

## The Snow Moon

Run #229

Thursday, February 24<sup>th</sup>, 2005

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### ***DRAG ALONG DATE'S URBAN CHALLENGE # 2***

So, it's been 13 months since the first Drag Urban Challenge Full Moon Hash. One year and one postal zone away, this Full Moon run happened in Normal Heights under a very cool and damp sky. A series of storms had just finished having their way with Southern California and, although the only drips on this run were among the pack, scattered lightning could still be seen in the distance.

**Drag** recruited a willing harriette to assist with his urban assault scheme, namely **Full Of Shit**. During the pre-run brief, a new symbol was introduced to the pack, that being a "Q" When encountering this mark, we were instructed to be "Quiet" as we'd be trespassing upon private property, oh joy! Then, suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, the hare's were off into the darkness.

Former GM, **Mr. Spock** mingled with his old flock at the start. Trail began on an easterly heading on Adams Ave. over I-15 and into the borough of Kensington. Several checks and many turns later, we encountered an eagle / turkey split in that area. On the eagle trail just beyond the split, the promised "Q" marks were found. We did indeed enter a private driveway on or near Rochester Rd. and then over a wrought iron fence that straddled a rather steep slope. Going down this slope was rather tricky as recent rains had made things a bit slippery. Still, the intrepid eagles trudged along very carefully on this virgin soil down to the bottom of the narrow canyon where we turned south bound and soon to a check. Here, we turned northeast and continued on a gentle decent toward Fairmount Ave. After getting across the concrete drainage ditch next to the road, we climbed up to Fairmount where a check was solved going downhill to the north toward Mission Valley. Trail turned west onto Camino Del Rio South and stretched the pack out with a long section of concrete sidewalk trail. Turning up behind an office building on Camino Del Rio South, trail crossed Shiedler Way and entered the rear parking lot of the Community College Building. Arrows pointed up to the side of another steep hill where, likely, no hasher had gone before. Toilet paper adorned the hillside as to indicate which bush to crawl to next on the ascent. Fortunately, **Baby Huey** was ahead of me so all I had to do was follow the deep depressions in the soil made by his shoes. With fingernail full of dirt, we somehow made it to the top and turned around to bask in the beautiful view of Mission Valley, I-5 and Qualcomm Stadium. Trail went through a hole in a fence and led us over to Cromwell Ct. Marks sent us past the monastery and south on Hawley St. then left on Arthur St. and a right on 35th St. where beer became near at Di Milles restaurant at 35th and Adams Ave.

At only 4.4 miles, the eagle trail was short for a **Drag** race. The turkeys didn't have it so well. It seems that **Full Of Shit** ran herself (and the turkeys) around in circles in Kensington before following the rising moon to and fro in a haphazard way about the streets, alleys and

sidewalks of Normal Heights. By the time she found familiar landmarks again, trail amounted to 5.7 miles according to the GPS carrying hounds.

Meanwhile, back at the On In. Hashers had the patio area of Di Milles all to themselves and pounced upon happy hour drink specials and scrumptious Italian dishes (plus forks and knives).

As soon as most of the Turkeys had crawled in **Glow Worm** commenced with down downs.

**Chicken Poop** performed the obligatory demonstration down down.

**Penis Machinist** (who had left already) was next for hare snare on the Turkey trail.

**Sir Isaac Sphincter** chugged for coming in second, then accusing **Penis Machinist** of shortcutting.

Hares, **Drag Along Date** and **Full of Shit** for a short eagle and a long turkey trail and again for **Full Of Shit** getting lost on her own trail.

**Captain Zero** drank for wanting to protect first timer, **Andrea**.

**Shock My Monkey** was applauded for his decision to move to South Dakota and for not wanting to hash in shiggy.

**Long Cutting Bastard** tasted suds for putting his dirty shoes on the table and for falling off a 5 foot long pipe on the eagle trail.

**Captain Jerk** was recognized for his recent trip to Brazil and for transsexual abuse.

**Pre Owned Shit** was put in the spotlight for carrying not one but two GPS devices on trail.

**Pucky** drank along with him for not having a song in mind when called upon.

Visitors were next: **Bitter Bite** and then **Flasher, Brian, John** and **Francis** all from Florida.

Welcome Backs to the Full Moon Hash were **Mr. Spock** and **Manhandler**.

Hash Shit went to **Glow Worm** for impersonating a GM again!

On on, **Chicken Poop**.