

The Cold Moon
Run #251
Sunday, December 3rd, 2006

How does it happen that the drunkest person gets anointed to produce the Full Moon write up? I guess no one cares what goes in it (or on it!) and nobody really reads it anyway! So, here goes...

The day of the Cold Moon wasn't very cold. Hashers roused themselves from a night of frivolity at the SDH3 annual Holiday Party to brave the first hash of the day: The Hare of the Dog bike hash, hosted by yours truly, *Ass Transit*. I had cooked a turkey for Thanksgiving, but my new roommate gobbled down all the leftovers, so I had a hankerin' to cook another one. I popped the 24 pounder in the oven and started peeling spuds, mashing yams, and prepared to create another Thanksgiving dinner for some lucky bikers. *Lawrence of No Labia* arrived to help me guzzle champagne, *Dr. Dive* and his bride, *Burnt Ta Ta's* came ready to spend the whole day and then mozie over to the Full Moon, which happened to be a couple of miles away. *Fluff Boy* dragged his own blankie to the couch and just watched the Chargers trounce someone again. *Dildo Abuse*, the other hare, was nowhere to be seen. He finally rolled up, covered in flour and said the trail was ready to go, albeit about an hour late (oh well, that's the bike hash for ya). By this time the second hash of the day had probably started, the Blonde Bimbo Humpin' run, but people were more interested in trail and food so no one deserted.

After a spine-tingling game of Asshole, played by *Lawrence*, *Fluff*, *Dildo*, *Wonderschlong*, *LCB*, *FOS*, *Dr. Dive*, *Heaven's Gate*, *Freudian Slut*, and myself, we dragged ourselves to *Ice Box's* house. Unfortunately, *Dr. Dive*, *Lawrence* and I stopped off at a teacher friend's house and never made it to the run start. More drinking and reminiscing, and the Three Stooges finally staggered over to the On-In. *Dr. Dive* was ready to make a big impression for his first ever solo GM-ship, and he came prepared with a *Deep Throat* "look-alike" costume. A giant padded belly with a T-shirt scrunched about half way down so the belly button was exposed, the ubiquitous vest, and some other adornments that I don't remember because my vision was getting blurry by that time. I think we all enjoyed some beer soup, fabulous hospitality by *Ice Box* and a few glares from *Deep Throat*. From the scribbles on the write up sheet, I see that *LCB* did the hash shit demo for *Grassy Ass* who was a no show, *Lawrence of No Labia* was a first timer to the Full Moon, and Two Timers (those who did two hashes that day) were *Ass Transit*, *Dr. Dive*, *Dancing Queen*, *Lawrence of No Labia*, *Long Cutting Bastard*, *Full of Shit*, *Burnt Ta Ta's*, *Howdy Do Me* and possibly others. By this time I had melted into the floor and was pretending to be a dog whisperer to Murphy. I do remember *Penis Machinist* and *Ice Box* had a birthday, and the lovely *Pat My Ass* accompanied *Deep* and Murphy. *Dr. Dive* and *Ta Ta's* had birthdays cuming up, so that must be why they got stuck haring the next Full (Wolf) Moon. Not sure how *Dr. Dive* ended up as hash shit, but no doubt he deserved it!

On-On to more electrifying hashing in 2007!

~Respectfully submitted by *Ass Transit*