

The Worm Moon

Run #280

Tuesday, March 12th, 2009

On a sunny but chilly March evening, an impressive pack met up in Scripps Ranch for yet another edition of the fabled Worm Moon hash trails. **Glow Worm** was in prime condition for this epic classic of a trail and nobody was disappointed.

The first landmark encountered was the Library near the run start. This was followed by a check and a long back track more suitable for YBF fame. Just after solving this check, trail marks were replaced by a map instructing the pack to go down to the next traffic light and turn left, then go down a few more blocks to another traffic light and turn left again. Here, we found ourselves on shiggy again. The trail meandered into the Eucalyptus laden valleys of Scripps Ranch for miles only interrupted by an occasional check (all of which proved to be challenging to solve). A few times, the FRBs got off trail when a change of direction was not clearly marked. Just added to the thrill of the hare's handy work.

Soon, night fell and the pack was slowed a bit due to darkness and scarcity of marks in some locations. As the trail progressed, it seemed as though many in the pack had turned back as only a faint call of 'on on?' was heard every now and then in the distance. Hours later, the trail made it to the road which circles Miramar Lake on the far East edge. Here was found the Eagle / Turkey split. Already hungry and very thirsty, everyone in my vicinity took the Turkey. If there was a brave Eagle, he or she may still be out there as the Turkey Trail was 7.25 miles itself. Meanwhile, back on the Turkey trail, a nice romp around the lake and down the main entrance to Scripps Lake Dr put the pack back on track toward the start. An A to A drive to B (Glow Worm did not have enough room for all the run bags and nor did anybody else for that matter). B was written in chalk as Filippi's Italian Restaurant on Mira Mesa Blvd near where the old K Mart used to be.

At the On In, much to my and other hasher's delight, we were sharing a special room with the Charger Girls Cheerleader Team (or, at least the girls trying out to be Charger Girls). I recognized the team's choreographer who lives in Del Mar.

We ate, drank, cheered, peered, thanked, wanked, spanked all the way till down downs. The Charger Girls were amused with our antics but really got into it when a visiting harriette, **Rotten Cherry**, decided to show us a body part upon being asked. After a while, each down down song we sung was more or less just a case of following all the bouncing boobs in the room. A few of the down downs I recall include **Dairy Queen** drinking for Girl Scout Day and back up again with **Sir Isaac Sphincter** for their 32nd wedding anniversary. **Glow Worm**, the hare, received many gorilla down downs for assorted trail woes + won Hash Shit for telling one of the Charger Girls to keep her top on thinking we might get tossed out of the restaurant before down downs were finished. **Sir Isaac** and **Chicken Poop** got a couple more down downs.....I forget why. There were several first timers including **Scott** and **Katrina** plus a couple more visitors, but, since I was already "seeing double" every time I looked at a Charger Girl, my mind wasn't on scribing. Many pictures of beer later, down downs ended sometime after 10pm. The rest of the restaurant was empty as we left the scene. Wish I could remember more down downs but you'd understand if you were there. Thank you **Glow Worm** for the best trail of the night!

On on, **Chicken Poop**.