

**The Original Full Moon Hash's Run #228:
The Wolf Moon, or,
Tuesday! Tuesday! Tuesday!**

Our hares of the month, Finishes With Towel, Reach Around, and Scout's On 'Er, challenged San Diego to find the G-spot, and a good-size pack of 35+ rose to the challenge, popping up in the otherwise quiet* seaside village of Carlsbad. After some chalk talk -- something about a 3 mile Turkey trail and a 6 to 9 mile Eagle -- the hares took off in two different directions.

I chose the Eagle trail, and headed northwest through the tidy* streets of Carlsbad. Within just a few blocks, the Eagles encountered a beer check at sleepy, empty* Jello Shooter Park. The lovely and talented Scout's On 'Er quickly replenished the pack. We then crossed the Buena Vista lagoon and headed up 101**, Oceanside bound.

The check in the Oceanside city limits presented two possibilities: a quick return to Carlsbad via the beach, or a lengthy clockwise rotation around the lagoon. Of course, hare Reach Around chose the latter, and off we went, first crossing I-5, then ascending Fire Mountain, tobogganing down the leeward slope, crossing 78, crossing I-5 again, and coming back up to the G-Spot via Jefferson Street. Meanwhile, the Turkeys were in clockwise loop of their own, eventually wending past Jello Shooter Park for their beer check. Some Turkeys didn't leave there for a while.

Down-downs were delayed while various hares and beer-check-hangers-on made their way back to the G-Spot. I suspected some of Carlsbad's many watering holes had lured in the pack, but Finishes With Towel insisted that he laid the Turkey trail in a manner that would specifically avoid all bars.* And when down-downs did commence, Deep Throat was faced with plenty of material, eventually administering liquid punishment* to the following:

- Visitor **Fist Full of 50's** thought he'd come up to Carlsbad for all the loose women... so why did he bring his fiancée, the lovely virgin **Katie**? (More about those two in a minute)
- **Gummee, Speaks in Tongues**, and **Boys 2 Men** were recognized for being the walking wounded. Speaks in Tongues was the only one with crutches; Gummee's wounds were purely psychological, and Boys' handicap involved some sort of rat-like creature that inhabited her jacket.
- **Swallow Bitzch** walked to the hash, and enjoyed more beer checks in that half-mile walk than you'd find in any hash.*
- Visitors **50s, Katie**, and **Fix'Em Mannequin** came the furthest in finding the G-Spot.
- **Ass Transit** was recognized for sifting through trash and some sort of situational awareness problem, though I don't remember if the two were linked.
- **Scout's On'Er** realizes that the fastest way up the company ladder is to show the boss some cleavage.
- **Snoop** and **Rump** were recognized for snaring the hares.
- **Stalemate** is now employed. Really!
- **Speaks in Tongues** was playing Cinderella; her prince was the guy who could use one of her onion rings as a cock ring. She was later observed leaving prince-less: her onion rings weren't made from cocktail onions, after all.
- Someone suggested that **Finishes with Towel** is a little old man, but since he never took **Tongue's** Cinderella test, we'll never know.
- The staff of the G refused to serve beer to **Katie**: she didn't have an ID on her, which leads us to...
- **Fist Full of 50's**, who received the hash shit for sending fiancée **Katie** back to the start, so he could drink at the beer check with the guys. Acceptable hash behavior***, sure, except it would have been nice of him to at least give her back her ID first!

In the end, everyone found the G-Spot at least twice. Nice job, hares!

On~on,
Captain Jerk

*Except on Sundays

** The road. The harriette wasn't present.

*** Especially on Sundays

The Snow Moon

Run #229

Thursday, February 24th, 2005

DRAG ALONG DATE'S URBAN CHALLENGE # 2

So, it's been 13 months since the first Drag Urban Challenge Full Moon Hash. One year and one postal zone away, this Full Moon run happened in Normal Heights under a very cool and damp sky. A series of storms had just finished having their way with Southern California and, although the only drips on this run were among the pack, scattered lightning could still be seen in the distance.

Drag recruited a willing harriette to assist with his urban assault scheme, namely **Full Of Shit**. During the pre-run brief, a new symbol was introduced to the pack, that being a "Q" When encountering this mark, we were instructed to be "Quiet" as we'd be trespassing upon private property, oh joy! Then, suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, the hare's were off into the darkness.

Former GM, **Mr. Spock** mingled with his old flock at the start. Trail began on an easterly heading on Adams Ave. over I-15 and into the borough of Kensington. Several checks and many turns later, we encountered an eagle / turkey split in that area. On the eagle trail just beyond the split, the promised "Q" marks were found. We did indeed enter a private driveway on or near Rochester Rd. and then over a wrought iron fence that straddled a rather steep slope. Going down this slope was rather tricky as recent rains had made things a bit slippery. Still, the intrepid eagles trudged along very carefully on this virgin soil down to the bottom of the narrow canyon where we turned south bound and soon to a check. Here, we turned northeast and continued on a gentle decent toward Fairmount Ave. After getting across the concrete drainage ditch next to the road, we climbed up to Fairmount where a check was solved going downhill to the north toward Mission Valley. Trail turned west onto Camino Del Rio South and stretched the pack out with a long section of concrete sidewalk trail. Turning up behind an office building on Camino Del Rio South, trail crossed Shiedler Way and entered the rear parking lot of the Community College Building. Arrows pointed up to the side of another steep hill where, likely, no hasher had gone before. Toilet paper adorned the hillside as to indicate which bush to crawl to next on the ascent. Fortunately, **Baby Huey** was ahead of me so all I had to do was follow the deep depressions in the soil made by his shoes. With fingernail full of dirt, we somehow made it to the top and turned around to bask in the beautiful view of Mission Valley, I-5 and Qualcomm Stadium. Trail went through a hole in a fence and led us over to Cromwell Ct. Marks sent us past the monastery and south on Hawley St. then left on Arthur St. and a right on 35th St. where beer became near at Di Milles restaurant at 35th and Adams Ave.

At only 4.4 miles, the eagle trail was short for a **Drag** race. The turkeys didn't have it so well. It seems that **Full Of Shit** ran herself (and the turkeys) around in circles in Kensington before following the rising moon to and fro in a haphazard way about the streets, alleys and

sidewalks of Normal Heights. By the time she found familiar landmarks again, trail amounted to 5.7 miles according to the GPS carrying hounds.

Meanwhile, back at the On In. Hashers had the patio area of Di Milles all to themselves and pounced upon happy hour drink specials and scrumptious Italian dishes (plus forks and knives).

As soon as most of the Turkeys had crawled in **Glow Worm** commenced with down downs.

Chicken Poop performed the obligatory demonstration down down.

Penis Machinist (who had left already) was next for hare snare on the Turkey trail.

Sir Isaac Sphincter chugged for coming in second, then accusing **Penis Machinist** of shortcutting.

Hares, **Drag Along Date** and **Full of Shit** for a short eagle and a long turkey trail and again for **Full Of Shit** getting lost on her own trail.

Captain Zero drank for wanting to protect first timer, **Andrea**.

Shock My Monkey was applauded for his decision to move to South Dakota and for not wanting to hash in shiggy.

Long Cutting Bastard tasted suds for putting his dirty shoes on the table and for falling off a 5 foot long pipe on the eagle trail.

Captain Jerk was recognized for his recent trip to Brazil and for transsexual abuse.

Pre Owned Shit was put in the spotlight for carrying not one but two GPS devices on trail.

Pucky drank along with him for not having a song in mind when called upon.

Visitors were next: **Bitter Bite** and then **Flasher, Brian, John** and **Francis** all from Florida.

Welcome Backs to the Full Moon Hash were **Mr. Spock** and **Manhandler**.

Hash Shit went to **Glow Worm** for impersonating a GM again!

On on, **Chicken Poop**.

The Original Full Moon Hash R*n #230... The Worm Moon – Mad Libs Style!

(Note: You remember Mad Libs, right? For this to work best, grab the hasher next to you and say, “gimme an adjective, gimme another adjective, gimme a verb,” etc. Afterwards, share your creation. On~On & enjoy!)

Our hares of the month, the _____ **Irish Cream** and the _____ **Glow Worm**, sent us off to
adjective *adjective*

Hoyt Park in Scripps Ranch for more _____ in the dark. Twas a cold evening and only a few _____
an activity *adjective*

hashers appeared initially, including _____, who busied himself by _____
a male hasher's name *verb ending in "ing"*

_____, much to the _____ of the pack.
a harriette's name *an emotion*

Off like a horde of _____ chasing after a _____, the pack followed
animal (plural) *animal*

trail into the darkness. After three quick lefts, “_____!” cried out _____, upon
exclamation *a hasher's name*

seeing that trail had returned back to the park. Further examination revealed a new, _____ - marked
adverb

check near the park, which those _____ hares had freshly laid. So unlike when _____
adjective *a hasher's name*

_____, the fun wasn't over in just two minutes.
verb, past tense *a hasher's name*

A second loop trail was found, this time right-rotating and far more _____. Afterwards, those
adjective

_____ hares were nice enough to leave directions to Fillippos so we could all have _____
adjective *something you eat*

and _____. A series of DFLs, obviously _____ on trail, arrived over the next hour.
a liquid *verb ending in "ing"*

Down-downs commenced, with our hare who's hung like the _____ of a _____,
body part *an insect*

Glow Worm, supplying the hashit demo down-down, then administering liquid punishment to the following:

- Welcome-back **Hoot**, who's excuse was that he'd been busy _____ his _____.
verb ending in "ing" *an animal*

- First timers **Scott**, **Ali McHigh Beams**, and **Peter Cock-in-Tail** said they enjoyed their first Full Moon so much that they'd gladly _____ off _____'s _____ just to do it again.
verb *a liquid* *a hasher's name* *a body part*

- Very _____ birthday wishes were extended to **Dairy Queen**, **Ass Transit**, **Arctic Rim Job**
adjective

and **Ali McHigh Beams** (happy 21st, you _____!).
a profession

More... turn over →

- **Penis Machinist** had recently _____, which resulted in him preferring dicks to twat.
verb, past tense
- **Bitter Byte** was occupied with his _____ cell phone, having phone sex with _____, more likely than not.
adjective
name of a celebrity
- **Arctic Rim Job** was fingered as the _____ hash grandmother of **UPW**.
adjective
- **UPW**, the _____ that he is, didn't mark checks.
adjective describing a smell *animal*
- **Ass Transit**, _____ as usual, received a down-down just because.
adjective
- **Sir Isaac** and **Easy Going** both _____ the _____, and received down-downs accordingly.
verb, past tense *a body part*
- The Hash Shit (a _____ piece of _____) went to **Ginger Snatch**, who attempted to use her 21-year-old sister Ali to cover for her drinking problems, but we all know that Ginger's the one who likes to _____ the _____!
adjective *something you'd find in a toilet*
verb *type of drink*

In the end, a really _____ time was had by all. Thanks, you _____,
adjective *adjective*
_____, _____ hares!
insulting adjective *really insulting adjective*

On~On, your loyal _____ scribe, Captain Jerk.
really nice adjective

The Pink Moon
Run #231
Tuesday, April 26th, 2005

After delaying a couple of days to allow for Mexican Marigras, a group of hashers gathered at the Old Town Trolley Station Park-n-Ride for yet another often imitated, but never equaled Full Moon Hash. It was the Pink Moon and it was once again hared by the illustrious duo of *G-Minor* and *Who Said Head*.

The trail headed under the tracks and through the nearby Old Town State Park and then up the hills into the Presidio. From there I have no idea where the trail went as I was walking and headed off to the left back down to Taylor Street where I picked up trail again for a short distance until trail made a loop to the west, and I continued on back to the start to move the B-van (which happened to be my car) to the end. Trail came back in to the park-n-ride, across the tracks again and over to a familiar ending at Pizza Bella.

Down-downs were doled out by *Deep Throat* and if I can read his writing, they went something like this:

Hashit Demo - *Glow Worm* (drinking for *Ginger Snatch*)

Cockeye - welcome back

Art Dicko - for milking the pregnancy thing

Chews His Cud and *Free Hand Job* - got engaged, so no more sex for them

Greenpiece - Pizza by the Pesto (????)

Cums Alone - ran the Boston Marathon

Arctic Rimjob - showing what not to wear to a hash

Greenpiece - co-lactating sympathy pangs

Ass Transit - most likely not to make it across the border

Hosts - *Eve, Robert, Roberto, and Rob*

Hares - *G-Minor* and *Who Said Head*

Hashit - *Ass Transit* for whining the she wasn't listed as a hare for May when she was going to do all the work.

Glow Worm

The Flower Moon

Run # 231 Sunday, May 22 2005

Hares: Ass Transit, C F*ck Run, Two Dogs, & Hands Off

It was a beautiful Sunday evening as the pack began to gather in the strip mall at La Costa and Rancho Santa Fe for the hash. The crowd was small at first until the survivors of the Humpin' Hash began to stagger in. C F*ck and Two Dogs had hared earlier and had thoughtfully finished the Humpin' nearby to facilitate dual participation. Swallow mercifully tapped the leftover Humpin' beer to slake the thirst of the waiting hashers. Finally, chicly late, the hares departed promising a new trail from the afternoon effort with the pack following 15 minutes later.

The trail went to the end of La Costa and then turned south into the hills. As we skirted the new development that seems to be spreading like the rash on a hasher's crotch, the walkers deviated to the right a bit to avoid the canyons, hoping to catch sight of the FRBs, but it was not to be. We continued to track along the canyon rim behind the new development and out of the canyon heading back towards Stagecoach Park. We picked up trail here, either Full Moon or Humpin' and headed back towards the start. From here a quick drive down La Costa to Ass Transit's house and the on in.

As usual, AT outdid herself cooking for the hash. Lots of pasta (and a watched pot NEVER boils, right?) and salad including edible flowers. We started on a keg of beer left over from San Diego Hash and finished on some leftover beer from Humpin'. It was a beautiful night and the crowd enjoyed itself.

Down downs:

Hashit demo - Ass Transit

Swallow Bitczh - Pre and post-run beer

Roll A Dix and London's Bitch - starting to run the trail a second time; where they saw BORT - who after running two hashes ran back out on the trail "to get a few more miles in"

Furry Mason - Hash Crime Scene Investigator and some really nice CFM shuz

Swallow Bitczh - went to Star Wars with Boyz 2 Men but didn't bring her to the hash

Roach - lost both his beautiful wife and beautiful daughter at the hash

First Timers - Got Milk?, No Pole For This Troll, Dancing Queen, Anal 101

Birthdays - Thanks For The Mammaries

Returning Hasher - Roach

C F*ck - has a PhD but can't spell worth a shit

Nookie - drinking from an epilepsy inducing mug

A few others I missed

The HARES! - Ass Transit, C F*ck, Two Dogs & Hands off for a great hash and on in

Hashit - Two Dogs for blocking the Teat Show

Your faithful scribe,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Deep". The first letter "D" is large and stylized, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right. The word "Deep" is written in a cursive, flowing script.

Run #233
The Strawberry Moon
June 21, 2005
Hares: **Art Dicko**, **UPW**, and **Dairy Queen**

With thoughts of strawberry delights swirling around my brain, I headed down to my good friend **Art Dicko's** homestead for the annual running of the Strawberry Moon. Knowing I would probably end up slicing strawberries or something, I arrived early. **Art** was dividing her time between caring for **Work of Art**, stirring a huge pot of sauce on the stove, and trying to show **UPW** how to use the mouse on her Apple computer. When he started wildly flipping through a Thomas Bros. Map book, not able to locate **Art's** home address, I got worried about the trail. A bag of flour in hand, and with not much of a plan in mind, **UPW** headed off to the run start while we finished up the dinner fixings.

I arrived at the start just in time to head off with **Deep Throat** and **Murphy**. After multiple false starts and a couple of backtracks, we headed down a canyon. **Deep**, always hoping to outsmart the hare, suggested we try to find trail on the road instead of flailing around in the shiggy. First Timer **Joel** joined us at that moment, having been ditched by **Hump N Dump** who brought him to the run. He joined us in our sojourn to find the trail amongst the endless one way, no outlet, and non-connected streets. We admired the architecture of the houses of North and South Park, then headed back to **Art's** place, only finding trail at the last moment. Turns out we weren't the only ones, and they were actually looking in the right areas! **UPW** might be a fast runner, but he apparently got his trails crossed at one point. The Turkey ended with a beer stop at **Art's** place, and many of the Eagles declined to continue the trail, and settled down for a cold beer instead.

Welcome backs were given to **Who the F*ck**, who claims to have run every Strawberry Moon, and **Pigeon Sh*t**, who was vacationing in San Diego for a week or so. **Moist Muffin** aptly produced the Hashsh*t demo, while down downs were doled out to **#2**, **Big Banana**, **Who the F*ck**, **Mojo**, and **Deep** who spent a good part of the social hour moaning and groaning over their veteran disability ratings. **Penis Machinist** was honored for being a lazy sh*t, apparently for run infractions. **Gag and Shag** and **Lone Twat** showed up on their bicycles to "run" the trail, and were thus dubbed by Grand Master **Deep Throat** as "Dykes on Bikes". **Andrea Chan**, not yet named, was given a down down for Quality, not Quantity, having only run Full Moon runs and few others. Hashsh*t was given to **Inspector Twat**, an OBGYN doc, for handing infant **Work of Art** over to **Baby Huey**, thinking he had some kind of "in" with babies. She was also picked on, along with her squeeze, **Poly Gonorrhea** for their Vegan eating habits. Announcements included the Red Dress Run (of course) and the Bezerk Run, hyped by **Mojo**.

We all enjoyed the great pasta dish prepared by **DQ**, the awesome salad and strawberry dessert in the tranquil setting of **Art's** backyard.

Respectfully submitted,
Ass Transit

The Buck Moon
Run #234
Thursday, July 21st, 2005

The running of the Buck Moon Full Moon Hash began at the Carmel Valley Park and Ride, with **Cums Alone** haring....well, alone! The pack enjoyed a great trail through the bluff of Del Mar, and arrived slowly at Sam's Pizza for the On-In. After some coupon exchanging and ordering cold beer and warm pizza (and relocating to a side patio away from mortals), the pack chowed down while waiting for the DFLs.

Finally down-downs began, with **Full of Shit** doing the demo down-down for the absent **Inspector Twat**. Welcome backs included **I'm Getting it Today**, **LCB**, **Bimbo** (from Thailand) and **Wonderschlong**. First timers were **Tim** and **Crackhead**. **Tim** was then named **Semi-Cuntductor**. **Loose Change** was celebrating a birthday, her 29th, or was it 39th? She also got a down-down for "admiring **Bimbo's** rack". **Wonderschlong** drank for the novel concept of marks on trail, and **Full of Shit** drank for doing a "double eagle". **LCB** drank for mismarking the trail for **FOS** (and causing her to run a double eagle). **Sir Isaac Sphincter** drank for getting shit on by a bird (OK, lots of trees at Sam's), and **Dairy Queen** drank for being the only one to not get a down-down (sheesh, she even volunteered to do this write-up, and swore to really do it this time). **Cums Alone** drank for "Happy Birthday at the wrong time??" Then the "guest GM" **Chicken Poop** took over, and gave **Glow Worm** a down-down for delegating authority to the welcome backs (lost control, lost control). **Full of Shit** needed another beer and drank for being too technical, and **Swallow Bitchz** just needed a down-down also. **Chicken Poop** won the Hashit for wanking off in his car. I think we even managed to not piss off the management at Sams. See you all next time for Get A Life Week!!

On-On,
DQ

The Sturgeon Moon
August 18, 2005, Hared by Gay Boy from La Jolla & Barbie Biker Bitch

Like a sturgeon, haring for the very first time... actually these are veteran hares who have done this before. It was the middle of Get-A-Life Week and people seemed to have lives judging by the low turnout for this run. Anywho it was a typical Full Moon Hash with all the necessary stuff such as a full moon. We gathered at Kate Sessions Park in PB on a very nice evening, clear but not hot. It was also light bulb exchange day at Kate Sessions where you could bring in your old energy guzzling light bulbs and exchange them for efficient new spiral style ones. Sweet. I digress. The hares spewed their spiel and hopped off in due course, followed by the back after the allotted time. The trail headed south along Lamont and then turned east on Beryl. It went into a church parking lot where we always go and then over a waist high chain link fence that we always go over. We went up a side street for a ways until we hit Soledad Mt. Road where the trail went right, down hill. At this point I decided that I didn't want to go down hill so I left the trail and went north up the hill. I understand there was a beer check after that on trail, but I didn't get there. I continued up the hill and went left on Coral Reef. As I ran along that street my attention was captured by a beautiful young woman who wanted to know if I wanted a beer followed by wild circus sex with her and her equally comely girlfriend. I answered in the affirmative and spent the next twenty minutes in carnal bliss. After assuring the young ladies that I would return for an encore performance I resumed my journey back to Kate Sessions where I arrived ahead of most of the pack. For dinner we had lots of fried chicken, salad, macaroni salad, potato salad, coleslaw and bread. There were lots of left overs to take home. Also lots of mosquitoes. Down downs were as follows:

Father Blows Best- Hash shit demo.

TG Coords- Full Moon something Gay Boy. (This is what it said in the notes.)

Freudian Slut- Ran her first Iron Man competition.

Penis Machinist- Drinking lamp went out by 8 pm.

Debriefed, Big Banana, Frigid, Fucking Ready & Wonder Schlong- Did all five previous Get-A-Life Weeks.

Some unnamed folks- Those who have done the all the previous GALW runs that week.

Dorkasaurus Rex- Stayed on trail for a mile. (See above)

Irish Cream- 107 years old and still heterosexual,

Bort- 2003 something something new something.

Heaven's Gate- Something pretty girl, no harriettes.

Hash Shit- **Inuendo** for funny hash shit.

Note: the preceding report was transcribed from **Deep Throat's** notes and may not have occurred exactly as written.

On on, **Dorkasaurus Rex**

The Harvest Moon

Run #236

Saturday, September 17th, 2005

The Full 'Harvest' Moon Run took place in the land of Kumeyaay (which means Cums on You) Indians in Poway. The Kumeyaay were a tribe that was known to celebrate nature's lessons by ejaculating on each other while cheering gleefully. Accordingly, the hares were our favorite, although questionable, love triad, **Snoop Pussy Pussy, Spitz the Snitzel and Reach Around**. The pre-run brief consisted of watching **Snoop and Reach** adorned in nothing but loin clothes, war paint and feathers, dancing around to native tunes and slapping each other's assess with smoking sage and wild herbs. **Spitz** then forewarned us of the journey to come and the scary possibility that we could catch a glimpse of their traditionally oversized cocks. The two then ran away into the shiggy together (typical) as **Spitz** secured the B-van, and stopped **Weed Whacker** from igniting a wild fire while smoking sage.

The trail consisted nearly entirely of shiggy! Our scouts led us on the Piedras Pentadas (which means Painted Rocks) Trail, which according to **Spitz**, was inhabited by the Kumeyaay Indians Hundreds, and Hundreds, and Hundreds, and Hundreds of years ago. The pack was instructed not to fondle the many artifacts that still remained on trail, including "mortars" in rocks where natives would pulverize acorns, holly-leaved choke cherries and an occasional small rodent into a roux mixture (yummy)! Although after discovering this hole in the rock, **Captain Zero and Glow Worm** quickly became distracted before turning around. There were rumored to be some native paintings on the rocks, but only a few select FRB's briefly mentioned this. As always, the trail highlight was the beer check! It was accessible to those willing to hike a thousand feet up the mountain and pull themselves up a rope for the last 40 vertical feet. Those who did, had a chance to enjoy some local native peace and cold beer, as they watched the splendid Harvest Moon rise over the lake below!

The On-In occurred at **Reach's** "Master of Love" Palace. There the pack was fed some excellent Indian food that was home made by **Spitz**. Good beer and wine were flowing as the fire was lit and the natives grew restless. **Deep Throat** then rose to form a circle and delivered various down-downs and songs of his choosing. These included eyewitness accounts of **G-Minor** spying on **Baby Huey** as he changed clothes, **Hindlick** gazing happily at **Alotta's** crack again, and **Captain Zero** applying EZ Glide to **Pummel Whore** because it would "help with her poison oak"! A fond fare well down-down was given to our fellow hashers **Spank, Slap, Who Said Head, G-Minor, Spitz, Snoop, Reach, Speaks In Tongues, Cannabis Licked Her, Hindlick and Alotta Vagina** as they prepared to Hash/Marathon Europe. The pack cheered as this group practiced posing both with and without their tour shirts on. As the libations continued to flow downward, the energy grew greater and even stranger things began to happen like **Reach and Snoop** swapping loin cloths and **Speaks In Tongues** bragging about how **Cannabis** only left skid marks on her wash cloths that day and **Dr. Dive** exclaimed how all the harriettes tits seemed to look exactly like **Hamburger Helpers**. It was getting good as rumors of a midnight naked run began to spread around the circle. Then the mood swung south, however as **Stale Mate** stopped the pack from seeing a group titty flashing, which would have proven / disproven **Dr. Dive's** theory, thus resulting in her receiving of the Hash Shit.

All other events that occurred that evening have been censored from this document, seeing that it could fall into the hands of children and decent people. Just to let you know though, the fire did not cause that much damage to **Reach's** house, his neighbors really don't mind him screaming "Fuck You" at the top of his lungs late on a week night and **Weed Whacker** really did eat all of those leftovers! Now let's go find some beer, On-on!

The Hunter's Moon
Run #237
Sunday, October 16th, 2005

It was a beautiful bright Full Hunter's Moon (Ok, it was as black as a coal miner's ???), and I was late to the start of the run at Robb Field and did not have running gear with me. The hash god's did smile on us that night by not letting the skies open up and the rain pour on us. The pack set out on what would be a fantastic, short, flat run through the quaint neighborhoods of OB, Point Loma, PB, Sea World, San Ysidro, Mission Beach and Paradise Hills (OK, I have no ideal where the run went). However, I did make it to the ON-ON of the Full Moon's 19th Anniversary. A nice place called Sue's in PB. The Hare's **Deep Throat** and **Ass Transit** out did themselves on the trail from the pack's comments and on the food from the second and third bowls of chili and corn bread (Yum-Yum) that everyone ate. Down Down's were conducted in the usual Deep Throat fashion those who needed to be rewarded got golden elixir of the hash gods. The following were recognized:

Hash Shit demo: **Art Dicko**.

Welcome back's (maybe) and visitors: **Kitty Licker** and **Bimbo**.

First timers: **Matt** brought by **Andrea** (when is she going to get a name) and **Donna** brought by **Ass Transit**.

Birthday: **Furry Mason** now legal to be in the bar!!

Big Banana as he did **Nookie** both ways (don't ask me it was on the notes)

Ass Transit and **Gag n Shag** for being too blonde to understand that a "shrubs" sign in front of the chili meant it was veggie (no meat which they were looking for)!!

Ass Transit and **Deep Throat** for being lost from start to finish

Big Banana for protecting our hash chili from outsiders only to find out the outsider was the bar's owner and had been invited.

Penis Machinist for being late and paying for his own beer when the hash already bought a keg and beer was free!! He must have gotten a job, NOT!!

Capt Hook "Celestial Navigator" and **Sir Isaac** "RA" for keep the rain away.

Scratch My Balls for running the Long Beach Marathon in the morning and still having enough left to snare the Full Moon hare!!

Kitty Licker playing Blind Man's Bluff using **Gag n Shag** as a guide dog.

Glow Worm, **Penis Machinist**, **Deep Throat**, **Big Banana**, and **George**; Sailor's celebrating the Navy's Birthday (230 years of defending freedom and our right to hash).

Being honored as this month's HASH SHIT **Big Banana** for dissing the bar's owner!!

All in all it was the run of the evening and everyone left full of food and beer. I can't wait until next month's Full Moon to see who howls then!!!

Respectfully submitted, your faithful scribe.

Penis Machinist

The Beaver Moon
Run #238
Tuesday, November 15th, 2005

Once again my faithful notes comes to the rescue. Oh well, I guess it is part of the price I pay. Anyway, we gathered in a parking lot in Terrasanta for the next version of the Beaver Moon. This night was touted as "The Longjohn's Run" and about half of the pack did indeed show up in them, making it appear to be a strange family reunion in West Virginia.

The pack set off to the tune of "short, flat, dry trail", you know, normal hare lies but also to the promise of gen-u-wine moonshine at the 'shine check. I can't say much about the trail as I didn't actually do it, instead a small group of us walked to the moonshine check and back. Apparently the highlight of the trail was Penis Machinist, who thought that some water was only a couple of inches deep, did a face-plant in three feet of water.

With the exception of PM, who decided that he didn't want to look like a drowned rat at the on-in, we gathered together for some down-down's by Deep:

Hashit Demo: Ice Box

A memorial down-down for Rubber Maiden who passed away recently.

Zap - for getting a new car

Sir Isaac - got new eyes

Pigeon Shit - not a hillbilly, but is dating his cousin

Drag - got turned down by his cousin

Nookie - bad feet caused by inbreeding

Dairy Queen - Jewish hillbilly

Richashaw - for trying to help by moving a chair but instead rammed it into a ceiling fan

Pixilated Pussy - uses her left breast for her hillbilly purse

Fucking Ready - saw Ice Box and then swore off moonshine

Ginger Snatch had a birthday.

Welcome Back - Pigeon Shit

First Timers - Terri, Short Bus, Tyler, Nocturnal Emission

Hares - Gummee', Thanks for the Mammories, Stick Me Anyway

Hashit - Fucking Ready for Ice Box abuse

All in all it was great evening.

Glow Worm

The Cold Moon
Run #239
Thursday, December 15th, 2005

Once again my faithful notes comes to the rescue. Does that first sentence ring any bells? Yes, once again, **Pixie** has decided that she has to do something more important than doing a write-up for us, even though she did promise that she would do it this time, after “forgetting” last month as well.

Oh well, so here we go. It was once again time for the famous Cold Moon. Poor **Ice Box** slaved away all day to cook, and lay trail as none of the other Box Babes or her boy toys was available to help her out. Trail looped around the neighborhood so that we could see all of the holiday lights, and was planned so the pack would arrived back at **Ice Box's** house just in time for the yummy Beer Cheese Soup to be ready. And as usual it was great.

Down-downs went something like this:

Hachette Demo: **Anus Major** (filling in for **Fling Ready**)

Dairy Queen: for providing the group two pieces of chalk, each one at least two feet long and 8 inches wide. Is she trying to tell us something?

Chicken Poop and **Sir Issac**: each auditioned for the gay cowboy movie “*Brokeback Mountain*”, but were told they were too gay

Pixie: for the great writeup last month

Peeping Tom: was responsible for **Sir Isaac's** midlife crisis

Sponge Bob Square Dick: told **Furry Mason** (who was sporting a great set of headlights) to put a shirt on

First Timers: **Grethen** and **Josh**

Grethen: (in a rare event for the Full Moon) was named “**Watch Them Bounce**”

Ass Transit: had insufficient fun (don't ask me, that is what the notes had, and hell, I don't remember that far back)

Wax My Ass: tried singing but fucked it up

Visitors: **Texas Bushwacker**

Hare: **Ice Box**

And the Hachette went to **Sir Isaac** for having his eyes done, shaving off his beard and then declaring that “he is now too young for **Dairy Queen**”.

Glow Worm