

Wolf Moon

Run #328

Saturday, Jan 26, 2013

Have you ever wondered what would happen if there was a hash and no one showed up? Well back in July 2007, I found out and hoped that it would never happen again, but alas it did. So to honor that day and this one, I am re-printing the write-up for that run, making any changes that are needed to reflect this time around:

*It was another ~~beautiful sunny Sunday~~ **rather cold and damp Saturday** evening in San Diego for the Original Full Moon Hash. ~~Cums Alone~~ **Chicken Poop** was the hare and the runstart was ~~at Moonlight Beach in Encinitas~~ **behind the Jiffy Lube in Clairemont**. As always our trusty Full Moon mismanager extraordinaire Glow Worm showed up to take hash cash, however on this particular evening there were other things going on in the San Diego hash world and the only ~~person~~ **other people** to show up for the run was ~~Captain Zero~~ **Fat Basque Turd and Incum Snatch**. After waiting until **almost** 7pm for someone else to arrive the trail was abandoned and ~~Cums Alone, Glow Worm and Captain Zero~~ **Chicken Poop** decided to head straight to the On-In. ~~Shortly~~ **Quite awhile** afterwards ~~Doktor Dive and Burnt Tatas~~ **Fluff Boy and Microscrewery** appeared, a little late, but better than not at all. They surveyed the runstart, found the map and headed straight to the On-In where they discovered what had taken place. So there they sat, the ~~five~~ **four** people who showed up to Full Moon. They had food and beers and fun conversation, and then went home.*

So that is what happened. I would liked to have reported that lots of young harriettes were there and that most of them took their tops off and danced around all during down-downs, giving both Chicken Poop and I a great show, and that we all ended up at CP's, where a big orgy broke out. But as talented as I am, I don't think that anyone would believe me, even if you don't let the truth stand in the way of a good writeup.

Snow Moon

Run #329

Saturday, Mar 23, 2013

It was a cool evening as the pack slowly started to arrive at the run start, The Grand Ave Bar and Grill in Carlsbad, which is also known as the G-spot. I remember about 30 hashers showing up. Considering the hare and the fact the r*n was up north on a Saturday night, I was a little surprised at the turnout.

Somewhere around the start time, the pre-run brief was given and the hares were off in a flash of flour, followed by the pack after 15 minutes. Trail headed east for ½ block and then south for quite some ways. I don't know how far as I was walking with **Dr. Dive** and **Rectum Rider** and we managed to lose trail after the second or third check. Believing the trail had to turn west toward the water, we did as well, finding trail on a bike path next to the railroad tracks, which we followed to a beer check next to The Pizza Port. The three of us ended up staying at the beer check for 15 or 20 minutes, thinking that other hashers had to show up, but none did. I started to get the feeling that everyone was waiting for us back at the G-Spot, especially since I had to do down-downs, so we headed directly back to the end. Turns out I was wrong as it took quite some time for the pack to arrival back.

Now on to down-downs. *Disclaimer: a lot of times I don't rat out the scribe that bails on me, because after all I am asking for a favor. Usually, I take note and give them to the scribe, but this time, I let him take notes. Big mistake. Looking at the notes, I saw names that I don't remember being there, a story that wasn't told during down-downs, a comment about the name of the bar, and the hashit. I should know better. Thanks **Grassy Ass**.* So working mostly from memory and without a safety net:

Dr. Dive gave us the hashit demo. First timers and returners were brought up at some point. **Mas Penis** completed another trip around the sun.

Then it was onto "this day in history." I called up all of the Marines that were there, **Ghetto Man** stepped forward as well as several harriettes who stated they had done a marine. I asked **Ghetto Man** if he knew what famous Marine Corps event happened on this day in 1945. After several hints, he finally got that it was the day of the famous flag raising on Iwo Jima.

Next, I asked if there were in people from Texas in the group as this was the start of the battle of the Alamo in 1836. There were no Texans, but someone was drafted to think for them.

Finally, I asked if they were Scots in the circle. Again there were none, but **Rectum Rider** and a couple others claiming to be from England were judged to be close enough. The question was, what did Scottish scientists (an oxymoron if ever there was one) do on this day in 1997. Answer: they cloned a sheep named Dolly. Which raised the question: why Scottish men wear kilts? 'Cuz, sheep can hear a zipper at over 50 yards away.

I am sure there were a couple of others, but I don't remember what they were.

This brings us to the hares for the evening, **Captain Jerk** and **Anal Rose** who did provide quite the shitty trail for us.

The evening was topped off by **Titan Tits** getting the hashit because when she was asked if she knew where **Ghetto Man** was, she replied, "I don't know, it's dark." If you have to ask, then you don't know.

Down-downs were concluded and most of the pack went off to pillage the village.

Glow Worm

THE ORIGINAL FULL MOON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN# 330 – THE WORM MOON

MARCH 28, 2013 – REED’S HOBBY SHOP, LA MESA

HARE- GLOW WORM

It was a beautiful Thursday evening as the pack gathered in front of Reed’s Hobby Shop for the ritual running of the Worm Moon. As most hashers don’t normally get named after Full Moons, Glow Worm is perpetually tagged as hare for this. After the usual pre-run lies, Worm took off to connect his live trail to the pre-lay. The pack took off on time and quickly headed south towards the giant hill and the 47,358 stair steps that entailed. Would this be another Buns of Steel hash, or would the Worm have mercy on the pack and stay lower? He worked the pack out through beautiful downtown La Mesa and made the checks tough enough and the loops clever enough that I was actually able to get to a couple of checks as a walker and solve them myself. It felt good to be able to use my new hash horn to call the pack on.

Eventually the pack did surge ahead and I was left alone to enjoy the trail. Quite honestly, for a mostly urban hash, Worm made good use of the features and set an interesting trail. Bailey and I had a good time bonding as I continued my 4 ½ year effort to teach him how to “heel”. Still a work in progress. Eventually the trail led back to Joltin’ Joe’s, conveniently located across the street from the start. Joe’s was fairly empty so we were able to carve out a large section up in the balcony to hold down downs, which were as follows:

Hashit demo – Chicken Poop and Penis Machinist (standing in for the absent Titan Tits)

Easy Going – was so excited about another Worm Moon she showed up a day early

Donut Hole – bragging about being about FRB and tripped and fell

Mere mortal Wiley – alcohol abuse; dropped his drink on the carpet

Penis Machinist – for driving off the amply endowed Boob Chuck with his inane conversation

Deep (who turned himself in) – for leaving Maya in the VW overnight by mistake. Luckily, Maya had a large bowl of water to drink and had no problem crapping on the carpet.

Wiley – for being a dumbass and believing the GPS in his smart phone.

First timers – Ann, Amy, Wiley, Etapuss, and Donut Hole

Hashit – the lovely and talented Easy Going for being chronologically challenged

Your faithful scribe – Deep Throat

Pink Moon

Run #331

Thursday, Apr 25, 2013

It was a decent evening as the Full Moon showed up at a volleyball net in Balboa Park so that hashers from volleyball could hare a trail for the Full Moon. Confused yet?

So the volleyballer's continued volleybaling until 6:30 and then hare lies were given: short, flat, 2 beer checks, etc and then the hares were off. At the appropriate time later, the pack took off after then, going up to the first check at the corner of Park Blvd and President's Way and promptly got lost. After checking the obvious ways, trail was discovered to turn back behind the Air and Space Museum and on through the park over to the Laurel Street bridge, across and down to the fist drink check. Apparently, the drinks were very good as it turned into a holding check. Trail then headed in a circle away from the bridge on a trail not usually taken, ending up going out of the park at around 6th and Ash (or somewhere around there). Then it was a series of this way and that way, back this way, and then back that way. Finally **Chicken Poop** called the hares to find out where the second beer check was, which turned out to be on the bridge at the end of 3rd and Upas. At this point, I got a call from **Deep Throat** who had been walking with **Ice Box** wanted to know where the end was. I gave the phone to **Boobchuck** who told them the end was at 5th and Ivy. Remember that, 5th and Ivy. I think we were told the wrong direction to go after this second beer check so most of us promptly lost trail again. No problem, right? The end is at 5th and Ivy so I started walking in that direction only to meet up with a late-cumming hasher walking towards me saying that no one was at 5th and Ivy. Hmmm. So I called **Deep** and was told the end was indeed at 5th and Ivy, just not the 5th and Ivy we thought it was. Turns out there is a second 5th and Ivy which is in Hillcrest. But after a while most of the pack showed up at the correct 5th and Ivy and down-downs began a short time later.

Easy Going did the hashit demo.

Chicken Poop for calling the hares to get the location of the 2nd beer check.

Ice Box for showing up to a Full Moon hash (she is a co-GM after all).

El Pasout, Just Ian, and Balls Deep for bragging about sleeping together.

Just Judy for calling **Glow Worm** a grandfather.

CPA for being so blond she missed her down-down.

Everyone that went to the wrong 5th and Ivy.

Deep Throat for letting Myra have a beer.

Visitors from Edna H3.

El Passout and Boobchuck had birthdays.

Hares: **Boobchuck, Grassy Ass, Refried Semen (or is it Seamen), & Who Put the Cum in My Ass**

Hashit went to **Grassy Ass** for crimes against the hash.

Yours in hashdom,

Glow Worm

The Flower Moon

Run # 332

Thursday, May 23, 2013

The Flower trail (or flour) was laid for the Full Moon hash in the sleepy beach town of Encinitas. Our run started through the streets of Leucadia winding up through Orpheus park and down along the shiggy on the side of 5. The pack then went through Cottonwood park and down the hills only to spot the hares (**In Cum Snatch** and **40 Dicks and 80 Nuts**) walking and laying trail across the train tracks. Too easy was the hare snare, but a more alcohol motivated pack went to the beer check, held on **Sit, Stay, Squirt's** patio with (good) beers provided by 40. The trail went down to the town of Encinitas and back up to the On-In at the Regal Seagull. Down downs commenced, only to come to a screeching halt when hecklers from the table beside us tried to stop circle. **Squirt** quickly "romanced" them into the idea that we were cool by bringing her NY attitude, which quickly shut them the hell up. Crimes were called, which included **Zap**, for falling down, hitting his head and having no brain damage. I guess when you're a half-mind, this isn't hard. Three people almost missed the beer check and became racists. **SSS** continued to celebrate 2 years of hashing by continuing to consume much alcohol (she's a harriette!). **Failure** had arrived late and called out all those of the pack who refused to mark checks along trail, making him even later to the on-in (though you could argue that nobody wanted him there anyways).

The hares were brought up and drank for their shitty trail, which went through PO and Africanized (aka killer) bees, trying to give us all anaphylactic shock so we wouldn't snare them. **ICS** promised us an on-in with a room in back, which didn't happen due to the fact that was where the bathroom was. It's not our favorite to drink out of the toilet. She went on to tell us a hashcrime about **Fat Basque Turd**, which I can't even remember due to the fact that it was so long. Here's to **Wax**, he's a damn fine guy! Hashit nominations were called out and **ICS** won for being unable to tell a story that would actually hold our attention (I think **FBT** is rubbing off on her!). Circle ended and the pack closed the bar out, scaring away most of its patrons.

The Strawberry Moon

Run # 333

Tuesday, June 25, 2013

It must just be that time of year, or maybe because San Diego has so many f**king hashes, no one stepped up to hare this month, so we decided to go hang out with the Green Flash Hash, where Mr Roarke laid a good trail, or so I was told. Now, to be honest, where else but at a hash do the words "Mr Roarke" and "laid" go together. But I digress.

Due to other commitments, otherwise know as that dirty four-letter word "work," I arrived at the Green Flash brewery long after the pack was off, so all there was to do was sit around and watch the food hares, Dogfish and Gag 'n Shag, get the ol' grub laid out on the table.

After awhile the pack started straggling in, drinking beer and eating the wonderful food. It was about then when Deep Throat, as GM of Green Flash, and Glow Worm, GM of the Full Moon stepped to the center of the floor and announced that down-downs were starting. And working from scribbled notes and memory from a month ago, they went something like this.

In Cum Snatch was brought up to do the Hashit demo down-down for the Full Moon. If Green Flash has a hashit it didn't get written down. Deep carefully explained that because that the Full Moon hashit is a chicken hat, it was OK to drink while wearing it, but that no other headgear would be acceptable. After making that clear, we sang to her, watched her drink, and immediately someone yells out "hat." You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make them drink. Psycho and Jockstrap apparently gave Deep a warning about traffic on the way to the brewery, giving Deep plenty of time to find an alternate route. Honey, a first timer, was brought up for marginal parking skills. Fluff Boy drank for abusing the virgin harriettes. La Buf was brought up because "hash cash is such a hard job." It was then announced that Gag 'n Shag only had two more days at work before retirement. Somewhere in there I am sure that first timers and visitors were brought up.

This brought us to a little known tidbit of past US history, for it was on this day, the General Custer and the 7th Calvary were cut down at the Battle of Little Bighorn. What wasn't know until recently was that our very own Mr Roarke, in the time before he joined the US Navy and became a Marine Chaplin, was actually a priest for the 7th Calvary, but he didn't go out with them, because as he put it, "fuck it, I'm going to have a beer."

Dogfish drank for a burial plot. Fluff Boy and Microscrewery were brought up because when I asked Fluff he wanted to hare a Full Moon hash sometime, but he told me that he had to have permission, and when I asked Micro, she declared "he better not had signed up to here." Ironic because as I sit here typing this up an hour or so before the hash, I note that tonight hares are "Fluff Boy and Microscrewery." Stiff Joint drank for not wanting to miss dessert.

The hares, Mr Roarke, Dogfish, Gag 'n Shag and B3 (Barbie Biker Bitch maybe, sometimes Deep writes like he's a real doctor, instead of just playing one at the hash). TJ Donkey Fluffer got hashit for new shoes, but I am not sure if that was the real reason.

Your reluctant scribe, Glow Worm

The Buck Moon

Run # 334

Tuesday, July 23, 2013

It must just be that time of year, or maybe because San Diego has so many f**king hashes, no one stepped up to hare this month, so we decided to go hang out with the Green Flash Hash. Due to other commitments, otherwise know as that dirty four-letter word "work," I arrived at the Green Flash brewery long after the pack was off, so all there was to do was sit around and watch the food hares, **Dogfish** and **Gag 'n Shag**, get the ol' grub laid out on the table. (Didn't we do this last month.)

Deep Throat seemed to be in quite the hurry tonight, so he did almost all of the down-downs. And now to try something entirely new, I am actually writing this up on the same night of the hash. Yes, the same night. What a concept.

TJ Donkey Fluffer did the hashit demo down-down. **Dogfish** was called up for his \$2.10 haircut, which we thought that he got at MCRD until we noticed his hair was almost ½ inch long. **Bozo** showed up wearing a dress shirt and pants. Our hares, **Fluff Boy** and **Microscrewery** got called up by **Deep** so he could give them a late wedding gift. I took the opportunity to remind the group that we were told last month that was no way in hell that **Fluff** was going to hare before the Red Dress run. **Barbie Biker Bitch** was seen using the ladies room where none of the harriettes noticed anything different. **Peanut Butter in the Sweet Spot** was complaining at the start about running on asphalt, declaring that she doesn't like a good pounding. We had a shitload of hashing virgins and first timers to either Green Flash or the Full Moon. One visitor, **Six O' Nine** came forward to drink the scared nectar. **32 Ring Circus** was called up because she couldn't seem to tell the difference between **Captain Zero** and **Failure to Launch**. **Fat Basque Turd**, **32 Ring Circus**, **Finishes with Towel**, **Creepy Cock Worker** and **Boston Pee Party** all ended up being pricked on trail in one fashion or another..

Our wonderful hares, who absolutely positively couldn't hare before the Red Dress Run in September, **Fluff Boy** and **Microscrewery** were honored for the trail, and **Dogfish** and **Gag 'n Shag** honored for the great food.

Creepy Cock Worker was brought up for running the trail in flip-flops as well as carrying a stop sign on a pole. For some odd reason, **Deep** opened and closed hashit nomination so fast that no one could nominate **32 Ring Circus** for her bad eyesight, and the hashit went to **Creepy**.

One last minute down-down was brought forth by **MoJo** by noting that **TJ Donkey Fluffer** was going around stating she wanted a dollar in her box.

Once again, your reluctant scribe, **Glow Worm**

The Sturgeon Moon

Run # 335

Tuesday, August 20, 2013

It was another one of those typical SoCal evenings when around 20 hashers showed up in La Mesa for the latest running of the Sturgeon Moon. Our hare for the evening, one ZAP, declared that he had a wonderful trail planned for us with all of the usual marks, and he may have mentioned something about a jungle check on trail, but if he did I didn't catch it.

Trail headed off into the streets of northeast La Mesa, zigging and zagging until we reached a series of 7 or 8 checks in a row, each one just a block apart. And all of them, except the last one, went straight ahead. However at that last check in that series, the pack was seen milling around aimlessly, unable to locate trail. Finally, the street to the right was checked again, and lo and behold, a couple hundred feet on the past the BT, hidden behind a tree was a hare arrow. Damn jungle checks. Eventually, the entire pack figured this out and once again gathered back together for the remainder of the trail.

The On-In was at a small BBQ joint located right next to the start. The pack gathered on the patio for food, beer and lots of merriment.

After Chicken Poop did hashit demo down-down, others were given out to Bimbo and Classic Penis for being welcome backs. First timers Kevin, Kaylee and Serena were called up to enjoy the sacred nectar of the hash. Heaven's Gate drank for someone who left early (damn, can't read my own notes) who stated that he hoped to see the full moon on a Full Moon trail (no marine layer that far inland). Chicken Poop got Waxed trying to do something to Tickle Me Homo. Zap was called up as he was caught pre-laying, and for getting lost while scouting.

As I was short of material that night, I decided to do something a little different. I had everyone tell the others who named them and how they got named. With names such as Dick in my Elmo, Who Put the Cum in my Ass, and Daddy's Dick some of the stories were quite interesting.

Finally, we called up Larry, the owner, and a couple of the wait staff for such a great ending location. Zap was called up again for laying such a **s-h-i-t-t-y t-r-a-i-l**, followed by hashit nominations which went to Chicken Poop for being Chicken Poop.

Then it was declared that until the full moon was full in the sky once again, that the hash could go in peace, *may the hash get a piece*.

Glow Worm

The Harvest Moon

Run # 336

Thursday, September 19, 2013

The events of the day actually began the day before when **Dr Dive** sent out a frantic message via email and Facebook describing what happened when he showed up at the start to pre-lay the next day's trail. It turns out that the On-In location that he had chosen was closed, and been closed for some time. So much for scouting trail, eh?

So the start was moved to the location of the Volleyball hash in PB. Due to the location change, people were rather slow in showing up at the start. **Dr Dive** did his best to have people just play volleyball so that he would not have to lay trail. Meanwhile, during this time **Captain Zero** "moved" **Dive's** flour bag over behind a nearby trash can.

Finally, I got **Dr Dive** to do a pre-run brief and that is when he discovered the missing flour bag, delaying the start even more. Eventually, **Zero** fessed up and gave **Dive** his flour bag back. **Dr Dive** then proceeded to get on his bicycle and rode off. Only to return a few minutes later after merely going around the block. Sensing the futility of it all, I decided to return the run fee to those few that had paid it.

The end was announced as being "**The Dog**" and an amazing 20 or so showed up for down-downs. I conceived **Dr Dive** that it was all his fault so he should buy the down-down beer which he did.

Down-Downs:

Chicken Poop: hashit demo

Capt Zero: the only one to do the entire trail

Chicken Poop & Easy Going: ran the trail they would have laid if there were the hares

Captain Zero: for hiding Dr Dive's flour bag

Birthdays: **Glow Worm, Chicken Poop, Deep Throat, Soctumized**

First Timers: **Tarrah, Margaret, Spencer, Socumized, Eat Dick Cocksucker, Innocent til Drunk**

Chicken Poop & Deep Throat: went to the wrong run start

Just Tarrah: took a header to the back of the head during volleyball

Hare: **Dr Dive**

After much discussion (yeah right), **Dr Dive** was awarded Hashit.

Glow Worm

The Hunter's Moon

Run # 337

Tuesday, October 15, 2013

It was a day like many others, but somehow it was different. That was because it was the 27th Anniversary of the first running of The Often Imitated, but Never Equaled, Full Moon Hash House Harriers. Back on October 19, 1986, *Van Go*, *Mr Spock*, and *Manhandler* decided to start a hash where all you had to do was lay a trail and find a bar to end in. No cooking food, no bringing beer, no nothing. And 337 runs later, here we are.

The pack gathered under the flight path of Palomar Airport at a place called "Something Sushi". Hey, I forgot to write down the name of the place. If you think you can do better, you can scribe the next run. And what a pack it was. Around 30 hashers showed up. *Deep Throat and Ass Transit* came out the hare lies and off they went, followed by the pack 15 minutes later.

In typical *Deep* fashion the trail went around buildings in giant loops allowing the walkers to stay in contact with the FRB's for most of the first half of the trail. But as they do, all good things must come to an end, and I lost sight of the FRB's. The trail went down into a service road and then onto a smaller path where it appeared that we were in the middle of nowhere, but just then the trail turned a corner back onto major streets. The do-loops were not done however, and just as I got to where the trail turned left into some shiggy, I heard one of most wonderful sounds I was to hear that night, a hash horn. This wondrous sound enable me to skip the shiggy loop and head straight to the beer check. Sometimes things do work out. From the beer check, it was a short walk back to the start for those of us who were walking, while the trail took the pack through at least two more do-loops before bringing us together at the start, which was not the end.

Down Downs were brought to us by the letters W R S, for Wrong Run Start as this was the second month in a row where the start was changed the day before the hash. This time because was because *Ass Transit* came me the wrong address to the start. For this she was later killed during down-downs. Hey, you must take a stand somewhere.

Chicken Poop did the hashit demo. *Mas Penis* drank because she thought that *Pigeon Shit* was FBT's older uglier brother. *Ass Transit* was brought up because she realized she had given out the wrong start info while she was thinking about some tail. She declined to say whose tail it was. *Chicken Poop and Dirty Dingus* went to the wrong run start. That's two months in a row for *CP*. *Whore Next Door* drank for trying to make a call using the calculator function of her phone and was wondering why she kept getting -4260. At this point I opened up the floor for nominations for mismanagement only to be told that it was a **two** year term. Damn it. Several FRB's were brought up for running by the second beer check, which was the first beer check located at the end of another of *Deep's* famous do-loops. *Anal Rose* drank for wearing the octopus costume that the sushi place had. The *US Navy* celebrates it's birthday in October. 238 years of service unimpeded by progress. The *Whore Next Door*, *Capt Jerk*, and *Drug'em and Plug'em* also completed trips around the sun in October. *Titan Tits* drank for *GI Hoe* who was more worried about her food than *Anal Rose* falling and hurting himself. *Glow Worm* drank for forgetting to turn his ass light off. *Deuce Small Blow* drank for Houdini (that's all the notes had folks). *Ass Transit* brought *Owen*, the owner up for a down-down. This was followed by the hares *Ass Transit and Deep Throat*. *Deep Throat* told us that he was at the first Full Moon and drank for the tale. He then got hashit for a mom dying joke.

Glow Worm

The Beaver Moon

Run # 338

Sunday, November 17, 2013

It was a quiet Sunday evening. As we found no “beaver” that wanted to hare, **Deep Throat and Mas Penis** (wait, doesn't she has a beaver?) stepped up to lay a nice trail through the streets of Leucadia. Being that it was a Sunday, only nine other hashers showed up to partake in another of Deep's infamous trails. Turns out it was a nice walk through the neighborhood (at least for me). The temperature wasn't that chilly for San Diego, but would have been a heat wave almost anywhere else in the country. After going this way and that way, everyone managed to make it back to the start which just happened to be the On-In as well. Talk about convenience.

The small group of us sat around a table and just chatted away for a while until the food showed up. Sometime around then I decided it was time for down-downs, which were held in a decidedly low key manner.

Deep Throat did the Hashit demo after being reminded why he got it in the first place. **Ice Box** drank for talking to **Deep** about getting something 3" wide that vibrates. **Whore Next Door** drank after it was determined that the Marines was the only service she hadn't done yet. *By the way, why did the Army did guard dogs while the Navy got the Marines? The Army had first choice.* **Deep** asked the pack if they saw the chicken poop on trail but **Eskimo Pie** told **Deep** that it was dark when we went by it.

Due to the small nature of the pack, I decided it was time for another game of “How did you get named?” The most interesting one was how **Ice Box** got her original name of **Well Hung**. But as they say, if you have to ask, you weren't there.

Easy Going drank for sitting on **Deep's** hand for several seconds before even realizing he was trying to cop a feel. **Ice Box**, in the spirit of **Incum Snatch** had a down-down for being a GM for 14 months now without giving out a down-down. **Margaret** drank for being the only mere mortal there. Somewhere in the middle of all of this **Vomit Comet and Eskimo Pie** drank for being first timers to the Full Moon.

Finally it was time for the hares, **Deep Throat and Mas Penis** who provided the hash with a very s-h-i-t-y--t-r-a-i-l. Hashit went to **Ice Box** who announced that the Cold Moon would be her last Full Moon as she was moving to Hawaii. Of coarse, she also said that we she went to the Peace Corp in the Ukraine. However, she says that she would hare if the pack wanted to fly to Hawaii for the next Cold Moon, but she also pointed out that she wasn't going to pay for any air fare.

There you have it, just another crappy day in paradise.

Glow Worm

The Cold Moon

Run # 339

Tuesday, December 17, 2013

This is the city, San Diego, California. I hash here. I carry a mug.

The story you are about to read is true. No names have been changed because no one is innocent.

It was Tuesday, December 17th. It was warm in San Diego. I was hashing the Full Moon up in Encinitis. The hare was Ice Box. My name is Glow Worm.

5:30 pm - I left the office on the way to the hash. Traffic was moderate to heavy. 6:20pm - I arrived at the run start. No one was in sight. 6:22 pm - I drove over to the hare's house to change and to verify the start address. 6:29 pm - The hare, a couple of other hashers, and I started walking to the start. 6:31 pm - Arrived back at the start, still no new hashers to question. 6:46 pm - The hare gave the pre-run brief. 6:47 pm - We started out on trail. After about the first mile, four of us decided to shortcut part of the trail. Deep Throat was certain he knew the way as he had done this trail eight days earlier for La Jolla. 7:28 pm - We determined that Deep was full of shit, but we were committed at this point. The only option was to continue on. 7:56 pm - We finally arrived back at the hare's house. 7:57 pm - Soup was on. And what a soup it was, a nice beer cheese soup with lots of chunky veggies.

The story you just read is true, or mostly true. No names have been changed because no one is innocent.

On December 17, down-downs were here on the patio of 309 Trailview, in and for the hash of the Full Moon. In a moment, the results of those down-downs.

Hashit Demo - *Ice Box*

December Birthdays - *Ice Box*

First Timers - *CP3 On Myself*

Margaret - tripped on the white line in the road while crossing the street.

Ass Transit and *Fat Basque Turd* each received 3/8ths of a down-down as they each only paid 3/8th's of the run fee.

Ass Transit received the other 5/8th of her down-down after whining that she did pay the remainder of the run fee at the end.

Glow Worm - 20 years of hashing in San Diego

Fat Basque Turd - spilled his soup on Bailey

It was noted that there was a mini-moon that night as the moon was just about as far from the earth as it ever gets.

Goes Down Easy went down hard and had to go to a neighbor to get patched up.

Fat Basque Turd turned out to be the FRB of the evening. Will miracles never cease?

Due to the impending departure of our co-GM *Ice Box*, who had yet to give out a down-down in here 14 months of being Grand Mattress, it was announced that *Fat Basque Turd* had stepped up to finish out her term. He then promptly sat back down without giving out a down-down.

Our wonderful hare, *Ice Box*, drank for haring.

Hashit was going to go to *Fat Basque Turd* for spilling his soup on Bailey, but the case was thrown out due to lack of evidence (Bailey did a wonderful job was cleaning up the crime scene). So after further discussion, the hashit went to *Goes Down Easy* for going down on a neighbor.

All suspects were found guilty and were sentenced to serve their terms in various San Diego hashes.

Credits: This was a **Mark VII / Worm I** production.