

The Wolf aka Old Moon
Run # 352
Tuesday, January 6, 2015

Ah, the first full moon of the year. Mismanagement searched far and wide for the perfect hare for this wondrous event, but all we could come up with was **D'Duk**. Maybe that is why the moon was nicknamed the "Old" moon for the evening. But **D'Duk** did hold one card up his sleeve (it was his left one as the other one was full of holes), he started the trail at the Coronado Brewing Company tasting room at.....you guessed it, Hancock Street just off of Morena.

Around 30 or so hashers showed up for the trail, so it must have been the location and not the hare that was the main draw. And to prove the point, just before he took off for the ceremonial run to the pre-lay that he would be using the wrong checks. Well, you get what you pay for.

Trail took off to the northeast and eventually reached Tecolote park where we took to the dirt and shiggy for the first time. After a big loop, trail crossed a small stream and we arrived at the beer check which doubled as a turkey-eagle split. The eagle turned out to be a long out and back returning to the beer check. The turkey trail zigged and zagged along a number of streets to end back at the tasting room, which had a small area reserved for us complete with a food truck.

Down-downs started with **Hailey Cockit** doing the hashit demo down-down, following by:

Fluff Boy - being a celebrity hasher by appearing in the International Harrier magazine

TJ Donkey Fluffer & Strap On Tools - blonde award for showing up without flashlights

Deep Space 69 - complained about having to stare at **TJ's & Strap On's** ass while on trail

Strap On & Hailey Cockit - drank for some sexual talk that **Hole Diver** said "sounds like listening to parents"

Moose Maggot - got throw out of the house by his girlfriend, so he decided to go hashing

D'Duk & Glow Worm - each suffered from a dirty ass from sitting in some old chairs that **D'Duk** had brought

Fluff Boy - for having a small fanny pack

DS69 -for being a Mad Max movie geek

Me So Sad - last FM due to moving, so in a long standing tradition we just made up, he was paddled

There were a shitload of first timers. Also, it became apparent that no one's father got lucky in May as there were no January birthdays among those present.

Our hare, **D'Duk** was called up for providing a good trail and a great ending, but he was no where to be found, having left sometime beforehand. **Fat Basque Turd & Glow Worm** stood in for him.

As there were no hashit nominations, or at least know that I wrote down, the hashit did not pass, remaining with the unknown person that had it before.

The Snow Old Moon

Run # 353

Tuesday, February 3, 2015

The February Full Moon, know as the Snow Moon – since the heaviest snow usually falls during this month, native tribes of the north and east most often called February's full Moon the Full Snow Moon. Some tribes also referred to this Moon as the Full Hunger Moon, since harsh weather conditions in their areas made hunting very difficult.

Now, those of us in the land of The Original Full Moon were basking in the summer like conditions, many back east were indeed enjoying (or suffering) the Snow Moon. For the SoCal Natives out there, here is what two feet of snow looks like →



Trail started at the Longhorn Bar and Grill off of Mission Valley Road. There was some moments of concern where after the first couple of hashers showed up, one of the wait staff exclaimed, "Shit, the hash is here tonight!" But then it was determined that our reserved room, the "John Wayne" room be available by the time the pack arrived back for down-downs. BTW, has anyone used "John Wayne Toilet Paper"? It's ruff and tuff and won't take shit off anyone.

Trail did a short do loop and then headed west on Friar's Road crossing over the mighty San Diego River before heading up into the La Mirage complex. Then it headed back down to and across Friar's, looping to the south before heading back to the On-In. We did arrive back just as the John Wayne Room was clearing out. Once the pack had a chance to grab some food and beer, **Fat Basque Turd** opened up down-downs.

The first order of business was to figure out what the new hashit was going to be as the other one managed to get stolen a month or two back. **FBT** held up the backup chicken hat (that one that the stolen chicken hat had seduced in France a couple of year ago) and a fish hat. The collected throng of hashers decided the fish hat smelled and declared the chicken shall rise again. **50 Shades of Gray** drank for showing up in a suit and tie claiming something about work getting in the way of his hashing. **Ecuwhore** drank for being injured. Our spies tell us he hurt his leg reaching up the back end of a camel.

Circle Jerk drank for throwing ice chucks at a skunk at the second beer check. Not for animal cruelty, but for not hitting anything within 15 feet of the skunk. **Goody 2 Boobs** was honored by looking like a Katy Perry in her Hotdog on a Stick outfit. **Hailey Cockit** drank for blood on trail. Since he was the hare, no one would have known if he would have just kept quiet.

Intercourse with a Horse, of Coarse called up **Ecuwhore** for a bad Don Ho impersonation, however **Intercourse** was Wax'ed for his troubles. **Ecuwhore** then insulted the nationality of our new hashit which of coarse, earned him the hashit.

The hares, **Hailey Cockit** and **Circle Jerk** were called up but we had to wait until **Circle Jerk** got off the phone trying for a booty call. **CJ** said it was his dad, we said it was a daddy booty call. This difference of opinion earned **CJ** the hashit.

It turns out that both of the hares had birthdays that very day, which explained the yummy cupcakes that were passed around before down-downs. After we sang hashy beerday to them, **FBT** gave each of them a cupcake.



The Worm Moon
Run # 354
Tuesday, March 3, 2015

The March Full Moon – known as the Worm Moon. As the temperature begins to warm and the ground begins to thaw, earthworm casts appear, heralding the return of the robins. The more northern tribes knew this Moon as the Full Crow Moon, when the cawing of crows signaled the end of winter; or the Full Crust Moon, because the snow cover becomes crusted from thawing by day and freezing at night. The Full Sap Moon, marking the time of tapping maple trees, is another variation. To the settlers, it was also known as the Lenten Moon, and was considered to be the last full Moon of winter.

On a Tuesday evening, the Stumblefoot and Full Moon joined together for a trek through the streets of Pacific Beach. The trail went south until it ran into the bay (not actually into the bay as that would have been silly) although by this time I was hopelessly behind and missed the check. So at the bay I was faced with two choices, east or west. I, of course, turned right to the west never to see trail again. But with great hashing skill and intellect I arrived back at the start which was right next door to the On-In just as the pack was starting to show up.

The On-In was a joint named the Taproom and he was filled to the gills with non-hashers. They were going to be in for a surprise later during the circle.

After some time for some beer and food, followed by more beer, FBT started out down-downs.

Grassy Ass was called up to do the hashit demo down-down, mainly because he managed to knock over his beer a couple of minutes before

Strap-On Tools - hare snare before the hares even left the start

Blue Dot - bitching about running trail which he didn't run

Twist and Shout - for calling On-On to a back track as well as blood on trail

Strap-On - first week of unemployment after deciding that work was getting in the way of her hashing

Grassy Ass - got the hashit for spilling his beer

Fuck of the Irish celebrated a birthday

There were a bunch of first-timers including one that we lost of trail

Someone at a table behind up was also having a birthday so we helped them out by singing along with them.

Next months Stumblefoot hares were chosen. **Mike Hunt** (formally known as **And Just Dicks for All**), and the **Fuck of the Irish** were honored

The hares, **Mawi Wowi**, **Ginger Snatch** and **Grassy Ass** were called up for a s-h-l-t-t-y t-r-a-l-l

The Pink Moon
Run # 355
Tuesday, April 7, 2015

The April Full Moon – known as the Pink Moon. This name came from the herb moss pink, or wild ground phlox, which is one of the earliest widespread flowers of the spring. Other names for this month's celestial body include the Full Sprouting Grass Moon, the Egg Moon, and among coastal tribes the Full Fish Moon, because this was the time that the shad swam upstream to spawn.

Some 25 hashers braved the traffic to the Westgate Mall Carlsbad to gather at Besta-Was for yet another Full Moon. Our illustrious hares arrived after a bit and gave a pre-run brief which included asking everyone if they had a flashlight 'cuz it's really dark underground.

Trail led out, through a doggy-door for those so inclined, to head east along the north edge of the mall parking lot, over two fences, across one bridge, under another bridge to arrive to a tunnel heading north under State Route 78. Trail continued up and down a few hills, over a couple of retaining walls to the beer check. More road and shiggly ensured until the trail returned to the start.

Down-downs started out by **Bleeding Hash Hole** doing the hashit demo as a stand in for **Grassy Ass**. Just **Melba** drank for being vertically challenged and well as for having her ass in the gutter. Just **Amy** drank for getting a couple of pricks in her ass while on trail. **Lick Me Tender Lick Me Deep** drank for not remembering shit. **Brown Eye for the Gay Guy** was called up for being a returner. **Captain Jerk** drank for his trail smelling like ass. S-m-e-l-l-y T-r-a-l-l, anyone?

Our wonderful server **Abby** was brought forward. **Plan B** fell at least twice on trail and tried to blame it on **Caboose Abuse**. Then **Plan B** drank for going down on trail. **C3Peed on Myself** tried to do a down-down and was waxed. He also drank for something referred to as the Seven Ass Challenge. A bunch of first timers were brought up and rewarded with some golden elixir.

FBT ran out of material at this point and thus another gathering of **The Original, Often Imitated, but Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers** came to a close. So, until the Moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe.

The Flower Moon
Run # 356
Thursday, May 7, 2015

The May Full Moon – known as the Flower Moon. In most areas, flowers are abundant everywhere during this time. Thus, the name of this Moon. Other names include the Full Corn Planting Moon, or the Milk Moon.

Only 10 hashers showed up this annual running of the Flower Moon at the Old Town Transit Station. Rain was in the forecast, but our wonderful RA kept it away until long past the end of down-downs.

Trail headed into Old Town State Park, going through Casa De Mundo to end up on Juan Street where the FRB prompting locked onto the Half Ass trail that was laid in the area the previous Saturday. Luckily, this was discovered before the pack went too far on the wrong trail. Backtracking to the last check, a first-timer, **Just Pat**, announced that he lived just one house from Juan Street so the pack headed there for an impromptu beer check.

From there, trail headed across the golf course and into Presidio Park. Up this way and down that way, the trail wound it way across, out of, and back into the park to eventually end up in Mission Hills. Our hare did a wonderful job with the checks, slowing the pack down just enough so the token walker (me) could keep up. Once in Mission Hills, trail led to a beer check at **Captain Hook's** house. From there it was downhill back into Old Town to finally arrive at a beer and wine bar named "Christopher's on Congress."

Down-downs:

Hashit Demo: **Shanghai** drinking for **Grassy Ass**

Just Pat: drank first for having a cock fixation and then for the impromptu beer check

Just Zach: admitted that his asshole was puckered up from all of the cock jokes

Skanky and **Possession of Swollen Goods**: tried to do a down-down and were ziggy-zagged

Fluff the Jailhouse Cock Boy: showed up at the end in regular clothes

Just Erin: total hash virgin

Zach, Pat, Jake and **Thumbs Up Bums Up**: first timers

Just Jake: had to do some push-ups at the end as the trail wasn't hard enough

32 Ring Circus: pissed on trail

Just Zach: for always being someone's bitch

Just Erin: her red hair was 'bleeding' on trail

Christopher and **Paul**: our gracious hosts

Hare: **In Cum Snatch** with a little help from **Fat Basque Turd**

Due to a lack of suitable hash crimes, the hashit did not pass, so thus another gathering of **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers** came to a close. So, until the Moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe.

The Strawberry Moon

Run # 357

Tuesday, June 2, 2015

The June Full Moon – known as the Strawberry Moon. This name was universal to every Algonquin tribe. However, in Europe they called it the Rose Moon. Also because the relatively short season for harvesting strawberries comes each year during the month of June . . . so the full Moon that occurs during that month was christened for the strawberry!

A good sized group of hashers showed up at little hole-in-the-wall joint called that *Carnitas Snack Shack*. Needless to say there weren't many Muslims or Jews there. Trail headed west on University for a couple of blocks and then headed south through the streets and alleys of North Park to eventually end up near Morley Field. Down a dirt trail along Florida Canyon Road and then up a hill to arrive at a beer check overlooking the Velodrome where several mortals were peddling their asses. From there, further eastward through part of the disc golf range to bush next to the corner of Thorn and 28th where a 12 pack of PBR was sitting. Trail headed back to the north along streets and alleys marked with some strange arrows until we arrived back to the start for the On-In where everyone pigged out.

Down-downs:

Hashit Demo → **Grassy Ass** actually drinking for **Grassy Ass**

Shanghi → drank for bending over in the crotch of a gully for a pair of balls

BORT → missed a solo shot by **High Beams** at a tit check

A shitload of hashers drank for running past one of the beer checks

Just **Xander** → stopped at the beercheck, inhaled a beer and then promptly spewed

Grassy Ass → tried to do a gorilla down-down but gave himself a beer facial instead

Virgins → **Sam, Carolyn** and **Matt**

First Timers → **Xander, Melissa,** and **Adamah**

Rades Man → used some strange trail marks for checks, **Hole Diver** helped him drink

Birthdays → **Fat Basque Turd, Me So Hondi,** and **Adamah**

Circle Jerk → didn't run trail

Hares → **Hole Diver** and **Rades Man**

Due to a lack of suitable hash crimes, the hashit did not pass, so thus another gathering of **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers** came to a close. So, until the Moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe.

The Buck Moon
Run # 358
Saturday, July 11, 2015

The July Full Moon – known as the Buck Moon. July is normally the month when the new antlers of buck deer push out of their foreheads in coatings of velvety fur. It was also often called the Full Thunder Moon, for the reason that thunderstorms are most frequent during this time. Another name for this month's Moon was the Full Hay Moon.

Fat Basque Turd got the Full Moon to join forces with the North County Hash for another anal mooning of Amtrak. I didn't get a write up, but I did get a picture:



Until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe.

The Blue Moon
Run # 359
Thursday, July 31, 2015

The start of the Blue Moon trail was at the Blue Moon Winery off Morena and was hared by *The Blue Hare Group*. Trail led behind the building to a rope down a steep hill to next to the train tracks, and then North on Santa Fe. Back under the tracks and up into the hillsides, dodging drainage ditches, angry homeowners and other associated scum. Trail continued up and down, here and there, to end up at Issa Bella, just across the street from the start.

Mr Spock started out down-downs by doing the hashit demo.

Rades Man pointed out how small things can be made to look larger.

Blue Dot led the pack astray out on trail.

Fuck of the Irish had blood on trail due to a FRB rover.

Rades Man thought that he was the hash police and poured out the water at the beer check.

Skanky Doodle Handy let *32 Ring* pass him on trail as he has clue on how to handle his women.

First Timers: *Steve, Rebecca* and *Dirty Snatch in Twat*

Welcome Backs: *Mr Spock* and *Manhandler*

Blue Dot at the beer check in the wet spot, wanted to win the hash (WTF?)

Blue Dot saw a high school girl getting out of a car and told her that he wanted to see her ass.
Remember 15 will get you 20.

Chicken Poop tried to give a down-down to *Rades Man* but he fucked it up so bad he was wax'ed.

Chicken Poop for being part of *The Blue Hair Group*.

The hashit went to *Chicken Poop* for some unrecorded hash crime.

Thus ended another night with **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled, Full Moon Hash Harriers.**

So until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe. - *Glow Worm* -

The Sturgeon Moon

Run # 359.5

Saturday, August 29, 2015

The August Full Moon – known as the Sturgeon Moon. The fishing tribes are given credit for the naming of this Moon, since sturgeon, a large fish of the Great Lakes and other major bodies of water, were most readily caught during this month. A few tribes knew it as the Full Red Moon because, as the Moon rises, it appears reddish through any sultry haze. It was also called the Green Corn Moon or Grain Moon.

For various reasons, there was no Full Moon Hash in August.
So for your viewing pleasure:



The Harvest Moon

Run # 360

Tuesday, September 29, 2015

The September Full Moon - known as the Harvest Moon. September This full moon's name is attributed to Native Americans because it marked when corn was supposed to be harvested. At the peak of harvest, farmers can work late into the night by the light of this Moon. Corn, pumpkins, squash, beans, and wild rice the chief Indian staples are now ready for gathering.

In spite of the posted run start, it was really at the Whistle Stop bar, a couple of hundred feet to the south. Trail went south to Elm, turning east before heading north to Juniper then angled down through some seriously rough night time shiggy to the bottom of Juniper Canyon. We went off to the north coming out on Laurel Street, then over to Maple, eventually going into Switzer Canyon, through the tunnel under 30th Street, complete with freshly sprayed tagging, to the edge of the golf course to the vicinity of Ivy and then back to the On-In.

The down-downs were started out by **Dolly** doing the hashit demo, followed by **In Cum Snatch** and **Dolly** who started late but wasn't able to solve the first check, which happened to already solved. **Fuck of the Irish** did the whole trail by herself.

Our virgin for the evening, **Colette** was called up, followed by the first timers of **Bowel Licker**, **Argen Tuna**, **Stop the Bus and Let My Brother Jack Out**, **Cock Eye** and **Just Michael** then ending up with a welcome back for **Tickle Me Homo**.

Apparently, **Circle Jerk** was also a welcome back (well at least a returner) and whined about not getting something for it. **D Cup** gave the pack a running commentary about where the trail was going to go, at least in her mind.

Fat Basque Turd got us a hare at the last minute which is normal for this group. He also was going to bail on the on-in to go to the Whistle Stop. **Heaven's Gate** was rewarded for being out last minute hare. Finally, **Bowel Licker** and **Colette** sang a song to end down-downs.

Thus ended another night with **The Original**, **Often Imitated**, **Never Equaled**, **Full Moon Hash Harriers**.

So until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe. - **Glow Worm** -

The Hunter's Moon

Run # 361

Thursday, October 29, 2015

The October Full Moon - known as the Hunter's Moon. This full Moon is often referred to as the Full Hunter's Moon, Blood Moon, or Sanguine Moon. Many moons ago, Native Americans named this bright moon for obvious reasons. The leaves are falling from trees, the deer are fattened, and it's time to begin storing up meat for the long winter ahead. Because the fields were traditionally reaped in late September or early October, hunters could easily see fox and other animals that come out to glean from the fallen grains. Probably because of the threat of winter looming close, the Hunter's Moon is generally accorded with special honor, historically serving as an important feast day in both Western Europe and among many Native American tribes.

The hash started at what was becoming our anal-versary home, *Azia Café* aka *Rock-n-Roll Sushi* just east of Palomar Airport with a great view of the runway and sunset.

Trail headed to the south to a check where most of the pack got royally screwed up. Knowing the hare as I did, I headed out in search of trail and got fucking hosed. So I headed across a field to a place where the trail was last year and managed to pick up trail again, albeit missing the beer check. Trail led down through a canyon and back through a business complex back to the start. Of course, knowing the on-in was under the airport flight path helped on the way back.

Deep Throat stood in for down-downs, who unlike **Fat Basque Turd**, was here for all of the trail. I don't have any notes from down-downs, but I am sure that at least some of them went like this:

Someone had to have done the hashit demo down-down. **Deep Throat** and **Glow Worm** drank for the US Navy's birthday. Followed by several other down-downs for first timers and welcome backs. Since it was the Full Moon's anal-versary, I am sure that the current mismanagement was recognized.

Deep Throat and **Ass Transit** drank for being the hares, and the hashit may or may not have passed.

Thus ended another night with **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled, Full Moon Hash Harriers**.

So until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe. - **Glow Worm** -

The Beaver Moon

Run # 362

Tuesday, November 24, 2015

The November Full Moon - known as the Beaver Moon. This was the time to set beaver traps before the swamps froze, to ensure a supply of warm winter furs. Another interpretation suggests that the name Full Beaver Moon comes from the fact that the beavers are now actively preparing for winter. It is sometimes also referred to as the Frosty Moon.

It was a very interesting day for me. I wasn't able to make the start of this joint Full Moon / Green Flash hash as I was at the annual Charger's Blood Drive nervously waiting. You see, I happened to be one of ten people that had a chance to win a new car. We lined up, each one picking a key from a basket, and then seeing if the key unlocked the car. I must have been doing something right as the five in front of didn't work, but mine did. Holy shit, I just won a new fucking car. (Now bear in mind that this "free" car ended up costing me around \$7000.)

Then it was off to the Green Flash brewery where I showed up not long before the pack started coming back in. Down-Down's were conducted by the duo of **Deep Throat** and **Fat Basque Turd**, who happened to be GM's of both hashes.

I did the Full Moon hashit demo for winning a car. **Brian** and **Evan** ran trail in street clothes. **Diana**, on her 2nd r*n, told the new guys that they would ruin their shoes, but Deep told her that they were only shoes. Just shoes, she exclaimed and almost fainted. **Stiff Joint**, **Chicken Cox**, and I did a down-down for mismanagement miscommunication. **Rodney Queen** and **Short Cake** were welcomed back, while **Grassy Ass**, **\$1000 Fine**, **Dick Ass**, **Brian**, **Diana** and **Evan** were welcomed as a first timer to either Full Moon or Green Flash.

In the People's Choice Down-Down: **Stiff Joint** wanted to buy a full 9 yard kilt for \$600, but **Chicken Cox** just made fun of him. **Chicken Cox** was awarded the down-down. (I am sure it was funnier in person.) **Easy Going** drank for looking to the left when **Deep** grabbed her right ass check. For once, **Dogfish**, who had been cooking for many hashes in the last few days, was finally able to leave with no left-overs.

Stop the Bus and Let My Brother Jack Off and **Argen Tuna** were announced as the December Green Flash hares, while the Full Moon was going to get **Fat Basque Turd**.

The hares for the evening, **99** and **Thumb's Up** were called up for a shitty trail, and then **Deep Throat** opened hashit nominations, said my name, and then promptly closed nominations. No problem, every time I win a car, I will be more happy to wear the Full Moon Chicken Hat.

Thus ended another night with **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled, Full Moon Hash Harriers**.

So until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe. - **Glow Worm** -

The Cold Moon

Run # 363

Tuesday, December 22, 2015

The December Full Moon - known as the Cold Moon. During this month the winter cold fastens its grip, and nights are at their longest and darkest. It is also sometimes called the Moon before Yule. The term Long Night Moon is a doubly appropriate name because the midwinter night is indeed long, and because the Moon is above the horizon for a long time. The midwinter full Moon has a high trajectory across the sky because it is opposite a low Sun.

According to my notes, the Full Moon joined with Green Flash for the second month in a row. I wasn't there, and since no one gave me any notes I have no idea what happened.

But here is a picture for your viewing pleasure (and to fill the page.)



And one for the harriettes.



Thus ended another night with **The Original, Often Imitated, Never Equaled, Full Moon Hash Harriers.**

So until the moon is full in the sky again, I remain your humble scribe. - *Glow Worm* -