

Wolf Moon Hash

Run # 291

Thursday, January 28th, 2010

The night air was crisp, the ground soggy and the beer cold. Hashers from all over San Diego and abroad came to the run start at Who Put the Cum in My Ass's house. All were welcome inside to pre-lube and mingle. Laughter, chatter and Manogram's musk saturated the air.

Without notice, Mas Penis and Who Put the Cum in My Ass stole the attention to give the Hare Lies for the night. We were told Chick Clit was also a hare; which confused everyone since she was bundled on the couch with a blanket. Then in a flash 1/3rd of the hares were gone, laying the world's longest 4 mile trail.

The trail dipped down from the house into the canyon. The trail became uneven, muddy and downright dangerous, exactly as a trail should be. For the most part it was marked very well, except for when we came out of the canyon and back into a residential area. A true trail was written in one direction with a single puff of flower and then nothing. This little mess was finally sorted out when the TRUE true trail was found going the opposite direction from the first true trail.

The On-In and run start were one in the same. Everyone made it back wondering why a 4 mile trail seemed so long. Was it the chill in the air? Or maybe the canyon just seemed long. Nope. The trail was 7 miles. Thanks hares!

At the On-In we were greeted with some fantastic food; spaghetti, chicken pasta and a salad. Once all the bellies were full, we conducted down downs.

Manogram was honored for being an overachiever, running the Carlsbad half marathon. Backdoor banana bitch drank for bringing natty ice.

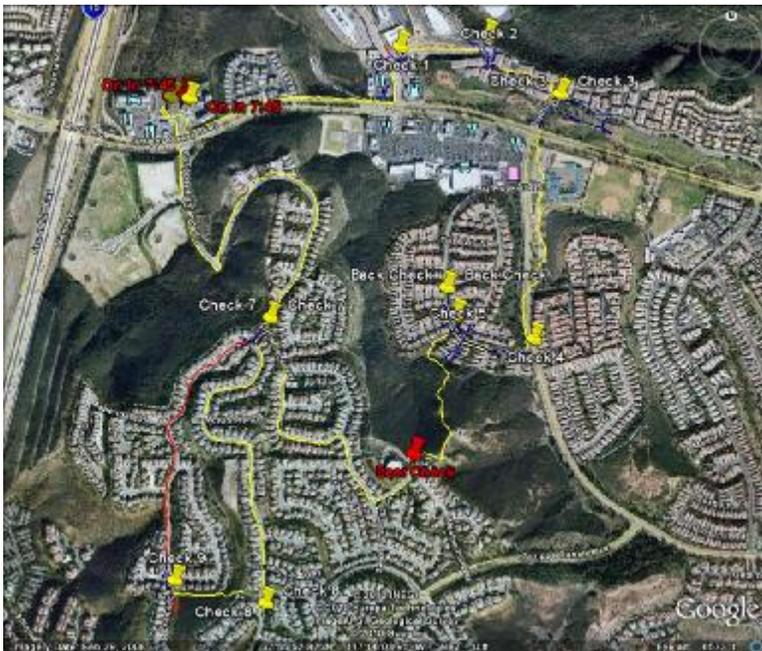
First timers were paraded in front of the group and composed of Princess Pissy Sheets, Hot Seaman Saver, Rick Shaw and Old Smeller. Rick Shaw stayed on stage as a out of townner from the Hampton Beach Hash. Frost the Blowman, Village Tool, Grassy Ass and Backdoor Banana Bitch were all welcomed back into the mix. Frosty and Tool were at the hash for the 2nd ever. For Grassy, it had been over a year. No one cared about Backdoor.

There were two hare snares, one by Backdoor Banana Bitch and Village Tool. During there down downs notice, we found out that Tool like to play with little kids and take their coloring books. On that bombshell, hashit was up for nomination. Tool stayed up on stage, not for the kiddy confession but for sitting On Mya's head, poor dog. The defending hashit didn't stand a chance, Chicken poop relinquished the crown to Tool.

Snow Moon Hash
Run # 292
Thursday, February 25th, 2010

Our scribe for the evening is trying to drag the Full Moon into the 21st Century by doing the write-up as a Google Earth tour. It can be found by going to the run writeup page on Full Moon website and clicking on the link.

While that seems to work in a digital 3D world, it doesn't translate to a 2D sheet of paper, but he insisted, so here is a recap of down-downs. (Misspellings came from the scribe.)



Down Downs (Outside)

Chicken Poop (also presiding) - initial DD for scheduling nearby Party Bus much too late for Pack's needs / pleasure.

Easy Lips & Sainly Suds as only 'true snow' Hashers to show (from snows of Mt Fuji to Baltimore)

DQ & Sphinkster - Adopt a Rabbit Month (Feb - everybody knew, just quicker on buzzer; same w/*Easy Lips/SS* re: attending '84 Olympics).. *DDuk* well aware curling founded by Scots (as was golf)

Don't Ask DT & Penis M - distributing free Condums on trail (I think)

Chicken Poop - Pabst Blue (in cans) at beer check... should have been Bud as this also Opening Buds/Budding Moon...

Popped a Couple - Dog Abuse & National awareness month

and several more re: This Day in History and Famous Birthdays...

Penis M - lack of religious advice re: this day's 'true' historic/cultural value...

Announcements: Re: Humpin Hash @ Black's Beach - *Don't Ask or Popped a C* (can't recall - don't care - also posted on web - may not live that long, etc.)

Last shout/close out for FMH 262 - around 9:30 pm .. moon overhead.

DDuk

Worm Moon Hash
Run # 293
Tuesday, March 23th, 2010

There were 498 steps on the trail all counted out by the hare.

We ran 486 steps on this run. Glow Worm marked and counted every 10th step. Every turn was up hill. The start was not on the corner of La Mesa Blvd and Acacia. He was down the street closer to the train shop. Half the people were waiting in the wrong place. Chicken Poop, Ginger Snatch and Bort were at the wrong start location while everyone else was in the correct location. A reporter from San Diego State showed up to interview the hash. Chicken Poop answered his questions while the rest of us stayed away.

The run started with us running into Kissy driving home from work. When we reached the first check there was a turn. Ginger Snatch turned and everyone else went straight to train shop were Glow Worm dropped flour while filling up his flour bag. Todd got directions on trail and started cutting right to the end.

Hash Shit was Village Tool stand in Chicken Poop.

Bort started us off the songs and B-day also drinking for Vince Van Goat ###.

Scribe is Ginger Snatch turning this in late.

Bort drank a lot for his \$2.00 worth

Todd and Juliatt first timers to Full Moon

Pink Moon Tuesday 27th

CP - hash shit for Limericks

GW hares supplied free pizza, does not drink any more as he is on a 486 step program

Bark is DFL

Dogs on trail

 Bark Koa

 Gags

Todd used the web site for a song

Run #294

Pink Moon

4/28/10

Hares: Mas Penis

Hashit Demo: Chicken Poop

Writer: Wax My Ass

Welcome Backs: Deep, Wax

First Timers: J3, Thai, GI Ho

Birthdays: Ass Transit, J3, Chick Clit

The turkey trail began at Big Red Pizza, went about a mile north along El Camino Real, headed west on Aviara Pkwy for about ½ mile, then looped back south and east through the lagoon area until returning to El Camino Real and ending back at the start. It was 3.5 miles altogether, most of it along sidewalks on El Camino and Aviara. Eagle trail spent a little more time in the lagoon area. Down downs were conducted by Chicken Poop at the pizza place. Visitors included two hashers from Korea, a very tall guy named J3 who evidently spends most of his life hashing (based on the number of patches on his happi coat) and Gi Ho, who looks exactly like our GI Ho because of his man boobs, except he's a short Asian man instead of a tall American woman.

Titan Tits, Relax Your Thighs – leaving early to take care of her kids

Income Snatch – leaving with Titan Tits

Glow Worm – advertised the May run as the Pink Moon, not the Flower Moon

Deep Throat and Dr. Dive – acknowledged for being doctors

Wax – for being scribe and volunteering to hare Strawberry Moon on June 26

Titty Titty Bang Bang – DFL

Dr. Dive – dead reckoning wrapouts on a smart phone

Chick Clit – insulting scribe

Wax, Income Snatch, Titan Tits, Mas Penis, Chick Clit – wearing pink for Pink Moon

Deep – may bring Dork to Red Dress Run

Deep – Tartan Day

Ass Transit, Wax, Deep – Tartan/having Scottish blood

Scratch My Balls – in absentia, for running Boston Marathon

Dr. Dive – April 20 was National Pot Smokers Day (also National Be Kind to Lawyers Day)

Chicken Poop – didn't go to right run start, for being hash shit

Announcements – Chick Clit: Humpin' Campout June 11-13

Flower Moon Hash

Run # 295

Thursday, May 27th, 2010

The May 2010 Full Moon hash aka Flower Moon was hared by Hawkeye, In Cum Snatch and Just Brian (and bag van driver Just Frank). After Chicken Poop led the chalk talk for the many visitors, the pack of about 30 hashers started at the typical Full Moon stomping ground of Encinitas Coaster Station and took the standard 25-cent Encinitas tour... until a rope shimmied hashers about 30-feet down an embankment and into a large tunnel by the I-5 freeway. Jack It Off and made a fuss and wouldn't go down. Just Melissa summoned to the peer pressure and decided it would be fun to go down! Everyone was now satisfied. The pack prodded about mile through the tunnel. The hares lit the inside of the dark abyss with the liquid from glow sticks to mark splits, true trail and checks. The tunnel was unique as it included a few big turns and changes from circular to square and the hares were able to provide multiple underground paths. One by one hashers began popping out of a manhole centrally located in an old construction yard. The pack was confused as to where they were (yes, even in Encinitas!) and unpleasantly surprised that there was no beer check waiting for them. Intelligence set in and the pack followed trail by Quail Botanical Gardens, greenhouses, gravel alleys, Ecke Ranch and finally through a second tunnel that went under ten lanes of the I-5 freeway and dumped the pack out into an oasis of California poppies to give the full effect of the "Flower" moon. The trail continued through Cottonwood Park and by Petco where Strap On Tools was found petting a pussy and then to the ON-IN: Peabody's in Encinitas.... classic! Peabody's had great grub, although Jack It Off wouldn't eat Wax's pickle. Chicken Poop officiated the down-downs by introducing all the visitors, which was suddenly interrupted by Hawkeye's 50th birthday cake. Cake and beer was enjoyed by all. Titan Tits reminded everyone that May is Personality Disorder Month and "Wax is a damn fine guy" was sung in duet. Dr Dive made a celebrity appearance for the tunnel and finally returned Captain Jerk's "flower" bag from 2009. The flour had turned into bread and all were grossed out! Chicken Poop remained the infamous hash shit for four more beers.

Run # 267 296

Moon: Strawberry

Date: 6-26-10

Hares: Wax My Ass

(CP)
Hashit Demo: _____

The Original
**FULLMOON
HASH**



Writer: _____

Welcome Back

First Timers

Birthdays

Criminals A Bunch showed up, trail was laid, hashers were laid, no ^{wait} what, wrong night. A 3 mile trail was embellished into a 4 1/2 or 5 mile trail complete with organic fish part fertilizer. Talk about a smell, Beer was ~~the~~ drunk, food was eaten, and a good time was had by all.

Hashit

Announcements

The Buck Moon

Hare: Dr. Dive

Run # 297

July 27, 2010

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The location of this edition of the Full Moon Hash was in posh Kearny Mesa (what a place ah). At a strip mall parking lot near, you guessed it, an all nude strip club. Just the spot for our hare, Dr. Dive, who promised a virgin On In with cigars and a man cave-like feel. Dr. Dive hid his bicycle around the back of a nearby building just prior to having a smoke and amusing the pack, mostly first timers and visitors at that, with hare lies. He said that he would scout for a short trail on the fly (or pedal, if you will) and advised us to bring money for a beer stop.

Kearny Mesa is a mostly flat area with an abundance of industrial buildings and wide streets to accommodate big trucks and Asian drivers. Trail began near Clairemont Mesa Blvd. And Mercury going South on Mercury. Strap On Tools, right from the start, became the F.R.B. , solving most of the checks for us. A check on Mercury put us on a cross street going West and then South on Convoy. Shortly thereafter we found the beer stop at O'Briens Pub. Here, over beer, we mixed with fellow hashers who meet for IPA and Belgian brew at this establishment on the forth Tuesday of each month.

After about twenty minutes of chatting it up with the mostly Pub Hash regulars, the pack was off again on Dr. Dive's odd-ass-y. We ran South on Convoy then turned East just before Balboa and ran all the way to Highway 163 which we paralleled going Northward. We crossed Clairemont Mesa and soon turned into the Ramada Inn (site of the hash Christmas party) where we meandered about before coming back out onto Kearny Mesa Rd. close to where we entered the hotel property. Still going North, we soon were redirected West into another industrial park near highways 163 and 52. After hopping a big old fence, we found ourselves in glorious shiggy formerly party of the city dump, I believe. Flour was found going every which way in this rarely navigated area. Eventually, trail dropped down into a wash carved out by major rain storm I'm guessing. This deep and narrow passage is like a mini grand canyon or so it seemed. On wondered how Dr. Dive got his bicycle down there and back out. That question was answered by Urine My Closet who snared the hare by waiting for him to return to his bicycle which was found off trail on the edge of the mini grand canyon. Soon, the hashers on true trail climbed out of the wash and found ourselves back on pavement only a few blocks from the run start.

As the pack returned to the run start, a debate ensued as where to conduct down downs. The Excalibur was ruled out by those who wanted a smoke free environment. The Bull Pen sports bar looked good but then all the loud TVs would have made it difficult to do down downs. The winner for the On In ended up being O'Briens where we had the beer stop on trail. Most of the pack reassembled there and ordered food. Meanwhile, a few manly hashers enjoyed cigars and adult beverages at The Excalibur Cigar Lounge for a spell before heading back to O'Briens in our cars.

Down downs were fun as there were many first timers and visitors + although the Pub Hash regulars had vanished, there were a few Larrikin hashers about the premises who joined us for down downs. Aaargh received a few beers for knowing the answers to trivia questions. The cigar smokers were honored. Urine My Closet for hare snare. Dr. Dive for shitty trail. The first timers and visitors all got to chug a lug. Lots of jokes told as the frivolity of down downs evolved. The Larrikins announced their upcoming camp out and AGM as a now very well lubricated pack settled down to enjoy the ambiance of ritzy Kearny Mesa.

On on, Chicken Poop.

Sturgeon Moon
Run # 298
Tuesday, August 24th, 2010

In the space below, I present, in its entirety, the absolutely f**cking wonderful work of scribing as written by ZAP:

See I said that it was a f**cking great job.

So from a brain that has been dulled with age, I bring to you what happened last month. Chicken Poop apparently couldn't find a hare, so in the best tradition of the hash must always be laid, took up a bag of flour and laid a trail through the bowels of Kearney Mesa. The trail went this way and that way and back again the first way. And since CP managed to lay a backtrack within sight of the "in" trail, quite a number of the pack ended up at the end much sooner than they expected. Some decided that was enough, others turned around and did more trail.

Down-Downs went something like this:

CP - hashit demo

Dog Fish and Heaven's Gate drank for the 26th National Dog Day

Peter Feelyah only ran trail because of a first timer

Being "Golf" month, Hoot drank for playing with his little white balls

Turns out that Aug 24th was National Waffle day which brought out a yawn from the crowd

Dogfish drank for a volcano, or was it drank in a volcano, or was it drank a volcano

During down-downs it was discovered that Chicken Poop had hurt his toe. How did he hurt his toe? He kicked his car. Why did he kick his car? Because he locked his keys in the car. Why did he leave his keys in the car? Because he was late for the pre-laid, thus earning CP the highly esteemed position of Hashit once again.

Harvest Moon
Run # 299
Tuesday, September 24th, 2010

There is nothing like chugging small plastic cups of Pabst Blue Ribbon in an alley amidst the stench of several vagrants' urine. Stings the nostrils something fierce.

The above description accurately portrays the infamous beer check during Full Moon Hash Run #299. Our trusty hare, Chicken Poop, laid a venerable trail (one walking, one running) through the streets of Clairemont and the ominous, shiggy-fied woods of San Clemente Park. Using only the light of the Harvest Moon, hashers trudged through the dry creek bed and around low-hanging branches, zipping up and down some vertical shiggy all to the tune of the nearby 52 Freeway.

Due to Open House at Madison High School (home of the Warhawks), the run start was relocated to the parking lot near Joe's Pizza (later the site of the On-In), perhaps confusing some. Heaven's Gate encouraged Zero to scout for potentially lost hashers, but it was mostly a ploy to position an aging porn star in front of a high school.

Of note, Chelsea (four-legged friend of Heaven's Gate) finished the hash as FRB, Drag Along Date unknowingly ran part of an old La Jolla Hash trail, and Shoeless Ho' left early to watch "Big Bang Theory" ... yet the pervading *theory* was he went to investigate a big gang bang.

Down-Downs were a tad subdued inside Joe's Pizza, where Hash Shit demo CP was attempting to curry the favor of underage kids with \$2 beers. He was also given a down-down for a "piss-poor" location on the beer check. Heaven's Gate, Drag Along Date, Just Ashley and Just C all participated and enjoyed the all-you-can eat pizza smorgasbord. Thankfully, this erased the horror of the RBC – raunchy beer check.

Hunter's Moon
Run # 300
Thursday, October 21st, 2010

Let's see.

No writeup ✓
No notes ✓
Fuzzy memory ✓

Yes, all ✓'s out.

It was a normal Thursday evening in October when a bunch of hashers braved the infamous merge to head to Carlsbad. Well, a few actually braved it, the rest were already in North County. After circling the school where the start was to be a couple of times, the hares finally showed up, lies were told and the hares departed.

The only part of the pre-r*n brief I recall was something about a huge f*king hole on trail somewhere near the beer check. I never did find out who the "huge f*king hole" was.

Trail wound across the various hills and dells of Carlsbad, ending up at Ass Transit's house a couple of blocks from the start where pumpkin schnapps, pumpkin soup, pumpkin bread, pumpkin . . . Well you get the idea, Ass Transit was full of pumpkin.

There were several lame down-downs and at least one good one given out by Chicken Poop before the circle dissolved into a mass of gorilla down-downs.

Then, much to Chicken Poop's relief, erections were held. No, not those erections, although it would have been nice to have an erection held, it was erection for new Full Moon mismanagement. Other than a couple of quick, four more beers before they realized that meant more Chicken Poop, you could hear the crickets chirp, the waves lapping at the beach, the winds . . . well, it was damn quiet.

Finally, after a long pregnant pause, Deep Throat decided it was time to reclaim his birthright and proclaimed himself the new GM and, much to her surprise, declared that In Cum Snatch was going to be go-GM. More quiet mumbling ensued, followed by Chicken Poop and Stick a Dick In It becoming the new RA's. And in the tradition of past Full Moon RA's, we may never see either one again for many, many moons.

Many thanks go out to Ass Transit for providing such a wonderful ending, cooking up a bunch of great pumpkin related items, and for keeping Deep somewhat on course for the evening.

Beaver Moon
Run # 301
Sunday, November 21st, 2010

Let's see.

No writeup ✓
No notes ✓. No wait, this month I do have notes.
Fuzzy memory ✓ That's still the same.

Yes, all ✓ 's out.

Once again, here I sit. It is the night before the next full moon and I am trying to remember what happened last month as the scribe once again bailed. This time the scribe ran off to South America to get out of doing a write-up. Seems like a lot of effort to get out of scribing.

Trail started in at some parking lot by the ocean in PB. Those of gathered there believed the hares could only go one way out of that lot. Well, we were wrong as the trail headed west to the water's edge and then turned north. Luckily, the tide was out, and there were no clouds hiding the moonlight as I had no light to guide my way along what little beach there was in the area. In due course, trail went up a stairway away from the water and started making a large circle in the north PB area, eventually leading us to some pub I don't remember the name of. But the beer was cold and the food was warm and tasty.

Now on to the down-downs. First I must point out that not only does Deep Throat play a doctor at the hash, he writes like one as well, so reading his notes can be quite the challenge sometimes. So, in no particular order down-downs went to:

Chicken Poop - Hashit Demo

Spreadsheet - Scribe (drank for being "volunteered" not for actually scribing)

Greenpiece & Pussy Warts - Welcum backs

Andrew & Chris - First timers

Chicken Poop - great job as RA. It rained until just before the hash.

Maui - Received the "I'm taking my ball and going home award" as she got tired and dissolved the Harriettes and for taking their money and buying a new car

Zap - Was happy that the Pope says male prostitutes can wear condoms

Strap On Tools - Brought a house in PB just so she didn't have far to go to the hash

Greenpiece - had a hard (key) nipple

Chicken Poop got wax'ed

Chris - going to hell

Zap - fell asleep during down-downs

Chicken Poop & Pussy Warts - hares

Chicken Poop - 4 more beers as hashit

All in all a fun evening and I get yet another free run fee for scribing. - Glow -

Cold Moon
Run # 302
Tuesday, December 21st, 2010

Once again, here I sit. It is the night before the next full moon and I am trying to remember what happened last month as the scribe once again bailed. This time the scribe _____ to get out of doing a write-up. Seems like a lot of effort to
(Insert reason here)
get out of scribing. Maybe I should just start a standard writeup form and just change the names each month. Yeah, that will work. So let's get started.

It was a dark and stormy night, and for once it was actually true here in SoCal. It had been raining for hours and hours. The creeks were rising, cats and dogs were falling from the sky, it was raining like a double-c*nted cow pissing on a flat rock. In other words it was wet, very wet. And I swear that I saw an ark being built.

The threat of even more rain kept all but the most hardy hashers away that evening. However for the few that did show up it was a great evening.

Our hare for the evening, Penis Machinist drew on every ounce of influence he had as a former RA of the Full Moon and actually managed to get the rain to stop just as he took off to lay trail. Then it was up to the current RA's, Chicken Poop and Put A Dick In It, to keep the rain away until the pack made it back in. In a performance worth an Oscar (well at least a down-down) they kept the rain away until the pack made it to the finish and then it started raining again. What a job RA's!!!

(Back to the standard form) Now on to the down-downs. First I must point out that not only does Deep Throat play a doctor at the hash, he writes like one as well, so reading his notes can be quite the challenge sometimes. So, in no particular order down-downs went to:

Chicken Poop - Hashit Demo

RA's - also provided a lunar eclipse on this winter solstice day (not that you could see it)

Penis Machinist - tried to mount Ginger's TV

Penis Machinist - birthday

Penis Machinist - for fixing Ginger's bathroom problem

(seems to be a theme here)

Chicken Poop & Ginger - Hashit Demo

Some more RA down downs

Chicken Poop & PADII - hashit demo

(another theme)

More scribbling about some down down

Weenie Schnitzel - got PADII wet and was unable to function

More Scribbling

Weenie Schnitzel almost got hashit for not functioning when PADII got wet, but then.....

Penis Machinist called Deep Throat "Dogfish" and thus won the coveted chicken head.

All in all a fun evening and I get yet another free run fee for scribing. - Glow -