

Special Notice To All Harriettes: Unite! Use all your persuasive talents if you want to get **Puts It Out** and **Wanks On Waxes Off** into the Harriettes Calendar. Of all the Harriers you have requested to see...these are the only two that are resisting attempts at photographic evidence for your bedroom wall. Kiss them, hold them, hug them...do what it takes, but do it soon cuz **TWIG** is getting tired of waiting for **Road Whore** to finish the calendar so she can have sex with a partner once again-the toys are getting a bit addictive! The suspense for the picture taking to be complete is the end of September. So Harriettes...please ...kidnap **PIO** and **WOWO** if need be to get them on the business end of **Road Whore's** camera before the end of this month. Email **Road Whore** at rd_whore@yahoo.com to coordinate the photo shot and release event for **PIO** and **WOWO**.

White House Hash House Harriers

Trail #848

White House Hash House Harriers Trail #848 "Dicks N Chicks"

Harriettes
Please Read!!

Start: Reston, VA
Date: Sep 2, 2002
Brew Crew: **Free Refills & Cum Scout**



The weekend rains broke in time for Trail #848 to provide ample opportunities for mud, muck, and mire. The hares **Big Dick No Brains**, **Gimme A Dick**, **Burning Bush**, and **Desperately Seeking Semen** ...who rarely venture past the hot tub lost



sight of mud, muck, and mire, lost the house, lost the food, even lost the trail so shoes stayed dry,

legs stayed clean, and beer mugs stayed filled. To wit: the pack invaded at the mini-mansion of **BDNB** house. Brew Crew: **Cum Scout** and **Free Refills** set-up for business in a driveway on a lovely cul-de-sac of large non-hashers houses, whose pristine asphalt was soon peppered in chalk and flour for the duck-talk, opps chalk-talk. Listening to all the pre-hash chitchat sounded like a collective attempt to say super-cal-a-fragile-lipstick-XP-EI-A-dough-shush until **Microsoft's** joke was told. In the ensuing quiet that followed his commitment to the first violation of the day (hash joke #3 what is the difference between expressing a liking for love and showing love? Spitting, swallowing, and gargling!



Thankfully **Just Mike** decided to distract everyone with tales of why **Not Necessarily Gay** and **Half Time Blow** would be noticeably absent from this hash (even though it has a hot tub). Tales are not fit to print however **Golden Showers**...the anti on what one can do with tequila has just been raised my man! **For Sale or Rent** stated that often imitation as the best form of flattery?-**Gimme a Dick** walked trail with a small plastic penis that resembles the black one **RAS**

carries however this one oozes a strange white substance when squeezed... Question **Test Tube Baby** had was who is imitating whom? Our lovely Religious Advisor-**\$50Bitch** blessed the attempts of **Bad Dog, Dry Cock** and **Fuck 'Em Dano** to bring serious religion to the hash with their holy shirts and then started Trail #848 by proudly displayed her virgin-**Just Vidhya, "One Hot Bitch"** who was promptly introduced to Test Tube Baby's virgin, **Just Joshua "One Stiff Leg"** while **Target Practice** and **MICock My Cock Shoots Blanks** paraded **Just Greg "U.S. Open"** around the circle for all to see. **Nocturnal Emissions** and **Wankers Away** started to brag about their swingin' virgins **Just Dave "Gaseous Member"** and **Just Adrienne. "Foreign Fiona"** **ButtPlug** interrupted the circle with loud comments about how circle challenged WH4 had become. **Bad Dog** decided to contribute with a Science Lesson - that the reason the circle is lopsided is due to the gravitational pull of SSBB and the beer it holds. After an introduction of the visitors (whew-who for the Soc-her Feminine ☺ - **Laurel** (Philly), **Michelle** (Philly), **Mo** (GFH3), and **Diane** (GFH3)), escorted by **Hollow Point** (MVH3) and **Sheik Xhoni** (Tirana H3) - - -



the runners were off under the direction of **Desperately Seeking Semen** the hare stand in for the lost **Turtle Dick**. Using the hand and arm signals of a B-52 ground guide, the pack-runners found trail and swiftly began to devour flour. From the bird's eye view, the pack resembled a packman game gone wild due to the beacon-bright clean/new shoes of **Sheik Xhoni, Just Jane** and **Hop On Cock**. The trail quickly dumped into what the tech-geeks call woods (less stubble than a two day-old beard). Woods filled with PI and the best circle jerk of a trail that one could imagine. **Wild Bill Hickey Cock** commented "I'm an FRB (not too good). At the first check I'm smart and let others check trail, second check I go left and end up on a long as BT - run back to the check and now I'm DFL!" Meanwhile, back at the cul-de-sac, the walker's gathered round **Rubber Maiden**, who

was armed with his Garman, plotted in the coordinates for the beer check and promised a direct route. They did walk directly along some imaginary line but nothing could compare to the direct focus of **Watergate** and **Road Whore** for they had the straightest line to the beer check. You need to check with **Road Whore** to see if the "Please let us out shirt" gracing **Burning Bush** (moving with headlights on way before nautical twilight) had anything to do with his track. Regardless, the walkers got to the beer check in time to have a few rounds completely downed before thoughts of the runners actually became thoughts of runners. The runners -- without any hare guides (cuz the hares were lost...again...) were trotting in circles between PI and old rusty wire obstacles. Visitor **Morrill** expressed concern that the circling pack made her feel like she was being herded into a beer-less cage...so she started to stretch in preparation for a race to the beer check...provided the yell of on-on could be heard above the shitty trail wanking. Some thought all this meaningless circling around was the techno geek's version of shiggy since geeks don't see the world like the half-mind does...after all the stashed reading material in **BDNB** loo were tech magazines -- maybe this is why only the 'his' of the 'his/her' towels get used..., but the half-minds of the pack were having no more of this circling in PI -- though a few Harriettes expressed a strong desire to circle endlessly on **PIO**.... Time to release the secret trail weapons -- the Dogs!! **Maize, Osborne, Duke** and **FRB** each chose a successful path out of the stubble straight back to the start (du-uh...it IS your house **BDNB**!) Faces fell for there was no Shitty. There were no walkers. Huddling together to combine the power of the half-minds, an understanding was achieved through the suggestive powers of beer-say-ance. To the barbershop quartet hum of beecer, beer, the huddled masses looked deep into the eyes of their fellow hashers and thought beer-walkers-beer walkers... **Watergate, Road Whore** they always track direct to beer. They went right down Colts and then catty corner to the back lot of a tall building. Sure enough, that is where they were found... the walkers and the beer! **No Motion On The Ocean** was the walker DFL to the beer check.



The route he chose to follow passed by a church and unlike most soon-to-be-a-bridegroom, he doesn't have cold feet...only sticky buns. After citing **Jack Off Lantern** for unauthorized blood donations...if you are going to feed the mosquitoes please do it the old fashioned way using their stingers. Amid the wanking by **Goomba** over the spelling & pronunciation of his name (put it on a necklace or write it on your shirt if other hashers get it wrong) the Beer Bitch **Just Stephanie** was serenaded (Songmeisters we miss you...some hashers cannot carry a tune and when you are not here...we notice who the tune-less are!!). During the down-down, we



learned that **Just Stephanie** does not know how to swallow. Although she claimed in self-defense that she is the **RAS** interpreter understudy (a second incidence of imitation), and no interpreter worth their salt known how to swallow! The object is to project...not ingest! Noting that **38 Flavors** was soliciting lots of attention due to her violation of the fashion guidance regarding the wear of the 'r*cing shirt' (don't) the entrance of **Just Don** was almost...but not quite missed. **Just Don** circled the beltway not once but twice cuz he missed the toll road exit. He had these difficulties in finding Route 267 because he left his directions at Nordstrom's. Appears **Just Don** is also **Just Don-na** and with the Red Dress Run less than a month a way...well getting the outfit just right is very important. **Almond Joy** is working on his



story-telling technique. **The Scribes and Holy Tit!** Know the real truth behind the kewl scars on his right forearm.

Almond Joy started in with a story of gallantry and snivalry something to do with a run away baby carriage, lots of traffic, a diving

save....etc. Then he trips – big time on a flat, paved area enroute to the beer table. Uh-huh...looks like just simple klutz moves.... **Mother's Lay** is caught sneaking in to the hash under the guise of having to pass out nametags and

T-shirts for those attending the RDR (yeah-WH4 has 100+ registered!!). The DFL award for this hash though was awarded to **Jag Queen**...he auto hashed to the start arriving just as Shitty returned from the beer check. Whoa-hold this thought for you have got to know that the runners and walkers continued to mill around the beer check, catching up on the weekend's social scene, totally unconcerned that the hares with/wanting dicks lost any lucidity remaining in their brain cells... something about thinking with dicks.... anyway, **Burning Bush** and **Desperately Seeking Semen** perk right up with a solution. Oh the problem...no trails departing the beer check. **Desperately**



Seeking Semen and **Burning Bush's** solution is for Shitty to leave. Shitty leaves and like the carrot before the mule, the pack follows shitty straight back to the start where the circle antics begin. The slight delay in the start of the circle was attributed to the fashion confusion caused by **Mr Softie**, **\$50Bitch** and **TWIG**...all dressed alike the pack got confused when the cry circle-up was heard. Circle up on whom? **Mr Softie** (and Shitty?) **\$50** leaning on **Ducky**? **TWIG** sitting on the Road? **Pay-Per-View** cut through the



confusion by clarifying where the free entertainment could be found – so it was time for a few down-downs to the hares... for any reason... and the dick-hares realize once again they lost something...this time it was the food. **Gaping Ho** is recruited to drive, **BDND** is relegated to the back seat and **Gimme A Dick** rides shotgun as they go to find food. In the interim (needed to do something besides listen to **Bundling Board** and

Leisure Suit Larry chat about what trails were like in their time... hashers today don't know the meaning of (...). The pack enjoyed saluting **Smells Like Fish** for wearing matching fish shirt and shorts (down-down); an educational moment regarding male douche technique by **ParaStroker (Summer's Eve & Senor Douche Berg** – add him to the hygiene run!); and the dual blessed events.

The first naming was bestowed upon the hasher who is a science journalist and whose thesis is entitled "The Courtship Habits of Idaho Mountain Goats" is now known the world over as **I-Da-Ho** (bye-bye Just Mike).



The second naming honored our prima dona, Jersey cow farm, project controller (Just Judy) as the one, the only "**Poke A Countess**".

It was then time to honor those who have or will fall...

Number 2 went to South Korea for a few



months. At the East-West Club on top of the infamous 'hooker hill' in Itaewon, **Number 2** linked up with a lady over a kettle of SoJu (local drink that looks like kool-aid, tastes like kool-aid, and says 'hello' like Tequila!). Thinking she didn't speak any English he asked "will you marry me?" Hint: The military runs a 'Brides School in Seoul. Some English phrases need to additional interpretation. She said 'Da' - Turns out she's a Korean from the Russian border. Congrats **Number 2** on your engagement! Then there was a solemn moment as the pack saluted **On Your Knees Bitch**. She is going to go to Austria and hash for the next few years with Vindabona H4 the WH4 mother hash! HHmm we got **Mr Davolino** and they get **On Your Knees Bitch**...not a bad swap! After a rousing rendition of Swing Low, the food arrived, the beer was chilled, and the hot tub on so it was time to say so long, farewell, I hate to

say good-bye, the beer is cold and I do not have to drive...la la la la...

I can't swallow...



Long Time No Seers – Damn glad to have you back!

Wild Bill Hickey Cock

Just Barb

Boy George

Wankers Away

Nocturnal Emissions

Number 2

Pay Per View

Hollow Port

Anal-versaries

No Motion On The Ocean – 50 shitty trails

French Toasted – 50 shitty trails inspite of a halo

Vibrator – 69 mighty fine shitty tales – you go girlfriend!

Fuck'em Dano – 75 truly shitty trails (counting the ones seen from the comfort of Brew Crew)

\$50 Bitch – 169 Yeah!!! Yeah!!!

Mark your calendars for September 15th, 3pm Trail #850 will honor the 1000th trails Spinal Tap and Hasher Humper have put in with WH4. Talk about leading the get a life club...together they still can't get a life...but at least they are together. *Puts It Out, WOWO, Road Whore, Jack Off Lantern, Free Refills* and *TWIG* are putting together a great shitty trail. It will have kewl things to look at, real food off the Bar-B to eat. Did we mention there are also tunnels and water so bring a change of socks, shoes, etc. A flashlight would also be a very good thing AND a PHOTO ID since the picnic pavilion is on a military reservation. Yup, Forest Glen Park (1.5 miles from the Forest Glen METRO – Red Line) has cute military police who will want to gaze thoughtfully into your picture and then wave you on in. See the upcumming Hare Line for directions!