

# The Wolf Moon

## Run #191

Tuesday, January 29th, 2002

Lightning was striking as I left home for the run. It had rained earlier, but now there's hope to see the Full Moon from behind the clouds. As I drove to the start a caller on the radio announced that it was snowing, not hailing on Miramar Rd. and the golf course was blanketed with snow! (I was able to see it the following morning at work). When I arrived at the start Jack Shit was pouring some home brew to those who arrived early. I soon took over, so he could reset the trial live that had just been washed out 2/3rds into his pre-lay.

Hash Trash finally arrived, and we took off from the parking lot of La Jolla Village Square. La Buff and I were the back of the pack, but soon caught up to Swiss Piss and others trying to solve the checks at UCSD. Once we left the campus into the Eucalyptus trees we circled back to the start for another taste of home brew, and left the pack to enjoy the trail to the beach and back. Front runners like Good Tail had made it down the beach with no problem. Swiss was drawn north on the beach towards Blacks for some perverted reason. It was evident that others had short cutted the trail because they were back at the start before La Buff and I. As we were contemplating going inside (why? good beer for free outside or...) Eagles like Drag & Swiss reached the end. They were ecstatic, so another successful SHI...TTY TRAIL for Jack Shit. Others were covered in mud from slipping on trail.

The On-In was at Sports City, and there were more hashers inside than out on the trail. As we waited for our food and beverages the one and only Grand Master, Deep Throat gave the following down downs: First was the Hashit Demo demonstrated by Look Pa No Glands followed by Dairy Queen for not providing GlowWorm with the run write up. Thirsty for a beer, I volunteered to do the write up this time. Captain Zero got a down down for someone in Florida knowing who he was; Ice Box received down downs for her Cold Run and her expensive pussy that raised money for cancer; Loose Change and Cums Alone drank for the marathon they walked in 8 hours; ECT drank for shopping for candle sticks instead of running then Dr. Zaius drank for falling down on trail and not loving her enough; I (Cyber Slut) drank for Jack Shit having a strap mark across his forehead (from sex-slave headgear no doubt). The first timers were Mistress Twat, Flush Twice, Yukon Drill Me, Hands Off, and Elmer Thud. Yeast Infection, who came in late with Maui Wowie drank for visiting from Tennessee. Drag tried to imitate Deep, but it was a weak hash shit nomination along with some other weak one. The Hash Shit went to Flush Twice for being dropped off at the start by his mommy. Jack Shit drank for haring the SHI...TTY TRAIL. There were several announcements, but I don't remember them. Despite the bitter cold weather we had a howling good time.

On-On	Deep Throat	Sun Oct 20	200
Cyber Slut	Throat	Tues Nov 19	201
	Cold	Tue Dec 18	202

## The Snow Moon aka Drag's Last Drag-in Run #192

Tuesday, February 26th, 2002

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With the promise of a well-marked, abbreviated "Drag Run", I hit the freeway from Carlsbad to the concourses of La Mesa. Owing to the Thomas Bros. being in the trunk and an unprecedented number of green lights, I tooled along some Parkway in La Mesa and missed the turn-off to the run-start. Apparently my internal navigation system was on the blink, because the next thing I knew I was heading up Mt. Helix with no exit in sight. After a scenic trip to Spring Valley and a couple of wrong turns on the freeway, I finally made it to the run-start, albeit 20 minutes after the pack took off. Besides a good sweat already built up over my frustration, the only good thing to come out of this was the fact that I knew where the end was in advance. I ran off in the direction of the pack arrows; armed with what I thought was a decent flashlight and a strong sense of will power to complete the trail. The trail was clearly marked (none of that President's Day shenanigans!) and I raced to catch up with anyone resembling a hasher. The city streets and well-lighted paths soon took me to a darkened hill beyond the train tracks, and upon closer examination of my weakening flashlight, I discovered the bulb was just a little more than loose and watched it fall out onto the ground. Undeterred, I managed to find a trail that led to the Trolley parking lot. Not seeing anything akin to either flour or chalk, I asked a security guard if he saw any runners. "No, not any real runners," he said, "just some guy with a bag of dust and a weird headlight." Knowing an apt description when I heard it, I followed his pointed gesture to the stairway leading down. Luckily I spotted Sir Issac at this point and he informed me I only missed a construction overpass in progress, so I anxiously joined him and his functioning flashlight. At some park we lost the trail, but were cheered on by the kudos of some drunks thanking us for our volunteer search and rescue efforts. Good Tail yelled out that she was on trail, so we followed her on down into "historic" La Mesa proper. By this time I had been completely lapped by some military types who were running back from the instructions at the start. Since I knew they were actually telling the truth this time, I followed them on in, pretending to be a front-runner. My step meter only measured some 2.5 miles, but I figured that was more than enough exercise to warrant a few beers. The fire pit was roaring, the dive bar was alive with lots of local color, and I quickly settled up my debt with Glow Worm.

Deep Throat donned his GM hat and began the night's festivities:

Hash Shit Demo was aptly demonstrated by Gag and Shag and Flush Twice, although it was noted there was a decrease in size since Gag has had it around her neck, easily within sucking distance. Green Piece (dressed in black, no less) was welcomed back as a returning speedbump and Pubic Bone from a trip to Las Vegas. Several visitors showed up - Jim From Guam H3, Neil from LA and Chris from SF. Neil took double duty as a first timer, along with Andrew, Jeff and Drew. Hemorrhoid got a down-down for having nothing in his shorts, La Bumba for running barefoot, (at least she's not pregnant and barefoot - come on, Deep, spring for some new shoes!) Maui Wowie for making an ass plant, Glow Worm for being a scribe with no run start, also for being on his way out of the Navy, Drag for thinking the end was within walking distance of the start, yours truly (Ass Transit) for being a foot freak and Hemorrhoid again for immolation potential. Then there was Flabbio - drinking for two pussies and Deep Throat for his commanding performance as Down-Down Master. Good Tail was mentioned as a Clark Kent wanna be, High and Tight for her true confession that she doesn't like it on top (how could that be???) and Sheep for removing her wedding ring after only a few weeks. Drag Along Date was commended for his last performance - good luck in Vegas! Hash Shit nominations were as follows: Maui for her non-attendance at down-downs (guess she was playing pool), Glow Worm for his lack of a run start, Dr. Zaius for being a late winner and having goose bumps, Pain in the Boner for something unintelligible, and the winner, Cannabis for being a stupid mother f\*cker (who knows what he did this time, he did at least buy me a drink!).

Respectfully submitted, Ass Transit

**THE ORIGINAL FULL MOON HASH**  
**RUN # 193 - THE WORM MOON**  
**March 28, 2002**

It was getting dark; daylight savings was still a couple of weeks away. I drove to the start at the end of Meanly Drive and saw **Glow Worm** sitting there. A solo Worm, a lonely Worm; a Worm with clearly too much time (and other small matters) on (and in) his hands. Enjoying the fruits of accumulated leave, Worm was on terminal vacation from your United States Navy as he matriculated inexorably toward retirement.

With the entire day off, Worm had plenty of time to scout and pre-lay the trail. So as he sat there and gave the first timers brief, he realized that he had used the wrong check mark. Nothing like giving the GM down down material early on.

It was a small but psychotic pack that gathered. SDH3 beer check beer was flowing freely. **Coolio** informed me that Lent officially ended at sundown on Holy Thursday, so I broke my six-week abstention from drinking beer at the hash. I didn't care if she was right or wrong; it was a great excuse (and it was, after all, a Worm trail).

The pack took off on time and headed towards Scripps Lake Road. Once there we went left and headed towards the 15. A loop around Scripps Ranch High School and we headed across the 15 on Carroll Canyon Road. We looped around for a while longer and finally made it on in to Acapulco Mexican Cantina. **Glow Worm** very nicely arranged for the back patio for us. Not that inside would have been a problem as just a few very bored and suspiciously young looking bar flies gyrated futilely to the pounding beat of generic hip hop.

The service was slow but eventually we all got served. After a run back to the start to pick up vehicles; down downs started.

**Coolio** - Religion, hashit demo for officially notifying Deep that Lent was over

**Schwiiiiing** - Allstate good driver award for taking his new car across a couple of curbs and then parking at the end of the parking lot.

**Glow Worm** - improper trail marking

**Every Man's Wet Dream** - Last American virgin (virgin lay on Saturday)

**Schwiiiiing & two newbies** - The light is out and no one's home; running without their flashlights on and missing the trail

**1<sup>st</sup> timer Scott** - not a plumber; turning off the heat lamps (he is an engineer though; so much for the expensive education)

**La Cucarachita** - Welcome back

**1<sup>st</sup> timer Peter** - Correctly identified the planet on the Full Moon check (it's Uranus - now say it right)

**First timers** - Coolio, Trisha, Mastergator, Peter, & Scott

**Coppertone Bone** - dead on trail

**Glow Worm** - solo hare

**Hashit** - once again it's the inestimable **GLOW WORM!!!**

Deep Throat

**The ORIGINAL FULL MOON HASH**  
**Run #194 4-25-02**

Gathered in the Mission Valley Ikea parking lot was a group of hashers ready for a good trail, **Deep Throat's** pre-run brief gave no indication we were in for a good trail. Deep started off by saying the trail is long and full of stupid loops, **Goat Stroker** added it was also flat, and with that the hares were off.

Of course the hares lied on all counts, with the exception of the long flat run all the way around Qualcomm Stadium. From the Q the trail went North alongside the 15 turning West past Stadium Golf Center through some shiggy, and into a number of well laid due loops before winding back down into mission valley through more shiggy!

We ended in the luxurious hospitality room of Goat Stroker's Apartment complex, and served some tasty chicken stew and salad. This run was unquestionably well worth the entire \$2.00 I spent for the run fee!"

**Deep and Capt Zero** - The death of Linda Lovelace.  
**Big Banana** - Three blind mice award, could not see in the dark valley with his prescription sunglasses on or off.  
**Dr Zaius and SMD** - At the hash for marathon training.  
**Glow Worm** - Pussy boy in the scary canyon.  
**Peeping Tom** - Passing out expired eye contact solution.  
**Bark If You Love Me** - Electronic wizard, took him ten minutes to figure out how far we ran with his GPS.  
**Pigeon** - Only one to whine about the trail.  
**Snuff Doggie Dog and Holzum From Flopzum** - 1st Full Moon.  
**Chicken Poop** - 2x blood donor.

There was a break in Down Downs for **Glow Worm's** Retirement ceremony. **Deep Throat** said a few words about his unwavering devotion to duty and welcomed **Glow Worm** to civilian life after having served twenty years of service in the United States Navy. Two lovely Side girls then presented bottoms (**Bimbo & ECT**) as Glow Worm took a long walk off a short pier, into the Pool!

Down Downs then resumed and **Glow Worm** was presented with a departing gift - Hash Shit!

That's the way I remember it,  
Fluff The Jail House Cock Boy

MISMANAGEMENT

Founders

# The Flower Moon

## Run #195

Sunday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, 2002

Hares: Pain in the Boner, Sheep Sex, Hands Off, and Spermlock Holmes

Well... I am not sure why or how I ended up writing this run write-up, the only thing I know is that I had consumed quite a bit of beer this day so anything is possible. Oh yeah and the fact that you could hear crickets chirping when **Glow Worm** asked who was going to scribe the run probably motivated me as well.

Anyhow, since I conveniently showed up just in time for the On In. I only heard about it from other hashers like **Bedpost** and **High n' Tight** who mentioned that the trail was quite long. Other stuff I over heard was from **Bimbo by Day** who did the biking portion. Apparently she fell of her bike or something like that while on trail. However, she did mention that she thought that the trail was pretty awesome.

The main event was the On In at **Sheep** and **PITB's** house! Man what a spread! There was a lot of great food, nice pool and of course excellent beer. The brewmeister's have yet to disappoint.

Without further ado... since there is not much "ado" to report here are the down-down's

**PITB** - Not knowing the difference between blow and suck

**Turtle Head** - DUI victim and for choking the lizard (yikes...)

**Unlawful Entry** for wearing **Shortcake's** bikini bottoms... (whoa, and they actually fit too... and not to mention the fact that HE actually looked like he enjoyed wearing them) [*What **Free** didn't mention was the fact that both **Unlawful Entry** AND **Shortcake** then proceeded to strip off their bottoms so that she could get her's back! As a GM, how do you top that???*]

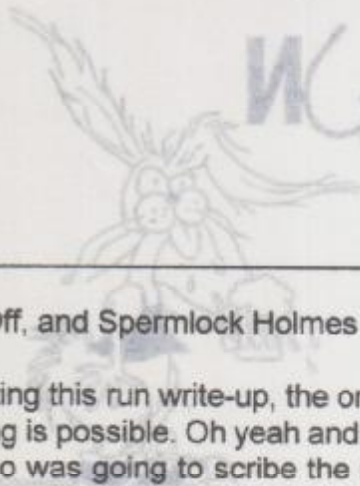
**Shane** - For running both trails... (you are surprised by this?)

**Captain Zero** - Eating a wiener.

Belly off competition - Hey, we had all the hashers compete in a belly off. There were quite a few impressive entries however, the undisputable winner of the belly off was (drum roll please) . . . **HANDS OFF!** This guy has a belly to be reckoned with for sure.

Hash Shit: **Glow Worm** - who knows why

**Free Hand Job**



The Original  
**FULLMOON  
HASH  
TRASH**

THE ORIGINAL  
FULL MOON  
HASH

THE ORIGINAL  
FULL MOON  
HASH

## The Strawberry Moon

### Run #196

Sunday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2002

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I hadn't been to a Full Moon run in quite a while, they just never seemed to be conveniently located or at an opportune time. Anyway, I came to this one which started at the Grape Street Park on the eastern edge of Balboa Park. It was a nice night, clear and not too hot. A small group that night, between 20 and 30 hashers I'd say. After the prescribed rigmarole, the Hares **Art Dicko** and **2 Angry Inches** ran off towards the south. The pack followed in due course. The trail was similar to a Larrikin one that I had run a few weeks earlier. We skirted the southern end of the golf course and then went down 26th to Pershing and Florida. The trail paralleled Florida for a mile or so and then turned east to go by Morley Field, and then through the disc golf course (a place I used to frequent before taking up hashing). After that we headed east on Redwood in a straight slog unrelieved with a check or do loop. There was a beer and margarita check at **Art Dicko's** place and then another bunch of streets to the end - The Whistle Stop bar on 30th. Happy hour was just winding up as I got in so I bought a couple beers right off the bat. The Whistle Stop has no food, but there are several nearby places that do, including a very good Italian takeout. **Glow Worm** was on his own as **Deep** was chasing women in Russia and the Baltic States. He tried to get down-downs in this narrow area off to one side where the smokers go, but the pack found it too crowded and we had them in the main game room. Down-downs were brief and as follows:

**Dork:** Write up

**Cannibus:** Used to having 'hot things' in his mouth. No idea what that meant.

**Chicken Poop:** New Corvette, new chick.

**Cat:** Told PM "It's too big." Again, no idea.

**Glow Worm:** Another new car.

**Fluff Boy:** Was on his bike with a GPS and still managed to get lost.

**The Hares:** For haring.

**Hash Shit:** **Cannibus** for some reason or other.

And that's the way it was, as faithfully reported by **Dorkasaurus Rex**.

**The Buck Moon  
Run #197  
Tuesday, July 23rd, 2002**

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This was my first Full Moon run in several months. It seems like the Full Moon hares always pick run locations near the coast, where one is least likely to see a Full Moon, unless of course I decide to drop trow. This run was no exception, starting at the beach in Encinitas. Fortunately it was a clear summer evening, even at the beach, so the Moon would be visible, at least if it rose early (it didn't). Cums Alone did a good job laying trail. The highlight was a lap around the training track at Del Mar Raceway, apropos given that it was the night before Del Mar opening day. The trail was well marked and about the right length, though most of it was on pavement and there could probably have been more shiggy if the hare was creative. The end was at a nice Mexican restaurant established about 60 years ago that had a nice selection of beers and great Cadillac Margaritas. We had our own room and fortunately a nearby table full of girl scouts departed before Deep began Down Downs, which were as follows:

Write up: **Wax**

Hash Shit Demo: **Cannibis**

**Ass Transit:** Painting her bedroom

**Glow Worm:** Baptizing his car

**Free Hand Job:** Should have sniffed her seat

**Chicken Poop:** For serving Old Milwaukee

**Cums Alone:** Laid Glow Worm memorial checks

**Cannibis:** Won by a head with a 3" heart on

**DNR:** Turkey/Eagle — huh?

**Every Man's Wet Dream:** Whining

**Ice Box:** Showed up late dressed as a \$5 hooker

**Jam Me, Ram Me:** Maid

**Cyberslut:** Redheads

**Look Pa & On Her Ass:** Gay DFLs on trail

Hare: **Cums Alone**, didn't use Full Moon checks while pre-laying

Guerillas: **Shortcake & DNR** for hard breathing/breeding, Deep for 4skin

First Timers: **Barry** (homo), **Carlos** (homo), **Catherine**, **Steve** (homo), & **Wes** (homo)

Welcome Back: **Likker Box**

Hash Shit: **Cannibis** — 4 more beers for penis abuse

Special Songs: **Wax** ("Mary Juana, Mary Juana") and

**Brown Eyed Bulls-eye** ("Incest Time in Texas")

Announcements: Larrikin Campout, Laughlin Mardi Gras, FMH3 200

- The It Sucks To Be Homeless
- The H&T, Stop Your Whining
- The Deep Throat Rules



Run

## The Original Full Moon Hash

Run # 198 – August 22, 2002

Hares: Save My Stool and Gay Boy From La Jolla

This was just one of those "not my day" days. I was forced to do this run write-up because I forgot my wallet. I won't name names, but the Hash Cash asked another Hasher, "Can you Float \$2 for tonight's run?" He said, "High And Tight . . . I'll pay her \$2 to Suck The Fuck Up." Hence, you're left with this lame piece of writing.

I had succumbed to a really bad cold earlier in the week. As we took off from Frye's parking lot, I really had to blow my nose— needless to say I ended up with Sticky Fingers.

We hit some pavement for a bit and then headed up toward a condo complex. While running through the condos, the smell of someone cooking Shrimp Skanky and Mojos's Bitch, did that food smell good) lured me over. Well, that's what I thought it was (because of the seafood smell), but turns out a full-blown orgy was going on between the Spreadsheets. There was Cap'n Zero orchestrating the entire thing as though he was the chief Mastergator. There was some whiner (doesn't belong in the Hash!) performing Deep Throat all the while screaming, "Don't Get Off In My Mouth." Apparently Mark Spits and Bob Swallows, and she's been taking advice from Mark, not Bob.

I'll have to admit that all the moanin' and groanin' got me to thinking. With kids, work and hashing, Boyz has had a really severe case of Blue Balls. I was thinking about the many Rides On Top Of Cock I've been missing (as Mr. Dirt sez "Dang!"). I was dreaming about Boyz and whistling Jam Me Ram Me on my quest to MARK THE DAMN CHECKS (THAT MEANS YOU, YOU OTHER FRBs)!!!!

After the condos, we hit some great shigg. We happened upon the neighborhood homeless camp where there was this Dude Looks Like A Lady. It was really disgusting. Not only was he sporting an Abnormal Woody, when he bent over there was nothing but a Bottomless Hole. For any Gay Boy out there (© you know who you are ©), he was Every Man's Wet Dream. This spectacle made to want to Gag 'n' Shag. I know a really good Penis Machinist I could recommend to help with his abnormality, but I'm sure that the poor guy obviously couldn't afford it.

I ended up taking a detour to the left of the homeless camp because I felt a big dump coming on. I was moving faster than OJ on the Run and barely made it to the bushes. I dropped my drawers and after five minutes of effort, it turned out to be not much more than Chicken Poop. I thought to myself, "I should Save My Stool to show to Long Drop (my 12-year-old son who's into all the gross things in life). If only I'd brought a doggy bag along with me on trail.

I meandered my way back through the camp and came upon a Turkey/Eagle split. The Eagles had already veered right. I caught back up with the FRBs (because I'm so damn fast) did some canyon climbing between some homes, into a cul-de-sac, and back onto streets for a bit.

For some reason, I was really tired that evening. I was beginning to Wonder how Schleng it was to the end. I was counting on San Diego's Ass Transit for a bus ride, but unfortunately, the next bus wasn't for another 2 hours. I could really use a ride On Dee Rickshaw, but where you gonna find one of those in the hills and dales of Mission Valley?






We started heading down a steep hill and with my arms flailing, I couldn't help but yell out, "Look Pa, No Hands," as I went barreling down the hill daring anyone to get in my way as I headed toward the refinery. Just then, my bra broke so I had to Holzum Phrum Phlopsum. Not that I'm that well endowed, but I did grow a cup size with each kid (yes, I'm actually up to an A cup now (another smiley guy ☺)).

We eventually made our way down some never-seen-before trail (at least I haven't seen it in my 14 years of SD Hashing) toward the refinery across from the stadium. There was lots of commotion with an ambulance and paramedics huddled around yet another homeless guy. The EMT said to just keep running past, that it was nothing more than a Damn Near Redneck to whom he was instructed to Do Not Resuscitate. Seems the poor guy got a little too close to one of the refinery tanks that now holds toxic waste. He used to have Mas Penis than he knew what to do with – now he's left with a 4-inch Glow Worm.

Past the refinery, we were on that often-traveled bike path and on our way to the On-In. The run was shorter than I'd expected and because of my pent-up energy (read above about my not having enough lately), I decided to run the Turkey trail backwards to the split. Along, the way, I ran into Susan, Jeff, Justin, and Tim (did you guess yet that they're mere mortal, first timers). Let me say that it too was a very fine trail.

Rather than a restaurant ending, we enjoyed an evening outdoors with pizza and lots of food.

### Down-Downs (not in the order in which they occurred)

<p>Hash  Demo</p> <p><b>DNR</b> Use Your Imagination</p>	<p>! Scribe: High And Tight</p> <p>Hash  : High And Tight (no one knew why)</p>	
<p></p> <p><b>HAPPY BIRTHDAY</b></p> <p><b>Jam Me Ram Me</b> <b>Deep Throat</b></p>	<p><b>1<sup>st</sup> TIMERS</b></p> <p><b>Rides On Top Of Cock, Marks Spits And Bob Swallows, Suck The Fuck Up, Bottomless Hole, Mojo's Bitch, Susan, Jeff, Justin, Tim</b></p>	<p></p> <p><b>DOWNNS DOWNNS</b></p> <p>I understand it's really "Guerilla", but this is close enough (you are Hashers, after all)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ DNR: sack broke</li> <li>▪ Dude, Stool &amp; Gay Boy: 3 od som. vesy (Scribe's interpretation from Deep's notes – all participated in above-mentioned orgy, but didn't invite Mas Penis (because she spludes – see below))</li> </ul>
<p></p> <p>written verbatim</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Blue-Balls: no shortcut to start (guess he left)</li> <li>▪ Gay Boy: 8 y/o in bathroom (taking lessons from Glow Worm)</li> <li>▪ Rame Jamy: Driving In (why she got her name)</li> <li>▪ Bottomless Hole: Sunny (guess she sticks it where the sun don't shine)</li> <li>▪ DNR: Lost his balls on trail/Sticky – Look Pa was playing w/c Poop's balls on trail (at least someone around here's got some huevos grandes)</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ High And Tight: TP (why she's an A cup)</li> <li>▪ Spreadsheet &amp; Jeff (Mutt &amp; Jeff)</li> <li>▪ Every Man's Wet Dream: Legally Blonde (bottle blonde)</li> <li>▪ Ass Transit: Naked (so what's your point?)</li> <li>▪ Mas Penis: spluded on pizza (who wants seconds?)</li> <li>▪ Rickshaw: old &amp; senile (no shit, Sherlock)</li> </ul>



**The Harvest Moon  
Run #199  
Saturday, September 21st, 2002**

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Some hashers checked the shitline.

Some checked the website.

The hashers showed up at the start.

The hares left.

The pack followed 15 minutes later.

The hares made it to the end.

The pack made it to the end  
(in spite of the flower beds).

Food was eaten.

Beer was drunk.

Down-downs were given out.

The hashers went home.

The end.

**The Hunter's Moon  
Run #200  
Sunday, October 20th, 2002**

In the beginning there were many things and countless interpretations of those things. But nothing really mattered until Deep Throat came along. Realizing his loneliness God offered Deep a women as a companion As the women kept leaving, Deep was offered Dog to fill in on cold nights. Inevitably Deep was still left alone so God in a stroke of genius created Beer. Years later the earth was populated and the people watched as Deep went about his ways. None could decipher his ramblings so they tried to learn by mimicking Deeps mannerisms. Women were fondled, beers were quaffed, and the debris left behind in Deeps drunken wanderings was called trail. Soon the Accolytes who followed Deep collected these rites together and called it Hashing.

Fast forward a millennium or more to October 2002 where Deep is celebrating his 200th time leading the hashers. This occasion as lead hare was further celebrated as it was the 200th running of the Full Moon Hash. The pack gathered for Hare Lies and then Deep left followed by the bunnies Art Dicko and Ass Transit. Following the linear thinking that the shortest distance between two points is a series of Do-Loops and Back Tracks Trail ambled aimlessly through Encinitas and Leucadia. Half the pack short cut to the end under the assumption that Deep shouldn't be left alone too long with the keg. The evening was celebrated with some cool schwag, a Run Mug commemorating Deeps accomplishments The only problem was that the Keg couldn't be tapped until the beermeister arrived. Most of the pack could handle this event as wine and food were offered in the meantime. But Deep was beginning to unglue as the DT's were setting in on his parched body. Finally the keg was tapped, women were offered to the Deep, Dog was offered to the Deep, however in the end Deep curled up with beer, and all was well.

G-Minor

# The Beaver Moon

## Run #201

Tuesday, November 19th, 2002

Hares: **Dr. Zaius** and **ECT**

Scribe: **Ice Box**

IT was such a bright night... and SO WARM... We really could see-more-beaver that night. The pack took off up towards Miramar Lake. As I am confined to walking, I can't say exactly where the run went. According to **ECT**, it went up and down and over rocks and gravel and genuinely not-a-nice-trail for a wounded knee. So by the time I ended at the On In, not too many intrepid hashers had arrived. And when the pack slowly dribbled in, it must have been as **ECT** said, long and up and down and over rocks. Everyone looked pretty sweaty!!! **Dr. Z** said something about 5 **Dork** miles. By the look of the pack, he was right. And everyone was worried about **Ass Transit**... would she make it in, where was she???

At the On-In we were immediately reprimanded by the solo waitress: individual tickets just would not work, and that we had to SIT DOWN so she could do her job. IT worked out to tables of four on a ticket and no one really sat down. By the time **Deep** was ready for Down Downs, **Rickashaw** was almost ready for bed. Can't we hurry things up a bit...

The Down Down Report:

The Hash Shit demo down: **Hands Off**

Scribe: **Ice Box**

Honorable Mention Scribe: **G-Minor**

Welcome back: **See More Beaver** and **Mr. Bob Davilina**

The lonely hearts club: **Ice Box** on the phone to 900-stud

Staying in Bed to study the food channel: **Martha F\*\*g Stewart** and **Gag**

Waitress abuse: **Dr. Zaius**

Attempted Suicide: **Drag**... but since **Drag** must have done it, **Chicken Poop** drank for him

Premature Dinner: **Sir Isaac** (ordered, ate and paid before ANYONE arrived IN.)

The Value of \$200: According to **Captain Zero**, 20 blow jobs.

Deep Wannabee: **Ass Transit**

Too much of a hurry: **Rickashaw**

Who will come first: the next Leonid meteor Shower or **Penis Machinist**.

First Timers: **Ryan Schmitt**, **Grab my ankles**, **Rich**, **Kathy N**, **Suck the F\* Up**

Visitors: **Horney Dog**, **Easy Moon**

Hash Shit: **Dr. Zaius** for esoteric water.

Gorilla Down Down: **Lone Twat** for the rush of rabbits or the horde of hashers

An aside for **Penis Machinist**... here you go: An Exaltation of Larks, a murmuration of starlings, a gaggle of geese, a leap of leopards, a skulk of foxes, a knot of toads, a bouquet of pheasants, a shoal of bass, a school of fish, a bevy of beauties, a string of ponies, a covey of partridges, a plague of locusts, a passel of brats, a murder of crows, a tantrum of decorators, a shrivel of critics, a blur of impressionists, a load of drunks, a wiggle of starlets, an ambush of widows, an explosion of Italians, a gross of Germans, and a fifth of Scots.

Thanks hares for the organizing. Thanks, **Deep**, for the laughs.

The Original Full Moon Hash Run # 202  
The Snow Moon December 19, 2002  
Hares: Ice Box & Likker Box

The gods smiled on us and kept away the storm clouds and associated wetness. The clear bright sky led to the rapid cooling through convective dissipation and the crowd whined while waiting to start as they shivered in the cold. Miss Piggy thought it was great. The hares were there, ready to get everyone started. As ICE BOX was getting her meniscus fixed the next day, she was none too quick and judiciously pre-positioned flour on the trail. OK, it was pre-laid (unlike the hares). The run was announced as A to A; drive to B. The pack finally left headed north through the junior high school and the recently completed Sun Vista Park. The check here slowed down the pack until trail was found heading east on Calle Acervo and into Carlsbad. The trail kept on working north and east until we finally got onto Lone Jack Road and started heading south. The pack stayed fairly tight through all this, but if you got spit out you were screwed. Running through the wide, quiet streets of Olivehain, the pack kept pushing getting a little bit spread out. Finally at Little Oaks Park the trail went uphill and headed back to the west. It was here we ran into WONDERSCHLONG running the trail backwards. Go figure. We headed through the new neighborhoods into the old and finally crossed Rancho Santa Fe Road and headed back towards the start. A quick turn on Morning Sun and up a walkway and we were back. Everyone gratefully got into their cars and headed to ICE BOX's house for the on-on.

ICE BOX had her back yard all set up for the hash with coolers of good beer, various munchies and a couple of big pots of delicious beer & cheese soup. Everyone stuffed their pie holes copiously, determined to get their six bucks worth. Presently down downs began:  
Hashit Demo - EVERY MAN'S WET DREAM  
Eating soup with a fork - DEFLOWERED (LA BUMBA drank for her)  
Dressing like a Xmas carol "Don we now or gay apparel" - CANNABIS LICKED HER  
Whining about the poor fabric selection for the tee shirts and lusting after the haberdasher position - ON HER ASS  
Presenting himself as the USPS poster child for Planned Parenthood - CHICKEN POOP  
Buying the old "Elephant cum works great on sticky screen doors" scam - ICE BOX  
Checking for gash at the start as it was hared by the Box Babes - CAPTAIN ZERO  
Bitching about the extremely cold weather (where you from? Costa Rica?) - JAM ME, RAM ME

Welcum back! - BIMBO & THE COLONEL'S BITCH

Birthdays - ICE BOX, PENIS MACHINIST, THE CO;ONEL'S BITCH, EVERY MAN'S WET DREAM

1st timers - Jeff & CUNTFUSED

Hares - ICE BOX & LIKKER BOX

Gorilla/Guerilla down-downs - CANNABIS got DAIRY QUEEN for Santa envy

Hashit - CHICKEN POOP wrested it away from WONDERSCHLONG & SIR ISAAC SPHINCTER for his superior efforts in avoiding getting laid

Great job Hares! Your faithful scribe, DEEP THROAT