.



At the end circle **REV** had a beverage or 15, but who is counting? The wanker ingrates chanted, "The RA sucks!, The RA sucks!" The RA sucks? No you suck! So he forgot Father Abraham. And he forgot how to do a DownDown. Supposedly he forgot to introduce the virgins. On the verge of a coup d'etat, some new guy, **Summer's Eve** stepped in to pinch RA. He promptly retired due to injury. **REV** returned to his position and we liked him again because he gave us beer.

### ♪♪♪♪ Today's Musical Interlude by HarePpppPppppPppppPie ♪♪♪♪

To the tune of "Me and My Shadow" from the Peter Pan soundtrack

#### Me and My Penis

Me and my penis  
My penis and me  
We're always together  
Close as can be  
We make babies on the floors  
And the walls

Like rabbits and dogs  
And that's not all  
Wherever we go,  
We have to cum and peeeeeee  
Me and my penis  
My penis and me



## Violations

1. **Up Her Ally - (Credit Carding Hashers)** *“Attention walkers! I have lost my own trail. The other hares have left us for dead. Worst of all, I cannot find the beer check. If someone can find the bar, I will buy EVERYONE (except runners) a drink.”* Does he think hashers are susceptible to bribery? I suppose. I did hear, “Best BC ever!” -LAME
2. **Up Her Ally – (Eye like beer)** – *“Wow it is so windy I can see white caps on my beer. You have to get really close to see them... CRAP I got beer in my eye. It burns and I cannot see the trail.”* See above.
3. **Caminito - (Crossing Guard)** *“I ponder. Cross eight lanes of Interstate 66 or take a tunnel? Tunnel vs. Road Kill. Tunnel vs. Probable Dismemberment Frogger it is.”*
4. **Bad Ditch and NBA<sup>2</sup>- (Frogger by proxy)** These **Caminito** lemmings continued the Tunnel vs. Hasher Hood Ornament debate.
5. **Semen on the Pew and Teeny Weeny Peenie - (Fashion Fascists)** *“I am immigrating to Afghanistan because I can smoke, drink, and touch myself under this veil”*
6. **Up Her Ally and Crouching Drag Queen Hidden Boner - (Phone Sex)** *“Hey Up Her, I cannot find the trail...You either?...You want to do what? Ok what are YOU wearing? Ohhh that sounds naughty. Me? Nothing, but a bowtie and a smile big boy.”*
7. **Ritchie Cumming Hand (Strategic Fall)** While shimmying along a narrow ledge he “accidentally” fell into 4 feet of sewer run off. The only thing to save him from dysentery was to reach for the only available hold. Said hold was **Bad Ditch’s** butt.
8. **Two Lips in the Bush (Fowl Play)** Trying to goose a goose. Although not itself a violation the goose discarded his advancement. 2Lips’ noodle was just too wacky.



## Virgins

The windy circle must have sparked something because the respective galleries were on fire. **Just Molly** was welcomed to the kennel with a resounding, “Hello Babe, I’ll rattle your windows.” The vaginas responded with a respectable offer to **Just Damian**, “You can cum in my tunnel.” Seemingly the penis gallery has shot their load and only had something lame e.g. “Show us your tits” for the illustrious **Just Mel**. The vaginas met **Just Bill** with, “I can blow you in the wind.” In a rally the penis gallery greeted **Just Jen** with “You can huff and you can puff and you can blow me!” Penis 1 Vagina 0 – OnOn sez **Test Tube Baby!**

