

Full Moon Hash #203, Saturday, January 18, 2003
Drag Along Date's Urban Challenge

It was a very cool and crisp evening as dedicated FM types assembled at Clay Park in the Rolando area of San Diego. After hare lies claiming a 4.5 mile trail with beer check, water hazards and areas where we need to be quiet, our hare was off into the night. As this was the Wolf Moon, the pack dutifully howled upon starting off in a northerly direction towards El Cajon Blvd. After a mile or so of residential streets we flanked a school yard and soon found ourselves on Montezuma St. From this point we jogged right and then left into a dark and precarious looking canyon, seemingly devoid of any established trails. It was a slow go for the next half hour as deep ice plant, fences, debris, cactus, large bushes and uneven terrain tested the fervent moon worshipers. Having laughed at carefully avoiding several water hazards while in the canyon, my spirits diminished quickly upon reaching a large, stinky pond chalk full of industrial waste. Only a narrow cast iron pipe, about 20' long gave hope of a safe crossing. I managed to keep dry and alive by crawling across the pipe on my hands and knees very slowly. Other haphazard hounds weren't so lucky. Next, limbo moves up, down, under and around vegetation were required to eventually navigate out of the canyon and up into a storage area for construction equipment and 55 gallon drums (previously dumped in the pond, no doubt). After a challenging check, marks were discovered on Alvarado Rd. just west of the hospital fronting the I-8 freeway. An arrow pointed east toward the hospital and this was the last spot where anyone saw trail. So, we missed running up a ramp under construction for the new trolley line where a series bridges and tunnels would have taken us south to SDSU. Only the hare was seen on trail around the Aztec campus, all the streets in between the university and the On In, plus the beer check where **Zap**, **Glow Worm** and **Puss-in-boots** languished. Mt. Everest Pizza was the place where a weary and wet pack of hounds found sustenance as they trickled in from the cold near the corner of College and El Cajon Blvd.

Soon, down downs commenced with **Glow Worm** at the helm as pasta, pizza and profound portions of the moon worshiper's elixir (also known as "beer") were being consumed. **Rump Ranger** drank for new shoes, his birthday and for falling off the pipe. **Shane** and **Eta Speggma Pie** tipped their cups for cactus abuse in the canyon. Speaking of abuse, **Dildo Abuse** chugged for wanting to give his "rod" to the waitress, for going both ways on a previous trail and for something to do about a funeral home. More abuse was discovered as **Hindlick** drank for car abuse. **Chicken Poop** was honored for Hash Shit demo down down, for scribe duties and, along with **Drag**, for starting trail across the street from a post office. First timers **Barbi**, **Zap** and **Sandy** were recognized then hash shit nominees **Chicken Poop** and **Drag Along Date** were matched. **Drag** won glands down. What a drag it is being **Drag**!!

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

THE ORIGINAL
FULL
HASH

The Snow Moon Run #204 Sunday, February 16th, 2003

From a desert outpost somewhere to the South and West of Kandahar.....

It was a dark and stormy night. The full moon shone clear and bright as Hashers and Harriettes mustered at the Mira Costa College for the annual running of the Snow Moon Hash. The Hares, **Martha F**king Stewart and Hands Off**, gave a rambling, intelligible, and incomprehensible brief, claiming something about beercheeks and naked women along the route. When the Hares finally departed under threat of bodily harm, they predictably bee-lined it to the nearest bar, about a mile and a quarter down the road.

Normally, this trail would have been woefully inadequate for the athleticism of the elite FMH Hashers. However, being the THIRD Hash of the afternoon, the bleary-eyed and somewhat looped pack dutifully followed what little trail there was with neither complaint nor whimper. It was even rumored that **Drag Along Date** laid a BT or two to keep the herd at bay.

As the pack, minus **Dork**, (where the hell was **Dork**, by the way?) As the herd staggered onward, stumbling always onward, many serious and dangerous obstacles such as roadside curbs, gravel, and milkweed were cautiously, yet not always successfully, overcome. Wipe outs were common and "Bactine" ran in short supply.

Dogs barked, babies cried, and emergency sirens whaled as the pack ran through the back alleys and crackhouses of lower Cardiff. The trail ended at one of the many anonymous biker bars in town where Hashers could fondle a cold one and had the option to 'burn yer own' steak for six bucks. Mrs. Murphy was reportedly fed five top sirloins.

Down-downs were handed out to the following miscreants:

Drag Along Date; Demo Down-Down and for being Drag.

Colonel's Bitch, Goes Down Easy, Leg Over; Welcome back.

For Running FIVE Hashes during the weekend; **Bort, Nookie, Goes Down Easy**.

For Running SIX Hashes during the weekend; **Drag Along Date** (and for being Drag).

Birthdays during the year 2003; **Martha F**king Stewart, OnCall** (liars!).

First timers; **Angela, Chris, Peter, and Joeline**.

Angela; for believing **Donny Osmond's** hair is real!

Cumsalone; for writing this crap.

Goes Down Easy; something about wrestling a toilet seat (and presumably losing).

Goes Down Easy; for being dumb as a rock (and losing to the toilet seat).

Stalemate; new car (Porsche).

Donny Osmond; flipping his own meat (Top sirloin. Was it the meat that Mrs. Murphy ate?, We're not sure).

Boyz2Men drinking for **Crunchy Tits**; for being a true blonde.

OnCall; for smelling like fish (the other white meat).

Sir Isaac; for having an ex in-law with big tits working the crowd at a biker bar in Cardiff.

Visitors; **Ass Sucking Unit, (ASU), Crunchy Tits, Just F**k Her**.

Hares; **Hands Off and Martha F**king Stewart**.

Guerrilla Down-down (provided by a rare verbal outburst from **Cumsalone**), **ASU, Chickenpoop**, and the "white guy with a fro" all three for taking a header on trail.

Hashit went to **Martha F**king Stewart** for being Martha.

For the Daily Planet, **Cumsalone** reporting all the news that's fit to print.

The Worm Moon

Run #205

Tuesday, March 18th, 2003

Hares: **Glow Worm & Irish Cream**

The hash began as we received hare lies at Doyle Park in the UTC area. With spring just a few days away, the chill in the air was nearly gone but it was still nice to get going and warm up a bit as the pack headed east and then north out of the park to Nobel. After a couple of checks, a zig to the right and a zag to the left we went east across Genesee, past the condo complexes to the corner of Nobel and Towne Centre Drive where we found another check. True trail went east on Nobel to a path, which led us into Rose Canyon. We meandered around the tracks, mud, rocks and poison oak until the trail took us west again past University High School, across Genesee and back up to Regents Road. Then we headed up the hill towards the Vons shopping center and the familiar Leucadia Pizzeria.

Could the trail be over so soon? Could we actually be headed to the same place where the Larrikins had been kicked out several months ago when **Wax My Ass** mooned the video surveillance cameras? The answers are: Yes and Yes!

Down-Downs by **Deep Throat**:

- **Martha Fucking Stewart** performed the Hash Shit demo down-down.
- **Drag-Along Date** drank for not "...slowing down to smell the assholes..." to witness the hijinks of the rest of the pack while FRBing.
- **Every Man's Wet Dream** was recognized as the next hare on Tax Day in April.
- **Abnormal Woody** did a down-down needing a jog bra for his tender nipples. It seems that he was excited about having the biggest tits in the hash.
- **Who the Fuck** drank for finally having a good down-down for **River Runs Through It**. It was actually almost funny.
- **Sir Isaac Sphincter** was called up for selflessly helping **I'll Eat Anything** over a fence. **Isaac** wasn't there anymore so **Moist Muffin** drank for him.
- Visitor: **Jumper**.
- First-timer: **Ben**. ZIGGY-ZAGGY! He wasn't a first-timer but drank anyway for being a war bride and staying home while his wife goes to the middle east to fight the war.
- **Colonel's Bitch** drank for his inability to navigate ships without a full moon.
- **Gag'n'Shag** was publicly humiliated for being a wine snob.
- **Martha Fucking Stewart** and **Colonel's Bitch** were cited for not running the trail.
- Welcome Back: **Cockeye** who proclaimed that, "Most people my age have been dead for a while!"

Announcements- Red Dress Run, Larrikin Campout, Humpin' Bar-2-Bar and the Intergalactic H3 Campout.

Hash Shit Nominations:

- **Colonel's Bitch** for not running due to a case of ass zitz.
- **Deep Throat** for giving obscure directions to harriettes.
- **Wonder Schlong & Dr. Zaius** for weak nominations.
- **Boyz In the Bush** for not knowing that **High and Tight** had gone back to her maiden name on the web site for the Hash Trash.
- **Glow Worm** for choosing the Leucadia Pizzeria for the ON-IN.

A yea-off between **Colonel's Bitch** and **Wonder Schlong** produced **Wonder Schlong** as the Hash Shit.

Gorilla Down-Downs:

- **Wonder Schlong** - "Happy birthday! Fuck you!"
- **Deep Throat** for pouring what he thought was a full glass of beer into a pitcher for Drag and intuitively nailing it exactly.

The Hares! - **Glow Worm** and **Ass Transit**, (drinking for **Irish Cream**)

Thanks, Hares! It was a great time.

Your Scribe, Drag-Along Date

**The Pink Moon
Run #206
Tuesday, April 15th, 2003**

Hare: *Every Man's Wet Dream*

For only the second time in the history of the Original Full Moon Hash, the April "Pink" Moon was again "Whack-free," although most of the male hashers wanted to be "whacked-off" (or more) from our hare, **Every Man's Wet Dream**.

A group of about thirty hashers showed up at Macdowell Park in Claremont to see what type of trail that **Wet Dream** had in store for us especially since this last minute update was given by her: *Eagle is not stroller friendly; poison oak likely. Turkey will hopefully be poison oak-free. Dogs must be leashed. Special "pink" beverage check, in honor of the Pink Moon.* With an update like that, you could have guessed that **G-Minor** wasn't going to be, and you would have been correct.

The rest of us headed off at the appointed time, plodding along the city streets for many blocks. Along the way, there was the expected turkey-eagle split and being the turkey I am, you can figure out which one I took. I was told that the eagle trail did loop down into the nearby canyon and was quite nice but somewhat long as the turkey's made to the On-In before the eagle's, but that wasn't until later.

A couple of blocks from the split, the turkey's came upon a strange mark, a "BC," chalked on each of the four corners of the intersection. Since the hare wasn't there, the FRB's thought that the "BC" meant "back check" and thus spent a few minutes milling around trying to figure out what to do before moving on down the trail. The eagle's, on the other hand, arrived at the beer check after the hare, so at least they got to have some of the special "pink" beverages, but more that later.

Both parts of the pack did eventually make it to the end, the Hungry Stick where we crowded out some of the pool players and settled in to wait for the hare, yes, you read it right, the pack made it to the end before the hare. As she was a solo hare, she had to lay at least part of the trail, head back to the start for the B-van, go to the beer check, and then to the end. All was well except that she didn't realize that the turkey's had beat her to the beer check so she waited for them to show up, and she waited, and waited, and waited. In fact she waited so long that she was DFL for her own trail!

Well, she did eventually show up at the end and down-down's went something like this:

Hashsit Demo: *Wax My Ass* (standing in for *Wonderschlong*)

Birthday: *Maui Wowi*

Speed Bump Memorial: *High & Tight*

First Timers: *Natalie, Mr Sac, Gunz, and Linda*

Missing Newsletters: *Glow Worm*

Leading young women astray: *Linda*

Swiss Piss: for claiming it was too cold out.

Gunz: for losing his girlfriend to *Linda*

Shrimp Skanky drank for something.

Bimbo and Cannibus drank for showing up late

Every Man's Wet Dream: 1) for being DFL, 2) for having a "No-No" foot on her car, 3) for having the "Wet Dream" Song on the jukebox, 4) being the hare.

Hashsit nominations went to *Rub My Buns* for getting crabs of trail and *Wet Dream* for being DFL on her own trail, with *Every Man's Wet Dream* being the winner.

If I missed something it was because I couldn't read *Deep's* handwriting.

On-On
Glow Worm

The Flower Moon

Run #207

Thursday, May 15th, 2003

I think this was my second Full Moon run in a row. It was a special run because of the total lunar eclipse that evening. I brought my telescope so people could come out and see it and pretend they are scientifically inclined for a few minutes. As often seems to be the case with the FMH, the run started near the beach, this time at a school in Del Mar. Fortunately it was a clear spring evening, even at the beach, so the Moon was visible, at least from the front of the On-In, a Mexican place in downtown Del Mar. The hares, **Stalemate**, **Donny Osmond**, **Roll-a-dix**, and **Bone of Arc** laid an awesome trail. It went through a lot of shiggy, had a beer check, and even went along the beach for awhile.

Down Downs, presided over by **Deep**, were as follows:

Write up: **Wax**

Hash Shit Demo: **Chicken Poop and Chicken of the Semen** (for **Every Man's Wet Dream**)

Stalemate: Showing up late to hare

Colonel's Bitch: Exposing himself at the elementary school at the start

Strap-on Tools: Second to pee

Roll-a-dix: Lost on trail

Donny Osmond and Bone of Arc: Snared

Stalemate: Avoiding being snared by hiding in bushes

Bozo: CPA

Captain Zero: Certified Public Orifice

Strap-on Tools: Used trampoline at beer check, had camel toes and tits of wonder

Jam Me, Ram Me: Left town to get laid

Cuntfused: Also used trampoline and got his head up his ass

Thing-a-Thong: Cannabis/Deep — "one of you guys" (Don't blame me, these are Deep's notes)

Rump Ranger: Military fixation

Fuckn' Ready: Deaf, dumb, and blind boy

Wax My Ass: Penis envy (telescope)

Hares: **Stalemate**, **Donny Osmond**, **Roll-a-dix**, **Bone of Arc**

Guerillas: **Drag** for asking **Jonathan** the optomologist if beating off really causes blindness (by **Wax**); **Father Blows Best** for having an appletini (by **Strap-on**); **Rump Ranger** for getting kicked out of the Renaissance Fair after inviting the whole hash to come up (by **Bone**); **Yohana** for **Drag** avoidance (by **Drag**)

First Timers: **Jonathan**, **Cabana Boy**, **Colonel's Bitch**, **Bushwax**, **Garth**, & **Terry** (virgin)

Welcome Back: **Strap-on Tools**

Birthdays: **Yohana** and **Plow My Ass**

Visitors: **Cuntfused**

Hash Shit: (Illegible) - for being an FRB

Strawberry Full Moon Run

Saturday was the Strawberry Full Moon run; and, we started it off right, with a 6-pack. This trail was the ultimate in hashing; there was beer, beer, great food, and more beer. If there had been a trail, this would have been the perfect hash. Fellow hashers, I must ask you -- Have you ever run trail where the hare runs back on trail to convince you that 1.) There is a trail, and 2.) If you follow his directions not flour, you will FIND trail. This was the trail slated for us tonight. The trail was a do-loop inside a do-loop, and if you weren't doing someone on trail, you were wishing to do someone on trail.

Trail

Whistles blew and the pack was again getting off on another wild Hare chase. The pack broke in thirds; one group darted off to the North, one group headed South, and the rest of us stood in the middle of the street being confused and finishing our beers. "On-On!" rang out from both directions, but eventually all trails turned up false and we all poured into the North Park streets, hot on no one's trail. The trail cut through the neighborhood and came to the first of several confusing checks. The enthusiastic newbies went checking! **Wheed Whacker** taught them well. **Fluff** passed me about that time, but he soon vanished from the trail never to be seen again. As I turned the corner onto?? street, I saw **Wondershlong** (I wonder who she saw as Wonder wasn't there that night-Glow) heading south. "So," I thought, "now I know where the trail 'aint!" I took off in the direction opposite from **Wondershlong**, into the streets to find the pack. In pursuit of trail, we continued. Trail, what trail? "Apparently, it was too windy, and the flour got blown away". Eventually, trail was found in a canyon. The canyon was lovely, and good thing too since we were there for a while. Trail eventually led us out, over (or for some of us, under) a pile of crap and into the neighborhood. On the way, trail crossed thru a yard that should have been marked with a sign, "Stay Out or Die." That piece of trail did get my attention. There was a magnificent garden of California pansy. And flour led us straight thru that garden. Some tiptoed, and some trampled through the pansies. PAST the yelling woman we marched to make way to the street. Eventually trail led the fortunate to the beer check. The rest wished for a beer check. The pack ultimately found the on-in using a Thomas Guide. Fortunately for the hares, we DID NOT douse them in beer and then lick them silly when we eventually arrived to the finish. If **Wax**, had been aware of this fair punishment, he may have run rather than limped to the finish. The pack sympathized with **Wax**. **Wax** sprained his ankle hashing Friday night; and, as a result, he apparently, "forever" forgot wherever the Strawberry moon trail ever intended to go. Thank goodness, **Art's** neighbors were able to direct us to **Art Dicko** Street. Eventually we found the on-in; and, this on-in was a great reward for our great stick- to-itiveness. Although I still have my doubts about trail, the food and fun to follow was awe-some! It was at **Art's** place, where the food was scrumptious, the beer was plentiful, and everyone was having fun.

Down-downs -

The circle was mismanaged by the ever-wonderful **Glow Worm**.

Every Man's Wet Dream must have fucked something up, she was called into the circle to demo the hashit. The first hash crime brought forward was against the Hares. **Wax, Ass Transit** and **Art Dicko** were called into the circle for some well-deserved abuse.

Visitors, virgins, welcome backs and first timers: Everyone drank for all the wankers that were visiting. And there were lots. Fun bunch, they were, **Chewy, Stretch Me, Whitney, Christine, Liz, Peter Pumpkin Eater, Hare-a-tic, OxyMoron, FoxyOxy, Josh, Cameron, WheedWhacker, Justin, Joy, Joel, John, and Jeremiah.**

Gag'n Shag was given a down-down for "being unable to tell male from female". You've got to think the accusation was fabricated. In any case, she got a down-down.

Maui Wau was given a down-down for changing her running clothes 3 x times before coming to the hash tonight. **Barbie Biker Bitch** was probably guilty of the same, but without witnesses, the only thing the pack could pin on him was his birthday. Happy Birthday, fuck you to **Christine and Drag**, also!

I don't remember why **Wheed Whacker** drank (does there have to be a reason) but I remember that it took forever and involved many beers.

There were **seven virgins** to sacrifice. "The **Cabbage Patch Kids**" were brought forth. Out for a night of fun with their Uncle **Wheed Whacker**, the first timers looked and seemed much like a boy band. They introduced themselves, **J-this, J-that, J-Lo, Joy, Justin and Jeremiah.** "So, who are you, and who made you cum?". Andrew made us come! "ANDREW???". Who the hell is Andrew? OK kids, you did complete the "trail". If you are 21, or ALMOST 21, "sing us a song, show us a body part" and "help yourselves to beer and virgins"! The first timers were in town to cheer on **Jeremiah** who still planned to graduate from UCSD in the morning. The hash granted a reprieve to the first timers, all were allowed to go home sober and safe whining about something.

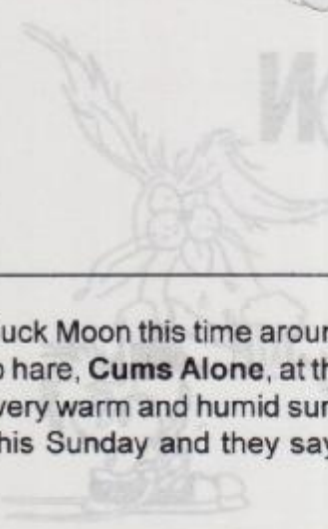
A fine time was had by all, and then we stumbled home and passed out. If that's not the way you remember it happened, it is now. History, as they say, is written by the Scribe. And that, my friends, is the whole truth. Thanks to **Art and Ass Transit** for making the DEE-liscious food. And Thanks to **Barbie's Biker Bitch** for putting a face to the rude, crude debauchery that ensued for hours after the on-in.

On-on to the next Full Moon run,

Stalemate

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The Buck Moon
Run # 209
Sunday, July 13th, 2003

Coastal Carlsbad was the spot for the Buck Moon this time around where a petite pack of eleven intrepid hashers greeted our solo hare, **Cums Alone**, at the Ralph's Grocery Store parking lot near Poinsettia and I-5 on a very warm and humid summer evening. It was the third and final hash in San Diego for this Sunday and they say that the best is always saved for last.

Cums Alone fled south on Ave. Encinas while the pack waited the obligatory ten or so minutes (who's counting?) until the sound of **Deep Throat's** bugle was heard. Soon the already panting pups known to the hash as "hounds" were "hot" on the trail. We followed the flour south into a posh residential neighborhood where a couple of crafty checks kept us at bay until we found the lagoon. Curious homeowners took notice as we "blew" by them down towards Batiquitos Lagoon and then west over to Old Hwy. 101. Knowing that the hare lived south of this point, it was easy to solve the next check. Upon reaching the confluence of 101 and La Costa Ave., a T / E split was had. Turkeys proceeded south on 101 after crossing the thoroughfare while the Eagles soared eastward on La Costa Ave. I'm told that the turkey trail was a straight "Cum's shot" to the On On. The eagle trail, thankfully, also stayed west of I-5.

With the light attendance and all, down downs were brief but definitely not dull. **Deep Throat** took charge and commanded the attention of everyone in the bar. First up was **Glow Worm** for a demon-stration down down. Next, was **Chicken Poop** for having earned the distinction of being the only hasher of the day to do the "Tri-fucked-ya" or running the SDH3, Humping and Full Moon trails. **Jizz Me**, **Fudge Packer in Paradise** and **Speaks In Tongues** drank for tying up traffic at the eagle / turkey split. Seems that some hashers try their best to go both ways and then get in the middle of something dangerous! First timers **Captain Blue Balls** and **Jizz Me** were honored with Molson Golden. **Loose Change** chug a lugged for a birthday down down. **Speaks In Tongues** was then recognized for her (truth or fiction?) story about something to do with semen flavored mouthwash. **Chicken Poop** received a needless down down for changing out of his wet Humping clothes at the start by stripping in the Ralph's parking lot and not receiving even a "shrivel" of notice by the little old ladies putting groceries into their cars right behind him. **Speaks In Tongues** was brought before the hash again for being VCR challenged which led to her nomination and receipt of the Hash Shit Award. She was in a hurry to get home so that she could watch Sex In The City on TV. Stay "tuned" for further indiscretions at the next running of the original, often imitated but never equaled Full Moon Hash!

Chicken Poop

**The Sturgeon Moon
Run # 210
Thursday, August 14th, 2003**

Get a Life week – Full Moon – in San Diego Hash Heaven -- the hares **Drag Along Date** and **Flabio** were "Planning" to bring some intergalactic shiggy to the Full Moon Hash –

Result

These Sewer hares gave the Pack a great treat - an unexpected long dark tunnel having an most appreciated beer stop – a bit under stocked but more about that to follow.

The trail continued to do loop after loop thru a condo complex -- which was clearly a sign that **Drag** had lost his way and was trying to throw the pack off – he recovered and laid the last leg up a slippery slope where the FRB's while drinking a cold one enjoyed watching the pack struggle join the On In.

Gay Boy from La Jolla and **Mas Penis** provided the most excellent nourishment to the hungry pack as **Deep Throat** was gathering the down downs and **Glow Worm** documented the guilty.

Down Downs

Welcome Backs – the Humping Hasher - **Ass Hopper** was able to follow trail and even drink a manly beer – the following First Timers selected this as their virgin Full Moon – **Butte Plug**, **Just a Little** ... and a my favorite naked newbie couple **Karen** and **Brent**.

Deep's ramblings – Ohh **Betty Cock in Her** again needs to call the **Colonel's Bitch** on the East Coast to tell her how to Find the ON IN on San Diego as she is a another shade of blonde – **Hindlick** and **Interloper** perfected Auto Hashing as a cure to **Drag's** haring – **Art Dicko** complained that mosquitoes should learned how to lick the clit not bit the leg – **Chicken Poop** showed his new hare-cut that was rumored to have be the best that he could get in Hillcrest – **Diary Queen** was accused of contributing to Delinquency of a Minor – was it G – ?

Hash Shit – Well Desired – **Stalemate** -- she shorted cutted to the beer stop – drank all the beer leaving none for the Beer needy pack – stopped at a local bar for cocktails and arriving DFL to the On In via taxi.

Bimbo by Day complaining of an ever increasing mountain to the Lost and Found from the CLH3 camp out – please take some – she is really bitching.

Well the Mars is near but the Harvest Moon is a Cumming – so cum one cum all.

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The Harvest Moon

Run #211

Tuesday, September 9th, 2003

The Harvest Moon/Porter's Pub 100th Run – September 9, 2003

It was a regular confluence of celestial bodies: the original, often imitated, never duplicated, Full Moon Hash teaming up with the Porter's Pub AGM. The bars were in alignment so to speak. Hashers congregated in the patio area behind Porter's Pub and sucked on lollipops shaped like full mugs of beer. The hares were Porter's Pub founders **Snot Exactly**, **Russian Spy** and **Manikin** along with outgoing GM **Dorkasaurus**. The trail was a by-the-numbers spiral trail expanding with each loop. Those who ran the entire trail (a small percentage of the pack) were out for well over an hour. After the run we feasted on tasty Round Table pizza, salad, and Klondike Bars of various flavors, washed down with lots of beer. After that came down-downs, co-presented by Dork and FM GM Deep Throat. They went something like this:

Egregious: I think it was **Who-the-Fuck** (I'm working with another person's notes)

Drag-a-Thong: What a scary thought, someone needs to drink for this!

Boom Box & Box Babe: Honored by **Debriefed** (for what I don't know).

Penis Machinist: Too cheap to tip the barmaid a buck, had to get change.

Come-Fuck-Me: Going away (sob). She wouldn't show her boobs (double sob).

Who-the-Fuck: Horse piss. Nuff said.

Welcome backs: Several hashers.

Ass Transit: Shoulder surgery.

La Bomba, Shortcake & Jam-Me-Ram-Me: Came too soon at 7:20.

Froggy Style: Parked in a handicapped spot, then ran the trail.

Felatio Domingo: Writing gubernatorial campaign stuff on trail in chalk.

Snow-Plow-My-Ass: Short cutting the short cutters (got in ahead of **Mr. Roark**).

Sir Isaac Sphincter: 75 times with Porter's Pub.

Dork: For bringing lollipops shaped like full mugs of beer.

The Hares

Out going Porter's Pub mismanagement: **Dork & Trail Mistress** Mistress Twat.

Swiss Piss & Good Tail: Continuing on as Hash Cashes.

New Porter's Pub mismanagement: **Deep** – GM, **Who** – Trail Nazi.

Hash Shit for Porter's Pub and Full Moon: **Penis Machinist**.

Faithfully recorded by **Dorkasaurus**

The Hunter's Moon

Run #212

Thursday, October 9th, 2003

An absolutely fabulous time was had by all at the 212th running of the original, often-imitated, never duplicated Full Moon Hash.

Hares **Ass Transit** and **Deep Throat** succeeded in laying a trail that few could follow, with **Mojo** being the only one to make it to the beer check (what beer check?). The rest of the pack spent time trying to figure out which marks were the right ones to follow (old La Jolla marks, other scratchings, etc). The hash-shit was passed to the hares for this feat, appropriately so.

The food was great at the on-in and beers were cold. What didn't get drunk at the beer check was offered up outside the on-in establishment (do I remember something with Bailey's in it?). As usual, the hash proved to be great entertainment to a hand full of locals occupying the establishment when down-downs began.

Speaking of down-downs, the following occurred:

Hashit Demo - ably performed by **Penis Machinist**

Welcome Back - extended to **Cyberslut** for tearing herself away from the winery to cum drink beer with the hash

Mrs. Buttfire, Mojo, Stalemate, Bimbo by Day, first timer Sherry - October birthdays

First Timers - Joe, Sherry, Chuck and ???

Strap-on - for needing a penis to go through shiggy

Mojo - for being the only one to make it to the beer check (what beer check?)

Art Dicko - complaining she couldn't play with herself

Sherry - winning the hash

Rump Ranger - hare snare

Every Man's Wet Dream - "Ah-nold" titty check

Stop Cock - for being named at the first Full Moon Hash

Deep Throat, ??? - for being at the very 1st Full Moon Hash

Art Dicko & Strap-on - for being outgoing Harriettes co-GMs, members of Toastmasters and AA

Honor Ass - for volunteering to flash and flashing **The Young & The Useless** who promptly went bug-eyed with a big grin

Cyberslut - for being named by the Full Moon Hash

Maui Wau - if I can read **Deep's** notes this means that her first hash was a Full Moon Hash 17 years ago

Weed Whacker, G-Rash, and Gay Dive something-or-other - visitors

Announcements - several including next run as Beaver (**Deep's** favorite mammal) Moon on November 8th at **Fuzzy Wuzzy** and **Kissy Face's** abode

Dutifully recorded by **Deep Throat** and rather loosely transcribed by **Every Man's Wet Dream**

**The Beaver Moon
Run #213
Saturday, November 8th, 2003**

Hares: **Fuzzy Wuzzy and Kissy Face**

The drive was long but you could see the spectacular eclipse the whole way. The view was even better from the hare's house and the beer was great. The trail was great and had an awesome repel where hashers tested their skills down a 20-foot rock face with just a rope. As acrophobia spread through the pack many hashers (WIMPS) opted to take the turkey tail that had an easier repel while others (BIGGER WIMPS) just gave up and ran back to start. It was here that **Swiss** started pushing people out of the way to get to the rope, causing the pack to name him the FRB. Also during the run **Pigeon Shit** ran back to start screaming for water and started to drink out of the dog bowl. Many non-runners were surprised to see him run back out and catch up with **Shock My Monkey** but they still showed up Dead Fucking Last. The lasagna and the beer were both delicious. The Full Moon virgins were **Linda, F. Slut, B.H.'s mom, and Stew**. We celebrated **No. 2's** B-day and more importantly the Marine Corps B-day (# 228). We also celebrated Veteran's Day and **Bull & Shit's** anniversary.

Down-Downs:

Penis Machinist - Hashit Demo

Swiss Piss - FRB

Pigeon Shit and Shock My Monkey - DFL's

Hemorrhoid - For getting a hernia surgery and not having any fat left

Fuzzy and Kissy - For keeping the fire away from the full moon

Sheep Sex - For having a pain in the boner

Stew - For fighting the fire

Art Dicko - For saving the fire

Glow Worm - For grabbing a penis on the way to the run

Trailer Rash - For being afraid to come to Kissy's

Titskreig - For bringing her own fire

Hashit Nominations:

Pigeon Shit - Because he ran back to start dying for water and drank from the dog bowl

Swiss - Because he couldn't handle the rope

These were beat out by **Rump Ranger** who searched **Hemorrhoid's** stomach for fat

Recorded by **Glow Worm** and written by **The Young and The Useless**

The Cold Moon
Run #214
Sunday, December 7th, 2003

The "Cold Moon" emerged as promised, nuzzled with some light drizzle that infrequently spat into full rain showers. This didn't deter the smallish pack and we pranced off into the moonlight with promises of warm soup, some new kitchen décor to admire, and pleasant company awaiting. The trail was pockmarked with neighborhoods of outlandish Christmas display and outrageous decadence – what do you want for Olivenhain and Rancho Santa Fe? We actually got to run some "virgin trail" even if some four-legged creatures had already put their horseshoe marks upon it. *Ice Box* reminded everyone at the beer check how frigid it was outside by showing up dressed AS an ice box. (Guess she didn't get enough mileage out of this year's Halloween costume...) Everyone arrived unscathed, except for those wankers who skipped the run and "ran" straight for the end – among them *Cannibis*, *Bimbo by Day*, and *Martha Fu*king Stewart*. Thanks to *On her Ass* for marking all the checks and being a great FRB.

Down-downs commenced by Grand Master *Deep Throat* after everyone had their fill of spinach salad, beer soup, (how appropriate!) sourdough bread and various snacks. *Sir Isaac* was honored for ditching his wife and the haberdashery in favor of a free ride, *Heaven's Gate* managed to miss the start, but be the first at the beer/blow job check, and *Boyz to Men* got a canine companion award for running with *Murphy* since *Deep's* back was out of whack. *Ice Box*, our illustrious hare/host, made sure everyone knew there were ABSOLUTELY no shoes in the (new) house, and the one of the other box babes, (*Likker Box*) was singled out for her last solo hare since she was soon to undergo matrimony vows. Thanks to *Press Box* for holding up the rear... Yours truly was ridiculed for enticing strange women in Cambodia to kiss her, and several Humpin' Hash types (among them *On Her Ass*, *Piccassole*, *Boyz to Men*, *Sakuhatchi*, *The Young and the Useless*, and *Shock My Monkey*) couldn't get enough of a good thing and ran both runs in one day. First timers to the Full Moon Hash included *Press Box*, *Piccashole* (from Santa Barbara) and *Sakuhatchi*.

Hash Sh*t was awarded to *Father Blows Best* for not knowing the difference between *Mr. Roarke* and *Roach*. He also got stuck haring the next Full Moon run in January since he's been hashing for YEARS and hasn't hared yet. The Larrikin Christmas party, along with the Humpin' Hash's New Year's Eve bash was shamelessly plugged.

On-on to the next great Full Moon Hash, courtesy of *Father Blows Best* and *Ass Transit*.

Respectfully submitted,
Ass Transit