

WH4 Hash Trash

Sunday, January 23, 2005

Trail # 990



Location: Mark Center, Alexandria, VA
Hares: WH4 2005 Mis-Management- **Bad Ditch** and **India Bones and the Tampon of Doom**- new GM's, **Big Bang**- Hare Raiser, **Two Lips in the Bush**- scribe with yours truly, **George Stuffed an Octopus**- Tally Ho, **I Dream of Weenie** and **Douches Wild**- Hash Flashes, **AssFinder**- Songmeister, and **Just Jason**- OreHo.

It was a very, very, very cold day and the scribe was finally recovered from the following evening and the next morning. Slightly sore from falling while trying to dance on a table (**Runway Snatch** + Jell-O Shooters= Bad Idea), I began my scribe duties for the New Year. It was a small crowd with no virgins or visitors (we either scared them away or initiated them all the following evening), but the crowd was lively. Father Abe was a slight disaster, even with the help of hash veteran **PIO**, but the movement kept us all warm except for **Poodle F*cked's** dog **Dan**, who shivered in his dog booties. Tough dog **Digby**, brought by **Crouching Drag Queen Hidden Boner**, looked trendy in an old T-shirt.

I started running behind the pack, which promptly went the wrong way. **J-Lo** discovered a true trail arrow next to a hole in a fence, and the pack went through. Upon reaching the top of a hill, **AssFinder** was inspired by the youthful sledders and tried to slide down the hill on his back without a sled. He failed, but gained a new view of his nuts. The pack, including **38 Flavors**, **Tri-Ass A Thong**, **Shlong Time Cumming**, and **Tit Ka-Boob** went down the hill and the wrong way again. **T&Eh** noticed that the hares were still standing at the top of the hill, and backtracked yelling, "Well, I am not that stupid!" Apparently it was only her-beer kills brain cells. She either dinks liquor or has more brain cells than everyone else. Hmmm....

T&Eh took off on true trail with **Cheese Whiz** closing in on her rear...apparently something was going on in the bathroom last night at the Holiday Party. **Wowo** and **PIO** noted that we were in trouble when the hares use light blue & yellow flour in snow- and there was some mass confusion until we finally arrived at the beer check. The walkers had been at the

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beer check for an hour and froze into human Popsicles. The runners then stole their beer because they could not move. The beer was also exceptionally cold- the head on the beer froze. Any head is good head except when it freezes.

New GMs **Bad Ditch** and **Indy** motioned for the runners and walkers to get going after **Milf Man** was selected as Beer Bitch (is there a **Milf Mom**????) and we were momentarily confused by a closed gate in our path. **PIO** wiggled under the gate in about six inches of space using his fireman's training- but showed up at the end circle bleeding. It is not known if the fence or his frozen shorts contributed to his injury.

We finally reached the on-in and quickly circled up. It was strange to see **PSA** without a camera and collecting cash. The new RA **SCFC** called the circle to order, and made the hares drink numerous times for the long trail marked with off-white flour. **TwoLips** was asked to sit on snow, and did so until he realized no one was paying attention to him anymore.

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Violations- **Burnt Sox** ran the walker's trail 2x, **T&Eh** was doing some strange interpretive Canadian Dance (to stay warm?), **F*ck Em Dano** for firing **\$50 Bitch** from Brew Crew, who designated **AssFinder** to drink for him because he was piloting **SSBB**, and **Great Balls Of Fire** and **Bite Me Elmo** for creating a new hasher. **GBOF** was so excited that he jumped up and down in the circle yelling, "My boys can swim!" over and over. **J-Lo** ran in just in time to drink for being DFL, and then two more hashers appeared from over the hill as well. Seems they were all following the white flower. **Designer Bush** presented **PIO** with his 200th run mug, which was left at the morning recovery run. It was filled with some substance that looked like vomit-

PIO threw it over his shoulder onto the ground where **Digby** promptly started chowing down. **HiddenB** then led **Digby** to the car for some doggie down time. **Tit-ly Winks** and **Mellow Foreskin Cheese** also drank because they are no longer in charge.

Anniversaries: **Douches Wild** (25)

Beer Bitch: **Milf Man**

Hashit: **SCFC**, who initiated the brand new hashit this morning because he lost his brand new special religious advisor Yarmulke, lost it again this afternoon. Should we add a chinstrap so it stays on his head? This is a crisis...we may have to have a stash of Yarmulke in **SSBB** for the rest of the year. **SCFC** received the hashit for one more week.

Naming: There was a very special occasion, **Just Jason** the new OreHo (hasher that buys snacks) has been hashing for many months but does not have a hash name...stories were told about his interest in anal sex and incontinence issues. Suggestions were **Weapon of Ass Destruction**, **Anal Star Galactica**, **Sunshine Sphincter**, and we finally decided on **Yellow Submarine** because it has a catchy song. **SCFC** poured some cold beer slush over **Yellow Submarine**, and he was christened anew (except at Great Falls, of course.)

The circle ended with **Swing Low**, and **AssFinder** lent his special hand signal chart to **SCFC** after stripping off most of his clothing. **SCFC** knew the words to **Swing Low** but not the gestures. Like a Special-Ed kid without his Ritalin, **SCFC** was so energetic in his rendition that it looked like a combination between the chicken dance and a seizure. But it made us all laugh, which was quite a feat since the beer froze our mouths closed.

And that's all I remember. -Snatch Shot.

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