

The Wolf Moon
Run #252
Tuesday, January 2nd, 2007

It was the day after New Years, and apparently many Hashers survived the numerous holiday Hashes and mass consumption of alcohol. They gathered in North Park for another chance to run trail and drink beer.

The Wolf Moon Hash was a family affair. Dr. Dive served as trail hare, chief cook and GM for the night. I, Mrs. Dive, served as the B-van driver, curry re-heater and scribe. Since the scribe didn't get to run trail, there won't be many details forth coming on that subject. But I heard there was NO tunnel... Shocking!! Is Dr. Dive turning over a new leaf for the New Year??? There were a few slippery canyons and enough shiggy to satisfy...

The run ended at Dive's and Tatas cute little cottage on Iowa Street. The duplex was built in 1937, and still has the original tile, door knobs, kitchen stove and peeling paint... Prominent in the living room was Dr. Dive's computer desk. He received a "Pimp my Cubicle" kit for Christmas, so the desk was festooned with dollar signs, faux leopard skin and a tiny disco ball. The decorations included some business cards for strippers and belly dancers that looked suspiciously authentic. HmMMMM.

The pack crammed into the tiny living room for Dive's delicious Indian Biryani curry. The pack was somewhat smaller after Chicken Poop and Dork scared away the cute, young first-timers. During down downs we were introduced to Dive's newest friend, a stuffed chicken. In between down downs the chicken would sing an annoying song, and to shut him up Dive would "choke the chicken". Dive invited all the guys to choke the chicken and Nookie volunteered, but BORT said she could choke his later.

Down Downs:

Hashit Demo: Village Tool was admiring the cheese head earlier, so he was chosen to wear it

First Timers: Sarah and Vic

January Birthdays: Nookie (big FIVE-OH) and Bort

Welcome Backs: Dork, Swallow Bitzch and Dildo Abuse

Hares: Dr. Dive and Burnt Tatas

Chicken Poop and Burnt Tatas: They look alike from behind, and Dr. Dive is getting excited

Glow Worm and Spreadsheet: Didn't run the trail

Pixy: Monopolized the "girlie" magazine from Australia

Dr. Dive: The magazine pages showing nice butts were stuck together

First Timer Sarah: Blood on trail as Sarah tried sliding down hill on *her* butt

First Timer Sarah: Almost named "Something about Sarah" for using a beer as a hair sculpting gel

Hash Shit: Deep nominated Pixy for a wet spot on the couch ("period furniture"), Deep was nominated for his Chicken Poop-like pun, and the real Chicken Poop won for scaring away the hot, first-timer girls

Don't forget Nookie's 50th Birthday on January 21st!

ON ON,
Burnt Tatas

**The Snow Moon
Run #253
Thursday, February 1st, 2007**

On this brisk and clear winter evening, a tidy yet hearty pack of hounds huddled together at the Encinitas train station in anticipation of the Snow Moon run to be administered by the distinguished Deep Throat and the bodacious Boyz To Men at this, the original, often imitated but never equaled San Diego Full Moon Hash.

Alas, the hares were off and the pack soon followed. Trail began heading south first on Vulcan Ave and then on Cornish Dr. Several checks later the trail was still going straight until the Cornish and Vulcan merge where flour was located west toward the rail road tracks and the across them near Hansen's Surf Shop to 101 at E St. West on E, the trail soon turned back northward in the streets and alleys to the west of and parallel to 101. At Moonlight (how appropriate) Beach we did in fact gorge on the shimmering reflection of beautiful moonlight upon the Pacific as the Snow Moon rose over the hills to the east. Here, the aromatic scent of a burning controlled substance drifted slowly above and beyond a group of citizens seemingly embracing the flames of the small fire contained within a beach fire ring. The air became easier to breath as we continued to solve checks putting us, still, on a northerly heading up on La Mesa Ave. for a spell. Eventually, marks turned toward 101 and on across the railroad tracks again to Vulcan followed by a brief north jaunt then a quick right on Union St. past the school and up the back way to Orpheus Park. Reaching the top of the park afforded the pack another great view of the Snow Moon to the east. From the park we followed marks along Union and then south on Ocean View Ave. and adjoining pathways all the way to Cottonwood Creek Park. Just after leaving this park "Beer Near" was found written on the sidewalk of Encinitas Blvd. A hop, skip and a jump later, we wandered into the On In at Peabody's.

Down Downs were performed by Doctor Dive and went kind of like this:

Hash Shit Demo Down Down- Chicken Poop

Visitor- Haley's Comet

First Timers- Mike, Jerry, Income Snatch, Rod Wad, Captain Hazelwoody

No Full Moon Hash Attire- Tongue Jury, Pixie, Sarah Cunter

Welcome Backs- Fairmount, Hawkeye, Boyz To Men

Birthdays- Ass Transit

Hash Shit- Rod Wad

Hares- Deep Throat, Boyz To Men

A lively round of Gorilla Down Downs then commenced:

Chicken Poop for having a woman all over him at The Kraken recently. Stick Man for coming to the hash in order to stay away from the cops in Lakeside. Burnt Ta Tas for telling everybody about her cold sores at the run start. Glow Worm for finding the On In. Lawrence Of No Labia for becoming a skin head. On on, Chicken Poop

The Worm Moon
Run #254
Saturday, March 3rd, 2007

It was a nice evening. The trail was about 4.5 miles, but since no one was the scribe I have no idea what anyone thought about it.

Down-down's were good, but since no one took any notes, I have no idea what they were.

The Pink Moon
Run #255
Sunday, April 1st, 2007

No one gave me a write up so here are the down-downs from the notes Deep made. They won't make any sense if you weren't there.

Hashit Demo - Son of a Nun Fucker

First Timer - Mahina

TV - Nookie, Head and Slap

Bort - parked in traffic instead of 40 yards down

Sponge - self inflicted wounds

Capt Zero - strange bedfellows

Grassy Ass - driving to run start

Road Warriors - BORT, Nookie

Happy on His Knees - auto hashing

Spreadsheet - BRF XXI surprise pookie

Chicken Poop - gay bar beer

Hares - G-Minor and Who Said Head

Hashit - Chicken Poop for his gay beer

The Flower Moon
Run #256
Tuesday, May 1st, 2007

It was another sunny Tuesday evening in San Diego and a motley band of lunar-tics showed up at La Costa park & ride for the 256th Full Moon run, hared by the lovely In-Cum Snatch and the infamous Deep Throat. Being May 1st it was May Day, and much of the pack turned out in red attire even though most of them had no idea what May Day was all about.

At hare lies Deep promised he was haring a quarter of the trail live, his first live hare in about 4 years, and that In-Cum Snatch would be doing the rest of the trail. We suspect that he wanted to follow In-Cum Snatch on trail but was simply incapable of keeping up with her. Whether he actually went even ¼ live is still in doubt.

After some typical Deep-esque zig-zagging through the back streets of Encinitas, the pack finally blew through a check that BORT had marked the wrong way, thereby losing the entire pack for a considerable amount of time. A few of the pack were even forced to return to the start to find the map to finish, but most however managed to find the On-Inn at Uncle Duke's, a little dive bar at the corner of Pacific Coast Highway and Diana St.

Upon arrival at the On-Inn, Deep supplied the pack with chili and fixin's at Uncle Duke's, which was quite a treat and much appreciated since there was no easy food to be had at the bar or nearby.

At down downs, Doktor Dive, the most awesome GM in the history of hashing, gave the best down downs given by anyone ever. Virgins included Barbara, Carmen, Jerry and Dave, however Jerry and Carmen left before down-downs leaving their fellow first timers at the mercy of the pack. Somehow they survived their first down-downs by supplying a couple of lame jokes.

Visitors included Kumoniwannalaya, a hasher from Biloxie H3 who happened to be in town. We didn't want to see any of his body parts so we made him sing us a song but there wasn't anything new he could teach us.

Welcome backs included Bridgette, I'll Eat Anything and Spank My Seamonkey. Bridgette left early and we were left to be charmed by Spank & Eat Anything's vaguely explanations for why they haven't been to Full Moon Hash even though they live in the area and we've run here several times lately.

It was at about this time that Burnt Tatas and Bone of Arc finally arrived in from trail and were given recognition for their lesbian adventures on trail.

Hawkeye was also called up for autohashing and managing to pick up virgin Carmen on the way to the On-Inn.

In-Cum Snatch was called for trail violations – using circles with crosses as checks, thereby losing many in the pack who'd been shown the trademark bum check at chalktalk.

BORT was called for mismarking the check and losing the entire pack, and for running the Boston marathon.

Tatas was called up for paying for Doktor Dive when it's only \$2 at Full Moon but never when it's \$7 at SDH3, however she retaliated by telling her story of how she took pictures of him in his underwear at for use in a security poster at work but then showed the pics to all her friends at work.

Getting to the end, the hares were called up and everyone gave them the usual shitty trail song that they well deserved.

Finally, for Hash Shit nominations there were Chicken Poop for four more years and Deep for not explaining the proper check marks to In-Cum Snatch, however it was Hawkeye who won the coveted boobie-prize, turned in by his wife Fairmount for getting lost in his own neighborhood, what an idiot!

All in all it was another great hash.

Scribe for the evening, Dr.Dive

The Blue Moon
Run #257
Thursday May 30th, 2007

A bunch of hashers showed up, a trail was laid and r*n, down-downs were dolled out, and a good time was had by all.

That's about all that I remember. Hawkeye was assigned as scribe and being the lazy bastard he is, never turned a write-up in. Oh well.....

On-on.

The Strawberry Moon
Run #258
Saturday, June 30th, 2007

The trail was a long hot road pounding adventure through North Park and Hillcrest, there was a condom check on trail!! The On-In turned into a mad frolicking drunkfest when the pitchers of vodka pink lemonade things got ordered and the On-On across the street at Get Moose & Squirrel's birthday karaoke party rocked until all hours of the next morning.

Down Downs

Virgins – Salad shooter, Witch fucker, Two 'Just Lisa's, and few more

Come backs – Pigeon shit, Maui Wau, Blows on the go, Flabio, Burnt Tatas, Messy Bessy

Glow Worm got a down-down for pointing out the 15 year olds in the pool were better than the 12 year olds earlier.

Chicken Poop – didn't take a condom for lack of a person to fuck

Jalopenis – hanging out on El Cajon Blvd propositioning guys for sex before run.

Just Lisa (the one in pink) got to find out what wearing new shoes gets you, Flabio got the other shoe

Hash Shit – due to a bit of miss understanding... the hash shit went to your faithful scribe Witch Fuck. Maui got her carpets cleaned this week, and all she wants to do is have sex on them. Being a practical man I suggested if you've got freshly cleaned carpets that your going to fuck on, put down a towel at least.... Never let the truth get in the way of a good down down, I got the hash shit and a towel.

Jalopenis didn't remember to take his cell phone out of his pocket until mid dive into the pool, RIP 4th cell this year.

Birthdays – Maui and Witch Fuck

Dildo abuse – asking roller bladder bom in 91 if she remembered the 80s

Jalopenis – climbed a tree in his youth had to have fire department get him down, ran around with rabbit balls

Just Lisa in Pink – dildo abuse asked her if she liked chocolate, then broke out his chocolate flavored condom from the condom check and asked her is she wanted to do some very naughty things....

The Buck Moon
Run #259
Sunday, July 29th, 2007

It was another beautiful sunny Sunday evening in San Diego for the Original Full Moon Hash. **Cums Alone** was the hare and the runstart was at Moonlight Beach in Encinitas. As always our trusty Full Moon mismanager extraordinaire **Glow Worm** showed up to take hash cash, however on this particular evening there were other things going on in the San Diego hash world and the only person to show up for the run was **Captain Zero**. After waiting until 7pm for someone else to arrive the trail was abandoned and **Cums Alone, Glow Worm and Captain Zero** decided to head straight to the On-In. Shortly afterwards **Doktor Dive and Burnt Tatas** appeared, a little late, but better than not at all. They surveyed the runstart, found the map and headed straight to the On-In where they discovered what had taken place. So there they sat, the five people who showed up to Full Moon. They had food and beers and fun conversation, and then began to consider what needed to be done to turn the Original Full Moon Hash into the greatest hash on Earth.

The First Ever San Diego New Moon Hash
Or
“Who Put The Life In Get A Life Week?”

A Thursday night in late August on an odd numbered year. Must be time for “Get A Life Week” again. But wait!!!! The lynchpin of GALW was out of phase. The moon was hiding as if to tell Big Banana to stick it where the moon don’t shine. Regardless, a New Moon Hash was created and GALW was saved once again by the important lunatic fringe of hashing. Hooray for us!

The start was on the south side of Pantoja Park. Strangely enough there was still parking available as I arrived. The Volley Ball Hash was in full swing while the “normal” hashers milled around waiting for a start. Soon $\frac{3}{4}$ of the hares arrived, LOIN BOX mysteriously gone and lost in his pre-lay. Super -eagle, eagle, and turkey trails were ordained and the live hares SNOOP, SON, and HOOT took off in a cloud of flour.

At the appointed time the pack limped out in pursuit and headed north up to Broadway and the first split. The turkey trail – my menu choice for the night – headed right and back towards the start, around the Old Soap Factory and south towards Petco Park along the trolley tracks. Right past the park (with no IRISH CREAM to be seen on duty) and further along into the part of downtown that progress, cleanliness, sobriety, development and everything other than drunk, stoned homeless forgot. Thanking the hash dog (I’m dyslexic) that it was still light out we looped to the waterfront and worked our way along the board walk behind the Convention center and through Seaport Village on back to the Old Soap Factory and LOIN BOX’s swinging party room.

Keeping with the theme of “Get A Salad Week” a salad was served by FRIGID who must have been brainwashed by Jenny Craig.

Down downs were shared with Iron Rule GMs. I can remember a few of the New Full Moon or the Full New Moon ones:

PLUCKY – studying for a urine test

HARES – not one check on the turkey trail

BIG BANANA – GALW purveyor and salad lover (makes you long for the broccoli jambalaya, doesn’t it?)

BOTTOMLESS HOLE – making a dentist appointment in Virginia to have half her teeth pulled so she would fit in when she moved there

RUMP RANGER – having his girlfriend FURRY MASON tell him so was dreaming of DEEP THROAT the previous night (Really! I can’t make this shit up!)

Where would get a life week be without us?

Deep

The Sturgeon Moon
Run #261
Tuesday, August 28th, 2007

It was on a warm sunny Tuesday evening in San Diego that the often imitated, never equaled Original Full Moon Hash gathered once again for the Sturgeon Moon at Gershwin Park in God's Country, Squarumont. The Hares - Donny Osmond, Lawrence of No Labia and Splatterpussy - promised a great trail, a great sexy girl beercheck, a great ending with pool and jacuzzi, and great food. In fact, so great were the expectations of this hash that around 50 stumbling drunks crawled out of the woodwork to partake of this wonderful evening - certainly one of the largest Full Moon hashes in quite some time.

The trail was a dog and stroller friendly affair which was enjoyed without incident. What did you expect, it was in Squarumont.

At down-downs BORT was assigned as scribe but Nookie wouldn't let him do it, so Semen Biscuit decided to take notes instead. She did a wonderful job but left them sitting on a chair at the end of the evening rather than supplying a proper write-up. Therefore the following notes were taken from the resulting scribble that was found at the end of the night:

- Heaven's Gate was selected as hash shit demo for the evening for nominating Dr.Dive for GM and thus being responsible for all the crappy down-downs we've had ever since.
- Among the first timers and visitors were: Bimbette, Three Way Finger Fucker, Just Hanna, Just Nick, Just Kyle, Just Kristen and Dirty Balls.
- Among those heading to Puerto Vallarta for the InterAmericas Hash were Fluff Boy, Bimbo, Bimbette and Orca Hole Lick.
- Bimbo was called up for numerous egregious offences including: asking "where's the runstart" at the runstart, flying 6000 miles to come to the hash and not running trail, and fighting with Nookie for the disabled parking space at the start.
- Donny was called up for keeping a mattress in his living room so he could have breakfast in bed, This was among the many "here's to Wax" down-downs of the evening.
- Pommel Whore was called up for some minor offence that we don't remember because she came up into the circle naked from the jacuzzi. We kept her standing there naked in front of us by singing "99 bottles of beer on the wall".
- Splatterpussy was called up topless from the Jacuzzi for posting her photos on beercheck, thereby nearly causing the site to be blacklisted as a porn website. Since she showed tits we all agreed that we wanted more of her photos in future and let her go with only a down-down as punishment.
- Since Pommel Whore decided it was OK to come into the circle naked, we called her up several times during down-downs for anything from peeing by her car to just nothing at all.
- The hares, Donny, Lawrence and Splatterpussy were honored for allowing the Full Moon Hash to see more body parts in one night than in its entire 20 year history.

In the end, the hash shit nominations were: Heaven's Gate for four more years for helping make Dr.Dive GM, Splatterpussy for trying to get beercheck blacklisted as a porn site, and Pommel Whore (under protest) for a rewarding hash shit nomination for her nakedness in the circle. However it was Dr.Dive who won the hash shit award for almost scaring the girls out of ever showing their bodies to the hash again.

Among the announcements were the September Harvest Moon and the Full Moon anniversary in October. The GM emeritus, Deep Throat, also announced that if the Harriettes can have a campout to revive their hash then so can Full Moon, and so it was announced that later this year there would be a campout at the beach in Cardiff by the Sea. And thus were down-downs concluded.

The Harvest Moon
Run #262
Tuesday, September 25th, 2007

As the big, bright, harvest moon was rising around 6pm, the big question of the night was, "Do we really need flashlights for this run?" Of course, it's a Dr. Dive run!! Sure enough, ½ mile into the run, there was a tunnel. I'm getting all my tunnels mixed up, but I think this one was a little wet, but tall enough to stand in. Pretty decent, as tunnels go. The one thing I do remember about the tunnel was jumping up a ledge and crawling about 50 yards to some stairs to a manhole cover. Pigeon Shit helped me up the ledge and I knocked my shin against the concrete wall – ouch! There was a beer check once we got out of the manhole cover with some kind of Mexican beer in a yellow can that's great for carrying on trail because they look like soda cans. I told Dive that I hurt my shin, and he just said "Oh Well..."

After the beer check, we ran up through the hills of Mira Mesa with the bright full moon lighting the way. I got to the 2nd beer check and as I was coming up the hill, I knocked the same shin against a tree stump – double ouch! As my shin was turning into a golf ball, I got a ride back with KumRad and Splatterpussy so I never got to experience the rest of the trail.... Apparently, Dr. Dive got lost, ran out of flour, and got half the pack lost with him. When Dr. Dive saw me, he was grateful that I didn't try to run his part of the trail with my black & blue shin. A bunch of us waited at A for the rest of the pack to roll in and then drove to B.

Down Downs at Mira Mesa Inn

- Virgins: Just Lisa, Just Joe, Mira Mesa Twins, Grand Canyon (visitor from Ship Rats hash), Put a Dick in It
- Welcome Backs: Manscaper & Maui Wau
- Birthday: Manscaper
- DFL: Grassy (who just came in to meet up with Maui to get the coolers for the next Mission Harriettes hash)
- Capt Jerk for drinking Dr. Dive's personal beer
- Those that never ran trail but just showed up at the on in to drink beer: too many to count (the 12 of you know who you are)
- Blood on trail: Huey and Maui
- Hare Snare: Manscaper
- Last one in on trail: Pigeon Shit until Bottom Fuck showed up just as circle was ending
- New shoes: Virgin Joe so his sponsor, Grand Canyon drank
- Hares: KumRad, Splatterpussy, Dr. Dive

Gorilla Down Downs:

- Manscaper, for noticing the brunette harriette and then realizing it's "only Splatterpussy" who dyed her hair
- Dr. Dive for running out of flour

Hash Shit nominations:

- Dr. Dive for shitty trail
- Manscaper for comments about Splatterpussy

During yeah-off, Splatterpussy flashed her tits and everyone cheered so Manscaper received the hashit.

On out!

Maui Wau

The Hunter's Moon
Run #263
Thursday, October 25, 2007

Our Hares for the r*nnng trail of this 263rd "21st Anniversary" Full Moon Hash were a thorn [**Deep Throat**] and two beautiful roses [**Spreadsheet** & **Ass Transit**]. Completing the Hare ensemble was the lovely **Boys2Men** who lead the pubCRAWL for those with heel blisters that wouldn't heal (yours truly) and other assorted critters & misfits. As the mASSES assembled at the Encinitas Coaster Station the anticipation was in the aire for a fine evening of fun n' delight!

The On-In was held at the Encinitas American Legion Post and what a fine hospitality they all showed us Hashers. Down-downs were held for those Hashers who were veterans or active military including: **Captain Zero**, **Swallow Bitzch**, **Penis Machinist**, **GloWorm**, **Zap**, and American Legion Member **Deep Throat** who lead us in a great song which got **Duncan-the-dog** Howling. Also honored were four local veterans who were serendipitously attending the Post that night: Don (AF), Bob (AF), Joe (USMC), and _____. Some super fantastic grub was served up by our experienced Hares ...for which said Hares received kudos during the traditional shitty trail song.

Following **Weed Whacker**'s Hashshit demo other down-downs were dispensed for:

- **Hawkeye** & **Deep Throat** for having been present at the first Full Moon Hash
- **Over Easy** & **Tassel Whacker** for being present at their first Full Moon Hash
- **Afterbirth** for being unemployed and showing a fake booby flash
- Smokers **Swallow Bitzch**, **Weed Whacker**, and **Dr Dive** for being smokers and into which was
drawn **Tassel Whacker** b/c when one Whacker drinks they all drink
- **Deep Throat** for impersonating a homeless person into which all the Hares were drawn
b/c when one Hare drinks they all drink
- **ICS** for snaring a Hare

Other sundry items seen or heard...

- Just Dave was named "**AshHole 2007**" much to **Spreadsheet**'s chagrin
- **Afterbirth** & **Boys2Men** were both seen riding **Duncan-the-dog**and looking like they were very very
much enjoying the feel of his fur on their crotch
- During a salute to Full Moon's Mismanagement, **Dr Dive** declared they are all fired and it's all him now!
- No birthdays were to be recognized and there were no welcome backs.

Ass Transit received the Hashshit for declaring tonight's Full Moon Hash the "Maureen Taylor Hash." There was also something in there about her having the PPO pay for her breast implants under the \$10 co-pay??

Boys2Men was fingered as the next Hare ...ummm, can I lick THAT finger?! ;-)

The reluctant Scribe for tonight's festivities was **Tassel Whacker** - the new arrival from Sir Walter H3 in Raleigh, North Carolina.

The Beaver Moon
Run #264
Saturday, November 24,2007

Our chilly nipple riser run #264 of the Beaver Fullmoon Hash was held at the Poway Community Center. The hares for the challenging, mostly shiggy, trail were **ECT & Dr. Z.** Also, featured were mystery Beavers of **Rolladix** & virgin hare **Here to Get Laid.**

On In was held at Patricks Irish Pub where hashers mixed with the usual bar patrons on the smoker friendly back patio. Those that stuck around afterwards got to hear the band play but we all know who has the best songs.

Down Downs -

--started with **Skid Mark** for attending to the gruesome task of having to remove a dead body from a car wreck and leading **Dr Z.** back to his house after the recent local fires in his normal line of duty as an Officer of the "Piece".

--Even though the run fee was a paltry \$2, **Everymans Wet Dream** and **Fuzzy** had to weigh down the Hash Cash by paying with coins instead of a bills and not just quarters but dimes and nickels.... Drink it down, down ,down you two !

--**Speadsheets** talented abilty to turn things on, most notably men, came to use when she was able to ignite the patio heater when nobody else could.

--This year's theme for the Beaver moon was "Cover a Beaver". Down downs were given to **Undercover, Spreadsheets** and **ECT** for their benevolence in bringing brand new beaver covers for our chosen "Panties for Pride" Charity. Now a few lucky ladies leaving prison won't have to worry about scrubbing skidmarks as part of integrating back into society

Hash Shit Nominations -

--were **AshHole** for spilling **Fuzzys** Guinness and **Cock Fondler** for taking the Hash Shit around the world on a two year deployment. Due to overwhelming applause, the Hash Shit was awarded to **Cock Fondler**, whom was also our hash shit demonstrator for the evening.

Special thanks to the hares were given with traditional song for a fun trail supported with **Dr. Zs** hot hard cider check.

Welcome Backs were given to **Dr Z** and **ECT** whom also took in numerous Homeless Hashers on thanksgiving. Special recognition was given for opening up their home to such a worthy cause.

First Timers **Don Juan a Beaner** and Just Scott had nothing better to do on a Sat. Night.

Be sure to come out Tues, Jan 22nd for the "Wolf" Full Moon Hared by **Boyz 2 Men.**

The Cold Moon
Run #265
Saturday, December 23rd, 2007

How does it happen that the drunkest person gets anointed to produce the Full Moon write up? I guess no one cares what goes in it (or on it!) and nobody really reads it anyway! So, here goes...

The day of the Cold Moon wasn't very cold. Hashers roused themselves from a night of frivolity at the SDH3 annual Holiday Party to brave the first hash of the day: The Hare of the Dog bike hash, hosted by yours truly, *Ass Transit*. I had cooked a turkey for Thanksgiving, but my new roommate gobbled down all the leftovers, so I had a hankerin' to cook another one. I popped the 24 pounder in the oven and started peeling spuds, mashing yams, and prepared to create another Thanksgiving dinner for some lucky bikers. *Lawrence of No Labia* arrived to help me guzzle champagne, *Dr. Dive* and his bride, *Burnt Ta Ta's* came ready to spend the whole day and then mozie over to the Full Moon, which happened to be a couple of miles away. *Fluff Boy* dragged his own blankie to the couch and just watched the Chargers trounce someone again. *Dildo Abuse*, the other hare, was nowhere to be seen. He finally rolled up, covered in flour and said the trail was ready to go, albeit about an hour late (oh well, that's the bike hash for ya). By this time the second hash of the day had probably started, the Blonde Bimbo Humpin' run, but people were more interested in trail and food so no one deserted.

After a spine-tingling game of Asshole, played by *Lawrence*, *Fluff*, *Dildo*, *Wonderschlong*, *LCB*, *FOS*, *Dr. Dive*, *Heaven's Gate*, *Freudian Slut*, and myself, we dragged ourselves to *Ice Box's* house. Unfortunately, *Dr. Dive*, *Lawrence* and I stopped off at a teacher friend's house and never made it to the run start. More drinking and reminiscing, and the Three Stooges finally staggered over to the On-In. *Dr. Dive* was ready to make a big impression for his first ever solo GM-ship, and he came prepared with a *Deep Throat* "look-alike" costume. A giant padded belly with a T-shirt scrunched about half way down so the belly button was exposed, the ubiquitous vest, and some other adornments that I don't remember because my vision was getting blurry by that time. I think we all enjoyed some beer soup, fabulous hospitality by *Ice Box* and a few glares from *Deep Throat*. From the scribbles on the write up sheet, I see that *LCB* did the hash shit demo for *Grassy Ass* who was a no show, *Lawrence of No Labia* was a first timer to the Full Moon, and Two Timers (those who did two hashes that day) were *Ass Transit*, *Dr. Dive*, *Dancing Queen*, *Lawrence of No Labia*, *Long Cutting Bastard*, *Full of Shit*, *Burnt Ta Ta's*, *Howdy Do Me* and possibly others. By this time I had melted into the floor and was pretending to be a dog whisperer to Murphy. I do remember *Penis Machinist* and *Ice Box* had a birthday, and the lovely *Pat My Ass* accompanied *Deep* and Murphy. *Dr. Dive* and *Ta Ta's* had birthdays cuming up, so that must be why they got stuck haring the next Full (Wolf) Moon. Not sure how *Dr. Dive* ended up as hash shit, but no doubt he deserved it!

On-On to more electrifying hashing in 2007!

(Editor's Note: Since no one did a write-up and the notes got lost, this is actually the write-up for 2006 Cold Moon, but I'm guessing that none you even noticed before reading this note. Glow)