

The Wolf Moon
Run #401
January 17, 2019



Mismanagement

Founders

Vango
Mr Spock
Manhandler

Grand Masters

High Beams
Corgi Bear

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It was a dark and stormy night, no wait, that was the start of a Snoopy novel. At this time of year in San Diego, it is always dark at hash time, but unlike normal, it was cool and rainy with the rain stopping

about a half hour before the hare were off. The small but hearty pack arrived at The Regal Beagle (wait, are we sure this isn't a Snoopy novel?) to embark on a wet - n - wild trail.

StarFuks - hashit demo

Quinn - First Timer

Greg - Virgin

Greg - called **Me So Horny** "Sushi Guy"

Syrendipity Abounds - auto hashing

Stripper Fi - used tiny drops of flour and red chalk

Bear Cosby, Buns of Steel, Quinn, High Beams - only ones to do true trail

Bear Cosby - every time he hashes in this area he stops at the bar he works at for a beer

I Shart the Sheriff - showed up just in time for to get the hashit

Stripper Fi - hare

- I remain the humble scribe, **Glow Worm** -

The Snow Moon
Run #402
February 20, 2019



Mismanagement

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Grand Masters

High Beams

Corgi Bear

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The pack gathered at The Effin Pup, no really, it was The Effin Pup for another evening of debauchery around the full moon. Since it was cold and raining, being the wimp that I am, I stayed behind to watch the effin table and to make sure the effin food was effin eatable, which it effin was. I was told the trail was only 2 ½ miles or so due to the rain and stuff.

The chicken is back. Doesn't it look good on ***I Shart the Sheriff***, our reigning hashit.

I Shart the Sheriff did the hashit demo.

Next were 1st timers ***Erin, Reagan, What the Fuck Larry***.

A bunch of welcome backs followed.

It was determined that ***Strap on a Thon*** does indeed know what a dick smells like.

What the Fuck Larry was renamed to ***We Can Do Better then Humpin Larry***, well until next Sunday.

Trail Treasure didn't want to do something while on trail.

I Shart the Sheriff went down a wrong street and discovered a moist pocket.

Just ***Reagan*** got named ***Mile High with a Dead Guy***.

99 Problems had her wrist in a cast following a severe masturbation accident.

What Ever the Fuck We Are Calling Larry got wax'ed.

The hares, ***StarFuks*** and ***I Shart the Sheriff*** laid a great moist trail, all 9 inches on it.

Bear Cosby got hashit for throwing people under the bus even though ***Stop the Bus*** wasn't there.

- Under the moon is full again, ***Glow Worm*** -



The Worm Moon
Run #403
March 21, 2019



Mismanagement

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It was an overcast and blustery day, a day where it rained just long enough to not allow our hare, **Glow Worm**, to pre-lay trail. Oh, what was he going to do? Live lay trail! **Glow Worm**? Are you kidding?

Glow Worm live laying a trail. Yes, it had been quite some time, but that is what he did.

Trail left Johnny B's heading south through the hills and alleys to a 1st beer check at Collier Park. Then it was over to the Spring Street Trolley Station crossing over the tracks into the shiggy. From there it was up and then up some more. Just when they thought it couldn't go up anymore, trail reached a section of the secret stairs of La Mesa, where it went up some more. However, **Glow** was nice and didn't go all the way to the top of the stairs instead cutting across and then down a couple other sections of stairs, eventually arriving at the 2nd beer check. Then it was a short jaunt through the alleys back to Johnny B's.

Our reigning hashit, **Bear Cosby**, wasn't present so **Corgi Bear** did the honors. **PD Lite** was welcomed as a 1st timer. The welcome backs of **Ginger Snatch**, **Bottle in Front of Me** and **In Her Section** were called up.

Strap on a Thon went up a slide to get it ready for her ass. **Bottle in Front of Me** liked that the trail kept going up and up. **Bottle** then kept talking to **Strap on a Thon** about going down while they were going down.

Glow Worm was called up for using 10 pound of flour on a 3 mile trail. He was also awarded a down-down for describing that earlier in the day he had his balls fondled and a finger stuck up his ass.

PD Lite drank for complaining about trail saying, "I'm from Illinois, there are no hills back there."

Glow Worm drank for his truly shitty, but live laid trail.

Stop the Bus got the hashit for trying to disassociate himself from the hash.

- Under the moon is full again, **Glow Worm** -

The Pink Moon

Run #404

April 20, 2019



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The pack met at The Tilted Stick to enjoy the second trail of the day. Our wonderful hares, **The HotMess Sisters**, stumbled in from haring the Half Ass Hash earlier and after mumbling a few hare lies were off.

For some odd reason, **Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It** (who isn't a member of the Full Moon mismanagement) decided to let the pack leave only three minutes after the hares left. This in turn, caused the hares a lot of heartburn.

SMD ⇔ Hashit Demo

Sara, Julie ⇔ Virgins

Immaculate Erection ⇔ Only one that did the entire trail (insider info maybe?)

Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It ⇔ Sent the pack off only 3 minutes after the hares left

Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It ⇔ Poor chalk talk

Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It ⇔ For leaving clothes in strange places
(Notice a theme here.)

Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It ⇔ Made some disparaging remarks about the beer

Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It ⇔ Given a dead-bug down-down for multiple offenses

Just **TJ** ⇔ Had a birthday

Hashit ⇔ Take a wild guess, yep, **Dealt It, Felt It, Smelt It**

Hares ⇔ **The HotMess Sisters, High Beams** and **Tastes Like Home**

- Under the moon is full again, **Glow Worm** -

The Flower Moon
Run #405
May 21, 2019



Mismanagement

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The Full Moon rolled around once again with no one wanting to hare, so **Corgi Bear** took one for the team with **I Shart the Sheriff** starting at the tried and true Shakespeare Pub and Grill on India.

The weather was moody and unpredictable for most of the day, but just as the time for Hare's Away arrived, it looked dry, the radar showed it to be dry and dry it was until 10 minutes after the pack left. Oh well, such is the weather in San Diego in May. If you don't like it, just wait 10 minutes.

Immaculate Erection showed the hash the proper way to do the hashit demo down-down. The welcome backs of **BORT**, **Nookie Monster**, **Merkin Not Required**, **3 Holes No Waiting**, **I Shart the Sheriff**, **Mile High with a Dead Guy** and **Whore Next Door** drank. Then it was the virgin **Ki No Ah** followed by first timer **Pisses Like A Bitch**.

469, who was newly named, hates running and make sure that he told everyone 469 times that he hated running. **Pisses Like a Bitch** didn't stop for checks or even the Beer Checks, and still ran a mile and half more. **BORT** went to the 1st beer check, said "Fuck It" and returned to the start.

Our hares were brought up for taking the pack down a slippery drainage ditch. **Mazel Cock** drank for having a social dicksonnett on his phone.

It was noted that **I Shart the Sheriff** deflowered **Corgi Bear** sometime while they were laying trail.

The hares, **Corgi Bear** and **I Shart the Sheriff** drank for a truly wet and shitty trail.

BORT received the hashit for not making it to the 2nd beer check.

- Under the moon is full again, **Glow Worm** -

The Strawberry Moon

Run #406

June 18, 2019



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Synchronized Titties and **Brokeback Larry** (or

whatever the fuck he was called that month) laid

trail from the South Park Brewing Company on 30th

Street. I was unable to attend, so no notes or down-downs were written down.

So to fill the space, here is how the Full Moon Hash was started as told by **Mr Spock**.

*Our first out of country hashing was at Pattaya Beach during InterHash in March 1986. About 20 San Diego hashers went and were we green. Some had never even hashed out of San Diego. We went with mostly hashers from San Diego, but some from Los Angeles and Long Beach as well. **Coach** planned the trip and took us to Hong Kong, Singapore, China and probably other places. It was a long time ago.*

Asia was interesting. The hashing was great. We were very welcome. At the individual hashes we attended, the runners were like us in San Diego but more diverse. They schmoosed, ran, and then had an On On with cold lager beer. And they sang. A million songs. Many of the songs we knew with other words but we also learned new hash songs too. We joined in as we could and really enjoyed the whole bit. We also heard that some Hash had a run on the Full Moon.

*Reveling in the fun on the way back, **VanGo** suggested we expand our Hashing - 360 degree checks, rough territory, hidden or disguised marks, and other diabolical tricks. And singing. The whole banana.*

*So we started planning the initial run. The format was switched to cheap and ending in a bar to increase participation and reduce work for the hares. I was stationed in DC at the time, so progress was slow, even for the hash. Eventually I came home on a Full Moon and we were off as the Original Full Moon Hash House Harriers. It was October 25, 1986. The locals thought it was cold. We gathered in north parking lot of County Administration Building. **VanGo** and I laid the trail in downtown to Little Italy. The Santa Fe Station check was the major feature which allowed the live trail but making it impossible to catch the Hares. The end was in the back room of Princess of Wales in Little Italy. English beer glasses. Good beer. Down Downs were satisfactory. Then we sang till we could no longer talk. The whole thing pleased the bar operators and amused their regular clientele. It was fun, however, it was close to the last time we sang more than Down Down songs.*

And that was the way it was.

The Buck Moon

Run #407

July 13, 2019

The Original
**FULLMOON
HASH**



Mismanagement

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- Mr Spock
- Manhandler

Grand Masters

- High Beams
- Corgi Bear

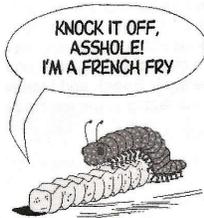
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Fat Basque Turd for the Full Moon to join forces with the North County Hash for the annual Moon Amtrak Hash, where the goal is to r*n a trail and then moon any and all trains that go by. No notes were taken so that is all I know about what happened.



SHIPPING MANURE

In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship. It was also before commercial fertilizer's invention, so large shipments of manure were common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, it not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by-product is methane gas. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks, and the first time someone came below at night, with a lantern, BOOOOM!



Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term, "Ship High In Transit" on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term "S.H.I.T," which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day. You probably did not know the true history of this word.



Neither did I. I always thought it was a golf term.

The Sturgeon Moon
Run #408
August 15, 2019



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Start was at Boomerang's in the Claremont area. Trail started by heading into the shopping center where the pack got lost at the 1st check. Finally trail was located heading in the general direction of Marian Bear park before turning southeast past a crazy lady watering the sidewalk (seriously, the police showed up just as I was passing that area), to a beer check. From there it was southward and into Tecolote Canyon and back to Boomerangs.

The hashit demo was done by **Dick**. This was followed by the 1st timers and visitors of **Oral Presentation, Dick, 1 Hurl 1 Cup, Spit It Out** and **Ali**.

Throws Up Stays Up received a down-down for being surprised the hash would have a beer check on a street in the middle of block. This was because the hares, **DeepSpace 69** and **High Beams** had to move the beer check slightly because the police drove by on their way to the crazy lady. And speaking of the crazy lady, **1 Hurl 1 Cup** apparently was the one that called the police on her.

Dick had to do another Hashit Demo because **Corgi Bear** forgot how they were done. **1 Hurl 1 Cup** also pissed while on trail along with **Strap On a Thon**, but **Strap On** needed to be tickled to be able to go. And the question is, "Who did the tickling?"

DeepSpace 69 earned a **High Beams** patch for doing **High Beams**, for doing a **High Beams** trail, for some other reason? Enquiring minds want to know. **BORT** and **Slow Poke**, who are slow and technologically challenged, called from the other side of the building at the start asking where the start was.

Whatever we are calling Larry this month drank for his inability to locate trail which may or may not got him hurt. **Throws Up Stays Up** tried to give a down-down to someone, but got wax'd for his trouble. **Dick** and **Spit It Out** drank for being overachivers by leaving the start before the pack.

Our hares, **High Beams** and **DS69**, drank for a shitty trail.

Hashit nominations went to **Dick** for 4 more beers, **Strap On a Thon** for getting lost on trail and worrying the GM's, **Suck my Rocket Cock** for saying that the Volleyball Hash wasn't a real hash, **BORT** and **Slow Poke** for being technologically challenged and **Larry** just because.

And the winner was: **Larry**. Why: Just because.

Until someone thinks they can do better, I remain your humble scribe. - **Glow** -

The Harvest Moon
Run #409
September 17, 2019



Mismanagement

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We gathered at the Tilted Stick for this month's Full Moon. We left the start and went to bar just one block over for the 1st beer check. Then it was farther west until we came to that big blue thing called the Pacific Ocean, resulting in a comment that the trail couldn't possibly go any further west. But this turned out to not be the case as the 2nd beer check was at the end of the Ocean Beach Pier. Nice one hares. From there, unless you wanted to get wet, it was back eastward into the streets of OB. Trail weaving back and forth before stopping at Red Carpet's for the 3rd beer check and at Keyless Entry's for the 4th beer check.

Hashit Demo - **Whatever We are Calling Larry This Month**

1st Timers - **Clitcycle** and **Grassy Ass** (but I would have sworn **Grassy Ass** had done a Full Moon before)

Larry - premature flouring

DFS - couldn't finish (what? Trail? Drinking? Jacking Off?)

StarFuks - FRB which she blamed on her dog

3 Holes No Waiting (or is he now **Baby Horse Herpes**? I'm so confused) - didn't know that **Corgi Bear** was a GM

Whoopareola - Leaving (Early? Hashing? San Diego? California? United States? Earth?)

3 Holes No Waiting - Got lost of trail

Larry - no boob checks on trail so he received a wall of dicks

Hares - **Larry**

Hashit - **3 Holes No Waiting** (or is it **Baby Horse Herpes**) for some hashit worthy event or comment

Your scribe,

- **Glow Worm** -

The Hunter's Moon
Run #410
October 15, 2019



Mismanagement

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It was that time again when the masses (all 9 of us) gathered to celebrate the anniversary of the Full Moon Hash, which has now completed 33 trips around the sun. The start was at the Bluefoot Bar and Grill in North Park. There was trail as I did see some of it. I am also sure there were checks, BT's and all of the other usual stuff that makes up a hash.

Down-downs were started off with a remembrance down-down for **Captain Zero** who has left us far too early. For those that did not know him, **Captain Zero** was a very generous person who would help you in any way he could if you needed help. However, his claim to fame was turning his military retirement into a very successful porn start career at the ripe age of 57. Here's to you **Captain Zero**, you're a damn fine guy.

The reigning Hashit was not present, so since **Glow Worm** was already standing by the beers after talking about **Captain Zero** he was selected to do the demo.

Visitors - **Bloody Wanker** and **No Fur Makes Him Purr**

Welcome Backs - **Pain in the Boner, 4 Whores and 7 Queers Ago** and **Stick Shift**

High Beams - had some dog on dog action while on trail

No Fur Make Him Purr - went right pass the beer check without stopping to have a beer

No Fur Make Him Purr - was not expecting tits on trail (you should always expect tits on trail)

Strap On a Thon - knows what 6 inches really looks like

Pain in the Boner - did trail in a walking boot making him the fastest cripple on trail

4 Whores and 7 Queers Ago and **Corgi Bear** - were discovered to be racist

Hares - **4 Whores and 7 Queers Ago** and **Stick Shift**

Hashit - **Glow Worm** for 4 more beers

Finally **High Beam's** dog got named **Tastes Like Hollyfield**

- **Glow** -

The Beaver Moon
Run #411
November 13, 2019



Mismanagement

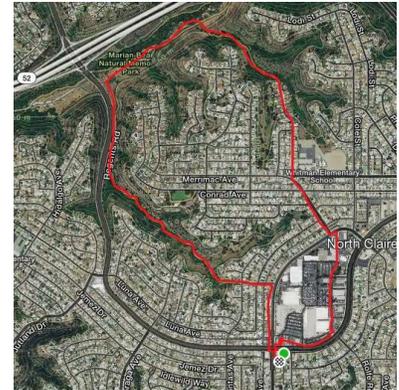
Founders
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Trail started at the tried and true Boomerangs in Clairmont. This was also 7th of 10 trails that the Irish Twins of **High Beams** and **Stick Shift** were doing this month.

According to **Bridge Over the River Twat**, this is what trail looked like -->



Hashit Demo - **Larry What's His Name**

Visitors - **Magically Delicious** and **Vibrator**

Virgin - **Cindy**

Welcome Backs - **99 Problems, Suck My Rocket Cock, Village Tool, Freudian Slut, OJ on the Run**

BORT - brought a spider in from trail

Suck My Rocket Cock - went 3 days without falling, tripped on the only rock on trail

Magically Delicious - tripped over a cooler

Fat Basque Turd - refused to drink beer at the beer check

Freudian Slut - refused to flash at the boob check

Larry - got wax'd trying to give a down-down to **Cindy**

Hares - **High Beams** and **Stick Shift** ----->



Hashit - **Freudian Slut** for killing **BORT's** new spider roommate

Later on Facebook, **Fat Basque Turd** complained the no one noticed -> his themed shirt for the evening.

It must be true because that is the way I wrote it down. If you think you can do better, let me know.

Your scribe, **Glow Worm**



The Cold Moon
Run #412
December 12, 2019

Our overzealous hare, *In Cum Snatch*, decided to volunteer to lay, not one, but three trails within a weeks time. So, in panicked hindsight, she combined the Stumblefoot Xmass run with the Full Cold Moon and laid trail to some of SD's finest light displays.

The trail according to *High Beams* ----->

I wasn't there so I have no notes. But here is some interesting trivia about a word we use every day.



The Original
**FULLMOON
 HASH**



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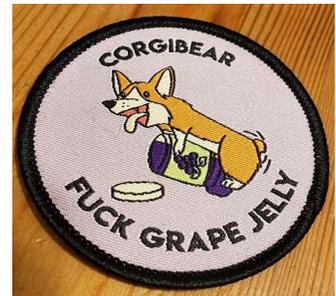
Perhaps one of the most interesting and colourful words in the english language is the word "**fuck**." It is the one magical word which by just its sound can describe pain, pleasure, hate and love.

"**Fuck**" falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as verb both transitive (John **fucked** Mary) and intransitive (Mary was **fucked** by John). It can be an active verb (John really gives a **fuck**), or a passive verb (Mary really doesn't give a **fuck**), or a noun (Mary is a fine **fuck**). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is **fucking** beautiful). It should be obvious now that there are not many words as versatile as "**fuck**."

Besides its sexual connotation, this lovely word can be used to describe many situations:

- | | | | |
|----------------|--|-------------|-----------------------------|
| Fraud: | I got fucked by my insurance agent. | Dismay: | Oh, fuck it! |
| Problem: | I guess I'm fucked now. | Aggression: | Fuck you. |
| Passive: | Fuck me. | Confusion: | What the fuck ? |
| Difficulty: | I can't understand this fucking business. | Despair: | Fucked again. |
| Philosophical: | Who gives a fuck ? | Religious: | Holy Fuck . |
| Incompetence: | He's all fucked up. | Laziness: | He just fucks about. |
| Displeasure: | What the fuck is going on? | Rebellion: | Fuck off! |
| Surprise: | Fucking Incredible! | | |

- It can be used in descriptive anatomy - He's a **fucking** asshole.
- It can be used to tell time - It's five **fucking** thirty.
- It can be used in business - How did I get this **fucking** job?
- It can be a prediction - Oh, will I get **fucked**.
- It can have maternal connotations - as in "Mother **Fucker**."
- It can be used in a Patch ----->
- It can be nautical - **Fuck** the Admiral.
- It can open the door to wonderful relationships - "let's **fuck**."
- It can be used to enhance the meaning of a word - as in Beauti**fucking**ful, Ter**fucking**ific or Absob**fucking**lutely.



The *Corgi Bear*
 Fuck Grape Jelly Patch

The mind is fairly boggled at the many creative uses. How could anyone be offended when you say "**fuck**?" Use it in your daily speech! It adds to your prestige.

Today tell someone "**Fuck** You."

So **Fuck** You all you **Fucking Fucks** who may or may not give a flying **Fuck** to any of the **fucking** things I have **fucking** written on this **fucking** piece of **fucking** paper. Your **fucking** scribe, **Glow Fucking Worm**.