

**The Original Full Moon Hash's Run #228:
The Wolf Moon, or,
Tuesday! Tuesday! Tuesday!**

Our hares of the month, Finishes With Towel, Reach Around, and Scout's On 'Er, challenged San Diego to find the G-spot, and a good-size pack of 35+ rose to the challenge, popping up in the otherwise quiet* seaside village of Carlsbad. After some chalk talk -- something about a 3 mile Turkey trail and a 6 to 9 mile Eagle -- the hares took off in two different directions.

I chose the Eagle trail, and headed northwest through the tidy* streets of Carlsbad. Within just a few blocks, the Eagles encountered a beer check at sleepy, empty* Jello Shooter Park. The lovely and talented Scout's On'Er quickly replenished the pack. We then crossed the Buena Vista lagoon and headed up 101**, Oceanside bound.

The check in the Oceanside city limits presented two possibilities: a quick return to Carlsbad via the beach, or a lengthy clockwise rotation around the lagoon. Of course, hare Reach Around chose the latter, and off we went, first crossing I-5, then ascending Fire Mountain, tobogganing down the leeward slope, crossing 78, crossing I-5 again, and coming back up to the G-Spot via Jefferson Street. Meanwhile, the Turkeys were in clockwise loop of their own, eventually wending past Jello Shooter Park for their beer check. Some Turkeys didn't leave there for a while.

Down-downs were delayed while various hares and beer-check-hangers-on made their way back to the G-Spot. I suspected some of Carlsbad's many watering holes had lured in the pack, but Finishes With Towel insisted that he laid the Turkey trail in a manner that would specifically avoid all bars.* And when down-downs did commence, Deep Throat was faced with plenty of material, eventually administering liquid punishment* to the following:

- Visitor **Fist Full of 50's** thought he'd come up to Carlsbad for all the loose women... so why did he bring his fiancée, the lovely virgin **Katie**? (More about those two in a minute)
- **Gummee, Speaks in Tongues**, and **Boys 2 Men** were recognized for being the walking wounded. Speaks in Tongues was the only one with crutches; Gummee's wounds were purely psychological, and Boys' handicap involved some sort of rat-like creature that inhabited her jacket.
- **Swallow Bitzch** walked to the hash, and enjoyed more beer checks in that half-mile walk than you'd find in any hash.*
- Visitors **50s, Katie**, and **Fix'Em Mannequin** came the furthest in finding the G-Spot.
- **Ass Transit** was recognized for sifting through trash and some sort of situational awareness problem, though I don't remember if the two were linked.
- **Scout's On'Er** realizes that the fastest way up the company ladder is to show the boss some cleavage.
- **Snoop** and **Rump** were recognized for snaring the hares.
- **Stalemate** is now employed. Really!
- **Speaks in Tongues** was playing Cinderella; her prince was the guy who could use one of her onion rings as a cock ring. She was later observed leaving prince-less: her onion rings weren't made from cocktail onions, after all.
- Someone suggested that **Finishes with Towel** is a little old man, but since he never took **Tongue's** Cinderella test, we'll never know.
- The staff of the G refused to serve beer to **Katie**: she didn't have an ID on her, which leads us to...
- **Fist Full of 50's**, who received the hash shit for sending fiancée **Katie** back to the start, so he could drink at the beer check with the guys. Acceptable hash behavior***, sure, except it would have been nice of him to at least give her back her ID first!

In the end, everyone found the G-Spot at least twice. Nice job, hares!

On~on,
Captain Jerk

*Except on Sundays

** The road. The harriette wasn't present.

*** Especially on Sundays