

The Wolf Moon

Run # 376

Thursday, January 12, 2017

The pack left Oggies and headed into the night to the tune of pouring rain. Flour was quickly dissolving, and chalk disappearing. FRBs began to sprint, and even the halfeft of half minds were paying attention with audibles to keep the pack together while following the quickly deteriorating trail. By the first check, everyone was soaked and smiling. Up into the condo complex we went, and quickly out the back, into the shiggy and up river, where previously there had been no river. For more than a mile, the pack followed TP up a 2 foot deep rushing river while the rain dissipated. **Stick Shift** and **Horsey** in their FRB mode noticed some noises coming from off trail that sounded distinctly like cursing and someone falling. As the hare was spotted and rabbit'ed, **Stick Shift** took off like a flash for the snare. Which was made just before the beer check. The FRBs were able to watch as most of the pack stumbled up hill to the BC.

As the pack left the BC to wander through suburbia, trail lead up to an easement with a gate that had many warning signs and a mysteriously unlocked padlock. We followed flour out into an abutment that overlooked Qualcomm with all the parking light lots on, and rain falling. Quite a site. Up and down the shiggy we went until a rope was found and vigorously used to get down a hill full of cactus, which was soon to add a name to a virgin, the pack stumbled down a retaining wall and into the parking lot for an apt complex to BC 2 where the walkers and late comers were waiting. Trail back to the on in was uneventful and short. – **Intercourse with a Horse, Of Course** –

Down-downs started off inside Oggies, but we were quickly asked to go out to the patio. Luckily it had stopped raining by this time.

The Hashit demo down-down was performed by **Butt Hurt** followed by down-downs for the various offenses. **Ultimate Penis Sucker** face planted on trail. First Timer **Tinker Bell** tried to run over **High Beams** in the parking lot. **High Beams** was so excited to do a Full Moon that she didn't bring a flashlight. The hares, **Stop the Bus** and **Argen Toona** were brought up because the pack couldn't find the last part of the trail in the rain, but it was OK as the hares had already been snared at least 4 times by this point. **Fat Basque Turd** and **Stop the Bus** reenacted a scene from Ghostbusters by **FBT** being the lockmaster. Back story, **Stop the Bus** sent **FBT** a picture of an un-locked padlock to see if **FBT** had a key for it.

Nana's Slam Van and **Dublin Down** were apparently homeless hashers. **Stick Shift** wore new shoes and was proud of it. **Butt Hurt** joined him in a drink. **Stick Shift** drank again for having a hat on. **Intercourse with a Horse** drank for two crimes, for at the first hill it was 3 steps up and 2 steps back, and for almost getting into a fight at the bar because some dude didn't like him changing shirts. **Speedophile** and **Chewcocka** (with **Intercourse** standing in for **Speedo**) drank for some odd reason. (*It is pretty bad when you can't read your own handwriting.*)

Our virgin, **Mary Beth**, was full mooned. **Penis Machinist** and **Glow Worm** drank for pointing at the Full Moon just before the clouds covered it up again so that no one else could see it. **Mary Beth** managed to get up close and personal with a cactus on trail. **Butt Hurt** drank for having a Charger's tattoo on his big ass lady thighs as well as wearing layer over layer over layer of underwear, but not to fear, each pair had a piss hole.

The hares, **Stop the Bus** and **Let My Brother Jack Off** and **Argen Toona** drank for a shitty trail, well at least the part of the shitty trail that wasn't washed away by the rain. **Mary Beth** was brought up again because of her close encounter of the cactus kind and was named **Prickly Pussy**. And if I can read my writing, **Intercourse with a Horse, of Course** got hashit for refusing a drink from **Butt Hurt** at the pre-lube, or was it **Butt Hurt** getting Hashit for refusing **Horse's** drink? I'm so confused. And with that it was announced that the hash could go in piece, hopefully to get a piece.

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

The Snow Moon
Run # 377
Thursday, February 9, 2017

It was a cool evening in San Diego but the closer I got to the start, the thicker the fog got. By the time the pack left it was getting fairly dense. No wait, that was the pack. The pack was getting dense. How dense, You say? Dense enough that they took 30 minutes to solve the first check.

Other than that, I didn't get much info on the trail, but here are a few comments that were heard:

– *Most fun I have had since crossing the Delaware* - George W –

– *Much better than that play I went to* - Abraham L –

– *First check = 30 minute cluster fuck?* - Jana H

– *Great trail, but I seem to have missed 18 minutes of it.* - Richard N

– *Two words: Tactical turtleneck* - Nana's V

And then it was time for down-downs.

The hashit demo down-down was performed by **High Beams**.



This was followed by welcome backs and first timers. This group alone went through a half pitcher of beer.

Scuba Douche had a golden shower on trail.

At the first check, **Deep Space 69** ran around two beers and then went down.

Nana's Slam Van drank for complaining about the trail while rocking a tactical turtleneck.

32 Ring Circus and **Skanky Doodle Handy** were spotted wearing matching outfits on trail as well as commando kilts during down-downs.

Sometime during the evening it was noted that **Butt Hurt** chugged some taco sauce instead of the expected jello. Then he had to go retrieve his phone from **High Beams** tits.

Our wonderful hares for the evening, **High Beams** and **Corgi Bear** were called up for laying a shitty trail with a 30 minute check.

And at the end of it all, **Just Tom**, got named "**I Did Mom on Porpoise.**"

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

The Worm Moon
Run # 378
Thursday, March 9, 2017

It was a fair evening in the small berg of La Mesa. What was our hare going to do this time? (Pre-lay the trail and then look at everyone funny when they ask why I am still at the start).

The trail did lead around through the hills and dales of La Mesa with some hashers looking forward to the stairs - "good, I'll get behind a cute harriette and watch her ass all the way up" (*FBT*, I won't mention that it was you that said that, OK) to other comments that were heard during the coarse of the evening:

Butt Hurt - Fuck stairs!

Star Fucks - It had its ups and downs, but we took it step by step

James Sullivan - Nana's was funny as fuck

Glow Worm - Nana's a legend in his own mind

Zap - Dark

DeepspaceSeis d'Nine - The night was sultry...

Unknown Hasher - Of all of the trails I have done, that was one.

Down-downs started out **Star Fucks** performing the hashit demo. This was followed by the virgins, first timers and visitors. **Stick Shift** drank for publicly announcing that he wasn't going to drink that night but was seen doing shots, and he managed to kick a dog. **Glow Worm** was honored for laying a trail with 369 stairs. (It wasn't a bad guess from **Butt Hurt** as there were 382 stairs and 15 stepping stones. Yes, I did go back and count them).

There were numerous other down-downs given out but I couldn't hear most of the names, except for the ones given to me in which **Nana's** made sure that I knew my own name. But a couple that stand out are: **My Cream Will Go On** and **Three Knuckle Shuffle** canceled a flight just to cum to the Full Moon. **Grassy Ass** announced that he lost his virginity at the apartment complex on trail. Must have been quick as he was one of the first ones into the beer check.

Glow Worm had to do a "dead bug" down-down for pre-laying trail. (Actually, I think that **FBT** just wanted to pour beer on me.) Just **Shelby** got named **Pole Dance with Wolves** but we will see if she still has that name next month or will Humpin rename her.

The hashit went to **Butt Hurt** for some unspeakable hash crime. This was followed by the hare, the one, the only **Glow Worm** (actually, there are four of us out there in hashland).

Our wonderful wait staff was treated to a wall of boobs and dicks.

All in all, I would say that it was the hash of the night.

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

"A Somewhat Less than Detailed Although Accurate Account of the Ascent and Descent on Mt. Nebo via the 'Secret Stairways' and Subsidiary Steps of La Mesa."

In case you are wondering "where the f*%# did all these stairs come from?" here is some local history.

The oldest set (of 60 steps) between Fairview (off Alta Ln) crossing Pasadena up to Vista Dr. at Sheldon on the north side were built in 1912/13 (just over a century ago) by Sherman C. Grable - developer of Mt. Nebo / Windsor Hills. The longest set (245 steps) between Windsor / Canterbury and Summit Drive (Mt Nebo) on the west side and the middle set (184 steps) down to Beverly (a hundred yards around the curve on Summit) on the east were built in 1927. Grable bought the land in the early 1900's then sold view lots for \$200/each starting in 1908. The concrete steps with handrails both sides were and still are, public stairways allowing residents (and Hashers) quicker and direct access to/from 'downtown' La Mesa up lofty Mt Nebo. Public stairways were not uncommon in other 'high-end' developments around the country in the early part of the 1900's. Back east they call them outdoor stairs. A few years ago (1991) the City of La Mesa added 37 more (steps) at the end of Sarita St.

Here is a set of alternate stairway photos should you be Hashing outside the Greater San Diego area and considering Haring a run.



← Peldaños del Cañón

Where you are: Pailon del Diablo, Ecuador

Where are they going? The steps descend to the bottom of one of the most famous waterfalls in South America.

Along the way you may get lost in the fog and it is extremely slippery and steep. The lookout provides a dramatic view, accompanied with hummingbirds, gulls and other local birds.

Stairs Elbe Sandstone Mountains →

Where you are: Dresden, Germany.

Where are they going? 194 meters above the Elbe River.

They date from the 13th century and have been eroded by wind and water, but there are still being used daily by tourists. 487 steps were restored and expanded in the eighteenth century to facilitate transit.



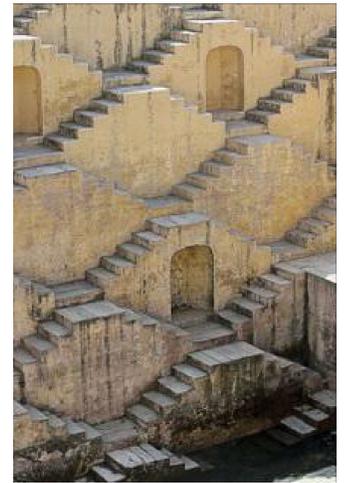


← **El Pozo de Chand Baori**

Where you are: India

Where are they going? The decline of these steps leads to a huge pool, built in the tenth century to overcome the lack of rainfall in the region and store water for long periods.

The structure has a total of 3,500 steps, and down to a depth of 30 meters.



← **The Rock of Guatapé**

Where you are: Antioquia, Colombia

Where are they going? The rock is an authentic stone monolith 220 meters high.

The steps are constructed of cement directly on the rock and closely follow the cleavage in the monolith. There are 702 steps to reach its peak.

The Ladder Haiku →

Where you are: Oahu, Hawaii

Material: metal

Where are they going? On the small island of Oahu there is this tremendous journey of 3922 steps, climbing, across and down a hill of 850 meters. They were created to facilitate the installation of a satellite in 1942.

Originally of wood, they were modernized in the '50s to metal, but since 1987 they have been closed to the public as too dangerous.



← **The Inca Trail**

Where you are: Peru

Where are they going? An ancient trade route linking the city of Cuzco to Machu Pichu.

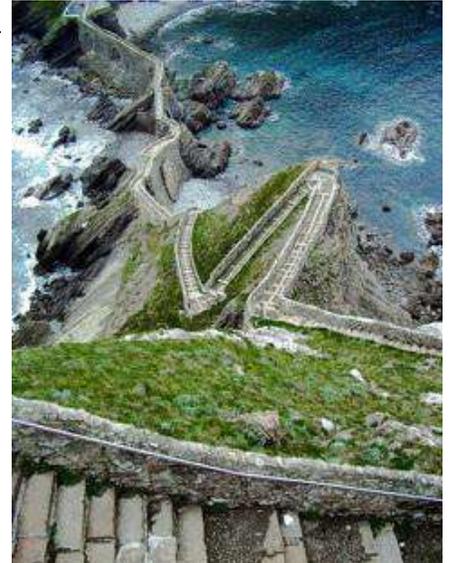
For the rugged geography of the area, the Inca Trail has detours around and between hills and mountains. The result: miles and miles of stairs, in some cases very precarious, as shown in the famous floating staircases.

Ladder Via Crucis



Where you are: Bermeo, Basque Country, Spain
Where are they going? This endless row of stairs are attached to the rock coast where a small church dating from the tenth century stands, and seems to be of Templar.

To reach the hermitage of San Juan de Gaztelugatxe you have to climb 231 steps. There are gaps in the steps that are said to be the footsteps of St. John himself, each footstep has a different healing power. For example, you have to put your feet in them as a solution to cure corns; or you can leave hats, scarves or chapelas to cure a headache.

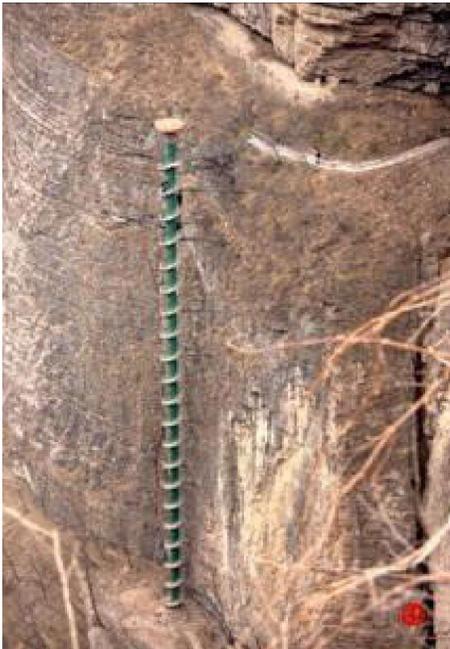


← Spiral staircase in the Taihang Mountains

Where you are: At the boundary between the provinces of Shanxi and Henan, China.

Where are they going? This spiral staircase of almost 100 meters have been installed recently in an attempt to attract thousands of tourists each year to the beautiful Tai Hang Mountains.

Before undertaking the ascent visitors are asked to sign forms to ensure they do not have heart or lung problems, and are under age 60. A slip off a narrow metal ladder can lead to heaven, as in a song by Led Zeppelin.



Wayna Picchu →

Where you are: Machu Picchu, Peru
Where are they going? Stairs carved into the rock that crown a climb of about 360 meters from Machu Picchu itself.

In some sections, the ascent is complicated by narrow sections and small steps that are eroded. The rise time is calculated between one hour and 90 minutes. Only 400 tourists a day are allowed and access closes at 1:00 PM, just in case.



The Pink Moon
Run # 379
Thursday, April 13, 2017

It was almost the middle of April when a group of 29 hashers followed 3 hares for a tour of someplace in San Diego. After whatever trail the hare team of **StarFuks**, **H2Whore** and **Incest Insider** laid, the following down-downs were noted.

Butt Hurt - Hashit Demo

Visitors - **WhoopAreola**, **Fingered by Daddy** and **Bloody Wanker**

WhoopAreola - had to use her cell phone to come up when a song

Tastes Like Home - showed her tits to the security guard

Trail Treasure - showed everyone her tits at the boob check except for **Butt Hurt**

32 Ring Circus - told the homeless dudes that they could clean up after the beer check

Arrrrrrgh - proved that he is not a doctor by telling people the best way to cure Athlete's foot is to piss on them

32 Ring Circus - proved that she was a giant racist by winning a section of the hash

Triple Nipple - went to Vegas and came back with "A dose of clap on his dick"

Crooner Screwer - was seen marking his territory on trail

WhoopAreola - drank for same hash crime against our waitress then got a blow job from her

The hashit remained with **Butt Hurt**, and the evening finished out with the hares drinking for a shitty trail.

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

It looks like no notes were taken at this fine gathering of the Full Moon hash hared by Stick Shift.

So here is sometime to read.

Custer

The Real Story Told in His Own Words

General Custer's home town decided that, for the anniversary of his death, they want a memorial to him. However, after some discussion at the town council, they decide that this time, rather than the usual hero-worshipping, they want a realistic picture of him.

A local artist is approached and commissioned to produce a massive mural depicting a realistic representation of his last stand. The artist, an intense and serious man, heads off to the Indian reservation to try and get some material to inspire him.

He spends many days there researching before, suddenly, the muse hits and he rushes back to town to start work. For many days he labours away, in secret, producing his masterpiece. Eventually he finishes and, finishes and, covering the picture so that no-one can get a sneak preview, goes off to tell the mayor that everything is ready for the unveiling ceremony.

For the ceremony all of the townspeople are there, dressed in their best clothes and with their families in attendance. The mayor, standing on the dais with his back to the mural, addresses the crowd. He explains at length that this is not just another hyped memorial.

This is an accurate portrayal of Custer as a real man. Finally, his verbosity exhausted, he gets around to pressing the button to draw back the curtains covering the mural.

There is a collective gasp from the crowd. Some of the more sensitive ladies faint and everyone looks horrified. Turning around to view the work, the mayor realizes why. The mural is pornographic. It shows, in vivid detail, Custer standing in the middle of a plain. His trousers are around his ankles and he is being sodomized by his first lieutenant. As if this wasn't enough, all around him on the plain are Indian couples screwing in every position known.

The mayor is outraged. He rushes across to the artist and shakes him violently by the throat. "What is this? This is pornography. This is disgusting. What the hell do you think you're doing?"

The artist looks at him quizzically, as if he can't quite work out what all the fuss is about. At length he counters, "Well, it's just a representation of Custer's last words. I spoke with the Indians and I found an old, old man whose grandfather was at the battle. He told me exactly what Custer's last words were and all I've done is paint it as he told it."

"So," says the mayor, "how does that explain this!"

"Well," says the artist, "his last words were, 'Bugger me, look at all those fucking Indians!'"

The Buck Moon

Run # 382

Monday, July 10, 2017

The month of July usually brings us the annual gathering of the Full Moon and North County Hash for the Moon Amtrak r*n hared by **Fat Basque Turd** for the express purpose of mooning all of the trains that go by during circle. For whatever reason, that did not happen this, so instead the FMH3 joined the CLH3 for a lovely Monday evening jaunt.

Sticky and Someone did the hashit demo, followed by a shitload of visitors. This led to the virgins of **Honey, Mike, Jessica, Ricki** and **Tyler** showing us that they did indeed know how to swallow.

Pumpkin drank for being FRB. **Stick Shift, Jessica, H₂Whore** and some others ran right through the middle of some old ladies bridge game. Just **Kris** was awarded for helping a little old man across the street.

At the 2nd beer check, **Stick Shift** waved his junk at his sister **High Beams** who declared that it looked like a dick but much smaller. After this **Stick Shift** and some others tried to take over a Channel 10 news cast.

There were several guerilla down-downs. Some good, some bad and some that were even funny.

Corgi Bear caused an accident on her way to the hash. **Stick Shift** decided that it was a good idea to wave his junk at the traffic on the 163, which of coarse, no one could see. **Serendipity** refused to show her tits at any boob check but was totally fine with showing them at the bar.

High Beams felt she needed to hide at the 2nd beer check so she would not be confused with a Lady of the Night who was nearby. **Starfuks** bought the DFLs a shot for her birthday. The barkeep, **Randy**, was rewarded with a wall of boobs and dicks.

The Full Moon decided that Just **Cory** would be named **LoJack Me Off**.

The Full Moon hashit went to **Corgi Bear** for causing an accident.

Then the hares, **High Beams** and **StarFuks**, drank for their shitty trail. Then all control was lost. Of coarse, you have to have control in order to lose it.

Until the moon is full again. **Glow Worm**

The Sturgeon Moon

Run # 383

Thursday, August 10, 2017

Trail started at the Westside Tap House on Rosecrans. Our hare found an amazing amount of shiggy in Point Loma. Some I knew about, some I didn't. We went up and up and up some more. Finally at almost the top, trail went along the eastern side of Point Loma Nazarene College and then back toward the bay, going down and down. The beer check had a beautiful view of the bay at sunset. Trail continued on down to the bay and then to the on-in, which was the tap house.



Down-downs started with **Butt Hurt** doing the hashit demo. Then it was visitor, **Twatter Boarding**, welcome backs - **Strap on Tools**, **I'll Eat Anything**, **Wondershlong**, **Fucking Ready** and a couple of others that I missed. **Twatter** drank for **InCum Snatch** who was afraid of a 3" woody. **Stick Shift**, one of the GM's, forgot which hash he was at.

Argen Tuna drank for the trail, but not for being the hare. **Twatter** drank again for something. **Pork 'n Mindy** apparently can't cum but **Stick Shift** was wax'ed before we could find out why. **Stick Shift** was also too well dressed for the hash but he still managed to put on his necklace on upside down 3 times. **Pablo Pissabar** can't swallow and managed to sprew on the bar. **Stick Shift** also claimed to "win" the hash and this earned him a "dead bug" down-down from **Butt Hurt**. After a bunch of guerilla down-down, it was discovered that out GM's, **Butt Hurt** and **Stick Shift**, were outed as having a thinly veiled homosexual relationship, not that there is anything wrong with that.

Just **Brian** drank just because, followed by the hare, **Argen Tuna** for the wonderfully shitty trail. In keeping with the long-standing tradition (that started only a couple of months ago) that someone gets named at the Full Moon, our Barkeep was named **Fiver Woods**. And since no one managed to do anything worthy of the hashit, it stayed with **Butt Hurt** for another month.

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

The Harvest Moon

Run # 384

Thursday, September 7, 2017

Tonight the Full Moon crew showed up for a joint hash with Stumblefoot. The trail went east from the start going through Chino Park and up into Barrio Logan. After going straight for some time, the trail turned to a park for the beer check. From there it was due west heading for downtown. The T/E split was near Petco Park with the turkeys going south of the park across the pedestrian bridge, then south on Harbor Drive to the On-In. The eagles kept going west around Petco and then joined the trail at the foot of the pedestrian bridge on Harbor Drive.

The hashit demo down-down was performed by *Butt Hutt* (Full Moon) and *Pablo Pissabar* (Stumblefoot). The visitor / virgins of *Sizzle Tits*, *Licker n Front*, *Mommy May I Hash*, *Raspberry Hummus*, *Handy Cockabull* and *4321 000Yeah* showed us they were paying attention to the demo. This was followed by September birthdays and Asians for some strange reason. *Pablo Pissabar*, who had been pre-lubing since 4:30, asked for a flat beer.

Heaven's Gate was noted to have run past the beer check. *Stop the Bus* was rocking out his new South Florida Memorial Happi Coat. *Mommy May I Hash*, who is from North Carolina but it not a Tarheel, drank for wearing a faux Larrikin Happi Coat. *May I Please Juggle Your Balls* was trying to woo red head harriettes, but the notes don't say whether he was successful or not.

Crooner Screwner, although no longer the lead RA at Humpin, still brought a notebook to the hash. Then it was time for our wonderful hares, *Butt Hurt*, *Prickly Pussy* and *Pablo Pissabar* (well, 2 out of 3 ain't bad) to partake in the sweet nectar of the gods. Last and most certainly least, *Fat Basque Turd* got hashit from both groups for hurting *May I Please Juggle Your Balls'* feelings.

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

The Hunter's Moon

Run # 385

Thursday, October 11, 2017

It took an extra week but we finally made it to a trail, which started just off of Jimmy Durante Blvd near the fairgrounds. We went west across the tracks to just short of the big blue thing otherwise known as the Pacific Ocean. We then headed south through an alleyway to Del Mar Powerhouse Park and then further south along the bluff and tracks before turning back to the east to a beer check.

From there the trail went up one of those hills that never seemed to end, but of course all good things must come to an end and that included this hill. Trail then headed down into Crest Canyon Park, a canyon in which many a trail has been laid, and eventually to San Diegito Drive and to the On-In at the Viewpoint Brewing Company.

Due to the absence of both of the GM's, **Deep Throat** stepped up to do down-downs.

Fat Basque Turd - Hashit Demo

Glow Worm - for being the hash cash, scribe, any other things for the Full Moon over the past few years

Deep Throat - for being at the 1st Full Moon back in 1986, 31 years ago

Hot-n-Ready - for not being born when the Full Moon started 31 years ago

(Yes, if you haven't noticed, it was the Full Moon's 31st Anal-versary)

Masocock, Hot-n-Ready - first timers

Fuck of the Irish - took a work call while on trail and was almost hit by a train

Intercoarse with a Horse - was embarrassed by the hash

Maui Wowi - didn't want to walk the 150 feet back to the cars

Hot-n-Ready - has no hash clothes but has done 8 hashes

Incum Snatch - told us that she works at home wearing only a scarf

Deep Throat, Ass Transit - hares

Fuck of the Irish - was awarded the hashit for masturbating in a porta-shitter as a train went by or so the story goes

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

The Beaver Moon

Run # 386

Thursday, November 2, 2017

Once again, the Full Mooners joined the Stumblefooters for a trail up to the abandoned arsenic mines in the Black Mountain Open Space. Trail was up to the mines for a beer check then back to the cars to drive to the On-In at Kelly's Pub.

Down-downs were given out to the various hash crimes such as:

The hashit demo down-down was done by **Fat Basque Turd**. Then the 1st timers of **Peanut Butter in the Sweet Spot**, **Chunky Style**, **Working Girl**, **Dancing Queen**, **Marko Poho**, **Shitty Britches** and **Back Door Baby Shitty** followed. Virgin **Hyeshi** and a shit load of welcome backs were next.

Pablo Pissabar noted that the trail was under 2 miles in length but had over a 500 foot elevation change. **Dublin Down**, **Nana's Slam Van** and **Intercourse with a Horse** climbed the shaft with beer in hand. (Was it a firm shaft?) **Bear Crosby**, thinking that he was still at work as a bouncer, helped **Pablo Pissabar** at the bar but thought he was helping **Butt Hurt**.

Kilt Whisperer wants to try bean bunging, which involves putting your balls into her vagina instead of your dick. **Intercourse with a Horse** led **Pablo Pissabar** into the deep dark hole and flashed **Pablo** his batwing. Turns out it was the first time **Working Girl** wasn't seen in drag and it took him forever to get served at the bar.

Hyasha was named **Ass O'Kay** only to be renamed later. **Butt Hurt** got hashit for hitting **Ass O'Kay** in the mouth with a coaster.

Finally our wonderful hare, **Peanut Butter in the Sweet Spot**, drank for the trail.

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

The Cold Moon

Run # 387

Thursday, December 7, 2017

In what seems to be a reoccurring theme, the Full Moon once again joined up with Stumblefoot, for a trail in and around the Claremont area. The trail started and ended at The Watering Hole, which is a fine watering hole.

According to my notes, no one did a hashit demo down-down which I find very interesting. A bunch of visitors came up, followed by welcome backs, then the 1st timers and finally our virgin **Christine**.

Our hares managed to get snared by 3 turkeys. **Oh Shit! What's That?** complained about how dry the trail was only to fall on the only wet spot on trail. Someone was noted to have carried a gallon of water with him on trail. **Intercoarse with a Horse** tried to impress our German visitors with games that weren't German.

Golden Showers managed to get lost on trail while looking at the stars. **Tittieophile** was tricked into showing her tits at a fake boob check.

The hares, **Bear Crosby** and **Pablo Pissabar**, drank for their trail.

32 Ring Circus decided it was a fine time to flash to show us her full moon but managed to lose her kilt giving at least a couple of us a great view. (And what a great view it was.)

Finally, **Grassy Ass** was awarded hashit for being a high maintenance bitch.

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