

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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