

**The Cold Moon**  
**Run #239**  
**Thursday, December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2005**

---

Once again my faithful notes comes to the rescue. Does that first sentence ring any bells? Yes, once again, **Pixie** has decided that she has to do something more important than doing a write-up for us, even though she did promise that she would do it this time, after “forgetting” last month as well.

Oh well, so here we go. It was once again time for the famous Cold Moon. Poor **Ice Box** slaved away all day to cook, and lay trail as none of the other Box Babes or her boy toys was available to help her out. Trail looped around the neighborhood so that we could see all of the holiday lights, and was planned so the pack would arrived back at **Ice Box’s** house just in time for the yummy Beer Cheese Soup to be ready. And as usual it was great.

Down-downs went something like this:

Hachette Demo: **Anus Major** (filling in for **Fling Ready**)

**Dairy Queen**: for providing the group two pieces of chalk, each one at least two feet long and 8 inches wide. Is she trying to tell us something?

**Chicken Poop** and **Sir Issac**: each auditioned for the gay cowboy movie “*Brokeback Mountain*”, but were told they were too gay

**Pixie**: for the great writeup last month

**Peeping Tom**: was responsible for **Sir Isaac’s** midlife crisis

**Sponge Bob Square Dick**: told **Furry Mason** (who was sporting a great set of headlights) to put a shirt on

First Timers: **Grethen** and **Josh**

**Grethen**: (in a rare event for the Full Moon) was named “**Watch Them Bounce**”

**Ass Transit**: had insufficient fun (don’t ask me, that is what the notes had, and hell, I don’t remember that far back)

**Wax My Ass**: tried singing but fucked it up

Visitors: **Texas Bushwacker**

Hare: **Ice Box**

And the Hachette went to **Sir Isaac** for having his eyes done, shaving off his beard and then declaring that “he is now too young for **Dairy Queen**”.

**Glow Worm**