

Wolf Moon

Run #315

Sunday, January 8, 2012

Once again, the time of the month (no, not THAT time of the month) came around for another gathering of the Often Imitated, but Never Equaled Full Moon. This time, the pack gathered in La Jolla (who says there are no rel hashes in La Jolla), next to La Jolla High in the bright lights being provided by the swimming pool on the other side of the fence.

Chicken Poop, our (im)famous hare and graduate of La Jolla High mumbled a few things about the trail and he was off in a cloud of flour. Our small but wonderful pack kept straggling in when suddenly, the lights go out (wait, the end of the world isn't supposed to be until December). Turns out the swim practice was over thus dumping us into darkness. Then it was time to head for trail.

Trail went this way, and trail went that way. Trail went up and trail went down. Checks were solved, BT's were encountered. More up and down, followed by down and up, over and over and over again, ending only when the trail reached the On-In.

Deep Throat graced us with his presence and proceeded over down-downs, which, in no particular order, went like this:

Chicken Poop - hashit demo

Penis Machinist - got lost on trail and called Glow Worm to see where the end was

Burning Hose - was in the trunk coming back from TJ

Just Shari - ran in barefeet and flipflops

Deep Throat - drank for Bailey who decided the color of the floor needed to be changed.

Strap On Tools - any bush in a storm and for being a swallower

First Timers - Rectum Rider, Shari, Dr Groper, Scissor Looking Good, Classic Penis, Courtney

Deep Throat - drank again for not having the sperm rights to Bailey, and in fact was planning on turning Bailey onto Bailey No-Nuts in just a few days.

Chicken Poop - hare

And that is where the notes end, thus no mention of who got hashit. Oh well, if you want perfect, try somewhere else. All in all, it was a fun evening in a dog friendly bar on a Sunday night in La Jolla.

"The Dork Side of the Moon" aka The Snow Moon

Run #316

Tuesday, February 7, 2012

ALL RIGHTY NOW!

The full moon dawned in my mind early. I awoke, and thought of *Dork* and how much I'd missed him. I knew he loved his sweets, so I planned a special dessert to honor his memory: thumbprint cookies with caramel and flaked sea salt - it's been one year since we lost our friend and fellow hasher. *Zap* had meticulously plotted the trail and was hard at work when I braved the traffic down south to O'Brian's Pub in Kearny Mesa. Little did I realize that due to an infrequent (San Diego) rain storm, the 30 mile trip would take about 2 hours. Accidents, rubber-neckers, ambulances, the typical (horrendous) weather related events prevented me from manning the beer check I had been assigned. *Zap* picked up the slack, and multiple text messages later, I finally arrived. Luckily, the usual IPA monthly group of quaffers was not out on trail and I had an audience for my cookies. *Dick So Soft* brought memorabilia from *Dork's* family memorial at Dinosaur National Park; in fact, he brought *DORK*, in the form of his ashes in an urn! *Deep Throat* was nursing his back and busy pouring over *Dork's* old memo books of down-downs. He decided to resurrect some of the more funny ones, considering that most of the named hashers were in attendance.

From the hare's (*Zap*) perspective, here are the trail notes: What's a little rain? At one point, coming down in buckets doesn't describe the deluge. What full/snow moon? You couldn't see a thing! I remember once at a New York Hash the hare put balls of toilet paper down with a dollop of flour. He advised me to never make a mark where it might be swept away by rushing water, or by mere mortals stomping their way to and from the subway. Well, I decided to use this tactic and it worked, but mostly because I used the good stuff: Costco (Kirkland) brand TP heavily laid on curbs and sidewalks. I was soaked head to toe after two miles when I ran out of flour the first time. After 4 miles of pre-laying, and with the rainy rush hour traffic getting really bad, I ran out again, and had to make a detour to buy yet more flour. By chance I ran into a friend who gave me a lift back to the run start, just in the nick of time. I had planned out a 7 mile eagle (5 Dork miles) and a 5 mile turkey, but the weather settled it for me. One, 6 mile trail: short, flat and dry. Well OK, flat - it's Kearny Mesa. Nothing inspires a hare like a good turnout, and with 14 people on trail in the pouring rain, I was truly motivated, and wasn't going to let them down. Off exactly at 6:30, far ahead of the pack, I verified my checks along the route by car. I had to re-lay some critical turns to keep the pack on track. At the beer stop, the weather held off as if Moses had parted the Red Sea to allow the Sierra Nevada Pale Ale to flow to the chosen people. Everyone made it back or at least to their cars. O'Brien's was keenly accommodating, and reserved the better part of the patio for about 42 of us. It was nice to see so many people show up in spite of the epic traffic to remember *Dork*. After all, he was a damn, fine guy. As for the matter of me receiving the Hash Shit from the GM of La Jolla, who is also the GM of the Full Moon,

who is also GM of the Green Flash, who is also GM of the... well you get my drift. He wanted to point out that the irony of my eye-poking song, "There are no real Hashers in La Jolla", was good enough for the Full Moon, but surely would have been construed as capricious and arbitrary by at least one Monday night running club.

Dork's old down down's had *Murphy* running an eagle (they're both in heaven now), *Chicken Poop* refusing to drive anything except his 'vette to the hash, but he won't drive fast, and *Captain Zero* pre-laying a back track on a suspension bridge seven years ago. I was apparently featured on more than one occasion, most notably for "losing" my car at the San Dieguito half marathon (it was parked waaaaay down Lomas Santa Fe). There was something about *La Buf* being so used up she couldn't do *Mojo* for a week, *Mr. Rourke* calling *Icebox* a "mother-fucking commie" and *Flabio* for having yet again, blood on trail. *Penis Machinist* was turned in for pretending to be somebody because he didn't have a mug, and *Dr. Dive* stood in for *Snot Exactly* who was standing in for *Russian Spy* whose mother apparently learned English from watching porn. Gee, what a vocabulary she must have! *Stiff Joint* was visiting from LA, but now he lives in SD, and *Private Tofu* was promoted to major. *Classic Penis* deduced that trail was pre-laid, and had some pictures of snails on flour to prove it. We had First Timers of *Ben, Don,* and *Fat Basque Turd*, as well as a welcome back for *Nipple Me Elmo*, former local hasher now living out of state.

Chicken Poop wrote a lovely poem and it seems fitting to end this write up with these poignant words about our friend, *Dork*:

A year ago we lost our beloved *Dorkasaurus Rex*,
He was a true hashing friend, a legend and inspiration we knew best,
GM of Larrikin's, San Diego and Full Moon,
He also had the most runs with Porter's Pub and the Harriettes, it's true,
From here to Cypress to London's Fog,
He hashed around the world if only for the tasty grub and grog,
Not a fast runner, but he ran steady and in style,
He will always be known as the inventor of the *Dork* Mile!
A true friend, he was humble, kind, creative and caring,
Just look down, did he draw the artwork on the T-shirt you're wearing?
Now in hash heaven chasing wildebeest women,
Dinosaurs, and drinking copious amounts of his favorite brews,
He again has a very wide audience with which to impress, inspire and amuse,
So to him let us raise our glass in a toast,
Raise it high, and please repeat after me,
Here's to *Dork*, he's a damn, fine guy!

Respectfully submitted, Ass Transit

Worm Moon

Run #317

Thursday, March 8, 2012

"The Glow Moon"... or was it.. "The Worm Moon" ... no wait... It was "The Snow Moon", March 8, 2012. But...the hare was *Glow Worm*, so wouldn't that make it.... nevermind, on with the "tail"... (actually, it was the Worm Moon ~ *Glow*)

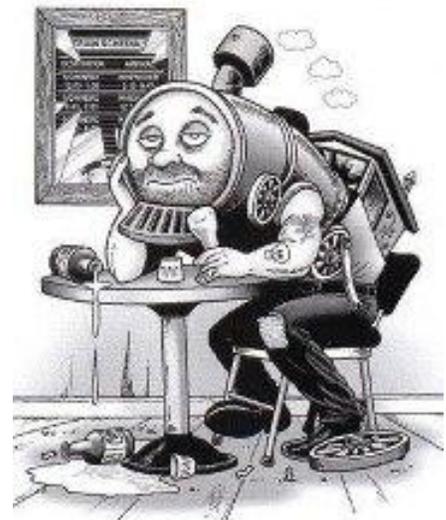
"Conjunction, Junction, hashers runnin.., we've got *Glow Worm*, settin.. up sum..thin..." Out in La Mesa, at Reed's Model Railroad Hobby Shop, it all started with hare lies. "Somewhere between long and short... ten beer checks, no hills, no shiggy." To keep this hashing train on schedule, the conductor hare was off like clockwork. With a puff of flour into the air, he set off, in a slow walk, right to the trunk of his car. "I'm not even going to pretend I didn't pre-lay" fell out of his mouth as he sat down in his camp chair.

The ALCOhaulic train had formed up nicely, albeit small. The FRB engines were made up of *Chicken Poop*, and visiting Larrikin *Mama's Little Cum Rag*. *Put a Dick In It (Padii)*, *Weenie*, *Fat Basque Turd*, and *I Don't Wanna Choke* formed up like boxcars, and *Cream La Queefa* hauled in as caboose. The main line left the station via a small stair climb behind the runstart (foreshadowing things to cum). The roadbed then took us down Lemon to Nebo where we waited on signals for the 6:45 MTS to pass. We headed south and paralleled the SD&AE line for a few blocks. *CP* and *MLCR* cleared the "switches" and kept us on track up the grade to Dale Ave. This grade was quite a pull so we had to take on another locomotive and coupled up *Where's the Duct Tape* to lead us on up. Up and up. Up to the base of Beverly Drive where we were faced with a 100% grade. Six flights of stairs totaling 184 steps took us up to Summit Drive where we were winded and out of steam.

The pack gained momentum as we descended the back side of Mt. Nebo, applying the brakes all the way down Cinnabar Drive. Lo and behold, our conductor had led us right back to the base of ANOTHER set of 224 more stairs, climbing right back up to Summit. With lots of huffing and puffing and whistles blowing, we climbed back to the top, curved around the peak and charged back down the north side. We wound down the mountain and took a siding straight on-in to Jolt'n'Joe's Pub. *Cum Rag*, in his usual flair, was the only one to take the 'eagle', and last to the On-In.

With such a small pack, down-downs were sure to be short. *CP* filled in with some useless trivia about this day in March history. This prompted a few spontaneous jokes from the pack, which then reduced to a round table of tasteless and off color jokes from each hasher present (acceptable hash behavior). *Cream La Queefa* was dishonoured for her birthday, and further derated for stating she thought *Padii* was 'old'. *Padii* roasted *Choke* for passing out in *Padii's* car the previous hash and not remembering her own address, as she was 'deepthroating' french fries (it was a visual moment, you had to be there). *Fat Basque Turd* was forced to drink for posting a Facebook message that offered a harriette a ride to the hash, but told her she had to find her own way home. *Fat* was nominated for hash-shit, as were *Weenie* and *Padii* for hoarding beer in the back seat of the car and not offering any to this beer-check-less hash. But the pack had spoken louder for *Fat's* being a bastard, and crowned him the chicken hat to grace his head for the next thirty days.

But... the highlight (or low point depending on your perspective) was seeing *Glow Worm's* glow worm, sticking out of the zipper of his pants. And with that visual, may the pack go in peace.



THE LITTLE TRAIN THAT DIDN'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS

Pink Moon

Run #318

Saturday, April 7, 2012

Once again, it was that time of the month, no, not THAT time of the month, but the time the moon was once again full in the sky. This month the pack showed up in Pacific Beach for a trail of epic proportions (or so I was told). Since I showed up just as the pack was leaving, I opted to skip trail and head straight to the on-in which was just around the corner from the start. *Barbie Biker Bitch* also thought that was a great idea and came along.

So there we were at the on-in, where *Dogfish* and another hasher I can't remember the name of, were already there, and then they weren't. I guess they weren't in the mood to get mooned. Anyway, *Barbie* and I were sitting in the back room which was reserved for SDH3, but since this was Saturday, we didn't think they would mind. We chatted about what had been happening in the last few months, waiting for the pack to show up. And we waited, and waited, and waited. After what seemed an eternity, the hare showed up, said it was a 6-mile trail, so we settled in to wait some more. And more, and some more. By this time, *Barbie* and I had ordered, received, and finished the food we had ordered. I was beginning to think we had lost everyone. But finally, one hour and 35 minutes after the pack left, the first hasher showed up. So the rest of the pack isn't far behind, right??? No, this first one in had short cut the trail, so we waited, and waited some more. The rest of the pack did show up in due course.

Chicken Poop, in the absence of *Deep Throat*, began down-downs fairly quickly before people started leaving. *Chicken Poop*, in the absence of *Fat Basque Turd*, did the Hashit Demo. *Barbie Biker Bitch* drank for being the FRB with the claim that he never left the On-In. (As noted before, he did, but never let the truth get in the way of a good down-down.) *Just Ken* drank for manning a beer check. *Chicken Poop* then gave us a bunch of useless April trivia that no one cared about. *Chicken Poop*, *Sadie*, and *Just Rose* drank for wearing pink for the Pink Moon. *Maui Wowi* drank for hosting an impromptu beer check at her house. The real FRB's (or DFL's as *Chicken Poop* kept referring them to them as) of *Please May I Juggle Your Balls*, *La Bora Jack Off*, and a couple others drank for being FRB/DFL's. *Beer Mile Barf Bitch*, who just happened to show up at the bar, was brought up for trying to pretend she didn't know us.

Then our hare, *Pussy Warts* drank. Hashit nominations went to *Chicken Poop* for 4 more beers, *Barbie* for being the first one at the On-In, *Bottom Fuck* for some reason, and *Whips and Runs* for some other reason. But due to popular acclaim, it went to *Chicken Poop* because he looked so damn good in that chicken hat.

I would like to report that this was submitted by *Please May I Juggle Your Balls* as he did volunteer to be the scribe, claiming he was some professor or some shit like that, but alas I cannot, as once again I

was left high and dry by a scribe. -*Glow Worm*-

Flower Moon
Run #319
Thursday, May 3, 2012

Another month had come and gone, resulting in the moon being full once again. And this time, it meant a trip to wilds of Encinitas. Somewhere around 6:30, the hares took off leading the pack to the north, trying to throw the pack off by throwing in a short jog to the other side of the street next to the start. But it didn't take this infamous pack of seasoned hashers (never let the truth stand in the way of a good write-up) long to figure this out. Trail continued north to Leucadia Blvd where the eagles continued north and the turkeys turned inland. The trail basically looped itself around the golf course until we arrived back at the start where we saw instructions to drive to Mr Peabody's. Mr Peabody's, normally a quiet little bar just west of I-5, especially on Thursdays. Mr Peabody's, where the hares were told that nothing special was happening this particular Thursday. And besides the band, the rugby team, and all of the other people in Mr Peabody's, nothing special was happening.

However, the small nature of this month's pack allowed us to gather around one table to order food and drink to tide us over to down-downs. It was during this time that **Statutory Swallows**, a visitor from Boston, told us how she was named. It turns out that she originally hails from San Juan Capistrano, and that at a party she decided that a 18-year old was cute enough, so "she did him" only to find out later he was 15.

Once everyone was fed and lubed, **Deep** decided it was time for down-down, which was held out on the patio out front. Did I mention the band? Now, **Deep Throat** isn't a doctor, but he does play one at the hash, and that includes his writing. But after 20 years working in the medical field, I usually can decipher most of his scribbling's, so here goes

Fat Basque Turd did the hashit demo down-down in the absence of **Chicken Poop** who did the demo last month in the absence of **FBT**. And since **CP** was missing, so was the chicken hat, but the back-up hashit, a turkey ass hat filled in. And in no particular order other down-downs were:

Zap - who went straight to the bat from the start, bypassing the trail completely

Deep Throat - Welcome Back

Trisha - First Timer

Statutory Swallows (Boston) and **Just Jim** (Guam) - Visitors

InCum Snatch - Indecision is the key to flexibility

Ass Transit - biggest loser at the winefest in SLO

Glow Worm - officially retired (30 years of avoid crime)

Spreadsheet - rear end problem with her new Caddy (when did she pick up golf?)

Statutory Swallows - salad taco!?!

Zap - has been labeling everything in **Ass Transit's** house including her underwear

InCum Snatch and **Thumbass** - hares

The winner of the hashit isn't recorded, so we will just assume that **Fat Basque Turd** kept it.

BTW, **Deep Throat** was supposed to be the scribe for this wonderful evening, but, never one to get my hopes up too much, isn't surprised to be writing this up at 4:20 pm on the evening of the next full moon. Guess it just goes with the territory. -- **Glow Worm** -

Strawberry Moon
Run #320
Sunday, Jun 3, 2012

It was a quiet evening in Mission Valley, when a small (and I mean small) group of hashers gathered in front of the closed Seau's restaurant for the latest Full Moon. While exceptions were not high as this was the third hash of the day, I did expect that more than five people would show up. But as they say, it is what it is.

After waiting a few more hopeful minutes, our hare, *Chicken Poop* announced that it was a 3-mile turkey and a 6-mile eagle, with the beercheck only on the eagle, and then he was off. A quick look around at the milling hashers, *Bimbo by Day*, *Glow Worm*, *Capt Zero*, *Rodney Queen* and *Just Pierre*, led to the realization that *Chicken Poop* was going to lay an eagle trail that no one was going to do.

After 12 minutes or so, the pack was off at a brisk walk and that pace was rarely exceeded while on trail. The trail headed east along Camino Del Rio North and then turned north on Qualcomm Way. So far, the hardy pack was still together. That was until the trail veered off in the brush on the south side of the San Diego River. It was at that time, I heard a distinct "sprong" and looked back to see *Capt Zero* bounce off the invisible fence alongside the sidewalk, and that was the last we saw of him until the end. Trail continued eastward along a wide trail until we came upon a check. Confusion reigned as cries of "Are You?" were heard as "On On" only to lead to a BT. I was certain the trail continued straight as there was a post office in the distance, and I was proved to be correct. Once on the other side of the post office, trail dived back into the off-road mode and headed in the general direction of north leading to a crossing of the San Diego River. There was a couple of small trees that provided an impromptu bridge over the wide and wide water of the river. (Actually, the water was calm and only about 4 feet wide at this part. And this is called a "river?") From then on, the trail wind around on sidewalks until we arrived at the On-In, Bennigan's, just a few hundred yards from the start. It was at this time that the sixth member of our pack arrived in the form of one *Fat Basque Turd*. We gathered on the patio waiting for *Chicken Poop* to show up from laying the eagle trail.

It was during the wait, when *Pierre* told us about an announcer gig he did in Las Vegas last year. So there he was sitting backstage at some hotel, waiting to do the announcer stuff when he was told to just read the script and not look at the stage. Turns out he was the announcer at the Adult Video Awards, announcing such things as "Best in Anal," "Best Double Penetration" among other awards which, of course led into *Capt Zero* telling us about his exploits there, and the conversation when downhill from there.

Chicken Poop did show up and though unprepared preceded with down-downs which went something like this:

Hashit Demo - *Fat Basque Turd*

First Timer - *Just Pierre* (who happens to be *Fat Basque Turd's* older brother)

Rodney Queen - for not paying attention

Bimbo by Day - was the only harriette

Capt Zero - gave up doing a porn star to come to the hash

Capt Zero, *Glow Worm*, *Chicken Poop*, *Pierre* - donated to the Junior Seau Foundation

Capt Zero - got a wax down-down for some reason

Chicken Poop - hare

Hashit went to *Rodney Queen* for not paying attention and then trying to leave to avoid getting the hashit

-- *Glow Worm* --

Buck Moon

R*n #321

Tuesday, July 3rd, 2012

It was a beautiful day in OB. I'm sure the sun was shining (the marine layer prevented us from noticing), the birds were chirping (seriously, you can hear the squawking parrots from 3 miles away), and the hares showed up right on time to start another rousing, full moon hash (wait, because we were supposed to start at 7pm anyway, right?)

Driving up in their convertible, Puss 'N Boobs and Doggy Style just laughed at us, wondering why we hadn't all left yet. Preplay!! Then, we promptly got lost in the time it took us to get from one end of the dog park to the other -we were a special hash group that day...or...when aren't we?



Trail took us through the mystical lands of drugs and hobos (otherwise known as the streets of OB) and, while the rest of us were desperately looking for trail signs, Back Door Banana Bitch used his energy to successfully convince a sweet virgin that his true hash name was "Most Awesome Hasher Ever."

Finally, at the on-in, ("I love what you've done with the place!" cries Bubble Boner to our hares - he's trying out for a spot on HGTV, true story) we had the most relaxing, safe on-in experience to date. ...besides Chicken Poop cooking and feeding us raw chicken and Bailey's beautiful, pristine, white fur being burnt to a crisp by one of the more aggressive fire pits I've possibly ever seen.

All in all I'd say it was pretty successful. Also, Hash Shit went to Dancing Queen for, quote, *being an annoying cocksucker*, unquote.

Submitting to save Deep Throat and Juggles' precious little asses,

Shire Shagger



The Original

FULLMOON HASH



Blue Moon

Run #323

Thursday, Aug 30, 2012

The blue moon hash was my first hash run that my cousin fruit loops told me about and dragged me into. I'm a runner but this shit was comedy. It all started at the mission valley library next to the Ikea, who knew an Ikea parking lot could be such fun. It was a great place for my first hashit demo given by Glowworm, where this little virgin hasher (yours truly) was introduced to the blue hair hare aka chickenpoop. They laid down the rules on me and fellow virgin Thuba, and we were determined to catch that hare!

The trail was an exciting run through the San Diego River area. I missed the damn blue moon beer check (pissed because I Love blue moon...and it was free) any hoot I was in the lead and on the chase. Easy going fell into the river at one point and her feet were a bit on the squishy side for the rest of her run. Getting the idea that I should have a dance off-pants off moment...I ran under our final bridge and decided to moon any other runners who were behind me. Turns out no other hashers were there to see the blue moon over my fanny. I finished the 4.6 mile run in 58 minutes, only to find blue hair hare aka. Chickenpoop was at the on-in (Oggis Pizza) watching a Chargers pre-season ball game. As of today our Chargers are kicking ass with a 2-0 record...woo-hoo. He poured me a frothy tall one and we cheers'd with a down-down.

At the on-on we were entertained by 3M (mean, mopping, motherfucker)'s tale of his historic and famous introduction of his college friend to the hash whose attire (a red dress she wore on her first hash) later spawned the red dress hash run. We celebrated my first hash with a down-down. It was strap on tools' b-day and we sang him a happy birthday, fuck you song. Skanky doodle handy was nominated hashit because he had to be called back during the race. 32 Ring circus was rocking her charger gear with the sickest football purse ever, she called out blue hair hare aka chickenpoop on the shitty trail claiming it was very similar to a previous run...none the less it made for a fantastic down-down and I was stoked to take part of the fun...I told fruit loops that I can't wait to do more and I'm looking forward to being dubbed with a hash name, someday. I'm out. - Just Jason

Full Moon Sept 27, 2012
"Harvest Moon"
a.k.a. The Chicken Run

I don't know if it was something in the air, just a fluke, or intelligent design, but chickens were a recurring theme this balmy fall eve.

The motley pack assembled in the parking lot of the Sorrento Valley Coaster Station intent on running a fun little trail and celebrating the birthday of our beloved Chicken Poop at the On-in. There was much speculation as to where the not yet present hare, Doctor Dive The Dancing Gay Ballerina, was going to lead this wayward clutch too. Seeing as there was really only one suitable establishment within two miles of the runstart, most bets were on Ali Baba' Cave, just across the road. Your usual suspects were there, Deep Throat, In Cum Snatch, Glow Worm, Sir Isaac Sphincter, Rump Ranger, Fat Basque Turd, and Chicken Poop. A few not-so-regulars including a visitor, Dickie Leaks, from Honolulu H3 and Just Adam, rounded out the crowd. After introductions, ICS asked Dickie Leaks "How do you like your new GM?", to which he promptly replied, "It's just a rental; and I think it's a Ford." (Can you guess what our first down-down was going to be?)

Our hare finally showed up a little late and suspiciously covered in flour and shiggy. He bored us with hare lies, blessed us on our trail with a puff of flour and was off. We had no sooner finished up chalk talk for our newbies when there was the hare marching right back into runstart. This was going to be the easiest snare ever! Dive cockily admitted that the whole trail was pre-laid except for the starting few marks. Oh, and there might be a little spot in the middle where he had trouble laying flour, "just look for the toilet paper" he told us.

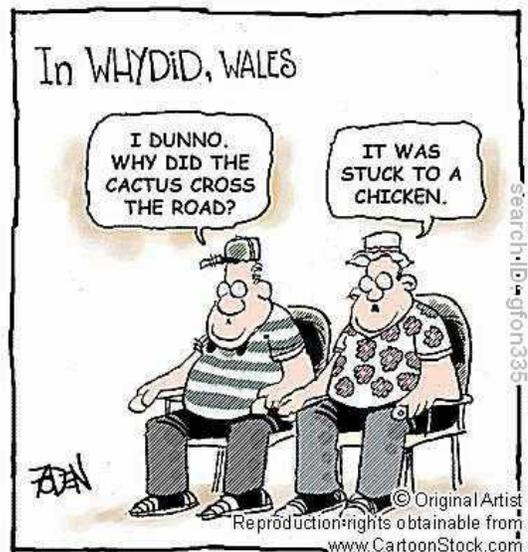


The trail started off with some pavement pounding, but not long into it we found some good shiggy which lead us to the stairstep fountain at the Wateridge Center. The first one to chicken out, was ICS, who didn't feel comfortable crossing a wet wall with a pond on each side, and long-cutted around to meet up with the pack on the far side of the complex. Soon we were off into the hills east of Sorrento valley road, solving checks and making good time. That was until someone noticed the pairs of shiny eyes following us in the dark. Rum Ranger chose to be the next chicken shit, and headed back toward runstart mumbling something about being coyote bait. The rest of the pack pressed on forward, right into a cholla patch. It started out easy enough, a little low stuff you can dodge around with only an ankle exposed. But it soon progressed to waist height then chest high, and culminating with an arch of cholla the you had to limbo under to stay on trail. It was here that the bulk of the hasher flew the coop. The only road warriors left were Chicken Poop, Just Adam, Fat Basque Turd, and following up was ICS.

The cholla patch led us down into washout with steep banks, and claimed Just Adam as a victim. He emerged back up out of the darkness with several large burrs of cholla sticking out of his fingers and palm. After an impromptu extraction of the cholla by CP and FBT, the four attempted again to cross the ravine and reconnect with trail. After several attempts, everyone was just about ready to give up when flour was spotted way up high on the opposite bank. We were on trial, but how do we get there? the only way through was to brush beat some virgin shiggy and take a few twigs in some orifices on the way. A few expletives and colorful metaphors later we had made it through and were back on-on. Soon we saw those welcoming letters, "BN". At the beercheck, Dive was hen pecked by the weary trail beaten hashers, and admitted he never actually laid that part of trail. He had run at it from both sides, but was too chicken to make the crossing himself.

The second half of trail led us through a nice wet tunnel with a fowl smell, a lovely patch of rusty red poison oak, and had us dodging oncoming traffic, and a train. Nice work Dive. Amazingly, everyone made it to the On-in, and the only blood on trail was Adam's cholla relations, Turd's scratched up legs, and Dickie Leaks' skinned knees, but we're not sure the later was from running trail.

On-in was (as predicted) at the Ali Baba's Cave, where the kennel was treated to a video put together by ICS and FBT, documenting the adventures and exploits of the HashShit chicken, that had been off galavanting around Europe for the last month. Circle was started by Deep Throat, and the four trail souls were honoured as we roasted Dive for being too chicken to run his own whole trail. Inuendo was called up for not even attempting trail, Rump ranger for his "coyote bait" excuse, Chicken Poop for running in the dark, (not because he forgot his flashlight or batteries, but because he had the batteries in backwards) and to Just Adam for being caught with his prick in hand. Hmm... could it be that Just Adam had finally earned a name?



It was decided by unanimous outburst, that Full Moon in a rare uncharacteristic fashion, would perform a naming. Our pleeb was interviewed, where he stunned us with a story of how he tortured his younger brother, involving a used condom, and left the poor kid traumatized for life. We sequestered him and soon came up with several names that weren't good enough, like; Cholla in La Jolla, Little Prick In Hand, Little Boy Blown, Brophalactic, and My Brother's Condom. But Just Adam left our circle as, and forever will be, until some weak moment when he gets renamed by another hash, named "Pricks Are For Kids".

The Original
**FULLMOON
HASH**



Hunter's Moon
Run #325
Sunday, Oct 28, 2012

One lunar cycle. 29.53 days. 708.72 hours. 42,523.2 minutes. 2,551,392 seconds. Now with all the time, you would think taking 10 minutes (600 seconds, 0.167 hours, 0.00694 days, 2.35165e-4 lunar cycles) would not be that great of a deal. But I guess that even that much time is too much some out there or else I wouldn't be writing so many of these damn newsletters.

Anyway on this crisp fall evening, a small group of inept hashers showed up at the run start. Considering that this was the third hash of the day, I guess we should have been thankful for the ones that did show. Comic relief was immediately provided by *Chicken Poop*, who after pulling into a parking space away from the crowd, jumped out and starting looking at the bumper of his car as well as one other car. Satisfied that the bumpers were still there, the other guy drove off and *CP* walked down to greet us. Turns out that *CP* thought he was at the fair and it was time for bumper cars. On a good note, no damage was done except to *CP's* already shaky mind. (He had spent entirely too much time at the Humper's earlier in the day).

So then it was time to head off on trail, which 3 of us did. *Burnt TaTa's*, *Chicken Poop* and myself headed south through the train station parking lot until the first check. *BT* and *CP* turned east to look up this big ass hill, and I, being the wiser of the bunch, turned west to follow the trail I would have set if I had been the hare. I had barely made it to the next traffic light when *BT* and *CP* showed up still looking for trail. *BT* tried to get *CP* to just go back to the start considering his current state of "contentment" but he refused, and the two turned back towards the big ass hill once again. I, however, continued happily toward the west, figuring I would go as far as I could, turn north and head down to Moonlight Beach and then further on towards the on-in. The plan worked better than I had hoped for as I soon was on trail and heading toward the beach, which was fenced off due to some construction work. Oh well. On to the end, which after bailing on trail to head directly for the end, I did arrival several long minutes later. During this long trek, I got a text message from *CP* stating that he was so "content" with his feelings that he was going to go home instead of the end.

Upon arriving at the On-In, I was informed that several other hashers had showed late and were at the beer check manned (or would that be womanned) by *Ass Transit* and the Deep-mobile. All was well, until it was time to close of the beer check and head to the end. The Deep-mobile is a VW van with a manual transmission. Try as she might, *AT* couldn't get the van to back up out of the parking space she was in. Then in a brilliant flash of fore-thought, she asked the deputy sheriff that was parked a couple of spaces away if he could back the van out of the space. Yes, the same van with all of the beer check stuff in. It turns out the he couldn't either, so he pushed the van enough that *AT* was finally able to get the van moving. This proves once and for all, that the San Diego Sheriff Department's job is to protect, serve, and push beer check vans out of parking spaces.

Once *AT* and the van were safely on the on-in, food was served and Deep began down-downs.

Hashit Demo - *Dr Dive*

Burnt Ta-Ts's - only one to run trail

Ass Transit - fine job of getting the Deep-mobile to the on-in

Rodney Queen - left Humpin' at 6:45 thinking he could get to the 6:45 Full Moon start on time

InCum Snatch - outgoing GM (who happened to not run down-down's during any part of her 2 year tenure

Deep Throat, Chicken Poop, Glow Worm - other outgoing mismanagement

Late arrivals - *Donny Osmond, Fat Basque Turd, InCum Snatch, Bimbo* and others

Hares - *Deep Throat* and *Ass Transit*

Hashit - *Dr Dive* for some reason or the other

Just before the hares, *Deep Throat* announced the new Full Moon mismanagement of GM's *Ice Box* and *Glow Worm*, and RA's *Chicken Poop* and *Deep Throat*. (Funny, I didn't even realize that I was running for GM.)

Glow

Beaver Moon
Run #326
Tuesday, Nov 27, 2012

This month the Full Moon did a joint run with the Green Flash Hash. **Chicken Poop** (Full Moon) and **Chicken Cox** (Green Flash) laid one chicken shit of a run, or so I was told.

As this was a Tuesday, I was unable to make the start in time to do trail, even if I was so inclined to actually do trail, but that is another story all together. In fact, I had never even been to the Green Flash Brewery before so that only added to the lateness of my arrival.

After awhile the pack started to arrive back at the brewery, to the awaiting food provided by **Dogfish**.

It turned out that there were at least 30 hashers at the end, so I knew that trying to get a scribe was going to be like herding cats, so, in what I thought was an act of pure genius, I decided that my first act as the new GM of the Full Moon was to delegate the job to one of my RA's (**Deep Throat**). As it turned out, **Deep** was GM of the Green Flash, so he was already going to do down-down's. With that decision made, I retreated back into a corner to take notes.

You would think that I could read my own writing, but after looking at them I am not so sure about that, so I guess that it would really be better if this was written when the events of the night were still fresh on own's mind, but that would seem to take away one of the Full Moon's most treasured traditions, doing the write-up at the last moment.

Down-downs went something like this, and might actually be in the order there were done.

The Full Moon hashit was **Dr Dive**, who wasn't there, so **El Tecelote** was called up for the honor. I am not sure if **El Tec** was the Green Flash Hashit or just an easy target.

Easy Going was called up for her high sense of trail awareness for calling out that she had lost trail while

standing on one of the trail marks. As **Easy Going** had disappeared, **Goes Down Easy** drank for her.

Mr Spock drank for **Mr Roarke** as he had become a priest 49 years ago. **Mr Roarke** showed back up a few minutes later not knowing what was going on.

A bunch of hashers led by **Bimbo, Failure to Launch, Donny Osmond, Penis Machinist** and others were called up for not doing trail.

32 Ring Circus got a down-down for never getting a down-down.

Near the end of the trail, while looking directly at the Green Flash Brewery sign, **Just BJ** loudly announced that the trail went left

instead of straight.

Somewhere in the middle of down-downs, **Just BJ** and a shitload of others drank for being first-timers. And **La Buf** drank for completing another trip around the sun.

Mr Spock and **Manhandler** were brought up for actually being in town for a Full Moon since they were the founders some 326 moons ago.

Deep decided that the Green Flash had a new position of hash thermometer as **High Twatage** was showing off an impressive set of high beams.

Chicken Poop drank for his grand arrival at last month's Full Moon.

Visitors: **Jack Shit, Cyberslut, Spock (that Mr Spock, you asshole), Manhandler, Half a Bubble Off, Nattie Girl, Kilt Flipper** and maybe others

Chicken Cox and **Chicken Poop** drank for haring the Chicken Run.

Hashit went to **Deep Throat** for dragging a dog



across the floor to get a beer.

Glow Worm

THE COLD MOON

DECEMBER 27, 2012

HARE: ICE BOX

It was a clear, cold December night as we gathered in Encinitas to celebrate the return of Ice Box from her self-imposed exile in Ukraine and Hawaii by resuming her ownership of the Cold Moon. A hearty pack of about 20 met and listened to the hare lies about the almost live trail. We soon took off and headed up to the green belt strip on Willowsprings and worked our way out of suburbia. Not real exciting at first but soon we crossed Rancho Sante Fe Road and headed into the horse trails and back roads of Olivenhain. It was silent and still back there as the only sound was the occasional click of a round being chambered while the locale populace worried at the rabble invading their homeland. Bailey loved it back there as he was able to run about unleashed and worry small mammals. Soon we recrossed RSF again and prepared for the long slog back to Ice Box's. But wait! The clever hare found a shortcut through the neighborhood and brought us almost straight back to the welcome warmth of her home. We were greeted by bowls of delicious, piping hot beer & cheese soup (an Ice Box specialty), ice cold beer and comraderie. Gloworm led off in his first performance as co-GM.

Down downs:

Hashit demo – Deep Throat

Ice Box – Welcum back, stories of the travails of Ukraine & 3 months of lousy ice fishing

Dairy Queen – whining about going down on trail

Big Phut – fashion Nazis caught him wearing his shirt backwards

Eye See Dead People – can only have one dick at a time

Chicken Poop – presented Ice Box with a coaster

1st timers – Eye See Dead People, Kim, Failure To Launch, Jack Off, Gingersnatch, Possession Of Swollen Goods, Tain't

Birthdays – Ice Box, Eye See Dead People

La Bufadora & Asian Orange – football widows; mates at Holiday Bowl

Heaven's Gate – attempting to go the wrong way on a one way street to get to start

Fat Basque Turd & Incum Snatch – ENGAGED!!!!!!!

And the HARE! – Ice Box; great trail and food

Hashit – Dairy Queen for making the hash wait in the cold while she put on her Uggs

Your Faithful Scribe, DEEP THROAT