

The Wolf Moon

Run #266

Tuesday, January 22nd, 2008

It was a nice, but cool night evening as the group gathered for yet another Full Moon hash. This time we were in Encinitas. At the appointed time, the hares took off and laid trail someplace. Where, I have no idea, as I took *Murphy Brown* for a walk around the block, and to basically watch her until Deep returned. The trail did end at the local VFW where the following down-downs were attempted by **Dr Dive**:

Weedwhacker - got a driver

Swallow Bitzch - now works at a Nuclear plant as a night light

Geriatricstud - rec'd the Eienstein award for asking if it was going to be a night run

Ass Transit, Deep Throat, Chicken Poop, & Glow Worm - for last month's write-up

Returners, who were each asked this question - where have you been?

Gay Boy from La Jolla answered that he had been wanking off, **Capt Jerk** said he was too busy watching **Gay Boy** wanking off, **Ass Hopper** said he was too busy watching **Capt Jerk** watch **Gay Boy** wank off, **Dork** said he was too busy watching **Ass Hopper** watch **Capt Jerk** watch **Gay Boy** wanking off, and **Dr Dive** said he was too busy wanking off while watching **Dork** watch **Ass Hopper** watch **Capt Jerk** watch **Gay Boy** wank off. In all, I think they had a wanking good time.

Spreadsheet - assigned a "virgin" to care for. Guess who isn't a virgin anymore?

Don Juan a Beaner - overachiever award for doing the Carlsbad marathon, Humping Hash, Larrikins and Full Moon

Gl Ho - tried selling Jesus action figures on trail

Bimbo - couldn't tell **Chicken Poop** and **Over Easy** apart

Afterbirth - who didn't know who the Beach Boys are

Oh Shit! What's That? - just because

First Timers - **Gl Ho, Sara, Mikey, Weapons of Mass Destruction, Last Cunt Here, Geriatricstud**

Birthdays - **Chicken Poop** drank for Martin Luther King

Hares: **Boyz 2 Men, Deep Throat, Oh Shit! What's That?**

The Hashit was given to **Ass Transit** for some reason or the other, but since she somehow managed to stick it on **Dr Dive's** bare ass, I was too busy laughing to write anything down. BTW, you might not want to drink from it now.

Glow Worm

The Snow Moon

Run #267

Wednesday, February 20th, 2008

It was a night of cosmic proportions. It was possibly a once in a lifetime event. It was a night where the sun, earth, and moon aligned in a way that not only produced a total lunar eclipse, but one that was visible in San Diego AND would happen during prime hash time. If only the damn RA's would have kept the clouds away so we could actually see the eclipse. Oh well, I guess that you can't have it all.

As this momentous event happened on a Wednesday, the Full Moon hash displayed it's dominance of the area by taking over, not one but both Wednesday night hashes. Thus we had the night "The Full moon Picked Up the Harriettes".

The evening began with the pack gathering at Westview Park (better known as **Swiss Piss Park**) in Mira Mesa in the parking lot. A few minutes after the hares should have left, someone walked up from the lower park to tell us the start was down there. **BORT** got so excited that he didn't bother to stop at the lower park until it was time to go, but took off by himself. The fact that he didn't bother to lay any trail marks won't be mentioned again until later.

Once the pack was off, it headed west along Capricorn to the first check that everyone got wrong as it wasn't marked by a certain hasher that will remain nameless (**BORT**). Once it got solved, the pack was off again heading north through the various subdivisions to the canyon at Black Mountain and Mercy Road. In an attempt to allow the pack to actually see part of the eclipse (did I mention that it was total one?) the hares lead the pack up and over the rather big hill at I-15 and Mercy. However, because the damn RA's hadn't done their jobs (did I mention that before?), we only got fleeting glimpses of the moon.

The trail ended back at **Swiss Piss Park** where **Dogfish** had a bunch of fixin's on for the hungry crowd of hashers. After a time, **Dr Dive** attempted to lead down-down's which went like this:

The hashit demo was done by **Weed Whack Her**. Everyone that purchased a limited edition Full Moon shirt were brought up. There were a bunch of Welcome Back's and First Timer's but I couldn't hear, so I missed the names. It was about this time that the Humper's proved that they could make anything worse. **B4** drank for being a visitor. The hares, **TJ Donkey Fluffer**, **MoJo's Bitch**, **DogFish**, **Easy Going** and **Impy** all drank followed by the hashits for the Harriettes - **TJ Donkey Fluffer** and **Pick Up - Heaven's Gate**. **Burnt Ta Ta's** drank for trying to get **Dr Dive** to get down-down's over quick so she could go home. There was a bunch of other down-downs but I couldn't hear so I don't know what they were, bringing new light to the saying, "You have to have control, to lose control". **BORT** was nominated for Full Moon hashit because of no trail marks (didn't I mention that yet?) but **Shigmata** got it for beer abuse, a cardinal sin at any hash. The Pickup and Harriette's **GM's** but pleaded for hares, and it was time for the hash to go in peace, may the hash get a piece.

On-On,

The Unknown Scribe

The Worm Moon

Run #268

Thursday, March 20th, 2008

The night of the March full moon was a great night for the Full Moon Hash! Normally the full moon at this time of year is called the **Worm Moon**, but since *Glow Worm* was being a slacker this year and wouldn't hare, *Dorkasaurus Rex* hared and we called it the **Dork Moon** instead. *Dork* wisely (or lazily) combined the evening with the Volleyball Hash and had the runstart at the volleyball by the south end of Everts St in PB. His co-hares for the evening were *Gay Boy* and *Spreadsheet*. From Fanuel Park they laid the trail eastwards to Mission Bay High School, then north and across to *Spreadsheet's* house for a well deserved beercheck. The trail was a typical *Dorkasaurus* trail of about 4 Dork miles (5.6 normal miles) and ended at *Dork's* favorite local dive bar, "The Dog". Down-downs were difficult to do because there were so many people from both volleyball and the Full Moon Hash, and because of the bad acoustics at the bar, but nonetheless down-downs were attempted.

We had a 'plethora' of virgins, which I suspect is something to do with the warm spring weather, or perhaps it's a revival of hashing, since Monday's Larrikins also had a buttload of virgins show up. Whatever the case we managed to name one of these virgins (the hottest female of course), and we broke two 'rules' of naming in the process - we named her on her first run, and we used her mortal name in her hash name. She came as "*Whitney*" and left as "*Mount Whitney*". She was very cute and I'm sure most of the guys wanted to mount *Whitney* too. She must have enjoyed the attention because she came to every hash for the next few days.

The other memorable down-down of the evening was for *Captain Zero's* birthday. As you may know, *Captain Zero* often gives people his porn DVDs for their birthday. So for his birthday we gave him our own porn DVDs. *Barbie* had the idea and *Studfinder* did the job of pasting various hashers heads over the actors heads on several *Captain Zero* video covers, and these were presented to *Captain Zero* in front of the circle. It was a hoot! There were even captions with some of the hashers and they were saying things like "Bionic Erect Dick!" and other such stuff. It was definitely the best birthday present *Captain Zero* ever got at a hash.

Among the few other hash crimes, *Donny Osmond* won the hash shit against several contenders for twice befuddling the circle and being too drunk to give a down-down.

All in all it was a great evening, and as I remember I woke up on *Dork's* couch on Friday morning, so I must have had fun.

Scribe for the evening - *Dr.Dive*

Full Moon Write up for Saturday April 19th, 2008.

Yet another full Moon comes and goes, and this one just happened to be the Pink Moon and run # 269 of the often imitated, never equaled Original Full Moon Hash.

The evening rolled around and the pack met at the Old Town trolley station parking lot. The hares for the evening were posted as G-Minor and Who Said Head. However, as the time for 'hares away' approached it became apparent that the hares weren't going to show up. At this point Dr.Dive gleefully announced that the hares had called him earlier in the day to say they weren't coming, and that the hash was going to be hared pick-up style with him as the first hare. At this moment the pack grinned simultaneously as they all secretly contemplated skipping the trail entirely and going straight to the On-In.

So away went the hare, followed by the pack 15 minutes behind. Initially the trail went parallel to the I-5, following the edge of Old Town. The hare was obviously partly lost because there were several back-checks, and the trail was at times hard to follow.

Seamen Free had brought her dog along for the run and wasn't impressed with the fences and walls that the hare threw into the trail as he bumbled his way through the area.

Partly lost, and bored with the lack of exciting terrain in the area, the hare eventually went up and around the verandahs of one of the office buildings in old town, following the 3-D maze of stairways and passages around the building. It was soon after this that he found himself cornered in a dead-end and became desperate for a way out. Instead of choosing a more sensible route, he jumped off a balcony and climbed down a nearby tree. There were only two members of the pack foolish enough to follow the hare's lead down this route, Don Juana Beaner and One Hand Bandito, and Bandito fell out of the tree and broke all the branches on the way down making it impossible for further members of the pack utilize this unique trail feature. Yes, this was safe and sane hashing at its best!

After this the trail continued up to Kelly's Pub, where the pack expected an impromptu beercheck, however the trail instead went behind the pub and followed the eroded cliff faces around and up the hill, and jumped over a gap onto some stairs in a condo complex, at which point Dr.Dive was snared by Don Juana beaner.

Don Juan did a similarly spectacular job of finding all the shiggy in the area, taking the pack through tall grass, into a small canyon covered with slippery nasturtiums, and then winding back through the streets of Old Town to the On-In at Pizza Bella, where the missing hares, G-Minor and Who Said Head, were found waiting for us.

Down-downs were a fairly sedate affair, especially since the trail had whittled the pack down to about two thirds of its size at the start. Coppertone Bone and Penis Machinist gave tales of their recent adventures at InterHash in Perth Australia, Tassel Whacker won the Einstein award for driving around Old Town and asking the hare where the start was, and Who Said Head received a down-down for her new job at biotech company, which she is sending broke by drinking all the semen they use for their business. G-Minor and Who Said Head were close runners up for the hash shit award, but their charms were sufficient for them to avoid getting the, which was instead won by Backdoor Banana Bitch for his efforts as beermesiter at San Diego hash the night before, where he brought only a quarter keg of stale beer, only enough beer to last the pack half an hour! Needless to say he won't be making that mistake again.

The Flower Moon

Run #270

Tuesday, May 20th, 2008

Here is a list of the down-down from last month's Full Moon Hash. If I get a actual write-up, I will include it with next month's.

Boobs - Del Mar Workout wannabe

Chicken Poop - using his position as a postman to get absolutely nada

Chicken Poop - driving by braille

Ken - was almost a Del Mar Workout wannabe for his sandals

Father Blows Best - is #2 to his friends

Incum Snatch - lost and found

Billie - I don't need no stinkin' running shoes

Oh Shit! What's That? - gourmet chef

A bunch of first timers

Hog Dog on a Stick - back to FMH3 after 12 years

Hares - Incum Snatch and Hawkeye

The Strawberry Moon
Run #271
Tuesday, June 17th, 2008

It was another great sunny San Diego evening for the June 2008 Strawberry Moon. The hares were **Flabio** (trail), **Studfinder** (food) and **Lawrence of No Labia** (beercheck). A pack of 23 appeared for the hash near Sunshine Park on 70th Street in La Mesa. After a fantastic trail by **Flabio** and wonderful beercheck at La Mesa High School by **Lawrence**, the pack finally arrived at Highwood Park for more beer, chili for dinner, and down-downs. Among the hash crimes of the evening were various members of the pack that the scribe can't remember. The highlight of the evening was that today was the first day of legal gay marriages in California and this point was worn to a bare thread by the GM. The Hash Shit was awarded to someone, also forgotten by this scribe, and thus were down-downs concluded.

The Buck Moon

Run #272

Thursday, July 17th, 2008

It was another great day for the Full Moon Hash with **Donny Osmond** haring in Pacific Beach. The runstart was the standard location at the corner of Cass & Reed streets by the library, and the trail was a typically predictable one in PB, through the streets and along the ocean boardwalk, but the surprising part was how long the trail was – 6.1 miles! The amusing part was that **Donny** hared on a bicycle but still got snared twice on trail. Well at least he hared live.

After this strenuously long trail the pack was taken past the volleyball to pick up the volleyball crew, and then went to the standard ending location at The Dog. It's perhaps no surprise that **Dork** used the exact same runstart, had the exact same ending, and also had a six mile trail just a few months earlier for the Worm Moon.

Down downs were short and sweet. Among the virgins to the Full Moon Hash were Just **Norman**, Just **Mick**, Just **Darrell**, Just **Dave** and Just **Dennis**. Welcome backs and visitors included **Rump Bumper**, **Fluff Boy**, **Microscrewery**, **Turd Bird**, **1-2 Covered In Goo**, and **Semen Biscuit**. A vain attempt was made to ask them where they'd been but this was quickly abandoned in the interest of time since there were too many.

Among the visiting hashers was a hasher called **Three Ball Jay** from Eugene Oregon, who'd brought along a piece of pipe which he called a Zombie Killer. This is a piece of plastic pipe that's put over the arm, and the wearer is forced to drink without being able to bend their arm. This inevitably results in beer being poured all over the wearer's face. This gag was used to good effect for several down-downs, although **Donny** was notable for scammed his way out of it every time by grabbing his mug with his other hand and drinking.

Father Blows Best also showed us his amazing drinking trick, in which he puts his mouth around a beer glass and downs it with no hands.

Several more people were made to drink from the Zombie Killer before down-downs were concluded with guerillas and then hash shit nominations. As far as can be remembered the hash shit was passed to **Donny** for getting snared twice on a bicycle, for his overly long trail and for not drinking properly from the Zombie Killer. And thus were down-downs concluded.

The Sturgeon Moon

Run #273

Saturday, August 16th, 2008

Once again the ol' notes come to the rescue. **Here to Get Laid** was supposed to write this trash, but flaked out on us, so you get the unknown scribe.

Some 17 hashers showed up in the La Mesa area for a trail laid by **Chicken Poop**. Could this be the only thing **Poop** has laid in a while? Anyway, trail was a nice 4 miler, that looped from the start up toward Grossmont College and then around to a Boll Weevil on, if I remember correctly, was on Fletcher Parkway. Since there were some children present for a while, down-downs were rather subdued at the beginning, and went something like this:

Hashshit Demo: **Dildo Abuse**

DFL's: **Suzanne** and **Choke Up Kids**

Here to Get Laid - moving to Tucson to be cheap and easy (isn't she already?)

Long Distance Hasher: **Jackmie Auff** came all the way from Van Nuys

Visitor's: **Jackmie Auff, Lion Queen, Choke Up Kids**

No Name Dennis: Chicken Poop wanted him for some reason

El Centro Hashers: **Here to Get Laid** (she does get around, doesn't she?), **One Hand Bandito, Sit Trot's A lot, Fish Called Wanda, Chicken Poop** (what was he doing in El Centro?)

Dildo Abuse: a chessy down-down for new shoes

Choke Up Kids: has no friends on Hashspace

Just Say No: **Sir Twat's A lot and Fish Called Wanda**

Hare: **Chicken Poop**

Hashit: It almost went to **Dr Dive** who went to the Larrikin's campout instead of showing up at the hash where he is GM, but **Tassel Whacker** got Hashit for calling **Oh Shit! What's That?** a bitch.

The Unknown Scribe

The Original Full Moon Hash # 274

The Harvest Moon

09/16/08

Hare: Doktor Dive the Dancing Gay Ballerina

Most of us had a premonition when the directions to this Hash said "...ignore the 'DEAD END' sign and go to the end of the road. And yet there was a good turnout for this one. As usual, **Dok Dive** realized the results of some fine, exploratory scouting as he lead the pack into still more virgin territory. Somehow, no one was surprised when the trail began at a sewage treatment pump station.

Apprehensions of slogging through the marshes of Sorrento slough were dispelled when Dive took off up a hill leading us to what we thought was the sole option of I-5 as a destination. Instead he used decades-old dirt roads to bring us to the edge of a commercial development where the trail lead us to Carmel Mountain Rd. From there it was east under the freeway to some frontage trail to the north. Dive was genuinely surprised to be snared by **Drag** inside of two miles. Soon, as the pack began to catch up, Dive had a six hound escort. Before long we hopped a fence and navigated a slot canyon to a YBF. At this point most of the rest of the pack were perplexed at the site of the FRBs and the hare running back toward them.

Eventually we were lead to a swath of cleared ground around the back yards of the houses overlooking Sorrento Valley and some of its tributary canyons. One thing lead to another and we headed north to the Beer Check before we made our way around Ruth's Chris Steak House to some familiar terrain under I-5 and back south along old Sorrento Valley Rd. and back to A' and the ON-IN.

Down-Downs:

- The Hash Shit Demo down-down was performed by **Ass Transit** who was rumored to have held the giant cheese-head hat captive for nearly six months.
- **BOOBS!** was cited for taking a tumble on trail and landing on her ass with her legs in the air on either side of a bush.
- Dok Dive called for DFLs and found himself standing alone for finishing after half of the pack.
- "Who didn't snare the Hare?"- **Murphy, Deep Throat, Zap, and Lawrence of No Labia...**
- **Heaven's Gate** was called up for nominating Dive for GM three years ago resulting in this night's dismal down-downs.
- Dive was accused of ruining the stench of the treatment plant with the foul aroma of durian.
- **Isaac** and **DQ** drank a down-down for complaining about the smell not knowing that they were seated over a sewage vent.
- Dok Dive drank *again* for responding to a request from **Tatas** to kiss her where it stinks and then driving her to a durian field.

Hash Shit Nominations:

- Lawrence of No Labia for stealing the Hash Shit.
- Dok Dive won for numerous infractions cited above.

First Timers: Tommy, Whack Job, Bodsa, McCavity and other assorted mush-mouths.

Birthdays: Chicken Poop, Oh Shit! What's That? and Glow Worm.

Announcements:

- Dive let us know that there was plenty of durian left.
- Deep Throat informed us that the FMH3 next month would be the 22nd Analversary, the AGM and that it would be in Cardiff by the Sea.

Your scribe at gunpoint- Drag

The Hunter's Moon

Run #275

Thursday, October 16th, 2008

It was another fantastic evening for the often imitated, never equaled Original Full Moon Hash's 22nd anniversary and 275th run. As is traditional for the anniversary, Deep was the hare, and he had his usual harem of co-hares with him, this time it was Ass Transit and Oh Shit What's That.

The trail was a typical Deep affair, a maze of back streets in the Encinitas area, with just a smidgen of shiggy to keep the pack from saying there wasn't any, and a token beercheck to say there was one. The On-Inn was at The Office, a suitable dive bar in Cardiff with a toy train that ran around the ceiling as its only novelty. There, Ass Transit served up a storm of spaghetti and meatballs which was much enjoyed by the pack.

As always down downs began with virgins, but there were so many it was decided to make them call out their names and who made them come all at once in a cacophony of responses. Two people from Australia (Two Dicks and his wife, name now forgotten in the blur) somehow missed the call for virgins and were singled out of the crowd. It turned out they were Australian visitors and thus, much to their chagrin, they were welcomed with the "All Australians are Born Illegitimate" song. Among the welcome backs were two old time hashers, Chuck and Tacky. Deep seemed to know them but no one else did.

As part of the annual festivities old mismanagement were called up. First and foremost was Glow Worm who has dedicated his entire lifetime to the betterment of the Full Moon Hash. Dairy Queen was also recognized for her service as haberdasher for many years.

At that point Dr.Dive, the GM of the past two years made his announcement of the new GM for FMH3, "Duncan No Nuts", the dog of Oh Shit, What's That. It was a false announcement of course, and without further adieu, Dr.Dive brought in Deep to announce the real GMs.

The election was completely rigged of course and the new GMs had no idea they were about to be nominated for the task. Deep announced that Chicken Poop and Dork had won and were our new GMs. This brought many moans and cries of disappointment from the crowd. Dr.Dive was happy to be relinquished of his duty and yelled "Har Har" to welcome them to their new mismanagement positions.

Dork and Chicken Poop were caught completely unawares, and had no down-downs whatsoever to entertain the crowd, so they called up the hares in desperation. This was followed by guerilla down-downs in which Dr.Dive told Dork about all the times he had cleaned his underwear using Dork's toothbrush and various other horrifying tales of things done while Dork was passed out.

The final order of business was hash shit, which Dr.Dive won for his two years of duty as GM of the hash. And thus were down-downs concluded. At that point Deep's dog Murphy crapped on the floor of the bar in protest and everyone went quickly on their merry way.

Your scribe for the evening, Dr.Dive (it's all about me!).



The Original Full Moon Hash

Run #276

Beaver Moon 13 November 2008

Beavers: ECT, GayBoy, Spreadsheet

Approximately 30 hashers and harriettes assembled for the Beaver Moon. I remember 22 years ago when Mr Spock and VanGo started the Original Full Moon Hash. It was another fantastic FMH with the ending at a local pub (Leucadia Pizzeria). Not much has changed in 22 years except the tradition of de-pants-ing those who are slow with their downdowns. ;-)

True to the hares there were no hills (there were at least 2), no checks (there were at least 10), no shiggy (except for the first mile), and not a beer check to be found (except at Ecke Park).

Announcements included:

Next FMH: December 11, 2008. 6:30pm. Hares: ICE BOX
Humpin' Hash New Years Eve revelry. Hilton Carlsbad See
Captain Jerk for details

All but a few hashers/harriettes got downdowns ... here goes

1. ECT: Drinking for her civic pride and panty collection going to Panties For Pride
2. ChickenPoop: Stop fondling the panties
3. FairMount: Free beer for the scribe
4. Hawkeye: trying to drink beer from a bone dry glass
5. GayBoy, PW, Spreadsheet: getting wounded and losing at PaintBall.
6. Psycho, Captain Jerk, BORT, Nookie Monster and others
WELCOME BACK!
7. Krisin, her mother, Hartley, Leslie -> First Timers
8. Poop-A-Saurus: Chicken Poop and Dork-A-Saurus New
GM/HareRaiser
9. ECT, Chicken Poop, Spreadsheet: Hares dressed as Beavers
10. Sir Isaac drank several times
11. Psycho for singing the Marine Song (which I thought was
awesome!)

BORT is Hashit for being utterly and entirely INSENSITIVE

The rest is a blur for me. See you at the Cold Moon- December 11, 2008
On On, FairMount

The Cold Moon

Run #277

Thursday, December 11th, 2008

The Cold Moon rose fresh and clear in the fine city of Encinitas on December 11th, the 277th running of the Full Moon Hash. With Bailey, the Great Grand Nephew of Murphy in tow, Deep Throat, Boyz 2 Men and myself took off on a brisk walking pace. F. Slut and Angelina almost ran us down trying to get to the run start, but we waved them off with vague misdirections. The trail meandered through the streets of East Encinitas, Olivenhain, and bordered on Rancho Snotty Fe. After about an hour, we finally short cut to the back side of Ice Box's house. Lured by the smell of beer cheese soup, we finally made it up the last big hill.

In attendance were Mojo, La Bufadora, Dairy Queen, Sir Isaac, and Dr. Dive, former GM of the Full Moon. Witchfucker had barely recovered from the melee that erupted from his room at the San Diego Hash Christmas Party, and Gay Boy from La Jolla was tuckered out from attempting to blow up a giant inflatable candy cane. I think there was some lame reference to a limp dick during down downs. Chicken Poop was without Dork as GM, so he affected some sort of formal GM duties, claiming he has been running the Full Moon since 1988 so he was allowed. Boobs and InCumSnatch added some beauty to the pack, and Glow Worm was of course our able bodied hash cash.

Birthdays being honored were Penis Machinist and Ice Box, who was also noted for having hared the Cold Moon for 11 years running. Next year she might be off on some wild adventure with the Peace Corps.

Just Anita from Cleveland and **Just Kristin** were brought up as first timers, and F. Slut took the prize for being DFL. Drag did an impressive "virtual down down" via his phone, slugging down the image of a beer. He also came up with a gorilla for Deep Throat, something about him looking like Nixon in the Frost Nixon movie, but it went over like a lead balloon and he got hash shit.

I was elected to do the write-up, apparently because Chicken Poop likes being a GM Nazi.

Thanks for being a great hostess, Ice Box!

Respectfully submitted by Ass Transit