

## The Wolf Moon

Run #278

Saturday, January 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008

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Hare: *Drag Along Date*

Scribe: *D-Cup*

Welcome Back: *Hemorrhoid, Fuzzy Wuzzy, Rides on Top of Cock*

First Timers: *Rides, Pubert, Kristen, Damsel, D-Cup*

Birthdays: *D-Cup*

The pack consisted of 12 Hashers, plus the Hare. Three brave Harriets showed up. Considering the opinions of *Drag's* trails, we were all quite brave. *Chicken Poop* was the only one who ran the Eagle trail at 8.44 miles, which had been predicted to be 7.42 miles. Who are the anal ones keeping track of the nearest hundredth mile? The actual mileage, according to *Fuzy Wuzzy* was 5.46 miles for the Turkey trail. I guess unless you were one of the ones who ran around checking for true trail.

*D-Cup* got the first down-down for "volunteering" to scribe. She's doing a very hashlike version of the task -- pretty lame. *D-Cup* was questioned about her 4xxxx t-shirt. Was it condoms or beer? Actually beer from Australia. *Drag* got a down-down for haring the run with the Hash Shit on his head. Who said head?

*Chicken Poop* attempted to entertain the pack with "Trivia This Day in History." The waitress did a down-down while showing her video tits. Newby just *Kirsten*, & *Rides on Cock* also drank. *Drag* ending up singing to himself regarding setting the shitty trail. *Chicken Poop* won Hash Shit for scaring females out of the pack.

Sorry this is so sorry, but then I never had the "free beer."

A good time was had by all!!!

## The Snow Moon

### Run #279

Thursday, February 12<sup>th</sup>, 2008

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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 spilt 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**.

**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 Isacc'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.

## The Worm Moon

Run #280

Tuesday, March 12<sup>th</sup>, 2009

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On a sunny but chilly March evening, an impressive pack met up in Scripps Ranch for yet another edition of the fabled Worm Moon hash trails. **Glow Worm** was in prime condition for this epic classic of a trail and nobody was disappointed.

The first landmark encountered was the Library near the run start. This was followed by a check and a long back track more suitable for YBF fame. Just after solving this check, trail marks were replaced by a map instructing the pack to go down to the next traffic light and turn left, then go down a few more blocks to another traffic light and turn left again. Here, we found ourselves on shiggy again. The trail meandered into the Eucalyptus laden valleys of Scripps Ranch for miles only interrupted by an occasional check (all of which proved to be challenging to solve). A few times, the FRBs got off trail when a change of direction was not clearly marked. Just added to the thrill of the hare's handy work.

Soon, night fell and the pack was slowed a bit due to darkness and scarcity of marks in some locations. As the trail progressed, it seemed as though many in the pack had turned back as only a faint call of 'on on?' was heard every now and then in the distance. Hours later, the trail made it to the road which circles Miramar Lake on the far East edge. Here was found the Eagle / Turkey split. Already hungry and very thirsty, everyone in my vicinity took the Turkey. If there was a brave Eagle, he or she may still be out there as the Turkey Trail was 7.25 miles itself. Meanwhile, back on the Turkey trail, a nice romp around the lake and down the main entrance to Scripps Lake Dr put the pack back on track toward the start. An A to A drive to B (Glow Worm did not have enough room for all the run bags and nor did anybody else for that matter). B was written in chalk as Filipi's Italian Restaurant on Mira Mesa Blvd near where the old K Mart used to be.

At the On In, much to my and other hasher's delight, we were sharing a special room with the Charger Girls Cheerleader Team (or, at least the girls trying out to be Charger Girls). I recognized the team's choreographer who lives in Del Mar.

We ate, drank, cheered, peered, thanked, wanked, spanked all the way till down downs. The Charger Girls were amused with our antics but really got into it when a visiting harriette, **Rotten Cherry**, decided to show us a body part upon being asked. After a while, each down down song we sung was more or less just a case of following all the bouncing boobs in the room. A few of the down downs I recall include **Dairy Queen** drinking for Girl Scout Day and back up again with **Sir Isaac Sphincter** for their 32<sup>nd</sup> wedding anniversary. **Glow Worm**, the hare, received many gorilla down downs for assorted trail woes + won Hash Shit for telling one of the Charger Girls to keep her top on thinking we might get tossed out of the restaurant before down downs were finished. **Sir Isaac** and **Chicken Poop** got a couple more down downs.....I forget why. There were several first timers including **Scott** and **Katrina** plus a couple more visitors, but, since I was already "seeing double" every time I looked at a Charger Girl, my mind wasn't on scribing. Many pictures of beer later, down downs ended sometime after 10pm. The rest of the restaurant was empty as we left the scene. Wish I could remember more down downs but you'd understand if you were there. Thank you **Glow Worm** for the best trail of the night!

On on, **Chicken Poop**.

Full Moon Hash- Thursday April 9, 2009

First off, I must offer an apologies for any inaccuracies in this account. They are due to the fact that my highly detailed notes were in the pocket of my pants when it went through the wash, rendering most of them illegible. However, with the help of some document restoration experts from the Smithsonian Institution I was able to decipher enough to create this version of events.

This Full Moon Hash began like many others, began with G-Minor calling at the last moment to inform us that due to circumstances beyond his control he would be unable to hare the run. Fortunately, the run start was at volleyball on Sail Bay only a few blocks from my humble abode. Before the start the Full Moon hashers watched the volleyballers bat the ball back and forth with their usual skill. The volleyballers, for their part made certain that they were volleyballers and not Full Mooners so as not to have to pony-up the onerous \$2.00 run fee. I brought a bag of flour so we could do a Pick-up style run. Chicken Poop volunteered (or was volunteered) to lay trail and Dick-So-Soft provided a beer check at his house.

I had to set things up with the Dave, the manager of The Dog where we ended and was unable to run the trail. Thusly, I know little about it. I do know that Chicken Poop attempted to take the trail through my yard. I was not there and he was surprised to find the gates locked. Oh well. From what I can gather, the trail meandered around PB before reaching The Dog. It was tricky enough that Witch Fucker got lost and was out on trail for over an hour.

We had Down-downs. The hares drank. Bottom Fucker got a welcome back down-down. Glow Worm drank for listing two consecutive Worm Moons. Others drank for other things, but since my notes are history I can't say who they were. There you have it.

Your faithful scribe,

Dorkasaurus Rex

**The Flower Moon**  
**Run #282**  
**Thursday, May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2009**

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We showed up at the run start just a little late. So I didn't get to hear hare lies, but as I was running around the parking lot I did hear, blah blah blah *this* and blah blah blah *that*. Any then we were off.

It started off as a nice walk down this road and around a corner and then some more roads. The trail then cut down into this canyon, and I was thinking "*alright, no more roads*" but after a few minutes, I heard blah blah blah *water*, and blah blah blah *poison oak* (what is poison oak anyway?) and dad made me and a bunch of others turn back.

So it was just more streets, and more streets. Not even a cat to chase, not that dad would have let me anyhow. So after a few more minutes and more streets, we arrived back at the start to be driven to the end.

This end place was some joint called the "Mira Mesa Inn" and for some reason I had to stay in the car, and I wasn't even bad!

So I wasn't able to see down-downs, but the car was parked close enough that I could hear some things.

First it was blah blah *demo* followed by blah blah *Impy* and then some strange noise that I was told later was a song. Other tidbits I picked up were blah blah *Bort* for blah blah *jury duty*. Something about mothers, but that couldn't have been because *Murphy* was stuck in the car with me.

There was also something about first timers, returners and birthdays. Followed by blah blah hares (hey, I like to chase hares!), blah blah *In Cum Snatch, Hawkeye, Impy* and *Dogfish*. (Hey, why was he allowed in when I had to stay in the car? That doesn't seem fair.)

The last things I managed to hear were something about *Capt Jerk* and a *strawberry* and *Chicken Poop* getting something called a hashit, whatever that is.

Then dad came out with some of his girl friends (I don't remember which ones as he has so many) and drove us all home where I finally was able to get some kibble and bits, yum.

And that is my story and I am sticking to it, much like my hair sticks to furniture.

***Bailey***

## The Strawberry Moon

### Run #283

### Thursday, Jun 4<sup>th</sup>, 2009

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This, the 283rd episode of the Original San Diego Full Moon hash met in the (claimed) "center of the hashing universe", Carlsbad, California. We assembled in the parking lot at the corner of Roosevelt St. and Elm St. (non locals call Elm St. "Carlsbad Village Dr.") I noticed that the cheerful and mingling pack consisted mostly of first timers, visitors and welcome backs as the FMH3 regulars were conspicuously absent. The illustrious hares announced their hare lies at the appropriate time and then were off in a cloud raining flour.

Trail began toward the East over to Madison St. where a check with a very long back track to the North stalled the pack momentarily. True trail went East for a few blocks to another check at Elm St. and I-5. This check was solved going South behind a strip mall and into the back door of the Golden Tee cocktail lounge and out the front. Soon, still going Southbound, trail continued on Harding St. then East on Chestnut Ave. and under the freeway to Adams St where it tured South again. We crossed Tamarack Ave, still on Adams, all the way downto Chinguapin Ave where trail turned West and continued on across the bridge over the freeway. Soon, arrows pointed South on Harbor Dr. where we followed marks down into the shiggy by the lagoon. We got up by the rail road tracks and discovered an Eagle / Turkey split. The Turkey trail hugged the lagoon going West toward the ocean while the Eagles proceeded South along the tracks and over the trestle bridge.

On the Eagle trail, a few entrepid hounds managed to sniff out more flower along the South bank of the lagoon East of the tracks over to and under I-5. Trail turned South again and went up along the fence of Northbound I-5 and up to and through the strawberry fields just North of Cannon Rd. After our fill of strawberries, we pressed ahead to run West on Cannon Rd. and under I-5 to an adjacent commercial development where hare arrows directed us North along a retaining wall, into a parking lot and down a flight of stairs to a subteranian parking garage. Shortly after emerging up and out of the garage we saw the long awaited "BN" sign. The beer check was at a green belt park on Ave. Encinas just East of the railroad tracks. Here, **Captain Jerk** and **In Cum Snatch** served up cans of Bud Light. Before the Eagles had completely reassembled, with daylight waning fast, the FRBs got back on trail which took us West on Cannon Rd. to Carlsbad Blvd (aka Hwy. 101) where we turned North for a long and flat stretch of pavement. The sun was setting just as we passed the Encina power plant. Soon we connected back up with the Turkey trail on Carlsbad Blvd. Once into residential territory, we turned right on Sequoia Ave. then left on Garfield St. over to Hemlock Ave. where **Swallows Bitzch** hosted the second drink check at his home. There were still a few Turkeys hanging around, drinking beer and a watermelon flavored concoction (all that was left by the time the Eagles arrived, but it was mighty tasty). As it was getting dark quick, we thanked **Swallows** and got back onto trail going Northward on Garfield St. for a few blocks then left over to and across Carlsbad Blvd to the concrete "boardwalk" along the beach. This walkway ended near Pine St. where we hugged the bluff before going back down to the beach and onto the sand still going Northward up to a set of stairs which led us back Eastward to the foot of Elm St. Heading East, trail crossed Carlsbad Blvd and then went North through an upscale retail shopping area before turning East again on Grand Ave. Then, it was just a few more steps to the On In at a bar called The Alley. The Eagle trail was just under 8 miles with the Turkey was calculated at 5.1 miles.

At The Alley, Dominos Pizza awaited the pack which filtered in slowly. As a band was quickly setting up their equipment, getting ready to take the stage, down downs were commenced as soon as **Chicken Poop** found a pen and a pad of paper. There were numerous first timers, many of which ran the Rock And Roll Marathon with **Captain Jerk** as part of his Leukemia charity team. **Lacy Bitch Britches** performed the obligatory Hash Shit demo down down. The Eagle trail runners got a beer for finishing, next up were Corvette owners: **Captain Jerk**, **Ghetto Man** and **Chicken Poop** who were followed by June birthdays (first timer **Erik** and a band member). **Swallows Bitzch** and **Rod Wad Sphincter** were recognized for losing over a grand on the Laker game that evening. **Pixie** was honored for her fast approaching motherhood. First timer **Debra** was coerced to perform a "happy dance" for the hash. Bartender, **Leroy** poured himself a water down down followed by a few hashers including **Ghetto Man** when Hash Cash discovered they hadn't paid their run fee yet. For Hash Shit the crowd was silent for the first time of the evening, so, **Lacy Bitch Britches** retained the honorable position for "Four More Beers." A few announcements later, down downs were concluded so that the Love Rangers could crank out a Black Sabbath tune requested by a hasher to start their first set.

Thanks to the hares for a great trail with strawberry fields, a fun On In, pizza and live music. Well done!

On on, Chicken Poop

## The Buck Moon

Run #284

Tuesday, Jul 7<sup>th</sup>, 2009

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Hashit Demo done by both: Lacy & Pemis Machinist after Lacey did not do it correctly.

first timers: James & Puke Of Hurl-Welcome to the FM hash.

Amando & Mary Ann did birthday down downs.

CRIMINALS:A cUM-nEW hOME, WEARING PASTIES...

BORT-WAXED???SOMEHOW HE ELECTED not TO DO THE DAMN TRAIL. I think he was FEELING his age...

Chicken Poop -Trip wanted to leave Vette on side of road???

DORK, This one's for you! Get well Brother. Just because you had surgery is NO damn excuse to get out of GMING...

GINGER SNATCH for only picking up her mail out of her BOX because she likes her BOX STUFFED!

NOOKIE, PENIS MACHINIST< and Glow Worm for talking HOUSE TALK!

Puke of Hurl and Copper tone Bone for being DFL and FRB 1st in.

PITB for bragging rights about the whole famn damily are now hashers.

PITB for thinking Michael Jackson was going to make a big CUM BACK by popping out of the casket on national TV and start singing THRILLER!

Nominations for hashit: bort for short cutting trail due to his age & whining about boston! PITB just for whining-acceptable hash behavior. So bort won! by silent majora.

Just james ran Boston for Bort.

Scribes impression of trail:

THIS WAS A 9 ON A 1-10 SCALE.

THE VIEWS, ONCE YOU REACHED MOUNT EVEREST, WERE SOMETHING TO BEHOLD. AS THE SUN STARTED SETTING AND TEH POOP MEISTER & i WERE heading down THE HILL(S), WE COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HUNGRY COYOTES yelping for a little pussy, or Puke of Hurl if he didn't get his ass off the mountain top by midnight.

Your unrespectfully submitted,

Pain in the boner

## **The Sturgeon Moon**

### **Run #285**

### **Thursday, Aug 6<sup>th</sup>, 2009**

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A Day Late and a Dollar Short

It was an auspicious day in the annals of San Diego hashing when the Volleyball H3 and the Full Moon H3 teamed up for Day 2 of Get A Life Week VIII.

Never mind that The Herald of Truth, Light and the American Way, the San Diego Onion reported that the actual Full Moon was the day before. The renown Lunar Luminary, Doktor C Hook Gillard, explained that due to an unusual astrological confluence, it was indeed a Full Moon in PB on Thursday, even though the moon was apparently full for the rest of the planet on Wednesday.

Dr. Gillard was unable to explain in layman's terms the difference between a frat house beach volleyball game and the so called "Volleyball Hash." Or, why the latter was even called a "Hash" in the first place.

Picky, picky, picky... grunted the bronzed goddesses who spiked balls and Gatorade concoctions on the sparkling sands of Fanuel Flats.

On the court was none other than Team USA's secret weapon for the next World V-Ball Xtreme Games...Shrimp Skanky and Dogfish. While this dangerous duo can barely reach the net when standing on each other's shoulders, they are quite adept at staring down a cross-court harriette, causing her to drop her top at a moment's notice. These self-absorbed V-ballers played on without a break in concentration, as Full Moon hashers assembled for what was destined to be a night of unequaled adventure through the urban jungle of Pacific Beach, California.

While the specifics of the trail are protected by copyright laws, the hares who own this intellectual property promise to reveal their most intimate secrets in the upcoming sequel to their national best seller "Donny & Dive Come out of the Closet."

Miraculously, some of the hashers actually found their way to the on-in at the Typhoon Saloon on PB's notorious Garnet Avenue. BORT, the resident Hash Shit, performed the Down-Down Demo Ritual before the stunned patrons of this swanky upscale wine bar. Dorkasaurus Rex was then toasted and sent a collective hug.

Big Banana was honored for starting Get A Life Week. Those who had completed all seven previous Get a Life Weeks drank.....including Big Banana, Frigid, BORT, Nookie, Fuckin Ready, and Heaven' Gate.

Numerous virgins, visitors and welcome backs were introduced due to the joint run with Volleyball Hash. Twisted sisters Megan and Dede, who were discovered hiding in a girls toilet stall, were eventually rounded up for their virgin FMH3 Down Downs.

Hares, Donny Osmond and Dr. Dive, who set the trail on bicycles, drank for confusing the Volleyball Hash with the Hare Of The Dog Hash.

Gorilla Whorefare was recognized for his efforts in making the Red Dress Run video. See Gorilla for the Editor's Cut X-Rated Version (with nipples).

Brought forward on trumped up charges for hash shit nominations were BORT, Chicken Poop, Witch Fucker and Lacy Bitch Britches. In a hotly contested battle, Witch Fucker finally claimed the prized the Hash Shit award.

Pitchers flowed, and bar girls showed their stuff until the bewitching hour of 9:30 PM, when hashers were informed that they where not in compliance with the Boring Dance Club Dress Code that evidently did not include sweaty shorts, sleeveless t-shirts and chicken hats.

On-On to Day 3. BIMBO

## The Harvest Moon

### Run #286

Saturday, Sep 5<sup>th</sup>, 2009

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It was the start of an interesting night. I headed over to the run start wondering just what was in store for the pack as Dr. Dive was leading them on a pub crawl to help celebrate Showerhead's birthday. Just as I got to the start, a San Diego police car pulled up and the officer started talking to the throng of hashers (if by throng, you mean 6) standing in the triangle shaped island in the corner of the road. Turns out it was just Skidmark admonishing Dr Dive for having a hash when he couldn't be there.

After Skidmark left, Dive led the pack over to "the wrong side of the freeway" to a little Mexican bar, "El Uno," a couple of blocks over. Inside it was a bit crowded, but they made sure that if you understood Spanish, you would have no trouble hearing the soccer game that was on.

Then it was on to Showerhead's place for more drinks. It was several blocks away from the first bar, and Showerhead must have been really thirsty as she showed the way at a brisk pace. After Showerhead's, the pack was on the move again, and stopped by Dr Dive's favorite gay leather bar called "The Eagle." The decor included such delightful items as a set of stocks, a cage, and a blowjob chair. Just a nice little place.

Once again, after a few minutes, the pack was off again to a bar called "Tobacco Rhonda's," another charming establishment. Here it announced the pack would be hanging for a while and could go get food from across the street if they wanted, so did. The rest was content to drink and some played naked picture match. Around this time, I went over to watch Dr Dive try and win something from the claw machine and somehow I and managed to get stuck inside. I did see that Dr Dive gave Showerhead the cute stuffed animal. The night was still young, but it took me all night to get out of that damn machine.

Anyway, through my networks of spies, I found out that the pack then headed to a beer check in the back of Dive's car, and then to "Redwing Bar," where everyone seems to have a good time, even Wax you managed to fall flat on his ass while trying to sing karaoke. My spies tell me that after a considerable amount of time there, what was left of the pack headed back to Showerhead place, stumbling and bumbling along the street. I even hear that Showerhead had to be carried back to her place. I understand that only three hashers had their way with her.

Apparently, everyone was too drunk to note if any down-downs were done or not, but considering this crowd and the shape they were in I doubt it.

After all the fun at Showerhead's, Dr Dive decided to finish off his evening back at "The Eagle."

The Fly on the Wall

## The Hunter's Moon

### Run #287

October 1, 2009...



The trail was about 6.9 dog miles. The **Happy 15<sup>th</sup> Birthday/Tribute Trail to Murphy Brown** was laid by Deep Throat, Ass Transit, Boyz 2 Men, and help from Spreadsheet, and IceBox. Murphy homage included **meatloaf** with dog-bone shaped garnishes, t-shirts for the **hares** with a blown up photo of Murphy's gorgeous face, and trail was laid with a mixture of flour and Murphy's ashes. Seriously. The 4-mile jaunt around Encinitas and Cardiff was lovely, and the **beercheck** in the Salvation Army parking lot was lacking the couch that had

been there last time, but it had gained a super hot beercheck waitress, Spreadsheet, so all was well in the universe. In fact CFR was nominated for **Hash Shit** for the impropriety of not taking a beer from such a sexy and awesome beercheck-tender.



At the On-In (The Office) Deep Throat bought everyone's first drink in honor of Murphy. Ass Transit made mountains of **delicious** meatloaf. Sides included rice, gravy and not one... not two... but SIX salads. First-timers Emily, Bobblehead, Joseph, Rob and Josh thought they had fallen into the best hash ever!

It must have been fun because I can't really read my notes about the down downs. (Also I think Chicken Poop was on a roll!) Captain Zero couldn't eat the food because the "Captain Zero Diet" is only crème filling for cum enhancement – he had to settle for a lady finger at VG's. Nookie tried to explain something but no one would let her finish until she defined "diddling," which in Nookiespeak, is "when you FUCK". Spreadsheet trumped Bobblehead with an announcement about who-knows-what because the bitch fight eyes were funnier. There was a fundraiser the following week for Dork, who was named GM at that same On-In one year ago.

And likely not a coincidence, this was the 23<sup>rd</sup> Analversary of the Full Moon Hash, and Deep Throat, decade-long GM, is leaving for an undisclosed amount of time; he will be missed for however long that is. And Murphy will be missed forever, but at least we have a heckofagood time to remember in her honor. (And once you're on her...)



Full Moon Hash #288, Beaver Moon.  
11-3-09 Hash Trash as represented by Anal Rose

**Dr. Zaius, ECT, Big Bird's Spunk Rag** and **Betty Cock-in-Her** hared this run as a panty charity for women recently released from prison! Several people brought panties, and many beavers will be covered! The trail was reportedly a 4-miler with three beer checks, though some were happy to point out it was closer to 5.3. In this hashers's opinion, three beerchecks is worth running over 5 miles for! Some made it just to the end, while others had quite the adventure! Somewhere between the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> beercheck a mighty Shiggy Vortex opened and catapulted **Rub My Buns, Dr. No Ass** and FIVE first timers (**Tera, Tara, Meredith, Anthony** and **Katia**) into an alternate universe, while the rest of the pack made it in time for dinner at Gus's (Baltimore Ave in La Mesa), down downs and even more beer.

**Chicken Poop**, had to begin down downs without the missing hashers. MORE BEER FOR US! First, **Anal Rose** was thrown under the bus immediately and unceremoniously dubbed the evening's Hash Trash. His tender heart was mended when he immediately received a down down, along side **Big Bird's Spunk Rag**, in honor of Military Family Appreciation Month. **ECT** and **Studfinder** were called up as Harriette Dog Owners. Apparently it's National Peanut Butter Lover's Month! **Penis Machinist** was "Waxed" due to a lame down down so lame it's illegal to put into print. **Betty** got called up for her love of catheters and crusty underwear (details also unlawful to disclose). **Harry Cum**, from Texas, was the only First Timer to make it back alive presumably. We sang him our only Texas song, and he was made aware of the importance of incest in a pinch!

Meanwhile, still on trail, **Rub My Buns** tried to jump out and scare some of the newer Harriettes by hiding behind a bush. He almost went ass-over-teakettle down into the canyon, but was rescued by said Harriettes. He returned the favor moments later when a rather large saber-tooth tiger leapt from below, looking for a Hash Snack. **Rub** fended it off with his trusty multi-LED flash light (the one with his name monogrammed onto it) and his quick wit! That's one 300 lb pussy that almost ate HIM! **Dr. No Ass** was just paying expressing gratitude when a crack opened up and swallowed the remaining hashers into a giant chasm. There they fought off giant vampire bats, horny gnomes and slimy Larrikins until **Just Katia** managed to fashion a rope out of her bra straps and pubic hair and they all climbed their way to safety!

Back at Gus's, the excitement was REALLY starting, when **Chicken Poop** called up everyone who had eaten a sandwich that day, in honor of National Sandwich Day! Also, Welcome Backs (a full 65% of the remaining pack), Anniversaries (**BORT** and **Nookie** for 9 years of marriage, **Dr. Zaius** for 10 years of hashing), and of course the hares were called up for the occasion. That Mayor of Bayswater sure has a fair daughter, says I! Our Gus hosts denied their down downs because they were "being filmed on camera and have to behave!" Hashshit nominations were **Glow Worm** (4 more Beers), **Dr. Zaius** (loosing half the pack on trail, including all the hot virgins), and **Flabio** (for ignoring the glorious Sandwich Day Down Down). Obviously **Flabio** was victorious.

Finally, **Chicken Poop** recognized that all good things must at one point end, and he announced that the Hash should definitely go in Peace. It was at that precise moment that **Rub, Dr. No Ass** and all the First Timers came crawling through the door with their battle-scared, singed hash gear smoldering behind them! TOO LATE, young adventurers! The beer is all gone!

## The Cold Moon

Run #289

Tuesday, December 1<sup>st</sup>, 2009

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Arrrrrghh, Arrrrrghh, Arrrrrghh, Arrrrrghh, Arrrrrghh, fu\*king Arrrrrghh, (I know that I am mangling his name, but at this point I really don't care.) He was supposed to be the scribe for this evening's jaunt. Anyway, after waiting the appropriate 17 min past 6:30, the hare finally left, followed by the small after 12 minutes or so. As I was walking, I was soon in the back and fading fast. Even after a month, I am still wondering how we went east, and kept making left turns, only to end up south of the run start which was also the end. My internal compass must have been off that night.

Chicken Poop finally managed to get most of the pack out on the patio for down-downs (it was much warmer inside) and they went something like this. Please bear in mind that I can't read about half of Arrrrrghh's writing. What is he, a doctor? Here is his notes:

Chicken Poop did the Hashit demo for the absent Flabio

Bumfuck this day in history

Dairy Queen is bi North South interhash

Not enough people signed up for the Christmas party, NOEL on the regos

Bubblehead will do anything for a beer (*I wonder if that is really true*)

Zap own a cat

Who Put Cum in My Ass has a Dec birthday

Dogfish got bombed in Hawaii then spanked his monkey

Chicken Poop drinks cider, pinky extended

Glow Worm cleared the table

CFR that is a gay ass shirt, what is that, a flesh t...d kimono?

Chicken Poop is hashit....just because it looks so damn good on him

Johnny Cash is on the tube

It wasn't in the note, but I am pretty sure that Heaven's Gate drank for being the hare

Yours in hashdom.....

## The Blue Moon

### Run #290

Tuesday, December 29<sup>th</sup>, 2009

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It was a night, a night just like the rest of them, yet somehow something was different. It was dark, so that was normal. It was cool, bordering on cold (at least for those of us in San Diego), but being December that was normal as well. Could it have been the hashers that gathered on this cool dark night? No, that wasn't it, so what was going on? Let's see, the last full moon was on December 1<sup>st</sup> and here we were gathered on December 29<sup>th</sup>. Yes, a glance at the moon did show that it was indeed full so that made it a "blue" moon. That's it. That and the fact that the Blue Hare Group was haring made it all come into focus.

The trail headed off in one direction and showed up at the On-In from a different direction. If the person who volunteered to be scribe actually turned in a write-up, more dope on the trail would have been known.

The On-In was at Oggi's Pizza, just a few dozen yards from the cars. The on-in was quite warm and enjoyable but after awhile Chicken Poop forced us out on the cold patio for down-downs. So here in its entirety is the down-downs, just as it was written down:

Hashshit Demo - Chicken Poop, Writer - Strap On Tools, Shigmata - moment of silence, Fluff - bad joke, Strap On - volunteered write-up, Dairy Queen - rejected coupon from Carmel Valley, Bart - vesued her! (don't ask me that was how it was written), Next Blue Moon Aug 2012, Fluff - useless info, NYE hash 4 peeps, DQ, BORT, Sir Issacc, Fluff go we need people - free prostitutes, lots of other bullshit w/ weddin Sir Trotts Alott & Wanda. Chix Poop forgot why BORT was up there, Engagement Ring - GBL.J & Afterbirth. Rides on Top of Cock - stupid, Dif, Joe, Collin, Mike - first timers. Poop knows all zip codes. Chix Poop - Random hash history! Left the back door open while he was peeing in a bottle, FMH still has carbon copies.

Now, about those carbon copies. It does seem that most of the time, if there were no carbon copies, there would be no write-ups. 'Nuff said.

Not mentioned on the copy were the hares - the Blue Hare Group (Chicken Poop, Gay Boy from La Jolla [and this year] Afterbirth). Also, there was no note of who got the hashit, so if it was you, please let know.

The writer that isn't Strap On Tools.