

The Weekly Trash

You're More Likely to Get a Paper Cut from this Week's Trash than you were to get Cut from Last Week's Trail



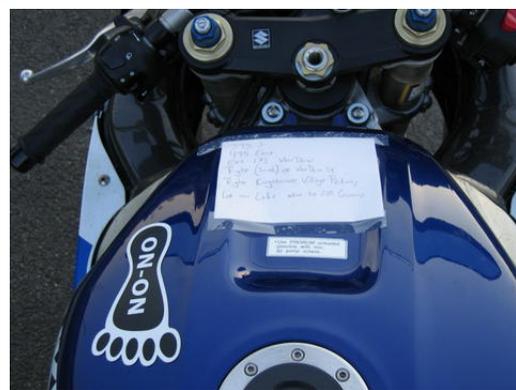
1030/September 11, 2005

WH4 Hash 1030
Monday September 11, 2005
—**Testy Challenge #2**—
Hares: Pay Per View, Knee Deep Pussy
High, Hard Drive, C'em Cumming
Start:
OnOnOn: Laughing Lizard
Virgins: **Just Liz, Stacy, Naomi, and
Just Dave**
Visitors: **A bunch of Marine Force
Recon guys up here for training
enroute to New Orleans.**

This was officially **Asfinder** and **Indiana Bone** and the **Tampon of Doom's** last hash before they move off to Sri Lanka. As if the tsunami wasn't bad enough, now they have to deal with **Assfinder**. No wonder why people hate Americans, we keep shipping our worst overseas. (**Pulls It Out & Full Metal Balls** in Iraq, **Golden Showers** in England, **Dick Snail** in Afghanistan, the list goes on and on.) We were told today that we'd need a dry bag and that PI was likely. However, just like my girlfriends, we all left disappointed that we got all hot & bothered, but didn't get wet.



Despite how uneventful the trail was, there were several violations from the going away party the night before. As usual, **Hokie No Pokie** managed to be the disaster of the evening. After talking all



Test Tube Baby's white trash GPS on his motorcycle.

evening about doing a midnight naked run, he went for a jog by himself down the road at midnight. During which someone threw his clothes on top of the gazebo. Instead of getting them down, he just walked around naked for half an hour.

Later on, **Hokie** passed out on the porch— go figure. **R-U-N** – being the nice girlfriend that she is – pulled down his shorts and put his junk in a solo cup. **R-U-N** told **Crouching Boner Hidden Drag Queen** that he couldn't wake **Hokie** up. This was a challenge to **Boner**, so after 10 minutes of telling **Hokie** “You know you want my cock in your mouth,” **Hokie** finally woke up.

NEWS FLASH: DC RED DRESS RUN FULL, PRE-LEWD OPEN, more at 11.

SONG OF THE MONTH

My boyfriend has a first name,
it's P-E-T-E-R
My boyfriend has a second name,
it's P-E-N-I-S.
I love to fuck him every day,
and if you ask me why I'll say...
'cause Peter's penis has a way
with my V-A-G-I-N-A

On this particular Sunday we learned a lot about our dear **Assfinder**. First, we heard that when he was first told he and **Indy** were moving to Colombo, he is reported to have said "GREAT! I love Columbian women!" Sorry buddy, Columbian women are found in Columbia, you're going to Sri Lanka. Also he apparently worked in a tampon factory for quite a while. This seems particularly funny when you consider that he's going to Sri Lanka with none other than **The Tampon of Doom**. For one of these reasons, or maybe all of them, we gave the hash shit to **Assfinder** to take with him to Sri Lanka. Hopefully we've identified a way for it to come home before 2007.

Other notable violations:

Number 2 was over heard asking "Is that a beaver?" To which someone replied, "No, that's a box turtle." Box, beaver, whatever.

Hasher Humper crossed her 500th hash today, but does showing up late count? I guess she paid, so it's close enough for me.

We also named **Just Gil** today. Apparently he and his girlfriend were trying out a new sexual position the other day and he enjoyed it so much, when he was all done he gave her a high-five. He's an Assistant protocol officer so he's over qualified to run FEMA. He went to Tulane. You can't

say you're GOING to Tulane anymore as, well the Green Waves kinda got washed out by a big brown wave that hit New Orleans. Among the nominations, we had "Mayonnaise in the Pooper", "Ass Pokie", "The Other White Meat" but in the White House Hash and throughout the world of hashing, Just Gil will be known as "**Backdoor Buckaroo**"



Please welcome, Backdoor Buckaroo



The DC Red Dress Run is officially full. Bet you wished you had signed up earlier now. I'm sure you can find a rego for the right price, sexual favors, etc.