

The Wolf Moon
Run # 364
Sunday, January 24, 2016

Again the notes tell me it was a joint hash, this time with Humpin', and once again I wasn't there because it was a 2pm hash and I was busy to 5:30pm. So here is something to read.

THE RULES OF BEDROOM GOLF

1. Each player will furnish his own equipment for play - normally one club and two balls.
2. Play on a course must be approved by the owner of the hole.
3. Unlike outdoor golf, the object is to get the club in the hole and keep the balls out.
4. For most effective play, the club should have a firm shaft. Course owners are permitted to check shaft stiffness before play begins.
5. Course owners' reserve the right to restrict club length to avoid damage to the hole.
6. The object of the game is to take as many strokes as necessary until the course owner is satisfied that play is complete. Failure to do so may result in being denied permission to play the course again.
7. It is considered bad form to begin playing the hole immediately upon arrival at the course. The experienced player will normally take time to admire the entire course with special attention to well-formed bunkers.
8. Players are cautioned not to mention other courses they have played, or are currently playing, to the owner of the course being played. Upset course owners have been known to damage players' equipment for this reason.
9. Players are encouraged to bring proper rain gear for their own protection.
10. Players should ensure themselves that their match has been properly scheduled, particularly when a new course is being played for the first time. Previous players have been known to become irate if they discover someone else playing on what they considered to be a private course.
11. Players should not assume a course is in shape for play at all times. Some players may be embarrassed if they find the course to be temporarily under repair. Players are advised to be extremely tactful in this situation. More advanced players will find alternative means of play when this is the case.
12. The course owner is responsible for manicuring and pruning any bush around the hole to allow for improved viewing of, alignment with, and approach to the hole.
13. Players are advised to obtain the course owner's permission before attempting to play the back nine.
14. Slow play is encouraged. However, players should be prepared to proceed at a quicker pace, at least temporarily, at the course owners request.
15. It is considered outstanding performance, time permitting, to play the same hole several times in one match.

The Snow Moon

Run # 365

Monday, February 22, 2016

The calendar said February, but the thermometer said July, cooling to April in the evening. On a rare Monday evening, a few intrepid Full Moon hashers showed up to a joint hash with La Jolla H₃ to celebrate the Snow Moon.

The pack gathered near *Lickit's* humble abode to head off onto trail both familiar and foreign. Trail went here and there with hashers blindly looking for trail since *Fat Basque Turd* forgot his reading glasses and went to the wrong spot for the beer check. Now *FBT* claims that he came upon hashers that he thought were going backwards on trail and stopped to help their thirst.

But in spite of the beer check snafu, the hashers were greeted with a beautiful rising of the Full Moon while on trail.

Down-Downs were conducted by the La Jolla Down Down Master *Mike (Kitty Kitty)* and RA *Craig (Anus Major)*. They started out with a hashit demo down down by *Ruth. Kennedy (D'Duk)* drank for having no keg beer left for down down's in spite of the four empty kegs in the back of his truck. This was followed by a bunch of returning member to La Jolla, and then *Anus Major* was wax'ed for a bad joke.

Other down down's went to *Lee (Capt Hook)* for telling only a slightly better joke. *Jo Ann* for going to Cuba to smuggle in cigars. *Mike Thompson* took the last pot pie. *Psycho* went a very long way for a very short joke. Several visitors drank for showing up at La Jolla for the Full Moon.

Chris (Big Banana) got the La Jolla hashit for blowing a joke about blowing a seal. *FBT* tried to give the Full Moon hashit to *El Tecote* for opening all of the beer check beer, but it ended up with *FBT* for not having his glasses and thus stopping for the beer check in three different spots.

The hares, *Jeff (Lickit)*, *Suzanne (Debriefed)*, *Jerri (Cat)* and *Ann (Sticky Fingers)* drank for providing a good trail and great food.

Thus ending another gathering of *The Original, Often Imitated, but Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers*.

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

The Worm Moon

Run # 366

Thursday, March 24, 2016

The Worm Moon Full Moon Hash was appropriately hared by **Glow Worm**. Five brave hashers made their way to Bolt brewery in La Mesa. The pack headed out after enjoying some tasty brews to find that **Glow Worm** had laid a great trail shaped like an anteater. The piles were very large... **FBT** says not everyone likes it that way but this group of five found large piles pleasing and arrived at the beer check in a timely fashion.

Chicken Poop was recognized by some friendly dogs at the beer check. The Dos Equis was delicious and fueled the three harriers and two harriettes on to reach the on-in back at Bolt where we found **Ginger Snatch** sipping her beer all lady-like with her pinky up.

Down downs were conducted by **Fat Basque Turd (FBT)** but, unfortunately, our visitor from the Alamogordo Hash in New Mexico had already left. Which was really too bad because he was the star of the down-downs. **Yeast Made Pussy Boogers** ran in a kilt and cowboy boots and wore a necklace given to him by a guy in an open relationship who slept with **YMPB's** girlfriend who was not in an open relationship but somehow it was okay for **YMPB** to sleep with this guy's girlfriend??? He said he will never talk to the guy again but he will keep the necklace.

Other down-downs went to **CP** for turning a 100 dollar junky car into an 1100 dollar windfall. **Ginger** got a down-down for drinking with her pinky up and not running trail. **Glow Worm** got a down down for winning a new Honda and paying taxes on it that paid for **Chicken Poop's** windfall. He also got a down-down for laying a S-H-I-T-T-Y trail shaped like an anteater. Just **Julie** got a down-down for rocking Full Moon socks and **Argen Tuna** got one for buying a tiny shot of yellow beer since there was no wine. **Stop the Bus** drank for dog abuse because he locked **Bite Me** in the car at the on-in.

And that was the end of The Original, Often Imitated, but Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers.

Until the full moon rises again....

The Pink Moon
Run # 367
Thursday, April 21, 2016

Our solo hare, **Argen Toona**, had the pack show up at Mitch's Seafood in Point Loma for her virgin Full Moon haring. Trail then headed south along the bay to Qualtrough Street then up to Rosecrans Street. A little more to the south took us to Owens Street which led us up and into the hills of Point Loma. Up and over, down and under to eventually end at the beer check at the corner of Willow and Dickens Street, which treated the pack to a beautiful view of San Diego Bay and the rising Full Moon. After partaking in some tasty beverages, the pack headed downhill, then north a bit, then back east to end up at the On-In at Mitch's.

Our GM, **Fat Basque Turd**, called the following up for various hash crimes:

Stop the Bus: showed us the proper method of doing a hashsit down-down.

BORT - for complaining about the paid parking when free parker was only a couple of hundred yards away.

FBT - waxed for trying to give **Easy Going** a down-down for ordering the entire food menu while all she wanted was some soup.

Rear in the Headlights - showed up that things must be different in Kuwait as he was calling on-on while following painted street marks. He was also honored when we found out that he ran away from a Humpin On-In when the cops showed up.

Penis Machinist - showed up late as usual and then proceeded to tease the GM with a beer.

Glow Worm - for shortcutting and then trying to be nice to **PM**.

Fuck of the Irish - got engaged.

SMD & Dirty Snatch - announced something that was on Facebook.

Easy Going - drank for getting older this month.

Stop the Bus - drank for having way too much fun playing with the Full Moon's hashit which is a chicken hat.

Argen Toona - drank for haring.

Stop the Bus - got hashit for playing with a cock during down-downs.

Until the moon is full again, I remain your humble scribe. **Glow Worm**

The Flower Moon

Run #368

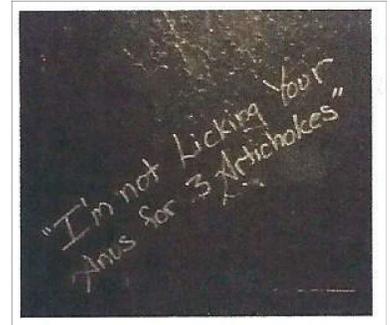
Thursday, May 19, 2016

A small but hearty group of hashers showed up to see what kind of trail **32 Ring Circus** was going to lay. Was **32** the only thing that was pre-laid that day? Inquiring minds want to know. **32** was also joined by **Dirty Squat and Snatch** who took care of the beer check while **32** was laying trail.

The start was at some hole in the wall called the Cherry Bomb Bar. Judging by the bathroom art, it was truly a place to behold.

Even before the pack left, certain hashers were trying to get a certain harriette to believe there was a boob check at the start. Being much too clever for that, she said, "maybe later." Of course, later never came unless it did and I wasn't there.

The pack got fucked up right at the start. Even though someone "saw" the hare turn left at the first corner, the pack proceeded to go straight and promptly lost trail. After a few minutes of wandering around like something that wanders around, trail was found to go a few more blocks when it was lost again. More wandering. Then someone announced that they saw trail down in the canyon. The pack went left, while I went right, turned down the next street and down the side of the canyon, where indeed, there was trail which I followed until the first beer check, where I stopped to let the pack catch up.



After a few minutes, we were off again to head over and into Balboa Park. Trail wound down to the trails along side the 163 to a check not far from the Cabrillo Bridge. More milling around ensured as trail was not to be found, until I went a little farther down one supposed BT to discover true trail, and managed to be the first at the second beer check as well. But that was all of my glory as I ended up last at the On-In at the Bolt Brewery at the corner of India and Grape.

After a period of time, but apparently too long for **Fuck of the Irish**, who bailed, down-downs were called and went something like this.

Glow Worm did the hashit demo down-down due to the absence of **Stop the Bus and Let My Brother Jack Off**, then led to **Skanky Doodle Handy** and **Grassy Ass** being called up for trying to get **Fuck of the Irish** to do a boob check at the start.

Skanky and **Grassy** remained for another down-down for talking about high school grades at the second beer check. And I thought that **Skanky** was already out of school. **Grassy** (again) and **32 Ring** drank for her telling us that more guys wanted **Grassy** than her while during a recent trip to San Francisco. Well, it WAS San Francisco.

In keeping with the multiple down-down theme, **32 Ring** enjoyed another one for getting lost on her own trail as well as saying it was the "Flour Moon." Um, I think that "Flower" is the word you are looking for.

Glow Worm drank for being the first at both beer checks (through superior hashing intellect, I might add) as well as self-identifying as a harriette at the Cherry Bomb because he had to piss and the men's room was occupied.

Somewhere in the middle of all this, **Inu** drank for being a welcome back. **Zack** drank as a first timer, and **Grassy** for his birthday. **Zack** drank again for telling us some story about how guys he knew liked to hang off bridges by their nipples. Ouch! He then drank one or two more just to get him to laugh at different hash songs.

Finally, the hares, **32 Ring Circus** and **Dirty Squat and Snatch** drank for proving the group with a fun trail and a great ending. And I am not sure how this even came up, but **Grassy Ass** got hashit for being the only one there with a foreskin. Roll back, roll back, roll back my foreskin for me, for me.

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

The Strawberry Moon
Run # 369
Thursday, June 21, 2016

The pack showed up at The Lamplighter Bar on Washington Street. *In Cum Snatch* and *Fat Basque Turd* took off to lay a trail that they thought was great but it had one major flaw. On the out-trail, one of the checks was too close to a check on the in-trail so the majority of the pack missed most of the front half of the actual trail. I remember seeing different groups of hashers going in different directions, all trying to find trail. A group did manage to locate the beer check being held at *Capt Hook's* house, while *Capt Hook* was away, I might add, while the rest headed back to the start / on-in.

Down-Downs:

Hashit Demo - *BORT*

BORT - drank again for r*nnning against the arrows.

In Cum Snatch - made *Fat Basque Turd* lay the trail even though she was the hare.

Easy Going - bitched about no water at the beer check.

32 Ring - called *Fat Basque Turd* to tell him she was lost on trail.

32 Ring - bailed on doing the writeup the day before the Full Moon.

Fat Basque Turd - posted his undying love for *In Cum Snatch* on Facebook making the rest of the harriers look like chopped liver.

Skanky Doodle Handy - managed to pack at least some of the pack to the beer check.

Hares - *In Cum Snatch* and *Fat Basque Turd* in addition to hashy anniversary.

BORT - got wax'ed trying to nominate *Fat Basque Turd* for the hashit.

And that ended the night. So until the moon is full again, I remain your humble scribe. *Glow Worm*

The Buck Moon
Run # 370
Saturday, July 9, 2016

Even though the actual Full Moon was a week and a half away, ***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, no wait I didn't, but here is one from the first Amtrak mooning.



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

The Sturgeon Moon

Run # 371

Thursday, August 18, 2016

Hare(s): You! Pickup Hash

Address: Balboa Tap House

4421 Genesee Ave, San Diego, CA 92117

Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/PRM9jklL99Q2>

Run Fee: \$3.00, plus \$\$\$ for food and drink.

Trail type: A to A

Dog friendly: Yes

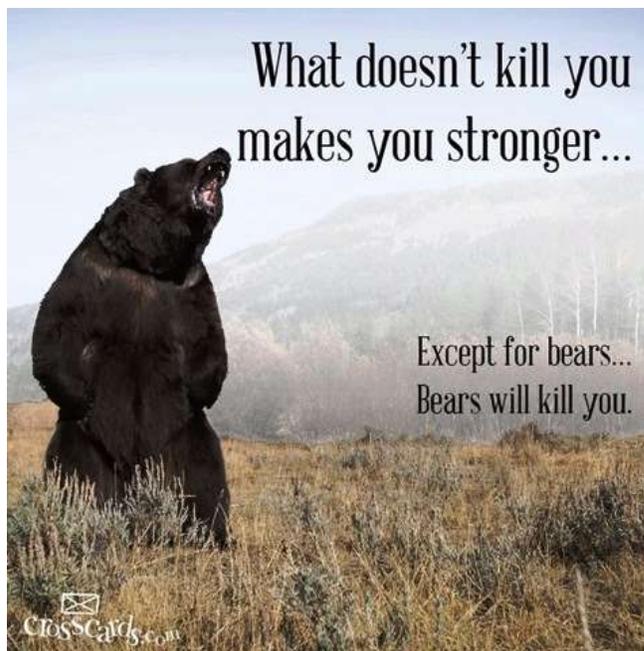
Notes:

Our Hares bailed out last minute, so that means YOU get to hare, Pickup Style!

Great On-In with lost of beer choices.

And that is all the information I have on this event.

And remember.....



The Harvest Moon

Run # 372

Thursday, September 15, 2016

After a couple of months away, I finally made it back to a Full Moon. No writeups and I almost forgot the hash cash box, but I made it.

The start was at the Barefoot Bar and Grill at the corner of 30th and Upas. Trail started with the hares going in different directions. Since only one hare appeared to be laying trail, it made for an easy decision as to which way to go.

Since I walk and am almost always DFL, I was only able to follow trail to the 4th check since none of the checks were marked and the pack was out of sight headed to the east. So I just walked north hoping to pick up trail but the trail looped back to the south, so no more trail for me. I did, however, enjoy my walk up to University and back while making a side trip through a farmer's market and on back to the start, which was now the "On-In".

Our regular GM, *Fat Basque Turd*, was feeling under the weather so he recruited *Crooner Screwer* to do the on hers, oops I mean, honors. And this was what he came up with.

Hashit demo: *Glow Worm*

Welcome Backs: *High Beams*, *Fuck of the Irish*, *Cadaver Diver*, *Glow Worm* and maybe another one or two

Peso Per View, *Tastes Like Home*: looked up at the Full Moon and said, "I guess that is why they call it the Full Moon Hash".

Tastes Like Home: found some trail treasure in the form of some shoes

Numerous hashers were brought up because they turned right instead of left at the beer check in spite of the fact they were told to go left.

High Beams: promoted **32** to **36**, rings that is.

Hares - *High Beams* and *Stick Shift*

And the hashit went to *Skanky Doodle Handy* for basically missing everything.

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

The Hunter's Moon

Run # 373

Thursday, October 15, 2016

It was that time of year again, yes once again The Full Moon Hash completed another trip around the sun for a total of 30 times. That's a lot of miles. A lot of things can happen in 30 years, but most of us just got older.

We once again started at the Azia Café aka Rock-n-Roll Sushi just east of Palomar Airport with a great view of the runway and sunset. And once again, **Deep Throat** masterminded a trail that featured some do-loops and a couple of other changes to trail he has done here before to keep the pack guessing.

Deep Throat joined our out-going GM, **Fat Basque Turd** to dole out the evening's down-downs.

Glow Worm showed the group the proper way to drink a down-down during the Hashit Demo.

Deep Throat, **Glow Worm** and **Chewcocka** drank for the US Navy Birthday.

Chewcocka didn't know who **Wax My Ass** was but could have been a hairy backed twin.

Deep Throat was at the first Full Moon all those many moons ago.

Constantly Cumming complained that the short cut to the on-in wasn't short enough, talk about underachieving.

Glitter Tits got carded at Pizza Port (an impromptu beer check) even she and everyone else at the hash were alive when the Full Moon was founded.

All of the former Full Moon GM's that were in attendance drank for being stupid enough to be GM. This included **Deep Throat**, **Glow Worm**, **In Cum Snatch** and **Fat Basque Turd**.

Bang Twat, **LeAnn**, **Ultimate Penis Sucker**, and **Glitter Tits** were at their first Full Moon.

Perry was thanked for being our host for the 4th year in a row.

Capt Jerk gave **Ass Transit** a t-shirt for going to Burning Man.

Chewcocka was wax'ed when he tried to give **Deep Throat** a down-down.

Constantly Cumming had some sort of hash announcement.

And finally, it was time for our hares, **Deep Throat**, **Ass Transit** and **Capt Jerk** to drink for giving us a nice trail and a great ending.

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

The Beaver Moon

Run # 374

Monday, November 14, 2016

It was a fine evening when the Full Moon jointed the Larrikins for a jaunt through Normal Heights. Trail started off to the east to a check that had the pack confused for awhile. Finally trail headed off to the south to Madison and 35th, or somewhere in that area. We were following **FBT** so we no idea where we were headed but eventually we picked up train to head north across Adams. Up and over we went until to came to an alley containing the first beer check. From there it seemed like a big circle jerk. The eagles peeled off at the split and some how, the turkey met up again with the eagles at the Adams Avenue bridge over I-805. With the start just a couple of blocks to the left, it took a little forethought to head right across the bridge. Trail then looped around a couple of blocks and as far as we could tell, just disappeared. It was at this time that the best course of action was to head back to the start/On-In. A number of hashers apparently managed to find trail over there as they should up some 30 to 40 minutes after most of us.

Larrikins GM, **High Beams**, started off down-downs by bringing up **Bayou Butt Slut** for the Hashit demo down-down. (It was very noisy so I missed a lot of names.) Then it was a couple of visitors, one of which told a joke that was so long and to top it off wasn't even funny. There seemed to a shitload of hashes that went up as a first-timer to either the Full Moon or Larrikins. This lead to virgins **Randy** and **Kyle** partaking in the magical elixir that hashers love so much. Then there were way too many welcome backs.

Bayou Butt Slut drank for trying to order a "bush" from the bartender. **Corky Bear** drank for getting chalk in her twat. (I really missed something there.) All of the Motember guys came up to show off what they were passing off as beards. **Star Fuk** got a thank you down-down for helping a woman on trail that needed help.

Trail Head slid down one of the hills on her backside, and then left all of the dirt she collected on the toilet seat in the ladies room. It was also reported that **Trail Head** lived up to her name on trail, but she said it was only a lick or two. **Village Tool** managed to go to the same beercheck twice while thinking he made it to both beerchecks.

Our hares, **High Beams**, **Butt Hurt** and **Stick Shift** drank for a shitty trail.

Then at the end of down-downs, it was announced that **Butt Hurt** and **Stick Shift** were going to be the new GM's for Full Moon.

All in all it was a very fun night, with laughs, jokes and plenty, and I mean plenty, of very fine boob sightings. Enough that you just wanted to put your face between a pair and go motor boating.

And with that the hash went in peace looking for a piece.

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

The Cold Moon

Run # 375

Thursday, December 15, 2016

The Full Moon was joining forces with the Mission Harriettes for the evening. The pack gathered in a parking lot next to Smart-n-Final and Peter D's. We were all standing around paying hash cash, getting chalk talk and generally waiting for the time to leave, when all of these cars wanted by, going right through the pre-hash circle. You were had thought that we were in a parking lot or something. It was finally time for the pack to leave to enjoy all of the tacky lights that tacky Clairmont had tacked up. The pack ended up in the back yard of **Bimbo by Day** for food, beer and down-downs.

The Harriettes GM, **Ginger Snatch**, was joined by the new Full Moon GM's of **Butt Hurt** and **Stick Shift**, to preside over down-downs.

First was a sad down-down in honor of **Boob Chuck** who had passed away earlier in the week.

This was followed by a shitload of first timers and virgins to either Full Moon or Mission Harriettes. Some 12 hashers admitted to being one, unless one or two just decided they needed a beer.

Me So Houdi was FBI, claiming that while she liked the pack, she liked beer more.

One of the beer bitches wasted a beer on a Peter, that big dick.

Penis Machinist, **Corgi Bear** and a Jesus stand in drank for having a December birthday.

Nana's Slam Van and **Butt Hurt** jumped up on a fence at the beer check, but then needed to be helped down.

High Beams drank for trying to solve a check in a cul-de-sac.

This was followed by a bunch that actually stopped to look at some of the tacky lights that tacky Clairmont tacked up.

Just **Nick** was brought up for not having a hash name while his dog got a hash name after just one hash.

Corgi Bear and **Maddy** showed up in bras but took them off so they could flash us during down-downs.

Nana's Slam Van was brought up again for being DFL and because, at a Dance Off, Pant's Off check, he dropped pants only to be lit up by a cop. Not sure how he managed to get out of that one.

Next up were our wonderful hares, **In Cum Snatch**, **Maui Wowi**, **Ginger Snatch** and our host **Bimbo by Day**.

The hashit went to someone for getting hit in the dick by a big dick.

This brought us to last event of the evening, where Just **Nick** got named "**Can't Touch This**" as he kept touching himself during circle.

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