

The Beaver Moon
Run #238
Tuesday, November 15th, 2005

Once again my faithful notes comes to the rescue. Oh well, I guess it is part of the price I pay. Anyway, we gathered in a parking lot in Terrasanta for the next version of the Beaver Moon. This night was touted as "The Longjohn's Run" and about half of the pack did indeed show up in them, making it appear to be a strange family reunion in West Virginia.

The pack set off to the tune of "short, flat, dry trail", you know, normal hare lies but also to the promise of gen-u-wine moonshine at the 'shine check. I can't say much about the trail as I didn't actually do it, instead a small group of us walked to the moonshine check and back. Apparently the highlight of the trail was Penis Machinist, who thought that some water was only a couple of inches deep, did a face-plant in three feet of water.

With the exception of PM, who decided that he didn't want to look like a drowned rat at the on-in, we gathered together for some down-down's by Deep:

Hashit Demo: Ice Box

A memorial down-down for Rubber Maiden who passed away recently.

Zap - for getting a new car

Sir Isaac - got new eyes

Pigeon Shit - not a hillbilly, but is dating his cousin

Drag - got turned down by his cousin

Nookie - bad feet caused by inbreeding

Dairy Queen - Jewish hillbilly

Richashaw - for trying to help by moving a chair but instead rammed it into a ceiling fan

Pixilated Pussy - uses her left breast for her hillbilly purse

Fucking Ready - saw Ice Box and then swore off moonshine

Ginger Snatch had a birthday.

Welcome Back - Pigeon Shit

First Timers - Terri, Short Bus, Tyler, Nocturnal Emission

Hares - Gumme', Thanks for the Mammories, Stick Me Anyway

Hashit - Fucking Ready for Ice Box abuse

All in all it was great evening.

Glow Worm