

Full Moon Hash #288, Beaver Moon.
11-3-09 Hash Trash as represented by Anal Rose

Dr. Zaius, ECT, Big Bird's Spunk Rag and **Betty Cock-in-Her** hared this run as a panty charity for women recently released from prison! Several people brought panties, and many beavers will be covered! The trail was reportedly a 4-miler with three beer checks, though some were happy to point out it was closer to 5.3. In this hashers' opinion, three beerchecks is worth running over 5 miles for! Some made it just to the end, while others had quite the adventure! Somewhere between the 2nd and 3rd beercheck a mighty Shiggy Vortex opened and catapulted **Rub My Buns, Dr. No Ass** and FIVE first timers (**Tera, Tara, Meredith, Anthony** and **Katia**) into an alternate universe, while the rest of the pack made it in time for dinner at Gus's (Baltimore Ave in La Mesa), down downs and even more beer.

Chicken Poop, had to begin down downs without the missing hashers. MORE BEER FOR US! First, **Anal Rose** was thrown under the bus immediately and unceremoniously dubbed the evening's Hash Trash. His tender heart was mended when he immediately received a down down, along side **Big Bird's Spunk Rag**, in honor of Military Family Appreciation Month. **ECT** and **Studfinder** were called up as Harriette Dog Owners. Apparently it's National Peanut Butter Lover's Month! **Penis Machinist** was "Waxed" due to a lame down down so lame it's illegal to put into print. **Betty** got called up for her love of catheters and crusty underwear (details also unlawful to disclose). **Harry Cum**, from Texas, was the only First Timer to make it back alive presumably. We sang him our only Texas song, and he was made aware of the importance of incest in a pinch!

Meanwhile, still on trail, **Rub My Buns** tried to jump out and scare some of the newer Harriettes by hiding behind a bush. He almost went ass-over-teakettle down into the canyon, but was rescued by said Harriettes. He returned the favor moments later when a rather large saber-tooth tiger leapt from below, looking for a Hash Snack. **Rub** fended it off with his trusty multi-LED flash light (the one with his name monogrammed onto it) and his quick wit! That's one 300 lb pussy that almost ate HIM! **Dr. No Ass** was just paying expressing gratitude when a crack opened up and swallowed the remaining hashers into a giant chasm. There they fought off giant vampire bats, horny gnomes and slimy Larrikins until **Just Katia** managed to fashion a rope out of her bra straps and pubic hair and they all climbed their way to safety!

Back at Gus's, the excitement was REALLY starting, when **Chicken Poop** called up everyone who had eaten a sandwich that day, in honor of National Sandwich Day! Also, Welcome Backs (a full 65% of the remaining pack), Anniversaries (**BORT** and **Nookie** for 9 years of marriage, **Dr. Zaius** for 10 years of hashing), and of course the hares were called up for the occasion. That Mayor of Bayswater sure has a fair daughter, says I! Our Gus hosts denied their down downs because they were "being filmed on camera and have to behave!" Hashshit nominations were **Glow Worm** (4 more Beers), **Dr. Zaius** (loosing half the pack on trail, including all the hot virgins), and **Flabio** (for ignoring the glorious Sandwich Day Down Down). Obviously **Flabio** was victorious.

Finally, **Chicken Poop** recognized that all good things must at one point end, and he announced that the Hash should definitely go in Peace. It was at that precise moment that **Rub, Dr. No Ass** and all the First Timers came crawling through the door with their battle-scared, singed hash gear smoldering behind them! TOO LATE, young adventurers! The beer is all gone!