

## The Weekly Trash – SPECIAL EDITION

Do you remember what you did last week? Good, neither do I.

999-1002 May 6-8, 2005



WH4 Hash 999-1002  
May 6-8, 2005  
WH4 1000<sup>th</sup> Hash Weekend  
Hares: Not quite as many  
hares as minors your mom has  
slept with, but close.  
Start: Depends on what day  
you're talking about and  
what or who you were doing.  
OnOnOn: The whole weekend is  
kind of a blur thanks to  
these joints.

Wow! What a weekend! We've got lots of hashers writing up comments and thoughts about the weekend. Some scribes might try to write their own trash and work some of the other material in. But I think you know me better than that. Let's let some other wanna be scribes do the talking for a while.



### ***Friday's Walkabout as recorded by our normal scribe Snatch Shot.***

What a great concept- all 300 or so delinquents who registered for the WH4 100<sup>th</sup> weekend cannot fit into one bar, so we “rented” out four bars within one block of each other. A moment of hash genius from WH4 Junta Partymaster **WoWo**, who spearheaded the sign-in effort at the Hawk and Dove with fellow Junta members **Put It Out, HardDrive, Raise My Titanic, DuckJob, and \$50 Bitch**. The concept was great- get a card, wear it around your neck (with the additional info of instructions just in case the wearer was too drunk to speak), go from bar to bar and get your hole punched. Literally.

The early evening crowd started to rush in to the Hawk and Dove at 7pm where **Hasher Humper, Sir Spinal Tap, Big Bang, and Test Tube Baby** oversaw the sign-in table. Overheard from the pack storming the registration booth were comments such as “Dude, where's the beer?,” “What do I do with these wristbands?,” and “Wow- those are ugly T-shirts.” The number of people who do not know what to do with a wristband is alarming- especially **Ground Chuck** who is always bragging about his MENSA membership. Myself and **Rocket Socket**, on sign-in duty at 8pm, tried to drink as much as possible beforehand and hit all of the bars. We stopped at the Tune In first, where **DuckJob** and **WoWo** were waiting for the crowds to descend. We hung out with **Fossil, RMT, Poodle F\*cked, CheezeWizz, Just Kirk, and T'n Eh?** until we realized that we had only 40 minutes left to drink a lot of beer. We went into the Capital Lounge, where we could hear **Motormouth** from outside the bar yelling. Wow that name sure does fit! **George Stuffed an Octopus** looked a little frightened with his co-Bar Captain.

May you look like movie stars, party like rock stars and fuck like porn stars.



It was a nice, small gathering where **Douches Wild** and I hung out with some hashers in from Africa for the festivities, until it was time to head back to the Hawk and Dove. When I returned the crowd had cleared, and rumor had it that the Pourhouse was overrun with crazy hashers. It was the allure of **I Dream of Weenie** and **Bad Ditch** and the decent beer that packed the crowd in. However, the masses trickled back to the Hawk and Dove where dancing and debauchery continued into the wee hours with **38 Flavors**, **Tit-Ka Boob**, **T'n Eh?**, **Tit-ly Winks**, **Cheeze Wizz**, **Blows My Mind**, **CumScout**, **Burning Bush**, and your scribe dancing and harassing the DJ. \*Note: Crawling around on the dance floor may look like fun, but you'll wonder why your knees are black and blue the next day.

-Snatch Shot

### **The Walkers Trail as recorded by BiteMeElmo**

The walkers trail started out in typical fashion, like herding cats. **Designer Bush** would not let us leave the Hunt Club, as the runners took off. Apparently the walkers trail was being used by runners, who were currently clotted up at a small stream crossing, adjacent to the Hunt Club. Of course, the majority of us did not know why we were just standing there, so several walkers, started, well, walking off in one direction. It was not the walkers trail direction, but hey, all trails lead to beer eventually.

Finally, she allowed us to walk - and we joined the clot of runners heading out on the blue trail. We managed to circumnavigate those runners who were afraid to get their feet wet in the stream, and **Designer Bush** led us on our grand adventure. We managed to cover, at least 100 yards, following the stream, when she made us STOP to reconnoiter. Apparently we were free-wheeling it (not following any flour) AND waiting for everyone to catch up (it was our blinding speed I am sure that forced the slower walkers to fall so incredibly far behind after 100 yards). We were also waiting for **RoadWhore**, who was carrying the shots for the shot check. He was also supposed to be leading the way, according to **Designer Bush**, and she was supposed to be sweeping the trail.

At this point several out of town hashers, believing we were doomed to being forever lost in the wilds of Virginy began to cry out, in fear. Until I pointed out that if they looked left, they could still *SEE* the Hunt Club. We were not hopelessly lost as of yet. Just confused.

**RoadWhore** finally appeared (note to self, never put him in charge of shots) and most of the pokey walkers had caught up, so off we went, bushwhacking up a hill to an actual trail. The trail took us along the banks of the lake, scaring away the fish (the civilians fishing LOVED us!). It must have taken the walkers a good 5 minutes to hit a picnic area, where we caught our breaths

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and did our shots. After another 5 minutes of standing around, we continued onwards. As we started out, a herd of snarling, sweating, Ball Busters' came towards us from over a grassy knoll. We swore to them we had no alcohol and they should leave us in peace.

I soon found myself chatting with **George-stuffed-an-octopus**. He was mightily hung over from the Walkabout the night before. Normally, a fast runner, he found himself just keeping up with the pregnant woman who couldn't even catch her breath. Poor guy. Remember, children the evils of alcohol, this could happen to you too (physical disability as well as pregnancy). He and I managed to scale a mountain that lead us up to the soccer fields.

**Byte Lightning** and **Missing Link** were coming towards us from the other direction. The irony of this was not lost on this scribe. One hasher, who couldn't follow flour if it was left in five pound bags along the trail (**Byte**) with another hasher, who can read a trail with his eyes closed, but refuses to actually follow flour (**Link**) joined, hand in hand, together. It brought tears to my eyes. Of course, neither was on a trail.

On the other side of the soccer fields was the beer check. I must commend the Junta and the hares. All trails lead to the beer check and most hashers were converging there as we arrived. **GSAO** and I stopped, filled up on some water and decided that standing around was not our thing (both our reasons were physical and self-inflicted) so we took off. Apparently everyone wanted to be like us, and they followed. Ignoring trail we made a beeline back to The Hunt club.

There was a circle, of which I have vague recollections. **SucksCockForCrack**, lead us; **Greatballsoffire** mooned us; and that was pretty much the highlight (or lowlight, depending on your point of view) of the circle.

See all y'all at the 2000<sup>th</sup> White House Hash!!

### ***The Ballbuster Trail (AKA: Mud Sweat & Beers) as described by a very hungover SnatchShot.***

The alarm went off at 6:00am. I hit it so many times trying to find the snooze button that I thought it was 8:30 and **BigusBangus** and I had slept through the Ball Buster. No such luck- it was only 6:30. The ride out to the East Falls Church Metro was painful, but not as painful as **Hokie No Pokey** looked from the night before. Dude, what did he do? I was impressed that he was up and ready to run this 10 mile trail- or **Stop the Erection** dragged him out of bed by force. Tough chicks **Pork n' Cheese**, **Runway Snatch** (sometimes known in underground hash circles as **Snatch II**), **Cheese Wizz**, and **Smokey the Beaver** (alias-**Beaver II**) looked ready to rumble, and **Leave It In Beaver** (**Beaver I**) came all the way from sunny FL to run this trail. Our bus left the



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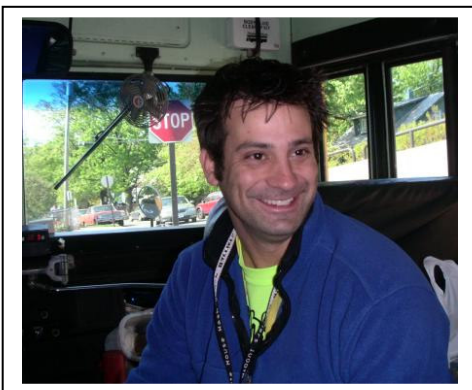
metro and we ended up in a strange location unbeknownst to the scribe, where **DuckJob** was performing the public service of offering to lubricate harriett's nipples in preparation for chafing. The hares were laying the trail live- they had enough flour to bake a ten-foot high cake- and **Two Lips** was having entirely too much fun stuffing his sacks (of flour).

The MVH3 contingent of **Full Metal Balls, Dual Airbags, Byte Lightning, CRAFTY, Hornblower,** and **Missing Link** were out to show their stuff- they were rested from the night before. The trail was rumored to only have .2 miles of pavement and seventeen water crossings, but I counted 3 miles of pavement and 15 crossings, but 3 tunnels. The marsh we went through was a new type of terrain for WH4 (but rumored to be the downfall of **Poodle F\*cked** and his dog **Dan** at Polly), and luckily **TurboTwat** is light and she glided across the muck, unlike some of the rest of us who were sucked downward. **ToothFairy** was sooo excited he found some portable pussy on trail, but he felt sorry for **Can'tFindPussy In a Haystack** who fell on his chalk and gave himself green lips, and gave it to him. **TFairy** was occupied later by a mug, some duct tape, and a horn, so giving away his pussy was probably a good idea.

The tunnels were exciting- especially to those of us who were at the end of the pack and realized that the first two could be avoided. **Byte** and a group of hashers including **Fuxon Command, Bad Dog, Blows My Mind,** and **DAB** veered off trail and got lost. They all trickled in at the ending circle eventually- which relieved the hares because they thought a search and rescue mission was in order and they were trying to get too drunk to comply- but we knew it was okay when we could hear **DAB** swearing as she emerged from the woods. **PIO** was really relieved because he was afraid that his EMT skills would come in handy- but if anything we needed a lifeguard (**Golden Showers** had not yet proclaimed himself DanceFloor Lifeguard that morning.) Overall, it was a great trail- we laughed, we cried, we ran, we swam, we fell (or some of us did)- but we all needed a nap after the circle. \*Note: trying to shortcut a ten-mile A to B trail is not smart.

-**Snatch Shot**

### ***Highlights from the weekend***



**2GuysFucking** – a walking violation, this guy makes our own **AssFinder** look normal. This guy brought the Tour de Chug jersey to DC, and well, the weekend just went down hill from there.

A bunch of old timers showed up, **Mole, Ahab, Mr. Peabody, Bobby Longhare, Amkneesia, Had-a-Madam, Beastie Bush, Mud Muffin, Juicy, Ragin' Cajun.** I hear the list goes on, but I don't even know who most of the above are.

How many hashers does it take to sink a boat? 37 plus 3 coolers of beer, a grill and a cat. Apparently **MotorMouth's** boat had a bit of an issue and the rescue boats had to be called to pump it out.

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**Can'tFindPussyInAHaystack** had an issue pouring beer into his cup on Sunday. Someone should give him a lesson on how to do that, since he wound up pouring the entire can onto the ground.

The bus ride from the Hunt Club back to the East Falls Church Metro where every verse of Chicago ended up with a different set of breasts. Thanks to all those who participated and the beer that made it possible.

The other **Harddrive** -- from an unknown location, but definitely not WH4 -- was spotted after the 1002<sup>nd</sup> looking for his bag. He said he put it in a blue van, but not **SSBB**. I pointed out the bag van and he said that wasn't it. It would appear he put his bag in some random vehicle at the start. Good luck finding your bag, man.

## ***Namings***

Through our drunken haze managed to name at least three people on trail.

- **NutBrownAle** apparently got named on the boat. I wasn't sober on the boat so I don't know what happened there.
- Our beer bitch for the 1002 WH4 hash got named **Small Wonder** due to his affinity for New Jersey. **ForSaleOrRent** seemed to know a lot about him, but we won't go there.
- Finally after a few other names like Digital Exam and Finger on the Button, we thought **Nasty When Wet** was more appropriate. Must have been the beer.

## ***Thanks where Thanks is Doo-doo***

We should thank all the people for helping make a weekend that none of us can remember.

– ***The Junta*** –

**\$50 Bitch, WaxOnWhacksOff, PutItOut, RaiseMyTitantic, Drinks On Me Bud, Duck Job, Hard Drive (ours, not theirs), Rear Area Security, Mellow Foreskin Cheese.**

– ***Hares*** –

Digby's Revenge: **Dumb Blonde, Wang Chunks, Indiana Bone and the Tampon of Doom, Twazuuup™.**

Mud, Sweat & Beers: **AssFinder, Two Lips In The Bush, Monday Sticky Monday, Crouching Drag Queen Hidden Boner, Put It Out**

The Ramble: **Designer Bush, KeilBastard, RoadWhore**

White House Classic: **MissDirections, PayPerView, Rear Area Security, 'Snot.**

– ***Brew Crew*** –

The most important people out there. **It's Butt Fucking Time, JackOff Lantern, Rocket Socket, Purple Peter Eater, F'Em Dano, RunWaySnatch, 38 Flavors, Tightly Winks, Duck Duck Bush, Summer's Eve, PondScrum and Dildo Shaggins**

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