

The Wolf Moon

Run #215

Tuesday, January 6th, 2004

As usual this was my first Full Moon run in several months. As usual I arrived late. As usual I ran slow and was one of the last people in. As usual no one wanted to be scribe so I was volunteered. As usual this will be a boring write-up. As usual I don't give a shit. The trail was well marked but maybe a bit long, at least for those like me who ran all the way from the roller coaster to I-5 or the Colorado River or wherever the hell trail ended before turning around and heading back west. The end was at one of those places in Mission Beach that we always end at but you never remember the name of. (It was called "The Sandbar"^{-Glow}) We had the top floor outdoor deck to ourselves for Deep's Down Downs, which were as follows:

Write up: **Wax**

Hash Shit Demo: **Father Blows Best**

Art Dicko: Allegedly wrote her mortal name "Mary" at a check

Ass Transit: Got lost at the beer check

Bottomless Hole: Helped out the homeless

Snow Plow My Ass: Got whiplash while guy-watching

Ice Box: Daughter "**Ice Chest**" was home getting laid instead of running trail

Mounds: Refused **Honor Ass**

Ice Box: Has such a large vulva she took up two parking spaces

Look Pa No Hands: Loves lycra

Donny Osmond: Smells like fish

Weed Whack Her & Stalemate: Sex on trail

Dildo Abuse: Buddy fucking (?)

Hares: **Ass Transit, Father Blows Best**

First Timers: **Diane, Megan, Marvin, Roberta, & Lou**

Welcome Back: **Quick Dip**

Birthday: **Q2**

Hash Shit Nominations: **Deep** – no welcome back for **Dork, Donny** – camel toe,

Art Dicko – LJH3, **Father Blows Best** - ???, Winner – **Donny** (?)

Special Down Down: **Wax** (for self-promotion, proclaiming that his name – or at least a variant thereof, was written in the bathroom at least ten times – "Waxie")

Now It Can Be Told Department: The best down down of the evening was one that **Deep** did NOT give. **Deep** was all set to give **Wax** a down down for signing up to be a male stripper at **Burning Bush's** bachelorette party later that week. Fortunately, **Wax** got wind of **Deep's** plan and persuaded him not to give the down down, because if word got out it would have ruined the surprise for the blushing bride-to-be. Thanks to **Deep** for not letting the cat out of the bag – but then again he never lets a *pussy* out of the sack anyway. For those who must know, the "Booze Brothers" – **Wax, Cannibis, and Nipple** – put on a fantastic show and are available for other such engagements as long as they involve lots of horny chicks.

The Snow Moon

Run #216

Thursday, February 5th, 2004

I have been asked many a time as to why I always made a copy of the notes at the Full Moon down-downs. And it boils down to one reason and one reason only, when the person who received a free beer for volunteering to scribe doesn't do a write-up, at least I have something to fall back on. I won't mention who it was, but his namesake, Martha Stewart, was just told that she needed to change her website address from .com to .con.

Anyway, in spite of the a decided lack of parking at the start, some 30 hashers showed up to prove that a **Dildo Abuse** trail wasn't going to keep them away. As I was drafted to be the B-van driver, I had no idea where trail went except it left the start heading west, and then minutes later I watched the pack run back by heading east.

The end was at a joint called "Pitchers" and these were the down-downs that I gave out:

Hashit Demo - **Father Blows Best** (standing in for **Donny Osmond**)

Chicken Poop - for drinking a beer next to a police car at the start

Spank My Monkey - for "winning" the hash

No Name Murray - for wearing a "dorkie" hat and for spitting on a harriette in an attempt to mark his territory

Dildo Abuse - for using the wrong style checks and the great parking at the start

Weed Whack Her - was proud to finish "in front of" the harriettes (doesn't he know that view is always better behind them)

Two Fisted Hosemaster - lost 230 pounds; he got divorced

Chicken Poop - for spreading the bird flu

First Timers - **Bridge Jet, Two Fisted Hosemaster, Sherangutang, Just Tits,**

Missionary Impossible, Mike, Argana, Mike, Stacy

Birthdays - **Wax My Ass, Martha Fucking Stewart and Murray**

Hare - **Dildo Abuse**

And while it is rare, the Full Moon does get to name someone occasionally. **Roberta** was so impressed with the Full Moon Hashit that I had hanging in my shorts that when I showed it to her she immediately wrapped her hands around it. So in honor of the occasion she was name "**Cock Fondler**". And because she was so impressed with the hashit, it was awarded to her later.

On-On

Glow Worm

The Worm Moon
Run #217
Saturday, March 6th, 2004

Hares: Glow Worm & Irish Cream
Hashit Demo: Bart
Writer: Morning Wood

Welcome Back: None
First Timers: Radar Boy (Bozman MT visitor), Morning Wood, and Jerry

It was a full moon night the stars bright, the air crisp and cool breezes on shore at Moonlight Beach. The sound of the crashing waves against the rocks. The beach fires burning with amber flames and couples sitting on blankets sipping wine. Music playing & romance in the air & Oops wrong tale.

Anyway, about 25 people showed up for the run with Dairy Queen selling t-shirts left and right. In the parking lot Irish Cream was basting with her glowing tit t-shirt howling at the moon. There is a wild side of her on a full moon night and a smiling wolf look on her face. The trail started toward the south, heading to downtown Encinitas. The pack, with thoughts of a beer check on their mind, was running wild with the wind and ocean. As we started up the killer ass hill street towards the Swami's Beach area, never checking for a marked trail. We arrived in the park for the beer only to see a back track mark glowing in the dark and a homeless person smiling with chalk in his hand. The trail winding through the hillsides of Encinitas with Freudian Slut enjoying her freedom runs. Burnt Ta Ta's invited herself to a dinner party at the beer check house, only to be told it was invitational only night, so with disappointment polished off all the beer in the cooler and stumbled onto Mr. Peabody's Pub. The GM Deep proclaimed it was a Martini night as Barbie looked a like waitress and served his drink. This was how the down-downs went:

Criminals

Irish Cream: glowing chest t-shirt, now carbon dating
Radar Boy: your pants are ringing
Father Blows Best: they call it a Thomas Guide
Freudian Slut: Showed up by herself when her squeeze was in town. Is the honeymoon over?
Cannabis: Greg (Humor?) You make the call!
Chicken Poop: Better things to do then Hash
Radar Boy: Missed beer check maybe .7 was with Gaydar or Cat
Ass Transit: 1st day of workers compensation off sick went on Ski trip
Cat: Letting Murphy have chemistry with a miniature dog
Dildo Abuse: Wrote a \$2.00 check for the run then ask waitress could he write a \$1.50 check for his beer.
Ed: came as Gaydar's date
Father Blows Best: Works a mile from the start and got lost on trail. Then got a ride from a pretty nurse to finish the run.

On On
Morning Wood

The Pink Moon
Run #218
Sunday, April 4th, 2004

The pink moon twinkled overhead as I pulled into the now familiar run/fun start at the Old Town Trolley Station. The pack was milling about restlessly, having apparently just been mooned by the hares, soon-to-be-hitched G-Minor and Who Said Head? Late as usual, I was barely able to toss my run bag in the car and catch up with Cat, Glow Worm, and Penis Machinist. Having already put in one run that morning for the San Diego Hash, we quickly plotted our shortcutting strategy. The trail meandered through the usual places, up and around the main drag, golf course and historic buildings. Glow Worm was busy throwing rocks (do boys ever outgrow this habit?) at PM, so Major Lying Bastard almost ran us over trying to gain information about the end. He was whining about having done the Humpin' trail that afternoon and was only in the mood for beer - imagine that? Presuming to know the end, we cut through a flower festooned park and stumbled upon G-Minor heading up the beer check - what luck! We knew a posse of White House Hashers were hot on our heels, so we gulped down some Mexican beer and picked up the trail again. We merged with FRB's Coppertone Bone and Chicken Poop who were later admonished for racing at the end. The GPS reported only a 2 mile stroll, but that was deemed plenty in terms of the daily double that we had put in for the day.

Hash Shit demo was aptly performed by Father Blows Best, and since Deep Throat couldn't tear himself away from TV that night (UConn was playing), Glow Worm began the festivities. UPW was chided for wearing a name tag on the BACK of his shirt, Cat for dreaming of Father Blows Best's "full moon", and Chicken Poop for wanting to be an anal GM "when he grows up". BORT and Nookie had a winner in being present at the trifuckta events of the day: SD's Sunday AM Hash, Humpin's afternoon start, and the evening Full Moon - geesh, get a life you two! Major Lying Bastard was honored for rubbing something, but I don't think it was the genie on the bottle that Glow wrote down in his remarks. It was noted that G-Minor is in the throes of a major mid-life crisis having recently acquired a new Mercedes, a blonde, and a house at the beach. Is that what it takes to get hitched these days?

First-timers were Titty Winks, 38 Flavors, Leave it in Beaver and Das Koont, all from our nation's capital I believe. The gals showered us with a fabulous "cheer" that featured every 4 letter word currently not allowed on any school campus. (Don't give up your day jobs!)

Hashshit was given to Penis Machinist for leaving the B-van open, winning out against Snoop for some Wax style down-down, 38 flavors for too many booty calls since she arrived in SD, and Captain Zero for a curtain call brought on by the WHH3.

Snoop Pussy Pussy and Ass Transit were recognized for their birthdays. Hamburger Helper would have gotten some of the attention she craves, but she ducked out early, probably still recovering from her birthday bash the night before. Thanks to all for a fun night.

- Ass Transit

The Flower Moon
Run #219
Tuesday, May 4th, 2004

Since I never received a write-up, I guess we have to figure out Deep's notes.

Run # 219

Moon: Flower

Date: 5-4-04

Hares: Stalemate
Wood Whack Hu

(Pm) Hashit Demo: Penis Machine + Writer: Bimbo

The Original
**FULLMOON
HASH**



Welcome Back DeDuc - wetDrew First Timers Birthdays

✓ Jack Shit + 3 Vistos Mary Balbs
✓ Cyber Slut 3 Vistos Viagra Balbs
Hannah Angkuk Easy 100 mg
Niggas Balbs

Criminals Cannabis - Guy's OK w/ Sir Isaac & Capt Ø

- ✓ Cannabis - 2 Fists/Hose Mashed - YBF
- ✓ 2 Fists - Hashing white house burns
- ✓ Sir Isaac - Another cell phone snare
- ✓ Capt Ø - Another place to shoot a fuck scene
- ✓ AsStraint - Threw out last drink @ 5:30 AM
- ✓ Penis + Hannah - please put your pants on
- ✓ Deep 18 years of hashing + Peppers
- ✓ Bimbo - Choir Mistress
- ✓ Mojo's Bitch + T. Zkryg - Objects in mirror
- Hashit ✓ Proprieters

★ Hannah - Smoky down down beer, Glowarm - phone # hairy
Cannabis - hashit for free

Announcements

The Strawberry Moon

Run #220

Tuesday, June 1st, 2004

The Fine Art of Shortcutting

The pack assembled at the Grape St. Dog Park. Very familiar territory, in fact it was déjà vu all over again. The hares - Art Dicko, Unidentified Party Wound & Fuzzy Wuzzy - left at the appropriate time, heading north just like the previous year. Before leaving they promised a 'mojito' check, a drink I was not familiar with. The pack took off and the trail skirted the eastern edge of Balboa golf course, just as I had expected it would. After a check the trail headed east up the stream bed and through the culvert under 30th. It continued through some shiggy and popped out on Redwood, heading east. At this point, we were heading in the direction of Art Dicko's place, which would be a likely location for the mojito check. The trail turned south after a block or so, but I stayed on Redwood, correctly smelling out a do-loop. The mojitos - concoctions of rum, lime juice, sugar & crushed fresh mint - were indeed at AD's place, and quite tasty. At this point the trail headed east again, but I was absolutely convinced that the end was the at Whistle Stop on Fern, which lay in the opposite direction. After a nanosecond's debate I headed west at a leisurely pace to the Whistle Stop. Arriving there ahead of the pack (and the hares), it was fortunate that I had brought money in my sock, so I was already stuffing my face and swilling beer by the time most hashers arrived. Shortcutting rocks! Down-downs were as follows:

Hashit Demo: Dorkasaurus Rex.

Arctic Rim Job: Oldest Full Moon first timer.

Weed Whacker: All alone without Stalemate.

Flabbio: Got stuck by cactus on trail.

Ass Transit: New 'poof up' hairdo.

Kissy Face & Have-a-Twat-for-Humanity: Carbo loading for Rock & Roll Marathon.

Ice Box: Moved away from Southpark, thereby increasing local property values.

UPW & AD: Missed big white speed bump.

Have-a-Twat-for-Humanity: Over training for Rock & Roll Marathon.

First timers: Sean, Nicole, Spencer, Arctic Rim Job, Barry, Sponge Bob Square Dick, Jan & Cory.

Hash Shit: Drag-Along-Date turned 50.

Faithfully recorded by Dorkasaurus Rex.

The Buck Moon

Run # 221

Sunday, July 1st, 2004

What a perfect evening for hashing in Del Mar, with clear blue skies, and ocean vistas up and down the coast. There were a number of Kodak moments out on trail and I don't mean scenes out of a **Capt. Zero** video either.

The pack gathered @ the Park & Ride on Carmel Valley Rd & I-5. All were eager to start with the hare, **Cums Alone**, promising good shiggy, 5 beer checks, and a chance to view sun setting on the great Pacific. But, no sooner had we sent him on his way, when he cums back to retrieve chalk to lay his first check!! Hmmm, not a good sign.

Pack away! We headed west across Carmel Valley Rd., then up, up, & up Portofino to a tricky check. Trail went west, through our first encounter of shiggy, a rarity in Del Mar. It was also our first awesome view of the great Pacific. Wow!!! Trail eventually descended a very steep bluff. Many were forced to go down ass first; a familiar position for those of the ass family. Trail then followed property boundaries, with one home owner keeping us 'on trail' for fear of trampling his iceplant. Finally, we were back on pavement; a little street called Via Merano, then Grimaldi, and soon I heard the pack all in a commotion over beer; "beer near!" "No way. We just got started". "Its directing us the wrong way". Turns out it was old trail from a LJ run. Hmmm, well, the hare did promise beer checks. Can't slight him for that. A whistle got us back on track and the pack soon dispersed. We zigzagged through a number of short nameless streets, with those cute, expensive, little houses, and, cleverly, the hare directed us to a dead end street that led onto a drainage ditch that served as a property easement. We followed it till we came to the south entrance of Torrey Pines State Reserve in the heart of DM. Sorry **Murphy**, not doggie friendly. Trail headed north and followed a sandy path along the west side of the canyon. I huffed and puffed along at a tortoise pace and set my sights on the colorful hot air balloons on the northern horizon. Trail eventually came out on Durango I think. I sighted a Turkey/Eagle split. The T-trail headed west, and the E-trail straight on north. I headed west down Cordero till I came to my first Turkey check. No marks. What? I know there were some real turkey's ahead of me. Where'd they go? Hmm, well, I guess I'll check for myself. It continued west. Then another unmarked check. Come on you guys, carry chalk!! Okay, this time it went south, to Oceanview; fully living up to its name!!! The sun was giving a really nice cast to the water and bluffs below. Another check and it continued south, to Nob, and followed a driveway/easement and finally steps that put you right out on to Camino Del Mar just north of the old bridge. Trail crossed over the cliff, followed a path down to the railroad

tracks, crossed over the tracks, continued under the bridge and headed south along a paved path leading into the parking area of N. Torrey Pines State Beach. This part of the run was the most scenic, with views down into La Jolla and beyond. The water was sooooooooo blue! Awesome colors. About this time I finally made contact with other pack members. I overhear a lot of grumbling and apparently most went in search of the eagle trail and gave up looking. I also found one of our visitors, **More Head in the Ass**, from El Paso, TX. Apparently she and her mate, **Likes It in the Ass** parted early on trail and she found her way down to the beach.....smart girl! Lots of little surfer boyz to view down yonder!! Now you don't have that in El Paso. We all made it out of the parking lot and headed east down Carmel Valley Rd. to the infamous, and ever slow to serve us Sam's Pizza for the on in. The eagle trail, well, I have no idea where that went, and apparently neither did most who ventured on it. The eagles eventually showed up but I was too busy checking out the vistas. The west had an spectacular sunset, but no visible green flash. While the east gave rise to the bucking moon.....or wait maybe that was **Capt. Jerk** baring his? Nice either way you look at it.

Now, if any of these details are not completely correct, tough! U can write the next Hash Trash.

On out - **Honor Ass**

Hashit Demo: Drag-Along-Date

Jam Me Ram Me: Showing off fotos of her pussy

Easy Going: Ignoring the birdshit on her car!

Penis Machinist: Trifecta – Retired, divorced, & unemployed (hit all three on 7/1)

Cums Alone: Forgetting chalk (and flour too according to the eagles)

Psycho & Jock Strap: New set of wheels

Strap-On Tools: applying SPF 45 @ 7 pm (but she dissed us and didn't stick around for down downs!!!)

More Head: For bringing snacks. Don't you do this in California??

Bort & Nookie: Divine distribution of "Number 69...your order is ready".

Nookie: Showing a very big car she's legally blonde!

Green Piece: Drinking for the youngest hasher to join the pack

Drag-Along-Date: Looks like you are blessed with Hashit – 4 more beers!

First timer: Kay

Visitors: I already mentioned that. Read the article.

September Hare: Arctic Rim Job - bring long johns-

The Blue Moon

Run # 222

Saturday, July 31st, 2004

Other than the fact that the hares wore blue on their faces, this was your typical exciting Clairemont trail. It started somewhere along Governor Drive and went up and down the usual streets, down into a few canyons, through the usual patches of poison oak, and ended a few blocks from start at a pizza joint. The trail was well marked but as usual a bit on the long side. If this description brings back memories, then I must be pretty good at guessing, because I never set foot on trail. It was another Saturday night with nothing to do, so I made a last-minute decision to skip the run but drive down for dinner and Down Downs, which were delivered by Glow Worm and were as follows:

Write up: **Wax**

Hash Shit Demo: **Drag-Along Date**

Sheep Sex: Playtoy

Chicken Poop: Escorted from a men's room in Europe by security for looking like a lady

ZAP: Leaving for a relaxing vacation in Iraq, now that "major combat operations" have been over by more than a year.

Rump Ranger: Told ZAP he could "squeeze him in" (I'm sure not the first time Rump has said this to a guy)

Weed Whack Her: "Screw the pizza, I'm going to have a beer"

Stalemate: Trouble between skinny and thick (I don't know, I just write these for a free beer)

Rump Ranger: No song

Virgins: **Amanda, Jonathan, Brian, & Ann**

First-Timers: **Katie, Kim, Rob, Peter, & Diolo**

Birthdays: **Gispert, Baby Huey, Gag n' Shag**

Hares: **Chicken Poop, Gay Boy from La Jolla ("The Blue Hare Group")**

Hash Shit: **Captain Zero** – whining about trail

The Sturgeon Moon
Run # 223
Sunday, August 29th, 2004

It started off as a trail with some promise, but degenerated into one of those long, boring trails that just saps the life out of you. We began in the shiggy below USD, and had the trail stayed in that area, this may have been a much happier story. Unfortunately, the hares were evidently drawn to asphalt like dinkleberries to a butt hair, and decided to head straight up to the nearest sidewalk, across Linda Vista Road and down to Friars. After a half mile of concrete, the hares had their first chance to redeem themselves by turning right on Friars and heading back toward start, where their energy might have been spent finding a route that was at least remotely interesting. Alas, the hares elected to turn left. I followed trail with the faint hope it would go back up the hill toward Linda Vista before too long, but my worst fears were confirmed when trail dragged on and on along the bleak sidewalks of Friars Road to the east, then turned right just before Fashion Valley. This basically committed the pack to a mindless, drudgery-filled 3-mile rectangular loop around the golf course in Mission Valley. A mind-numbing 30 minutes later, the hares had one last chance to redeem themselves and at least cut back to start through the shiggy west of the golf course. But NO! – they had to submit everyone to the further discomfort of trudging up over I-8 onto Taylor Street, giving everyone yet another ten minutes to enjoy the carbon monoxide wafting off the freeway. By this time it was clear the trail was not only going to be boring and hard on the feet and lungs, but interminably long. As if this all wasn't enough, as darkness fell the pack came upon a confusing check at the foot of Presidio Park. I ran through the check, short-cutting along Taylor to Morena, knowing that at worst I was another boring mile and a half from start. Not so lucky were the fools who followed trail up into the Presidio. So whereas I still managed to finish trail in a semi-respectable hour and 20 minutes, those poor assholes were out there in the dark for 2 hours or more. What was advertised as another 4 mile trail turned out to be closer to 8 miles. As if to confirm how fucked up this trail was, lead hare Donny Osmond immediately handed me his pen at the On-On at O'Connells, knowing I would need to document his heinous crimes for humanity.

Down Downs, delivered by **Deep Throat**, were as follows:

Write up: **Wax**

Hash Shit Demo: **Captain Zero**

Mark Spitz, Bob Swallows: Having his namesake's Olympic medal record shattered.

Chicken Poop: Marathon whacko.

MP3: Picking a fight with an unarmed man.

Alotta Vagina: Lost memory.

Claudia Chaffer: Lost his money, only to have it turn up in his car.

Eat My Beaver: Told Claudia she found the money.

Buy One Get One Free: Puts out on Friday, some on Saturday.

AMF: Knee Deep moving to DC (Wax: to work for bush).

Rump Ranger: Fell asleep during a blow job.

Hippotwatamus: Put Rump to sleep with a boring blow job.

First-Timers: **Cum On I Wanna Lay Ya**

Birthdays: **Deep & Sheep**

Hares: **Donny Osmond, Snow Plow My Ass**

Hash Shit Nominations: **Donny Osmond, Rump Ranger, Deep Throat, Captain Zero, Eat My Beaver**

Hash Shit Winner: **Donny Osmond** for 8 mile trail

The Harvest Moon

Run #224

Tuesday, September 28th, 2004

Once again a group of us, 28 to be exact, showed up to see what the Full Moon hares had in store for us. And once again the person who “volunteered” to do the write-up decided to not do one. Maybe it was because her boyfriend volunteered her. Anyway, no write-up and here it is a little over 2 hours until the next run and I am typing something up. Well, here goes nothing.

The pack gathered at a location just off of Rosecrans in the area of old NTC. The hares took off after the usual lies, and the pack dutifully followed 15 minutes later. We were treated with a nice tour of some of the construction sites which are all over NTC. I heard there was a beercheck but as I didn’t make it that far on train, I don’t know. The trail ended up at a bar named The Fling, just a few blocks from the start.

Down-Downs when like this:

Flabbio: hashit demo down-down in place of Donny Osmond

Penis Machinist: spelled Rosecrans as “Kocrans”

Capt Hook: got busted at least once by security on trail.

Buy One Get One Free: it pays to advertise

Ass Transit: made it all the way through the trail only to trip over Murphy at the end

Deep Throat, Chicken Poop, Glow Worm: all got another year older

Steve, Ginny: first timers

Pre-Owned Shit: was also busted by security, bringing back some fond memories

Nookie Monster: now has another hole

Hares: **Arctic Rimjob and Penis Machinist**

Hashit: **Ass Transit** for screwing the pooch

This is what I got from the notes,

Glow Worm

P.S. It was **Slatemate** who got volunteered by **Weed Whacker**, so maybe that is why I never got a write-up, as we know she never does anything he tells her to do.

The Hunter's Moon

Run #225

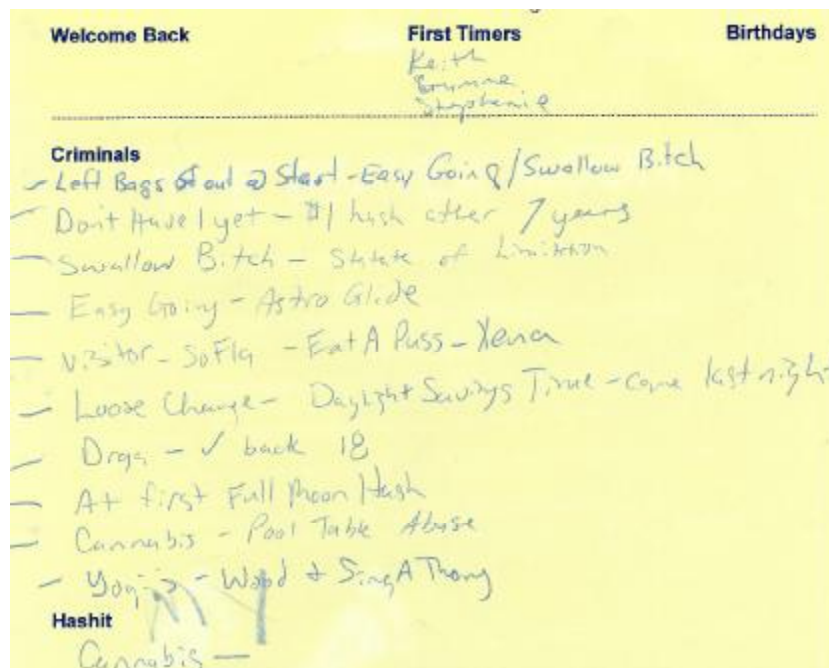
Thursday, October 28th, 2004

It was a pleasant evening in Encinitas at the Coaster station where we gathered for the 18th Anniversary R*n of the Full Moon Hash. Deep Throat and Ass Transit were our hares and, with their local knowledge of roads seldom driven or r*n by the rest of us, the promise of an interesting trail was in the air. Not long after the hares' departure, the pack headed south out of the parking lot seeking the trail.

The flour lead us up a hill to the east where we found a mark which was unfamiliar to the pack. It was a regular check aside from the fact that the number 18 was written square between the cheeks. Drag found it first and asked behind him what the pack thought it might mean. "Is it a back-check?" Nobody knew for sure so the pack scattered in all directions. Later we realized that the 18 referred to the anniversary. DUH! Eventually, it was found that the trail would go south from this unusual check. We ran mostly south from there with a few turns and do-loops thrown in to keep us guessing. Finally the trail went west at Santa Fe and crossed Vulcan and the tracks on the way to Highway 101 where it went north again from near Swamis Park. From there we meandered mostly north along Neptune St. and some of the other northbound streets past Stone Steps on our way up to Leucadia where we found the ON-in a little bar up on or near Diana St.

Being that it was an anniversary run, we didn't have to pay for our dinner. Deep and AT had prepared a nice meal of pasta salad, pumpkin bread and pumpkin soup. This was most apropos considering that it was nearly Halloween. A keg of fine ale was also pre-paid as part of the anniversary celebration.

This write-up is being written well after the event and rather than trusting my memory or attempting to decipher Deep's down-down notes, I present them here for your enjoyment:



Look at that handwriting! Now we know why his license plates read "DOC DEEP".
Wishing I remembered more...Drag

The Beaver Moon
Run #226
Saturday, November 27th, 2004

Well, I waited too long to write this and I cannot remember much.

The run was in LaJolla and ended at JJ's Pizza. Thanks for the free pizza that night. **Captain Zero**, the hare, was off on time even though he left the start looking like he had Alzheimer's because he kept coming back around. For a pre-laid trail, I do not think he remembered which way to go.

Turd Bird has a new girlfriend, who he talked into coming by the pizza place. I guess he picked her up at F-Street six weeks prior to the run.

Heidi was out shopping in LaJolla for a pearl necklace and somehow found the hash so she ran with us that night.

This was my first time at the full moon hash and I guess **Wax** makes the rounds at all the hashes because **Glow Worm** was waxed for the down down to **Chicken Poop** for a Donna Fry look-a-like.

Dairy Queen has been out of town, so **Sir Isaac** has been forced to take matters into his own hands and now we know why he has vision problems.

Welcome back – **Hands off**

First timers – **Ginger Snatch, 2 Dogs, Heidi, Shane, Jesse,**
Thanks for the Mammories, and Jill

Birthdays – **2 Dogs, Ginger Snatch, and Lauren**

Captain Zero received a flight suit from **Turd Bird** as a special surprise.

And after down downs were over, **Captain Zero** got hashit for spilling a glass of beer.

Ginger Snatch

The Original Full Moon Hash

Run # 227 – The Cold Moon

December 26th – Boxing Day

Hares – Ice Box and Mr. Roarke

A clear, cold evening after Christmas; Boxing Day – a quaint Brit custom where people (usually masters and servants) exchange jobs for the day. As most of the Box babes were either pregnant or traveling, Mr. Roarke changed sexes and became a box babe to help Ice Box hare. As a special added bonus, Ice Box imported her nubile niece from New York to tempt the younger harriers. (It worked well on C Fuck Run; but more on that later). A to A run from Ice Box's "almost in Rancho Santa Fe" estate. 40+ hashers with no life to speak of gathered; most on the promise of IB's fabulous beer cheese soup. The trail took off north and then east across Rancho Santa Fe and into the high rent districts of Carlsbad and Olivenhain. Basically, a clock-wise loop through quiet streets with the odd horse trail thrown in. Still lots of good Christmas lights out and on. Since I was reduced to walking the trail to protect my balky back, I was quickly separated from the pack and was able to follow the well mark trail through equally well marked checks. Although Ice Box has set trails through this area innumerable times, she still managed to throw in a few new wrinkles that made the trail interesting. On in finally – DFL – to a back yard full of hashers, hot soup and cold beer. Ice Box made enough to feed an army and no one went hungry.

Down Downs:

- Three time losers (Hash Hat Trick) – Fluff Boy, Free Hand Job, Be My Friend
- Impersonating a Slovenian pimp in the winter – Turd Bird
- Working on suffering through all seven plagues of hashing (poison oak, pink eye, dating Drag) – Arctic Rim Job
- Close encounter of the fence kind – Fluff Boy
- First timer/visitor from New York – the young & lovely Stephanie
- Not a chance in hell there CFR – C Fuck Run
- Birthdays – Penis Machinist, Ice Box, Easter Infection
- Giving a racing t-shirt to his virgin hasher brother – Father Blows Best
- Hashit – Father Blows Best (he just seems to attract them)
- Hares – Ice Box & Mr. Roarke

A great hash and pleasant evening in the midst of the Christmas holidays. Thanks Hares!

Deep Throat