

The Snow Moon

Run #279

Thursday, February 12th, 2009

Hares: Boobs & Shoulda Woulda Woke Her

The night began with some pre-lube brewskis and hanging out in the wrong parking lot wondering where the other hashers were. Once the beer was gone I discovered everyone was on "the other side of the tracks". The hares (**Boobs & Shoulda Woulda Woke Her**) were kind enough to draw a map of the r*n (including beercheck location during their pre-r*n brief. strangely their map looked just like the full moon logo butt w/ twinkling starfish below. The pack took no time to begin embellishing upon the artwork after the hares were off on trail. The new artwork resembled some genitalia which could either be **Shoulda's** penis after swimming or **Boobs'** clitoris on steroids. As I began r*nnng trail, I'd like to think of it as "happy camel toe w/ beercheck butthole". The trail split into T & E early on, each trail winding in opposite directions as one would circumnavigate a gluteus maximus. Trail included several obstacles such as fences, ditches and a surprise encampment of scary tents. The recent rains had washed away much of the dirt around a cement culvert. **Arctic Rim Job** failed in her attempt to leap this muddy pit of death and began her impending decent, clawing at the grass, and crying out, "help I'm going down!" **Shigmatta** was disappointed to find she wasn't offering to blow hashers in the mud pit and just needed help out the hole. The beer check provided us some tasty apricot wheat beer from pyramid brewery. Both trails ended near the start at the Beachside Bar & Grill's back patio. They call this their fountain patio. Oddly enough there was no fountain but a stone fireplace. No body missed the fountain and the fire was most welcome on this cool winter night.

Down-down's commenced with both GM's (**Dork & Chicken poop**) in attendance. The following is a record of what occurred next (according to someone who drank way too much beer that night).

Hashshit Demo: performed by **Chicken Poop**

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Boobs displayed a body part -- bruised hip from past hashing (sure it was)

Shoulda Woulda Woke Her was confronted on trail by an Encinitas resident who asked him, "What are you doing"? His reply was something like, "I'm with Prudential and nighttime is the only time we can get volunteers to help clean up". More amazing than the bullshit story is that lady accepted it without question. Like it is perfectly normal to pickup trash at night if you work for Prudential -- the good hands people.

Deep Throat was absent a while at the On-In and upon return said he had to "Put my mom to sleep". Rest in peace. Also he drank for International Flirting Week.

Boyz 2 Men brought her naked dog and was cheerfully encouraged with "Tits Out 4 the Boys" -- so she showed her dog's tits. Life's a bitch.

Chicken Poop was bestowed with chicken paraphernalia of various kinds.

Lacy Bitch Britches was accused of secretly owning a boutique around the corner because the sign said "Lacy Boutique"... the pack sang 'here's to wax' blah, blah, blah...

Shigmatta and Just Jeremy were honored as racists for completing the San Dieguito Half-Marathon

First Timers -- **Just Liz**, **Just Jeremy** and **Little Drummer Whore** -- when the newbys failed to appease to pack with joke, song or body part, **GI-Ho** provided her magnificent stunt boobs... and there was much rejoicing.

Dairy Queen for having a lot of spunk, or taking **Sir Isaac's** spunk somewhere. things started to get blurry about now.

Naming -- **Just Bill** broke some beer glasses when he knocked them over while mooning the pack so he was named -- **Glass Hole**

The Hashshit was voted between a new chicken hat and the old cheese. Old cheese won.

Lacy Bitch Britches got the Hashshit for exposing his manhood to people who were not thru eating.

Guerrillas -- **Boobs** for blood on trail.