

WH4 Hash Trash

Sunday, March 6, 2005

Trail # 996

Location: Alexandria, VA

Hares: **Monday Sticky Monday, Can't Lay Shit, Mellow Foreskin Cheese, 3,2,1...F*ck Off, Suxion Please.**

recovering from severe hangovers, and **2Lips** limping by on his gimpy ankle- he should know better than to jell-o wrestle with too many women at once.



Hares **MSM** and **Can't Lay** in his striking pimp hat pose with **YellowSubmarine** and his subliminal message while **2Short** plots to steal his T-Shirt.



Stick is thinking, "Dumbass- they wanted to see my tits, not yours."

Virgins: **Just David, Just Tom, Just Lynn, Just Pevonka, Just Lauren, Just Denny**

Visitors: **Pre-Teen Spirit, Cocktail, Harddrive, Just Greg**



3,2,1 is thinking, "No one will notice if I sneak up behind **SCFC** and snag another beer from the circle...." **Suxion Please** does the same think but does not get caught (or the hashit).

The weather was beautiful and a huge crowd of wankers gathered for the days hash near the Eisenhower Metro station. The hares had left the pack early, so we had no idea where to go and took off. We looped through the darkest of tunnels, and ended up at the beer check somewhere near Route 1. **SCFC** led us in christening a new beer bitch, and the pack was sent off again. This time myself, **Rodeo F*ck**, and **Hokey NoPookie** went the wrong way, and we eventually saw the pack go in the other direction. Upon trying to catch up to the r*nners, I saw **Semen On the Pew** taking a leak and **OhF*ckElectrishitty** was walking a random dog and trying to find the owner. I passed **Stick** and **2Short2Flop**, both

We reached the end of the trail and we never encountered the feared Turkey/Eagle split or the tunnel of death that the hares, especially **Monday Sticky Monday**, taunted us with. **Mellow** claimed to know nothing, including where the trail went the second half. The hares had obviously tired themselves out the

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night before doing something. **Can't Lay** may have been recuperating from wrapping his wieners, er, slim-jims for the crowd. They were a big hit, along with the two types of orange food- oblong and orb-shaped.



REV is very good at getting the wax out of your ears with his tongue. **Oregon Grinder** and **Tit-Iy** patiently wait their turn after the scribe has hers cleaned. He would also like the harriets to know that he can clean other crevices upon request.

Long Time No Se-ers: The spring weather brought out **Yukon Drill Me**, **Sloppy Ho**, **Ego Testicle**, **Smooth Groove**, **2Short 2Flop**, **Bow Chica Bow Wow**, **Davey CrotchItch**, **Oregon GrindHer**, **PayPerView**, **Poonskin Cap**, **SideShow Boobs**, **Stick Your Finger In It**, **Painted Lady**, **DumbBlond**, **Microsoft**, **ToothFairy**, **Drippy Dick**, **RoadWhore**, **Painted Lady**, and **Energizer Bunny**.

Anniversaries: **Wooley Mammaries**, **DicTacDough**, **Drippy Dick**, and **George Stiffed an Octopus** all received 25 run mugs.

Violations: **JackOffLantern** took a nap in his car before the hash, **Dildo Shaggins** for flashing too fast- no one saw her and those that tried had whiplash, Fashion violations- **Ego Testicle** for the ugliest shoes I've ever

seen and **Dead Hare** for wearing the corresponding orange outfit, **PoodleF*cked** drank for his dog humping someone's backpack, and the scribe was nominated because she had a gummy bear moment and forgot that she was the scribe (and **Tit-Iy** wanted to see my cootchie).



Beer Bitch: **Just Paul**, and after the beer check he became **Just Paulina** and had a cool t-Shirt to wear with the stylish WH4 apron.



Hashit: **Mellow Foreskin Cheese** gave it up to attention slut **3,2,1...F*ck Off!**, who was hammered because he went up to drink in the circle numerous times because he was too lazy to get his own beer.

And that's all I remember (or made up.)
-**Snatch Shot**

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