

Full Moon Hash
The Wolf Moon
Wednesday, January 19, 2011

Full Moon in Poway. I arrived late and pulled into the parking lot when PM arrived. Now how did that happen? He sent me off running heading up the hill. I have run here before but do not remember a hill well mountain we climbed and climbed then down and back to the start. On the adventure Coppertone ran into me and we stated together for a while. But he went on ahead. I pasted a Brandon resting at the top of the first hill. I pasted GW on trail which surprised me that he would walk such a difficult long trail. I found out later that our 5 mile trail was announced as being 2 miles from the Hare. (Never trust the hare)

Heading down hill I slipped and fell on my butt so hard on a rock that I saw stars. I guess bimbo had fallen earlier on the same rock. We defiantly compared bruises latter.

Finally back at the park I found everyone was still there drinking beer I thought I was DFL. Coppertone came in later because he took a wrong turn somewhere on trail. On On to the On In.

Where Deep did down downs and Zap showed up.

We had some great down downs. Padii of course so beautiful was able to get a virgin hare first time to Full Moon. The Hasher w/No Name great trail

Income Snatch gave some great advise to our Virgin Hare that was we do not do beer checks. This of course started a Hash shit uproar.

Hash Shit would have gone to Incum Snatch but she was so glad that Throws Up told a Harriett to get dressed because he owned it then.

Scribe is Ginger Snatch second time around because I bailed on GW last month.

Nikki, Brandon and Hue first timers to Full Moon

Snow Moon – Feb 17th

ThrowsUp/StaysUp – hash shit for telling Padii to put her pants on.

Blood on Trail - Ginger Snatch and Bimbo

Dog handlers on trail - Deep, Mas, OhShit

Welcome Back - Incum Snatch

Snow Moon
Run # 304
Thursday, February 17th, 2011

Once again, here I sit. It is the night before the next full moon and I am trying to remember what happened last month as the scribe once again bailed. This time the scribe _____ to get out of doing a write-up. Seems like a lot of effort to
(Insert reason here)
get out of scribing. Maybe I should just start a standard writeup form and just change the names each month. Yeah, that will work. So let's get started.

Actually, no one was drafted to be the scribe, but in the end it still works out the same.

We had a virgin hare for the evening, one "Weenie Schnitzel" and he was as nervous as a knife fighter in a gunfight. After a while the jitters calmed down some, and off he went and after the appropriate time, the pack followed and made it to the first check which wasn't solved for quite some time. In the search for trail, I got separated from the pack and having overheard where the beercheck was going to be, headed in that direction only to get lost. After my own period of searching, I managed to find my way back to the start which so happened to be the On-In and then we waited for the pack to show.

In due time, the pack arrived, ate, drank, and tried to feel up Mary. Padii drafted Capt. Jerk to help with down-downs as Deep Throat had better things to do that evening. (Was it worth it Deep?) In Cum Snatch was there but every time she walked up in front of the circle she lost her voice.

After gathering on the patio, the first order of business was a celebration of life down-down for Dork who is now happily shortcutting trail on his way to the big On-In in the sky. Here's to Dork, he's a real fine guy.....

From scribbled notes, I believe down-downs went like this:

Mas Penis - being the Oggi's Driver (or was that doing an Oggi's Driver)
Mas Penis was also lost and then found. (Honest, we found here in the last past we looked.)
Ivanna Horney keep showing her tits, so she was brought up numerous times during down-downs. From what I heard, the look on a diner's face inside was quite priceless.
Capt Zero - didn't know if he was cuming or going
Flabio - lost Padio (wtf?)

And try as I might, I can't make out any more of the notes.

All in all, for a virgin hare, Weenie did a fair job of confusing the pack (but then again, it doesn't take much to confuse the pack) but everyone made it back and entertained by the numerous showings of Ivanna's tits.

The Worm Moon

Run #305

Thursday, March 17, 2011

It was St. Patrick's Day and the hash gathered in La Mesa for the Worm Moon hash along with the hares Irish Cream and Glow Worm.

Irish Cream was there to warm us up with some pre-lube consisting of her namesake liqueur. The Bailey's went well with the Irish whiskey brought by Clappy Birthday, a first timer and recent transplant from the east coast. Two other newbies, Just Cesar (a virgin), and Just Scott, were brought by Shoeless Ho, but they didn't bring any alcohol to share with the group. Obviously Shoeless Ho's newbies weren't as popular as Clappy Birthday.

The hares were away after the typically unhelpful Hare Lies. Promises of shiggy and long trails measured in Dork Miles, were dismissed by most of the pack as unbelievable. One hasher, local resident Just John, was new enough to believe the hare lies and looked forward to a long, tough trail. Just John is an actual r*nnner, if you can believe that.

The pack was soon away in hot, or rather tepid, pursuit. The hares obviously put a lot of thought into their pre-layed trail because the checks and false trails slowed the FRBs enough to keep the pack together. Even Shoeless, who stuck with his running/walking virgin, was able to stay with the pack for most of the trail. One of the hares' dirty tricks included hare arrows pointing up a wash recently hashed by SDH3. It turned out to be a false trail.

The trail ended at Gus's Subs and Pizza, where the staff at the restaurant was clearly entertained by our behavior. Food and drinks were ordered and then Chicken Poop called the circle to order for down-downs with a hash-shit demonstration courtesy of Glow Worm.

Easy Going got a down-down for blood on trail (a repeat offender).
Clappy Birthday got a down-down for winning money at the casino.
Chicken Poop got a down-down for referring to Cereal Box as Litter Box.
Ginger Snatch earned herself a down-down for crying on trail when she ran past her child's first classroom.
Damsel In Dis Dress and Lick Father Lick Son, were welcome backs.

Just John was the recipient (victim?) of a guerrilla naming. The waitress brought his order to the table and kept calling it out. "Nine inch turkey? Nine inch turkey? Who is the nine inch turkey?" John finally noticed and replied "That's me!" This resulted in an instant decision for a naming and Just John will now be forever known as Nine Inch Turkey.

The Hash Shit was passed to Easy Going for not only falling for an "Eagle trail" which was simply a do-loop around the original trail again, but for leading two unnamed hashers astray with her.

Next, announcements were made, and Damsel and Lick encouraged people to go to Humpin's Bar to Band debauchery that weekend.

The hash then went in peace to go get a piece.

FULL MOON HASH RUN # 306

PINK MOON

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 2011

Hares: PADII, Weenie Schnitzel, Cannabis Lickedher, & Roach

A pleasant Sunday evening with a relatively central run start at the Carmel Valley Park & Ride. We were in for a pleasant surprise as PADII had recruited old (and I mean really OLD) time hashers Cannabis and Roach to help. Along with Weenie Schnitzel the hares took off and hobbled off into the night. Cannabis slowed to a hobble after a couple of hundred yards and started to look for a taxi.

The pack took off and headed east. The trail lead off road behind the Shell station and paralleled the 5 north for bit before cutting back in behind Tio Leo's. From there it was a twisting trail with a couple of drainage ditches thrown in working our way through the amorphous collection of beige housing that is Carmel Valley. After a time, the beer/jello shooter check stopped at PADII's for a welcome break. Then back out on trail for the run back. Walking as I was left me pretty much at the back of the pack, but now I had a little company. I have to admit when we got to the trail going over the 56 and ultimately offroad, I bailed. No flashlight and the thought of crawling under the 5 convinced me. So we shot straight back to the park & ride and headed to Sam's for the on in. That turned out to be a shame as Weenie had marked the trail with candles to guide us through. The big moment of excitement happened as we passed Tio Leo's again and Tai Kwan Blow's huskie snared a hare and preceded to eat it on the spot.

After a time down downs started. The material was a bit thin as I was in the back of the pack and the only people narking each other out were the hares:

Hashit demo – Easy Going

Oh Shit – called a hasher in Guam to get directions to the run start

Hashers of the Jewish persuasion – last beer before Passover begins

Oh Shit (drinking for Tai Kwan Blow) – hare snare

Cannabis – had to get a ride from the Shell station as he was exhausted from his quarte mile run

Weenie Schnitzel -giving away condoms because he never has the opportunity to use then himself

Weenie Schnitzel – the lonely hare; only a couple of hashers ran his trail

Roach – boasting about PADII's tits to a total starnger in an effort to get her to show them

Bimbo By Day – Cougar Alert! Wants to see Weenie's schnitzel

Welcome Back – Roach, Speaks In Tongues, Cannabis

First Timers – Lana, Bob, Puss in Boobs

Glow Worm – Nine years of blissful retirement from the Navy

Hares – PADII, Weenie, Cannabis, Roach; great trail

Hashit – Throws Up, Stays Up Pissing off PADII

Your faithful scribe, Deep Throat

Flower Moon

Run # 307

Wednesday, May 18th, 2011

In Mira Mesa, a chilly evening with moisture laden puffy clouds above, greeted the original, often imitated but never equaled Original Full Moon Hash House Harriers. Half the pack had assembled at the Black Mountain Village Shopping Center while the hare, Throws Up Stays Up, and others untied across the street at Mira Mesa Square near the Tom Cat Bar and Grill. Challenging run start directions on the web site were to blame for this occurrence.

With everyone seemingly in the same spot, the hare dispensed his pre-run brief and was off into the urban jungle of Mira Mesa. Trail started North along Black Mountain Rd. The first check at Gavin St. took a while to solve but we eventually located far away marks East on Gavin. Another check turned the pack North and up to the Mira Mesa Ice Arena where we were directed to climb over a fence behind the arena. Somebody located a hole in the fence so we avoided this obstacle only to discover another, a six foot wall was just beyond the fence bordering a residential cul-de-sac. Only Easy Going required assistance here.

Next, we found ourselves Eastbound on Capricorn where a check at Westview Parkway stalled the pack for an extended period of time. Trail was found on Dauntless St. (as was the pack) heading up to that big dirt hill with the pipes on top. A few streets later, we were introduced to shiggy and now climbing that great mound. On up and just beyond the crest of the hill, complete with beautiful views, we started heading downward toward the Northwest where the beer check was found. Coors Light refreshed the FRB's as the slower runners caught up and joined them.

From here, trail continued downhill to reunite with pavement on Babauta Rd. Now heading West, we came across a residential pocket park where we stopped for an outstanding view of the sunset. Lost trail at this point stumbled the pack until marks were seen further down Babauta Rd. Trail continued down to Black Mountain Rd. and then South on the sidewalk all the way back to the run start and the On In at the Tom Cat Bar and Grill.

Deep Throat arrived at the venue just in time to recite down downs.

After the Hash Shit Demo Down Down by Throws Up Stays Up, Pigeon Shit drank for bragging that he was the oldest hasher on trail.

Easy Going drank for bringing the hash shit hat to Porter's Pub instead of Full Moon.

Deep Throat, Mojo's Bitch, and Doctor Dive chugged one down for not running trail.

Penis Machinist was recognized for short cutting back to the start when trail got steep.

Locals, Tijuana Donkey Fluffer and Mojo's Bitch tossed one back for driving to the start yet only live a few blocks away.

The hare, Throws Up Stays Up drank a few more times for confusing run start directions and for agreeing to hare his trail on late notice.

Birthday down down to Mojo's Bitch.

First Timers: Clit Nose, Brandon and Eva.

Hash Shit nominations went out to Glow Worm and Throws Up Stays Up with the latter winning handily.

And that's the way it is. On on, Chicken Poop

Strawberry Moon

Run # 308

Wednesday, June 15th, 2011

In some Mesa or another, a chilly evening, greeted the original, often imitated but never equaled Original Full Moon Hash House Harriers. Half the pack had assembled at one end of the parking lot, while the hare, *Labiator*, and others untied across the parking lot near a KGB truck. Challenging run start directions on the web site were to blame for this occurrence.

With everyone seemingly in the same spot, the hare dispensed her pre-run brief and was off into the urban jungle of this Mesa. Trail started in some direction along some road. The first check at somewhere took a while to solve but we eventually located far away marks somewhere on somewhere. Another check turned the pack someway and up to somewhere where we were directed to walk around a fence behind some area.

Actually, the trail was advertized as a 3-mile eagle, and the hare was really telling the truth. The trail started out cutting across the side of one of the many canyons in the area until it popped out on some streets. After a while on the street, trail turned left, away from the start, which was also the end (ok, it was several hundred feet for the start but close enough that there was no B-van). This caused some momentary confusion because of the afore mentioned 3 mile trail, but after just a block, the trail turned west and headed to the beer check, and then back to the very corner where the confusion reigned. Well, confusion always reigns at a hash, but we do what we have to do. Trail then headed almost directly back to the start / end.

As usual, the scribe bailed and I am trying to read some chicken scratches on a piece of paper. I won't mention who the scribe was, but I am sure that *Aughghghgh* knows who it is.

Deep Throat showed up at the end just in time to do the hashit demo down-down.

Other down-downs, in no particular order, were:

Labiator for a solo hare, and for using different types of checks.

Whack Job was a welcome back.

Dirty Dingus for having a small dick.

Teenie Weenie for singing a very un-orginial, original song (and for having a small dick).

Just Sheena for (fe)manning the beer check.

Trannie Appleseed for being DFL.

Fuzzy Wuzzy drank a down-down for not getting a down-down.

Glow Worm because he hadn't had a down-down yet.

Just Mike, *Just Chris* and *Just Matt* drank for working with *Just Sheena* and *Labiator* and for showing up to see what hashing is all about.

Labiator and *Sheena* for haring.

The notes don't record it, but I am sure that *Chicken Poop* drank for screwing up a down-down or for some other silly reason.

Last, and certainly least, *Deep Throat* was given the hashit for doing such a good job during the hashit demo (and because he was so late).

And that is all the news that is fit to print and some that wasn't. - *Glow Worm* -

Buck Moon
Run #309
Thursday, July 14th, 2011

A somewhat small group of hashers gathered on a side street off of Morena Blvd waiting with baited breathe for our illustrious hare, Chicken Poop, to head off to parts unknown (as if there are any "parts unknown" left in San Diego).

Trail started off by climbing this short but extremely steep hill and heading south overlooking Morena. After a bit, the trail headed east through a couple of apartment complexes and then north into a canyon. It was about that time I realized I had dropped my cell phone somewhere on trail and turned to back in an attempt to find it. Remember that short but steep hill? While attempting to cautiously work my way back down it, I slipped and slid to the bottom on my bottom. Other than my pride nothing was hurt and I landed next to my cell phone.

The On-In was at Boll Weevil restaurant but it wasn't called Boll Weevil. Another attempt to confuse us poor hashers?

From my trusty backup notes, down-downs went sometime like this:

Hashit Demo: In Cum Snatch (standing in for Deep Throat)

Welcome Backs: Father Blows Best, BORT, Heaven's Gate, Dale and Nookie Monster

First Timers: Golden Showers, Sonja and Tripe Loser

Scribe: Trannie Appleseed (who didn't turn anything in)

Blood on Trail: Glow Worm (see above)

Boob Check Gone Wrong: Trannie Appleseed

(Not) Short Cutting Bastards: In Cum Snatch, Heaven's Gate, Private Tofu, Trannie Appleseed, BORT, Triple Loser

Duncan No Nuts: actually worked as a service dog by having a beer opener on his collar

Hare: Chicken Poop

Hashit: In Cum Snatch

Sturgeon Moon

Run #310

Thursday, August 13th, 2011

An overcast yet warm August day greeted the pack dutifully assembled at Gershwin Park in beautiful Clairemont (aka. God's Country) for the 310th running of the San Diego Full Moon Hash. Arriving just before hare lies were dispensed by Fluff Boy and Penis Machinist, I noticed many unfamiliar faces at the Full Moon Hash, but then, this was day six of Get A Life Week.

Before the pack transitioned from walking to running we had already met with plus solved two checks and were in deep shiggy just a short distance from the run start. Trail hugged the hillside going North before going down into San Clemente Canyon. Here, at the lowest elevation, poison oak was seemingly everywhere. Many questioned why we were running through it as they slowed down to a walking pace just to avoid the occasional errant bush encroaching our path. Soon, an Eagle / Turkey split was had but by virtue of confusing marks, many, if not most of the Turkeys found themselves on the Eagle trail.

Still Northbound, we crossed under highway 52 and climbed up toward University City. At the first opportunity for a check, we solved it straight up into yet another poison oak laden canyon on an overgrown trail. Again, most of the packed tread lightly and very slowly as not to engage physically with that previously mentioned noxious weed. Eventually, trail reached Stanley Park on Governor Drive, then moved Westerly through assorted residential streets before heading back South on Regents Rd. Reaching the canyon floor again we re-tread a portion of old trail to find Fluff Boy and the beer check. Very apologetic, he directed us toward the split again, this time with clear instructions on where to find the turkey trail. So, back on track, we headed South up the wall of the canyon and back into Clairemont. Three of four checks later, familiar territory was embraced as we were now close to the On In at Casa de Donny Osmond.

Here, a nice pool greeted the frustrated pack as did chips and salsa plus Costco pizza. Good beer and wine was also present in large quantities. After much eating, drinking and merry making, down downs commenced with Chicken Poop taking over for Deep Throat who was still on his European vacation.

Incum Snatch performed the Hash Shit demo down down.

Turd Bird was honored for taking over as hash cash combined with Flip Flop who brought dozens of glow stick bracelets so that everyone could pretend to be Glow Worm.

Dr. Dive drank for buying a jacket at Burlington Coat Factory just to stay warmer while making a beer and ice run to Vons. He intended to return the coat after the hash was over.

Fluff Boy drank for being the Get A Life Week #9 Czar.

Penis Machinist and Fluff Boy chugged for having ran both hash trails on that Saturday.

First timers were so numerous as to dwarf the rest of us. Incum Snatch introduced them.

Turd Bird announced next month's run which takes place on the tenth anniversary of 9/11.

Donny Osmond drank for being the sole birthday and lonely Leo of the group.

Gorilla down downs had first timer Beth drinking for new shoes and Donny Osmond for not knowing the difference between poison oak and poison ivy.

Hash nominations were many, including Dr. Dive, Shocka By Proxy and Incum Snatch but it was Fluff Boy who won the prize for multiple haring indiscretions.

And that's the way it all went down at the Full Moon Hash where you can't always name your poison.

On on, Chicken Poop

Harvest Moon

Run #311

Sunday, September 11th, 2011

There was a still in the air as the pack filtered into Spreadsheet's old home, the run start location for the September meeting of the Original Full Moon Hash. Appropriate as the mourning for all those lost on this day 10 years ago filled the atmosphere. But spirits were high as the Chargers had just won their 2011 season home opener against the Vikings. Blue and gold were not the colors for the day, however. Most were dressed in red white and blue to commemorate 9/11.

An eclectic and patriotic pack of hounds (38, I think) listened to the hare, Turd Bird, dole out the pre-run brief, then he was off into the wilds of Pacific Beach. The trail began with a check in the alley behind the run start. After a few minutes of head scratching (or other less appropriate body parts) we were on trail to the North, then East crossing Soledad Mountain Road into the Eastern climes of P.B.

Well placed checks had the pack always guessing but kept us together. After heading North by Wesley Palms, trail turned West and again crossed Soledad Mountain Road into a newer neighborhood and then onto Beryl St. by way of a school yard and a church parking lot. At Lamont we headed up to Kate Sessions Park. Just before the park, we lost trail. Seems that a hash unfriendly home owner adjacent to the park swept away all the puffs of flour she could find near her home. This caused the pack to miss the beer check as well as wander the park until finding hare arrows way up above the grass in the parking lot.

Next, trail headed West in the area of Los Altos Street where an E / T Split was had. The eagles went further than necessary by missing a check back 4. Darkness combined with blue chalk contributed to this and other errors by the pack. A while later the two trails merged but then there was another split a short time later. Turkeys went South toward Garnet St. and the Eagles continued West for a few blocks before turning South. At the Silver Fox bar on Garnet St. an optional beer check was found. Several hashers sat down with a pint while watching Sunday Night Football. Trail then meandered through alleys and side streets before finally reaching Spreadsheet's, where Little Caesars Pizza awaited the now hungry hounds.

Deep Throat, back from his European vacation, presided over down downs. As Glow Worm was absent for the second month in a row, there was no cheat sheet on which to write notes for down downs and the scribe. So, Deep Throat just winged it as evidenced below:

Chicken Poop (subbing for Fluff Boy) performed the Hash Shit Demonstration Down Down

Pussywarts was awarded a cold cup of PBR for dressing the most patriotic

Spreadsheet was called up to drink for a "blond moment"

There were numerous first timers to the Full Moon H3 recognized with cold beer

A moment of silence was requested and enforced by Deep Throat in memory of 9/11

Turd Bird for s-h-i-t-t-y t-r-a-i-l

Deep Throat won the Hash Shit

Possibly, a few more down downs which I forgot. And then, the hash went in peace.

On on, Chicken Poop

Hunter's Moon
Run #312
Thursday, October 13, 2011

Yet again, it is the night before the next Full Moon and I am sitting in front of the computer trying to remember what happened last month. Oh well.....

It was a nice evening in the Morena district as a large group of hasher's gathered for the 25th anniversary of The Original, Often Imitated, but Never Equaled Full Moon Hash House Harriers. Wow, 25 years and 312 full moons ago this all began. Now there are dozens of other full moon hashes around the world. Almost makes you feel like a proud parent, but I digress.

The hares straggled in a couple of minutes after 6:30. Deep apologized for being late, but said he was stopped by a cop on the way to the start. For what he didn't say.

Trail headed off into the surrounding area, past a police car which we assume was the reason for Deep's tardiness. After a short bit, it became much harder to follow trail as someone decided they didn't want any flour on the ground and tried to sweep it away. I managed to find my way to the drink check for a small shot of pumpkin schnapps and then, as trail heading into Tecolote Canyon, decided to just walk back to the start and then to the on-on, which was a BBQ joint just a short distance from the start.

The pack slowly filtered in and then Deep, after getting sufficiently lubed up, began down-downs. And although Deep Throat isn't a doctor, he does write like one so the notes are a bit hard to decipher, but here goes.

Hashit Demo - Deep Throat

Boys2Men for going away.

Dick So Soft for being a cripple.

Mr Roarke and BORT had birthdays.

DeDuck drank just because.

Wax My Ass was late because he was having phone sex with his iPhone.

Dick So Soft for being late.

Glow Worm for many years of exceptional service to the Full Moon H3.

Hooting Beaver for being the next hare.

Mr Roarke - every dogs best friend.

Deep Throat and Ass Transit - hares.

The notes don't say who got hashit but I am sure it was for some good made up reason.

All in all, it was a fun night. Here's to the next 25 years.

On-on,

Glow Worm

Beaver Moon

Run #313

Wednesday, November 9, 2011

There we were... standing around in a Jack in the Box parking lot waiting for trail to start and for our hash cash Heaven's Gate (*and I always thought my name was Glow Worm ed.*) to finish collecting everyone's run fee's when the faint but identifiable smell of marijuana crept in. The first reaction was to wonder who was doing a safety check so close to the start. After looking around, we discovered that it wasn't any hashers (I think for the first time ever) but some teenagers or other rebellious types around in the area. After a few more minutes of chit chatting and hey how are your's, the pack was off in swift walk.

Right off the get go, the pack was fooled into thinking the hares were going to take us thru the parking lot on a wild goose hunt for marks among parked cars, though we soon discovered we were on a false trail. Back to the last check we soon discovered the trail lead us across Clairmont Mesa Blvd to a quiet neighborhood. The pack charged forward and found that the trail divided into a turkey and an eagle trail. As I did not go on the eagle you'll have to ask someone about that trail, but the turkey took off between two houses and found ourselves alongside a local sports park where there were unsuspecting mortals playing baseball and football as we ran past them shouting on-on. Trail then took us to the top of a canyon. The group then began our decent into the shiggy and out of the suburban jungle. At this point if you were on trail and didn't have a light source, it would have been difficult as the canyon was too small to have the moonlight to shine your way. The trail went on thru trees and bushes and across small streams that ran thru the center of the lush canyon. Soon the crevasse widened and the moons brightness lit the trail ahead and took us on. At a point near by the sound of faster paced footsteps began to arise. As I was on a light jog at this point and knew I was toward the front of the turkey pack (unknowing that the rest had turned around at the top of the canyon) I was surprised and yet frightened (for fear of being run over) to see the eagles had joined up and taken lead of trail. On-on to a beer check! As we began to climb our way out of the first canyon, I was kindly reminded that there was in fact a second canyon on the menu for this evenings trail and that it was to be a bit more aggressive getting in and out. So I, in traditional hasher fashion, decided to shortcut with a few of my hasher buddies, and we walked and jogged block after block passing eerily reminiscent houses seen imitated in movies like Edward Scissor Hands, and The Truman Show. All complete with perfectly manicured lawns that looked and probably were fake. Finally, after we turned the last corner, we saw this bright glowing sign and in front of the doorstep a beautiful chalk marking that marked this place to be the On-In. There we found all the hashers that had opted not to do trail, and our hares. After waiting for all the Eagles to return (as the turkeys had all shortcut back by that point), the hash reconvened to a dinning room on the first floor for down-downs. Glow Worm lead the pack and began by calling up all who had served in the military. As there were three in attendance, those who had ever serviced the military were also called up for special recognition. After the usual down downs were brought out, there then came the hash-shit nominations. While there is always the call to keep the hash shit, the pack decided that ZAP should receive the honor this time as he cut out on trail at the top of the first canyon, despite having some very attractive harriettes that he had been following. The pack then humored the restaurant owners with a verse of Swing Low and all dispersed. This is what my half-mind can recollect and though there was much more to be noted, you can do the write up next time! :-) On-On and Happy Drunk Trails!

Cold Moon

Run #314

Saturday, December 10, 2011

Somehow the Half-Ass Hash was allowed to join the Full Moon on this evening that also turned out to be a party for Whore-A-Hoop. As a result only about 10 hashers showed up for the trail, while the rest went straight to the party.

Trail started at the Bev Mo parking lot in Loma Portal. The first check was behind Bev Mo on Rosecrans. It took a bit of time to solve with a long BT in one direction and a YBF in another. The check was solved going both south and then west onto a side street off Rosecrans. The second check was easier to solve but everyone missed the check back 9. By now, the pack was familiar with each another having gone back and forth on trail so many times. We navigated some urban shiggy for a spell in which we came across drink check #1, spiced brandy and wine. A holding check, we all chatted and drank until released by the co-hare. By now we were in a very nice part of Point Loma enjoying all the Christmas lights and decorations the neighborhood had to offer. At one point we were directed to be careful when crossing Dumas St. About 10 minutes later, we found drink check #2, sweet tea spiked with vodka. Here, the co-hare cautioned us to remain quiet as we were about to enter more urban shiggy, she not being quite sure if this was private property or not. As we left the drink check, some hashers had difficulty "getting over the stump" so to speak as there was some very large downed trees across the trail. This stretch of shiggy was about half as long as the first one. Back on a pavement we soon arrived at the Half Assed / Full Moon split on Rosecrans near the old NTC. Turkey (Half Assed) went back toward the start and the Full Moon went in the opposite direction down Rosecrans. A check was found at the main commercial entrance to Liberty Station off Rosecrans. Like most of the previous checks, it took a while to solve. We ended up going further down Rosecrans before south into Liberty Station residential area. The next check was not solved for a while but when it was we meandered around all the way to the USS Recruit (also known as USS Never Sail) where the hare (Grassy Ass) manned drink check #3, a cocoa / peppermint schnapps cuntcocktion which won rave reviews from the pack. That, combined with the good beer (the first two drink checks only had yellow fizzy stuff), made this drink check everybody's favorite. And we hung around a while to enjoy the booze and one another's company. From here, trail skirted the channel on the very southern most boundary of Liberty Station going east back toward the start. I forgot how long this stretch was. NTC was a big place, mind you. It was so cold that fog had already began to form on the grassy areas in this remote part of the development. When we got to the Corvette Diner, I knew we were close to the exit. Trail crossed Lytton at St. Charles and then left and then right back to the start at Bev Mo. Here, we were reunited with the left overs from all the drink checks. It would have been quite satisfactory to have done down downs here but Whorelahoop and a number of other hashers were waiting for us at The Hole.

At the hole we found several dozen more hashers that showed up just for Whooplahoop's graduation party. Chicken Poop and Put A Dick In It tried to do down-downs but even with a mike it was difficult to hear over the crowd, but here goes. Chicken Poop did the hashit demo, followed by Welcome Backs, First Timers and Visitors. Coppertone Bone for ensuring he made all of the drink checks. It was determined that OutWhore can jiggle more than anyone else, especially with her "tits out for the boys." Chicken Poop drank for showing up at last months full moon a day late. BORT and Eysle drank for doing something on a small rope in the shiggy. Apparently Eysle knows how to wrap her legs around a small item. Out Whore had a birthday.

Whorelahoop finally graduated from UCSD. She can now read at a 2nd grade level, and can now actually spell SHIP.

The hares Grassy Ass, Creme, Goes Down Syndrome then drank for a truly shitty trail, followed by anyone that was in mismanagement of any hash.

And finally, Whorelahoop got hashit for being the attention whore that she is.