



## *The Trash*

# White House

## Hash House Harriers

08-03-2004

*"Beer, It's What's for Dinner"*

Hash 958

**Quote:** "Special Olympics, those guys are much too fit to run with us.." – **Just Linka**

# NOW

*That's What I Call Hashing*

**Hare P-p-p-I, All Lickie No Dickie and Ritchie**

**Cuminghand** offered the trail with all of your favorite hits. We started in front of a nondescript office building in the King Street area of Alexandria. The air was cool and wet, perfect August weather. But the beer was also cold and wet. Which is nice.

As the hashers socialized and recounted the mayhem that was Cardiff, **Snatch Shot** decided to relieve herself from the top of an overpass. The security guard was not amused, but **SS** told him it was only beer (not pee) on his hat. What **SS** said was not entirely a lie, it WAS beer, 4 hours ago.



We circled up to become acquainted with the fresh meat... errrr um Virgins and Visitors. **Just Ron** came with **Goes Down Easy** and **Just Ashley** came with **Niagara Balls**. **Senor Doucheberg** offered cheers for **Niagara** and jeers for **Goes Down Easy**. Next time - More girls and less boys please. We were also visited by **Mr. Teat** from Sarajevo the land of mail order brides and **My Little Pony** from San Diego.

After the formalities, **Tit-ly Winks** informed us of the guidelines of this trail because apparently the hares forgot either A) To give us trail specific info B) What the info actually is. **Tit-ly** was going on with instructions, 'Circles are round... Xs have restraining orders' or something like that. I did not listen very well because I was convening with my mug.

Out on the trail... well 'trail' is a bit of a misnomer. All I could think about was: The Itsy Bitsy Hasher went up the to buy a Stout, Down rained the beer and washed the flour out. Rain took the trail to a place we never found. I suppose it was not of much concern, we were going to La Casa de **Have Dick Will Travel**. You always remember going there. However coming home no one ever remembers. We followed the scent of golden nectar. **Red Eye Vagina's** plan to sabotage the trail with bad weather and then go home failed. I am sure that is a result of the heightened security effort. </sarcasm>

Second verse, same as the first. It was humid, it was dark, it was raining, and I still could not find the trail. I could find the hares, so I let them led us to temptation through the streets of Ye Olde Towne. **Scab** took some photos of the banter. As he was backing up for a more panoramic angle he took a fire hydrant up the butt. How many times have we seen that scenario play out? We ended the trail at the customary gravel parking lot, why mess with success?

**38 Flavors** offered an alluring 'Watch me bend over' show for **Sucks Cock for Crack**. **SCFC** was not impressed and continued on his way to orange food stuffs. In his later defense, "My name is **Sucks Cock for Crack**, not **Fucks Crack for Cock**. And another thing, my name is not **Bob Saget** either."



As we circle this is a special day. The sky is pissing down rain, Miller High Life is flowing foam free from SSBB, the hares are in for Down Down-mania and we are soaking wet in blood, sweat, and beers. There were allegations and distortions of the truth, but that is how we like it.



Has it been 10 years all ready? We celebrated the return of the **Summers Eve** and he brought the hash shit. I did not even know we had a hash shit. He had some *dog ate my homework* excuse for his attendance and tardiness. He claimed, "I am Always Late to the Hash." No you are **Summers Eve**. He was gone so long he forgot his name.



To close out the evening, the hasher formerly know as **Just Tom** had an occasion. There was heated debate and more voter fraud than a Florida pet cemetery. We had serious contenders, **Thumb Up** (or **In**) **My Ass**, **Holy Feel It**, **Muffzilla**, and the winner **Wooly Mammaries**. His mother would be proud

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If you like beds and showers more than hashing you suck! Sign up anyway.

