

White House Hash House Harriers Trail # EightFiftyTwo – R-U-Cum...ming?"



Hares: **TeleCum, Cum Scout, Cum Squat**

Brew Crew: **Pimp of Sarajevo & Summer's Eve**
Beer Bitch: **Just Nik**
Start: Clarendon Metro



Bag Vehicle: **Target Practice & Och My Cock Shoots Blanks**

Spewing from the bowels of the metro the pack slowly gathered to enjoy the warm Sunny Sunday afternoon on the Clarendon Park in anticipation of cum...ming during trail #852. Blue sky, bright, warm sun, green grass, and plenty of happy conversation hovered around the park at the top of the metro stop. For the doubting Thomases even they could not deny the beautiful relaxed atmosphere of this trail's prelude. Sum folks like **Vibrator, WOWO, Slip knot, Whore Moans, & More than a Mouthful**, were cum...ming together, others were cum...ming with dogs! **Read End Loader** commented he thought this idyllic mood would last the entire trail and that many more folks

would discover other ways to cum. **And Hows Her Bush** reminded **REL** and **Desperately Seeking Semen** that the weather has nothing to do with indicating of shitty factor of the trail to cum. The lovely RA - **\$50 Bitch** called the circle to form interrupting the outfit ideas **Tiddly Winks & Vominatrix** were sharing from Xandria, Victoria's Secrets, and Fredericks of Hollywood in preparation of next week's Lingerie and RDR. The hares showed for circle, arriving just in time to chat about the trail markings (used inert anthrax), rehydration stops (a shooter check and a beer check), and the turkey-eagle split (someone had a map). We would learn later that this moment would be the last time we ever saw them together. Guess the fact that veteran hare Cum Scout was holding a map should have been a clue...that they were clueless. The cheerleaders – **Puts It Out** and **Duck Job** led the well-cums for the visitors and the virgins. A quick rendition of Father Abraham put everyone into the mood to start trail...and they did just that. **Rodeo Fuck** and **WOWO** emerged as the early leaders guiding the pack through a series of checks to the north side of I-69 where the urban shiggy of potholes, acorns and poorly parked vehicles hid the runner's trail markings. The checks at the bottom of the hills further spread the pack out. **Poodle Fucked** in a frisky moment decided for shits and grins to run up a hill yelling true trail, true trail. Only after a couple of cuties made the ascent did he yell BT, BT. Now we are not going to divulge the names of the cuties cuz **Poodle** is a She-ite. She-ites can't look at women unless they are family which means the only cuties **Poodle** can LOOK at are ... opps can't go there...Clintonesque don't ask don't tell still in effect! Meanwhile, the portion of the pack that didn't fall for the hill trick, were entertained by puppy humor. Yes fellow hashers dogs do talk! Valdor got tired of **Freddy** running in his space so he decided to wrap **Freddy** around a sign post. **Peking Duck** was convinced that if a squirrel hadn't crossed the street Valdor would have successfully tied **Freddy** up and left him as cat bait. Mighty Duke thought Valdor had a very interesting idea and he proceeded to do the same thing with **Mighty Tite**. But then **Bad Ditch** happened by and Mighty Duke just loves **BD**...so he promptly pulled off to wag his tail around **BD** for the rest of trail! Cruising back and forth along the ped-ass-trian passways surrounding I-69 (okay, we know it is I-66 but I-69 is much more hash like. As far as we are concerned, we own the roads for the periods that trail caresses them...you don't think that hashers with the great respect we have for rules,

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would cut corners, stop traffic with j-walking if we didn't really think that we owned the streets! Just ask **Bavarian Bush** and **For Sale or Rent** they know everything for after Spinal tap and hasher Humper these Harriettes have more than 500 WH4 trail notches on their belts!) In search of rehydration the pack decided it needed a leader. FRBs **Iron Maiden & Short Bus** Bitchdecided that when a handsome FRB harrier, running the Cums trail with a Viagra pump disguised as a GPS on an armband – yes **Crouching Dragon Hidden Boner** we are referring to you – is someone that should be followed. **Cums On Ilene** used her bike (with assists from **Looks Like A Kid and Drinks Like A Girl**) to get an edge up on the FRBs for she was most curious as to what action **Boner** pursued that needed a V assistance. The Harrier pack lead by **Shock A Cock** followed to see if **Boner** had any technique worth plagiarizing. Both groups were very pleased with this decision – for he led them straight to the beer check. BTW: Assists for the FRB route straight to beer go to **Cuz He Can, See Dick Run, & Leave It In Beaver**. THE topic of conversation at the beer check was the unidentified location of the shooter check? **A Queer Rear End** commented that we needed to find a hare and mug him for a map. The walkers were not far behind the runners having enjoyed a leisurely stroll through Arlington main. **Just Jeremy** and **Road Whore** worked on their Marlboro Man imitations and succeeded in keeping the core of the Harriettes in this pack quite entertained. Though **Stick & TN Eh** are contemplating that the special picture they have of **RW** on their refrigerators may have enjoyed a greater viewing audience than previously suspected and this is a major factor in the special



interest folks have in these two. **Happy On His Knees** noted that brew crew had arrived at the same time as the FRBs and expressed concern about any implications their tardiness may have had on the shooter check – did SSBB not have to stop there first? Unfortunately no one heard his cries of concern for all attention was focused on the beer bitch selection – **Just Nik!** He

was SSSOOO happy to have this honor that all of the photos Hash Flash took of him had to be doctored to reduce the *dazzle* in his excited smile!

Rehydrated, the pack took off in search of the elusive shooter check... and the lost hares. The second half of trail was filled with so many back checks and the general confusion that surrounds checks that **Pork N Cheese** decided it was safer to risk looking like a runner by stretching instead of looking for trail when a check was encountered. Course her tale is that the tree needed to be straighten...that's her story and she is sticking to it. At one point the pack crisscrossed Wilson Blvd in a frantic attempt to find flour that **Two Lips In The Bush** was successful in rallying a dozen sweaty butts for a Gold's Gym mooning. Finally, the end was found but the shooters remained a mystery along with 2 of the 3 hares. **TeleCum** thankfully swept the walkers trail and they made it in all happy, while the runners were strung out and grumpy...till they had their beer. Long Time No Seer **Mr Davalino Mr Bob Davalino** was voted Mr Hardbody by the Harriette gallery. **Road Whore** solicited interest for scuba hash by wearing his soo-wrong & flashing two great photos of the Hash Scuba Cruise 2002 (the boat and the bun salute). **Golden Showers & Can't Lay Shit** mentioned they need to be there next year for their buns would perfect any bun shot **Stick** was reprimanded by **RW** for trying to steel the bun shot. Her defense: she wanted a matched set. **Stick** had the front and now desired an anterior shot of her favorite hash flash. Meanwhile **Poodle Fucked** entertained the harrier gallery. **Poodle** swapped out his pup for Mini Me's motorcycle...the ensuing rowdiness brought in the DFLs; **Put It Out, Cum Squat**, and **Ich Liebe Dich** with the lost shooter check (can you imagine the sacrifice they made, drinking multiple shots all be themselves in order to light the cooler enough for transport to the circle); and of course the honored Arlington guests...the Police. Now the issue of the afternoon was not the presence of alcohol in a park posted as a dry park, it was not the dogs running around off leash challenging the definition of voice control (dogs are voice activated but not voice controlled), it was the noise...go figure... hashers can't sing...okay **General's Farm Animal, Delaware Queen, Virgin With Mary, Puts It Out, Spinal Tap** and **Summer's Eve** are exceptions. In spite of **Puts It Out** request for songs serenaded with Quality not Quantity all the hushing produced nothing but giggles. Somehow the pack made it to the end of the circle without anymore involvement by the fine defenders in blue and the noise adjourned to Whitey's for the OnOnOn.

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CircleAntics:

Anal-Ver-Sorries:

Howdy He Fuckin' Do Me - 50

Harpie - 69

Ivy Licker - 100

Bad Dog – 175

(BTW: Evidence of trail count credit is being checked off on the hash cash roster...no pay no trail count credit. The appearance of a hash name in a hash trash is not evidence of attendance. Scribes write names and sometimes we forget who we saw when...beer can do that to a half-mind!)

Lost Virginities:

Just Heather "Bring it on Boys" – She cums on the Internet

Just Gene - "Secret Ménage Ah-Two-Ah" – She cums with **Closet Slut** and **Summers Eve**

Visitors:



My Left Tit from Cairo, Egypt

Red Eye Vagina from Atlanta, GA

Doc from Adele, Australia

TB from Northampton, England

Special Thanks

Och My Cock Shoots Blanks & Target Practice
for giving up trail to be the bag vehicle



Long Time No Seers
Vatican 2
More Than a Mouthful
Because He can
He Whore
Ick Liebe Dich
John HandCock
See Dick Run

Rear End Loader

Twin Kegs

Fire In The Hole

Mr Davalino Mr Bob Davalino

Treasure Chest

Violations

Against the Hares:

Used White Flour (any color other than white please!) Arriving late to own trail, Not running trail, No Shooter check after promising one (unless **PIO** sabotaged the trail to keep al the White Russians for himself), not knowing where own trail goes, altering trail after setting it, getting the scribes lost, missing their shitty trail down-down, causing global warming and barring UN weapons inspectors from SSBB!

Those who didn't cum on trail cuz:

****Just Sandra** preferred to eat sushi;

****Vominatrix & Short Bus Bitch** chose to have sex on trail (like we really believe you two went off from the beer check to get a little extra mileage in!)



****Two Lips in the Bush** - NOT shortcutting

****Closet Slut** doesn't really like her hash name...wonder why? She was so embarrassed that she told her virgin to introduce herself as either the roommate for **Summer's Eve** or as a virgin without a sponsor.

****Hey Ho** did a wonderful job of writing up the trash from Trail #851. His expository writing was soo enthralling he felt compelled to keep it preserved in cyberspace, thus instead of paper copies, he did e-copies. Thankfully **Harddrive** will be posting it on the website for the rest of the pack to enjoy.

****Freddy and Mighty Tite** for being bested by a beastly Buddy...or dog trail humor

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****Cum On Ilene** for cum...ming on a bike cuz now that she is a media slut her feet can't tough the ground!

****Calls Of An Environmental** over cum any other function for **Bolo, Ducky, Boner, and Beaver**

****New Shoes for Ivy Licker, Golden Showers & Legend of Spit and Shallow** (SOS bought new shoes just for the hash cuz he left his other ones in PA...so he says).



****Others who cum with shoe problems included Bad Ditch and Ich Liebe Dich** (were those really springs?); **Just Unka** for wearing r*cing flats.



****Looks Like A Kid** for chosing to cum on the moral high road cuz he only pushed the bike's ass end for her highness **Cums On Ilene** for all the trail uphill – shivalry!!

****TB** for whining about the absence of more rehydration stops. Even with **GBOF** and **Pacific Rim Job's** attempt at translation, couldn't quite understand if **TB** needed a Tea Break or another Beer Break...**Coin Operated** pointed out he is called **TB** so perhaps Tea Break is what he needs to cum!

****Can't Lay Shit** missed an opportunity to cum cuz he was too busy getting football scores off his cellphone.



****Test Tube Baby** proposed violations for **Vibrator** for interrupting the RA

****\$50 Bitch** for thinking about her last ... you know which distracted her into usingnerd names to call folks to the circle.

****Piggly Wiggly** for calling the RA 'Blond'...okay she did have a blond moment with the nerd name thing but duh...she is blond!!

Those who dissed the circle cuz they were working on the cum..ming thing: **Takes a Lickin, Dairy Queen, Microsoft, Fuck Em Dano, Bishop, Bugs, Raise My Titanic, Semen on the Pew, Yank me out, Missed Erections, He Whore, Thigh Thruster, Senior Douche Berg, Master Rebater, Mothers Lay, No Genitals, Harepie, Hail Mary Full of Jizz, Horton Sees a Coochie, Jack Off Lantern, Big Bang, Hare PPPiiiee**...wonder who was, shall we say successful?



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