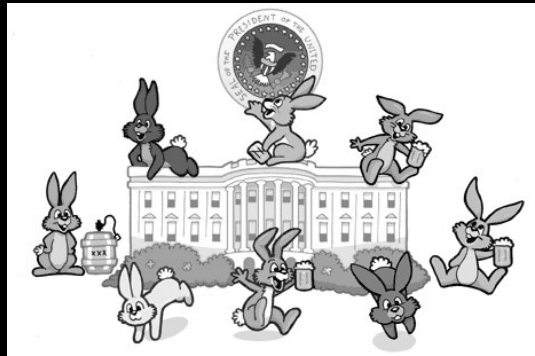


The Weekly Trash

Like Rats Off a Sinking Ship..



1026/August 22, 2005

WH4 Hash 1016
Monday August 22, 2005
Independence Day Hash
Hares: Telecum, Lumber Jack Off,
Start: Freedom Plaza
OnOnOn: There was a bar? I think
we just cooked out in Shamrock
Your Cock's backyard.
Beer Bitch: Just Shana

Hashers Abandon the D.C. Metro area. Disaster Awaits...

It has recently been brought to my attention that we have seen an unprecedented number of hashers leaving the metro area. At first it appears coincidental, but upon closer inspection it appears a more nefarious plot may be underway. It started with the innocent announcement that **Dildo Shaggins** was going to move to China. But then word came out that on the same week of her departure, we would also lose **Full Metal Balls, No Genitals, Stick Your Finger In It, Peeking Duck, and Golden Showers**. **Full Metal** will be joining **PullzItOut** (who quietly but suspiciously left the area a few months ago) in the sandbox for several months, **Peeking Duck** is allegedly leaving the continent to live with her husband in Hawaii, and **Golden Showers** is going to England in anticipation of **Looks Like a Kid, Drinks's Like a Girl's** imminent arrival

with his wife to go to "grad school". In addition, it was recently announced that **AssFinder** and **Indiana Bone and the Tampon of Doom** are soon to be headed to Sri Lanka for "Disaster Relief".

With the surge of hashers evacuating the area, one has to wonder: What disaster is awaiting the DC area? Why is it that so many hashers think this wonderful city is a threat? Could it be the rise in colored anthrax sightings near metro stations? Perhaps the bioterrorism that seems to be targeting hashers via rashes that are so naively being blamed on poison ivy.

Regardless of the reason, the trend is certainly disturbing and all hashers should consider themselves warned. The area is clearly not safe and the only solution is to evacuate the area and visit these hashers in foreign lands, go to the InterAmerica's hash in Toronto, or simply have a dozen beers and live in the innocent bliss of alcoholism.

S.H.I...T.T.Y.... T.R.A.I.L.

Any trail where the hares can't figure out how to sing Father Abraham is doomed for disaster – so we shouldn't have been surprised by what we found. After a the hares screwed up Father Abe and **PleaseStepAway** failed to make any improvement **SCFC** yielded to the mob,

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called it quits and off we went. For the second time this week, the hares thought it was a brilliant idea to run in front of the white house throwing blue flour. Let's just say, I'm glad we made it by the Secret Service. We continued down past the mint to the water front and eventually made it over to the Department of Transportation. Along the way, I bumped into **Nip & Tuck** who was on trail with a bottle that could have been water, could have been vodka, hard to tell. She was complaining how her right arm was getting tired and she was concerned one arm would get bigger than the other. After hearing that, many male hashers chimed in with suggestions of how to solve her problem, almost like they had similar problems of their own. After numerous people trying to help pump **38Flavors** and **Butt Fu(king Time)**. Well pump the light keg that was on a hand pump that is. We continued on to the end only to find that the hares had screwed up the final location as it didn't



have a parking spot for shitty. Eventually

we walked 20 miles to a better location and much merriment was had.

Hash Shit

Despite the fact that the hares had failed to look out for Shitty, **CoinOperated** was spotted hailing a cab to catch up to the walkers trail, and **Telecum**, one of the hares, had to be directed into the finish via cell phone, none of them got the Shit. We were pretty sure **Motor Mouth** had received the shit last week, but apparently, after an hour he became so enamored by the battery powered woman in the bathroom that he left the shit completely unattended for several hours. **Test Tube Baby** was heroic enough to save it from its desolation. We decided that **Motor Mouth** should actually carry the hash shit for at least a whole week.

I have nothing more to add to this trash, so I'll leave you with some blank space as a moment of silence.



Don't forget, October 1 and the **Red Dress Run** are quickly approaching. Cost is now \$70 and there are less than 100 spots left.

Check out

<http://www.dchashing.com/dcreddress>

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