

The Hunter's Moon

Run #275

Thursday, October 16th, 2008

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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