

Full Moon Hash- Thursday April 9, 2009

First off, I must offer an apologies for any inaccuracies in this account. They are due to the fact that my highly detailed notes were in the pocket of my pants when it went through the wash, rendering most of them illegible. However, with the help of some document restoration experts from the Smithsonian Institution I was able to decipher enough to create this version of events.

This Full Moon Hash began like many others, began with G-Minor calling at the last moment to inform us that due to circumstances beyond his control he would be unable to hare the run. Fortunately, the run start was at volleyball on Sail Bay only a few blocks from my humble abode. Before the start the Full Moon hashers watched the volleyballers bat the ball back and forth with their usual skill. The volleyballers, for their part made certain that they were volleyballers and not Full Mooners so as not to have to pony-up the onerous \$2.00 run fee. I brought a bag of flour so we could do a Pick-up style run. Chicken Poop volunteered (or was volunteered) to lay trail and Dick-So-Soft provided a beer check at his house.

I had to set things up with the Dave, the manager of The Dog where we ended and was unable to run the trail. Thusly, I know little about it. I do know that Chicken Poop attempted to take the trail through my yard. I was not there and he was surprised to find the gates locked. Oh well. From what I can gather, the trail meandered around PB before reaching The Dog. It was tricky enough that Witch Fucker got lost and was out on trail for over an hour.

We had Down-downs. The hares drank. Bottom Fucker got a welcome back down-down. Glow Worm drank for listing two consecutive Worm Moons. Others drank for other things, but since my notes are history I can't say who they were. There you have it.

Your faithful scribe,

Dorkasaurus Rex