

The Harvest Moon

Run #236

Saturday, September 17th, 2005

The Full 'Harvest' Moon Run took place in the land of Kumeyaay (which means Cums on You) Indians in Poway. The Kumeyaay were a tribe that was known to celebrate nature's lessons by ejaculating on each other while cheering gleefully. Accordingly, the hares were our favorite, although questionable, love triad, **Snoop Pussy Pussy, Spitz the Snitzel and Reach Around**. The pre-run brief consisted of watching **Snoop and Reach** adorned in nothing but loin clothes, war paint and feathers, dancing around to native tunes and slapping each other's assess with smoking sage and wild herbs. **Spitz** then forewarned us of the journey to come and the scary possibility that we could catch a glimpse of their traditionally oversized cocks. The two then ran away into the shiggy together (typical) as **Spitz** secured the B-van, and stopped **Weed Whacker** from igniting a wild fire while smoking sage.

The trail consisted nearly entirely of shiggy! Our scouts led us on the Piedras Pentadas (which means Painted Rocks) Trail, which according to **Spitz**, was inhabited by the Kumeyaay Indians Hundreds, and Hundreds, and Hundreds of years ago. The pack was instructed not to fondle the many artifacts that still remained on trail, including "mortars" in rocks where natives would pulverize acorns, holly-leafed choke cherries and an occasional small rodent into a roux mixture (yummy)! Although after discovering this hole in the rock, **Captain Zero and Glow Worm** quickly became distracted before turning around. There were rumored to be some native paintings on the rocks, but only a few select FRB's briefly mentioned this. As always, the trail highlight was the beer check! It was accessible to those willing to hike a thousand feet up the mountain and pull themselves up a rope for the last 40 vertical feet. Those who did, had a chance to enjoy some local native peace and cold beer, as they watched the splendid Harvest Moon rise over the lake below!

The On-In occurred at **Reach's** "Master of Love" Palace. There the pack was fed some excellent Indian food that was home made by **Spitz**. Good beer and wine were flowing as the fire was lit and the natives grew restless. **Deep Throat** then rose to form a circle and delivered various down-downs and songs of his choosing. These included eyewitness accounts of **G-Minor** spying on **Baby Huey** as he changed clothes, **Hindlick** gazing happily at **Alotta's** crack again, and **Captain Zero** applying EZ Glide to **Pummel Whore** because it would "help with her poison oak"! A fond fare well down-down was given to our fellow hashers **Spank, Slap, Who Said Head, G-Minor, Spitz, Snoop, Reach, Speaks In Tongues, Cannabis Licked Her, Hindlick and Alotta Vagina** as they prepared to Hash/Marathon Europe. The pack cheered as this group practiced posing both with and without their tour shirts on. As the libations continued to flow downward, the energy grew greater and even stranger things began to happen like **Reach and Snoop** swapping loin cloths and **Speaks In Tougnes** bragging about how **Cannabis** only left skid marks on her wash cloths that day and **Dr. Dive** exclaimed how all the harriettes tits seemed to look exactly like **Hamburger Helpers**. It was getting good as rumors of a midnight naked run began to spread around the circle. Then the mood swung south, however as **Stale Mate** stopped the pack from seeing a group titty flashing, which would have proven / disproven **Dr. Dive's** theory, thus resulting in her receiving of the Hash Shit.

All other events that occurred that evening have been censored from this document, seeing that it could fall into the hands of children and decent people. Just to let you know though, the fire did not cause that much damage to **Reach's** house, his neighbors really don't mind him screaming "Fuck You" at the top of his lungs late on a week night and **Weed Whacker** really did eat all of those leftovers! Now let's go find some beer, On-on!