



W

# The Trash

Hite House Hash

House Harriers #974

Dies Dominica X  
October MMIV

Today's theorem with four proofs:  
*Red on the head = Better in bed.*

**Quote:** *"Do you know what is great about knocking up your wife? You get a designated driver for 9 months."* Just Dave

The bus was broken. The metro was detoured to Fort Totten. And the shuttle had some crazy (non-hasher) lady yelling at the driver. Yet a host of hashers made their way to Crooklan... err... I mean Brookland/CUA. And why not hash at **Mellow Foreskin Cheese's** alma mater Catholic University of America. Do not be frightened they gave **MFC** a degree. I suppose it was the 70s and the world was different. I do not know though, I was busy waiting to be born.

From the direction of four red head (who said head?) hares we circled up under an overpass. Critic **Put It Out** objected to the stigmatism of drinking with the hobos. He drank diet cola in a demonstration of civil disobedience. Protesting **PIO's** protest, non-elitists **Wooly Mammaries** and **Nut Mechanic** drank the precious golden nectar as it was served from our beloved Brew Crew.



Our hares of the day **Butt Plug**, **Grab My Ass**, **Little Red Ride Me Good**, and **Burning Bush** promised a short, dry, and shiggy free trail. That is the last time I believe a hare.

The trail was exceptional if you love hills, you love running in circles, you love scampering through poisonous snake infested fields, you love scaling a Leavenworth 10 foot high prison fence. Otherwise the crimson top ladies screwed you, not literally. As it should be noted, I hopped the fence... but only after **Wet Nurse**, **Neat Purse** ripped her shorts on the way over. Less adventurous hashers (also more intelegant) **Snatch Shot** and **Dairy Queen** whimpered away declining the

challenge while hollering, "Where is the hole... where is the hole?" Perhaps people should leave bedroom issues at home.





**Bloody Asshole** found the beer check a suitable location to perform a striptease for the harrierettes. Apparently he thought the trail was finished. The harrierettes were not impressed with his premature completion. **Just Kerry** was quite pleased with her appearance in the Beer Bitch apron, commenting that she actually does look like the apron. It is a real shame she was referring to the Michelangelo's David apron.

Shot check? Of course there was a shot check. There is something distinctly hashing about drinking mystery shots out of the trunk of a car served from cooking pot. Kudos to the hares!

### Violations

1. **Just Dave** from Fort Worth (**Social Services**) *"Do you know what else is great about knocking up your wife? In a few years I can train the kid to open the fridge and get beers for my friends. That is much easier than training the wife to do it And the dog keeps popping holes in the cans."*
2. **Pond Scum (Are they hiring?)** *"I am upset my job does not give Columbus Day as a holiday. I am going be paid double time to watch Tic-Tac-Dough, Family Feud, and Judge Wapner."*
3. **Duck Job (Male Inadequacy)** *"These red headed sluts are too much. I just cannot handle ANOTHER one."*
4. **Panty Liner (Nerdery)** *"I missed last week because I was so tired from the Red Hat Run."* 1. It was the Red Dress Run. 2. If you understand why this is a violation, go talk nerdy to somewhere else.
5. **Put It Out (Blatant disregard for and opportunity to whine)** *"I loved the trail! It was well marked, the perfect distance, well planned, well executed, and an over all masterpiece of haring."* I have serious doubts he actually r@n the trail.



### For shame for shame, **Just Joe** got a Name

#### Profile

Favorite Farm Animal: Sheep

Embarrassing story: Going to the Olympics with **3-2-1**

**Fuck Off**

Second embarrassing story: Turning down sex with an Olympic athlete because he was too cheap to get a room.

From the Intoxilator 5000: Say hello to **Too Sheep to Fuck.**

\*This hash was held despite formal protest by **Rear End Loader** citing infractions by the hares of the 'Carpets matching the drapes' clause of hashing.

Stay tuned next week October 24, 2004 at 3pm for the Beer Witch Project. This will be hared by **KY Belly** and **FAG**. Hummmm... That cannot be a good thing.

