

Full Moon Run 1/14

Hares:

Free Hand Job

Chewy – who actually laid the trail.

Sadie – the scribe

First of all I want to thank those who showed up the run and for the GM being patient with the drunken hares! We had a great time haring the Full Moon! Sadie insists on doing the run write up since she claims to be the only one of us who was sober for the evening. Excuse her typo's since it is difficult for her to write with her paws! :-)

Ok so we all went to the Whistle Stop to watch TV or something. Alls I knows is that I didn't get to go to the dog park to sniff buttz because crazy redhead married to Chooey had to drink beerz. She said sumthin about no one showing up and might as well watch football. So finally, Chooey tells her to come on cuz hashers might actually showed up. Well they did! Haha! So crazy redhead takes me and get us lost for almost one hour. Chooey had to live lay the trail by hisself and then goes and does sumthin else stooped like taking hashers to drink coffay. Me and redhead goes to the bar called Sparki and I have to stand outside agin for a while. Them hashers was in there drinking PBR's that Chooey bought them. Whens crazy redhead was in there, she bought herself sum better beerz. Chooey took peoples through a zigzag of a trail thens we ends back up at that Whistle Stop place agin. They ate pizza's, drank good beerz and then a few of em' went and pulled thiers pants down and got us all kicked out! Well least at the very very end, I gets to go to the Dog Park but only so that crazy redhead an a fews others hasher had to pee.

Okay – that big guy, Glowing Wormer...or sumthin did him sum downdowns but I couldn't hear them cuz I was under the table tryin' to sleep and hoping for a piece of pizza. But I knows one thing, that Chooey got hisself that there hashsh*t cuz he tooks hashers to that Starbux that crazy redhead drags me too.

Signed,

Sadiee the wunder beagles



The Original Full Moon Hash
Run # 241
Sunday, February 12, 2006
The Snow Moon
Hares: CFuckRun & Monkey See Monkey Do Me

CFuckRun Completes Hash Hat Trick!

It was crunch time in San Diego as an intense hash day lay ahead. First off the hash sponsored San Dieguito Half Marathon followed by the Humpin' hash and ending with the Full Moon Hash. As all epic heroes do, CFuckRun rose to the occasion. Arriving at the park at 4:30 AM he set up the finish line. Running the half as a pacer, he had enough energy to finish 11th overall and 3rd in his age group. He then provided quality control in the beer garden by continuously sampling all six microbrews to insure only the highest quality for runners and hashers alike. After that, he boldly laid the Humpin' trail cleverly combing both terrain and environmental factors to keep the pack challenged and amused. He then personally catered the on in and serenaded the pack for 45 minutes before down downs. Then he and his trusty co-hare, Monkey See Monkey Do Me laid another gem of a trail for the few survivors capable of making it to Full Moon. It was a shame more hashers couldn't be raised from their cups as they missed a spectacular run. Most importantly, the on in was dog friendly, canine-type friendly not ugly female friendly. What a treat! With nary a dozen hashers in attendance, down downs were short and sweet:

Hashit demo down down – Sir Isaac Sphincter
Vomit Comet – skipped AA meeting to come to hash
Glow Worm – for being the first thing that Deep Throat saw in the morning
Dairy Queen – the usual gratuitous new car down down (must be a hash cash somewhere)
Shit Eating Grin (visitor) – started on the Full Moon trail but ended up running that and the Humpin' trail as well
CFuckRun & Monkey See Monkey Do Me – A fabulous trail with a Herculean effort to conquer the day!

The Coveted Hashit – Vomit Comet for some unremembered reason

Seriously, great job hares! Thanks for working so hard to make it a good hash day.

On on! DEEP

The Worm Moon
Run #242
Tuesday, March 14th, 2006

It just happened that the *Full Moon* fell on a *Porter's Pub* night, so it was a case of Porter's gets wormed. The originally scheduled hare, **Dork**, was filled with so much dread that he ended up in the hospital and couldn't hare. (Seriously, he did have a very serious problem but he's doing fine now.) So at the last moment, **Peter Cock in Tail and Barbie Biker Bitch** jumped in the laid a trail. It included a turkey-eagle split (rare for a *Porter's Pub* run) and the eagle used *Full Moon* checks to make things a little different. I wish that I knew more about the trail, but as a walker, the pack quickly got way ahead of us. And in the sprit of **Dork** I decided to short-cut back to the start.

Back at *Porter's*, I was somewhat surprised to find that **Mr Roarke and Captain Zero** and several others who had also kept up with the traditional of short-cutting back and were already back at the Pub.

Since **Deep Throat** was MIA, down-downs were doled out by **Who the Fuck**, the *Porter's* GM. I should have been taking notes but I forgot (was too busy listening to down-downs's and munching on the wondrous salad we had).

I drank for being the *Porter's Pub* Hashit as well as a stand-in for the *Full Moon* Hashit. And then I don't remember much more than that except that **Jam Me Ram Me** was picked as the next *Porter's* Hare.

All in all it was a fun evening.

Glow Worm

The Pink Moon
Run #243
Thursday, April 13th, 2006

Well I waited to long to write this and I can not remember much.

The run was located in what I guess is G-minor and Who Said Head's favorite location. DMV Hillcrest. This was the Pink moon on April 13th. The Hares were G-minor, Spank and Who Said Head.

The Hares were off and the run was great. We ended at a great place Bettie's good food and we had the room in the back.

Down Downs started off great with a Hash Shit Demo from PM.

The first and best down down was Slap for running off and leaving her trunk wide open for anyone to get into.

We had a group of first timers: Lockbox, Amber, Dean and Tracy

Tracy was our virgin first timer he now knows that when you order a beer from the bar you do not order the baby beer but the man size beer.

The full moon had a group of birthdays that got the appropriate birthday song. Happy Birthday ##### you!

Spank
Dean
Easy Going
BMW

In celebration of Earth day and for trying to lead a healthier life the hares used whole wheat flour.

Manscaper came to the run ready for anything he had his camelback with water (we think) but he wished that Amber would suck on the tip.

And last but not least Thing-a-Thong for high maintenance.

Announcements Announcement

Jimmy Buffet Ugly Shirt Run NC May 13th

Next Full Moon Hash May 13th (Flower Moon)

Next SDMH Run May 24Th (Hares, Dork, Chewy, FreeHand Job)

The Flower Moon

Run # 244

Saturday, May 13

After days and days of overcast weather along the coast, we were pleased to assemble near Quivera basin in south Mission Bay Park under clear skies for a beautiful evening Hash. Meanwhile, across the street an outdoor wedding finished up just before the pre-run brief. Our hares, **Hindlick** and **Donny Osmond** seized the opportunity to let us know that the ON-IN would be at the reception where we would enjoy lots of excellent food and entertainment. They also promised beverage checks including, margaritas, blow jobs, champagne, beer and other specialties. They went on to mention one small detail – all of these would be at the end of the trail.

Then the hares were off. Okay – Donny was off. Hindlick took two steps and turned around to assume B-Van duties. Soon the pack was off as well. We headed south on Sunset Cliffs Blvd. over the mighty San Diego River toward OB. The first check was on the other end of the bridge at the corner of Robb Field. The trail took us through the park to West Point Loma Blvd. From there we headed east and passed through Collier Park West to another check at Catalina Blvd. This was a tricky one because the trail went back to the left onto Famosa, over Nimitz and through Cleator Park. Eventually we got to the slough that separates OB from the Midway area. We crossed W. Point Loma Blvd. And followed the east side of the slough to the fence along I-8. Predictably the ON-IN route went back over the river on west Mission Bay Drive and back to Quivera Basin where we enjoyed the reasonably priced sandwiches and beer at a little deli with an outdoor patio – a perfect setting for...

Down Downs-

Glow Worm got things started by announcing that they would be guerilla-style. Hearing this, I stood up to deliver a down-down only to realize that Glow was looking for someone to do the Hash Shit demo. Of course, he chose me. First-timers were next: **Shut the Fuck Up, Asshole, 87 Short Tons** and **Ice Hole** were honored. **Grassy Ass, Sir Isaac Sphincter (SIS)** and **Major Lying Bastard (MLB)** received a big "Happy birthday. Fuck you!"

Stale Mate and **Weed Whack Her** drank for showing up before the hares took off. Very unusual. **Father Blows Best** and **Dr. Dive** were recognized for doing manholes. **Drag** drank for marking every check in the wrong direction. [It was actually only half of the checks.] Still a pretty bad success rate. **Baby Huey** and **Bumper Humper** visiting from Denver were busted for spending a little too much time with each other at Bumper's hotel before the Hash. **Gag'n'Shag** got a down-down for terrorizing passers by from her wheel chair with help from **Goes Down Easy**.

Dairy Queen was honored for Mothers Day. **Sir Isaac Sphincter** drank for being a motherfucker. **Major Lying Bastard (MLB)** was brought up for taking a call from "Aunt Rita" during down-downs. We all know it was really his crack dealer. **Reach Around** drank for having shaved balls and carrying around a copy of Playboy with a photo of Barbara Bush on the cover. **Barbie Biker Bitch (BBB)** was looking bored and glum. When asked why he said, "You know –old people." He definitely drank for that since he was older than at least half of the pack. **MLB, C-Fuck Run (CFR)** and **BBB** all drank for having small dicks and compensating by riding motorcycles to finally have something long and hard between their legs. It gets worse, for **MLB** failed the written test for his motorcycle license so he can't take it out on the road. Instead, he sits on it in his garage and pretends he's moving. "Vrooom, Vrooom!"

Then **MLB** offered a cool thermal mug printed with the official "United States Embassy – Baghdad, Iraq" logo to the Hasher who could chug a 22 oz. Beer the fastest. The contestants were **CFR, Manscaper, Ice Hole** and **Drag** who won and took the mug. Sweetest! **Hindlick** pointed out that the reason for the Hash just popped up on the eastern horizon – a nice, big orange moon. Then he took credit for arranging the Sea World fireworks show.

It was a great time! That's how I remember it anyway.

Until next time, ON-ON, Drag

The Strawberry Moon
Run #245
Sunday, June 11th, 2006

Once again I was unable to get a scribe. What's going on, doesn't anyone know how to write anymore?

In spite of the Full Moon being the third hash of the day, some 27 hashers made it out for another edition of the Strawberry Moon. **Art Dicko** and **Dairy Queen**, being the shrewd harriettes that they are, got **Drag Along Date** and **Sir Isaac** to be trail slaves for them. As I didn't do trail, I have no idea where it actually went, but after about an hour most of the hashers had made it to the end.

So now, let me see if I can remember how down-down's went. Even with my notes, I don't really have a clue, but here goes nothing.....

Frudeline Slut: new car.

Since it was close to Father's Day, all of the fathers were called up. Then all of the hashers who were not fathers, but were mother f**kers were called up.

Man of Whore drank for not having any friends.

Mine's a Mini drank for his response when I called him earlier in the week and asked if he was going to make the Full Moon, his reply "Why, do you need beer?"

Eat My Beaver drank a going away down-down (boo-hoo).

First Timers: **Brian, John, Jenni** and **Mine's a Mini**.

Birthdays: **Cock-n-Load** and **Drag Along Date**

Scratch My Balls drank for being the only one at the Full Moon to have done all three hashes that day.

Hares: **Dairy Queen, Art Dicko, Work of Art, Drag Along Date** and **Sir Isaac**.

Hashit went to me for some unknown reason (honestly, I don't remember why and I didn't write it down).

So there we have it.....

Glow Worm

The Buck Moon
Run #246
Thursday, July 13th, 2006

Last month, I asked "What's going on, doesn't anyone know how to write anymore?" And the answer is: No. Hence, once again I am doing the write-up.

The pack gathered at Moonlight State Beach for a run around Encinitis. **Cums Alone** once again proved that he is "Hares Alone" as well. The trail wound around and ended at Mr Peabody's, a nice little pub near I-5.

We ended up in the back of the pub and we really didn't have an area for ourselves, so the group ended up spread around at several different tables. I did manage to get most of the hashers together for some down-downs which went something like this:

Drag Along Date: had his picture in the bar

Chicken Poop: filling in for **Brown Eye Bulls Eye** who wore a black long sleeve shirt in July

Grassy Ass: never hashed north of the fairground before (I am glad that we could broaden his horizons)

Courtney: brought three young harriettes to the hash, but two of them left before down-downs

Grassy Ass: drank for stealing down-down beer

Mas Penis: knows all about the hash but still brings her daughter **Courtney** anyway

First Timers: **Kelsey** and **Cody**

Birthdays: **Kelsy**

Hare: **Cums Alone**

Hashit: **Grassy Ass** for whining

And I would like to thank **Kelsy** who was sitting on a low step just in front of me during down-downs giving me a great view down the top of her shirt. Thanks **Kelsey**, they were nice.

Glow Worm

The Sturgeon Moon
Run #247
Thursday, August 10th, 2006

The following write-up was written in invisible ink and is provided in it's entirety:

Thank you for taking the time to read it.

Glow

The Harvest Moon

Run #248

Thursday, September 7th, 2006

Another Full Moon, another Full Moon Hash. This time the pack gathered at Morley Field near the corner of Up-ass and Tex-ass in beautiful North Park.

Newly 34, ***Son of a Nun Fucker*** celebrated his birthday by leading us on a tour of some lesser-known trails of eastern Balboa Park. He proved once and for all that there is some other reason to live in South Park aside from the short commute downtown. That reason being, of course, that sometimes hashers will leave beer unattended in your back yard.

After making our way under the 5 and passing by every construction project in the city, we settled in at the old favorite, Downtown Johnny Brown's. Home of delicious beer, shuffleboard, and one apparently really angry waitress. The good news...we'll be back anyway!

Dr. Dive led with a Hashit demo. We welcomed back ***Puppy Pumper*** and also welcomed first-time Full Mooners ***Say It Again, Patrick, Kumrad, Illegal Eagle, and Suzanne***. Those admitting September birthdays along with ***Nun*** were ***Glow Worm, Deep Throat, Manscaper, Illegal Eagle, and Burk***.

Other down-downs:

Say It Again and Kumrad: Out of hash gear

Sir Isaac and Dairy Queen: Sending money to England for daughter

Nookie: Stop that breaking shit!

Full of Shit: Caught with 15yr old Jason on trail

Heaven's Gate: A birthday present for ***Son of a Nun Fucker***

Grassy Ass and Pat My Ass: Start at Up-ass and Tex-ass

Lock Box: Not worried about best friend (***Bottomless***) being lost on trail

Deep Throat: Didn't write down finish

Manscaper: Couldn't follow trail, autohashing

Deep Throat: No run start

Announcements: The 20th is cumming!! On-on. Suzanne.

The Hunter's Moon

Run #249

Saturday, October 7th, 2006

After 249 Full moon's, The Original - Often Imitated - Never Equaled - Full Moon finally turned 20 years old. Yes, it is hard to believe that 20 years ago, Vango, Mr Spock and Manhandler decided that they didn't want to provide you wanker with food and beer at a hash, so they started the Full Moon hash so they could end in a bar, leaving you wankers to fend for yourselves.

Well, it must have worked. After these 20 years, there are several Full Moon hashes scattered around the globe, they are all decedents of The Original Full Moon Hash. Pretty exciting, huh?

Arctic Rim Job was supposed to do this write-up and emailed me at the last moment stating she lost her copy of the notes. (Why am I not surprised?)

Anyway, some 30 hashers gathered at the La Costa Park-n-Ride to help celebrate this momentous occasion. There were hashers we haven't seen in years, and then the usual bunch of suspect's (you know who you are).

Pre-run announcements included one about the impending GM election which was going to be held during the On-On's and that "you must be present to win" and to "turn in your friends" for nominations, and then it was time for the pack to be off.

As I went straight to the end, to help get some things setup, I have no idea how or where trail went, but eventually everyone made it to the On-In, which was at Deep's house, where they were promptly given a ballot to vote for the new GM. There were several cries of, "Who in the hell nominated me?" as the ballots were passed out. (Isn't democracy grand?)

Deep Throat, as out-going GM, started out Down-Downs with the following:

Hashit Demo: Deep Throat

Hung Like a Tadpole - Welcome Back

Stopcock - First hasher named at a Full Moon hash

Glow Worm, Penis Machinist - First hash in San Diego ended at Deep's house

Arctic Rimjob - Lost, season 3 (much like her copy of the notes)

Sir Isaac - exploring a sausage shirt

It was then announced that Doktor Dive was the new GM, followed by a cry of "Oh my gawd". It is at this point that the notes suddenly stopped. However, I do remember a couple of down-downs given out by the good Doktor:

Deep Throat: Outgoing GM

Glow Worm, Dairy Queen, Sir Isaac - outgoing mismanagement

Glow Worm, Dairy Queen, Sir Isaac - incoming mismanagement

I know there were others, but.....

Finally the hares: Deep throat, Pat My Ass, Spreadsheet, Ass Transit

The hashit was given to someone, I think it might have gone to Burnt Ta-Ta's, but once again when no notes..... However, Deep Throat did provide a new hashit for the Full Moon, a smelly ol' chessehead hat. Yummm!!

On, On!

Glow Worm

The Beaver Moon

Run #250

Sunday, November 5th, 2006

All hail the Beaver. Leave it to Beaver, that is- with ECT and Betty haring the run in Poodle skirts, Capri pants, and Cat Eyes glasses. (FYI: Betty didn't cum as Mrs. Cleaver, she came as Wally's girlfriend ;-). DrZ saluted the Beaver by wearing his Camel Toes hash shirt. Sheep and Pain in the Boner were the evening's other hares and providers of the Margaritas.

250 runs – Happy Anniversary to the Original Full Moon Hash. The more things change, the more things stay the same. There was a pretty big turn out tonight in expectation of Dr. Dive's debut as the new Full Moon Hash GM. But he decided to take TaTas to meet his parents down under, and we were left with Glow Worm once again. (Thanks GW).

We had a big contingent of Humpin Hashers making the trek to Mira Mesa from Carlsbad following their Humpin Trail...I don't know if they came to support Dr. Dive or Dr. Z, but I was very happy to see them (Big Bird's Spunk Rag, Anal Rose, KumRad, Just Bridget, Pixy, and running in his 3rd hash of the day, Howdy Do Me.)

The trail began on a dirt field that had ankle twister written all over it. Unfortunately, it also had Manscaper's name written on it and he ended up with a nasty ankle sprain. He still had enough hasher spirit to climb up and over the big hill to get to the beer check (with Margaritas and Senoritas). He's a hasher, He's true blue....

And what did I spy with my little eye..? Nookie, cast free, doing trail and tackling the hill! Good Job, Nookie. Great to see you on trail again! And where was BORT? Nursing his Interhash Injured Knee at the On-In. One sure can see some pretty strange things during a full moon.

The On-In was at Fillepies, a Mira Mesa classic. Celebration was in the air...with decorations, cake and cheers for Betty and DrZ for their 50th birthdays. I would also like to wish Sheep a happy 50th as well.

Various Hashers and Harriette's presented Betty and DrZ with birthday gifts....necessary tokens for the aging hasher...anti-wrinkle creams, anti-gray dye's, anti oxidants, band-aids and condoms. Thanks KumRad, Leaning Hard, Sodomizer, Showerhead, JoJo, PITB, Pixy, BORT and others for your kind words. The festivities were organized by ECT...(oh, the wiggle of her ass, would make a dead man cum.... Thanks babe!).

Down Downs –

BORT – New Designated Limper

Dr Zaius – Anniversary of 6th year of Hashing

Betty – For being short, flat and having no shiggy

Bar Flies – Gag, LT, BORT, Showerhead and Glow Worm – watched Football instead of doing trail.

However, the ladies talked the waiter into a free pizza. Gotta love our harriettes.

Betty – for pointing out that there was a full moon tonight. Blonde, blonde, blonde.

Big Bird's Spunk Rag – for being the Humpin Beermeister. And whoever contaminated his mug with water needs to be spanked.

Howdy Do Me – 3 hash runs, 3 FRB's, 3 hare snares. Just a typical Howdy Sunday.

KumRad – for being kicked out of a bar with Showerhead, when they were the only 2 in the bar.

Grassy Ass – for trying to stop Betty from flashing her tits. (Fifty, Shmifty – they were still fine looking tits!)

Visitor – Sodomizer. His mother hash is in Japan. Doing a brief stay over in SD as he's coming back from Iraq.

First timers – Bridget, Lana and Jason and the previously mentioned Humpers.

Thanks everyone for a wonderful birthday celebration,

On-oN

Your scribe,

DrZaius

The Cold Moon
Run #251
Sunday, December 3rd, 2006

How does it happen that the drunkest person gets anointed to produce the Full Moon write up? I guess no one cares what goes in it (or on it!) and nobody really reads it anyway! So, here goes...

The day of the Cold Moon wasn't very cold. Hashers roused themselves from a night of frivolity at the SDH3 annual Holiday Party to brave the first hash of the day: The Hare of the Dog bike hash, hosted by yours truly, *Ass Transit*. I had cooked a turkey for Thanksgiving, but my new roommate gobbled down all the leftovers, so I had a hankerin' to cook another one. I popped the 24 pounder in the oven and started peeling spuds, mashing yams, and prepared to create another Thanksgiving dinner for some lucky bikers. *Lawrence of No Labia* arrived to help me guzzle champagne, *Dr. Dive* and his bride, *Burnt Ta Ta's* came ready to spend the whole day and then mozie over to the Full Moon, which happened to be a couple of miles away. *Fluff Boy* dragged his own blankie to the couch and just watched the Chargers trounce someone again. *Dildo Abuse*, the other hare, was nowhere to be seen. He finally rolled up, covered in flour and said the trail was ready to go, albeit about an hour late (oh well, that's the bike hash for ya). By this time the second hash of the day had probably started, the Blonde Bimbo Humpin' run, but people were more interested in trail and food so no one deserted.

After a spine-tingling game of Asshole, played by *Lawrence*, *Fluff*, *Dildo*, *Wonderschlong*, *LCB*, *FOS*, *Dr. Dive*, *Heaven's Gate*, *Freudian Slut*, and myself, we dragged ourselves to *Ice Box's* house. Unfortunately, *Dr. Dive*, *Lawrence* and I stopped off at a teacher friend's house and never made it to the run start. More drinking and reminiscing, and the Three Stooges finally staggered over to the On-In. *Dr. Dive* was ready to make a big impression for his first ever solo GM-ship, and he came prepared with a *Deep Throat* "look-alike" costume. A giant padded belly with a T-shirt scrunched about half way down so the belly button was exposed, the ubiquitous vest, and some other adornments that I don't remember because my vision was getting blurry by that time. I think we all enjoyed some beer soup, fabulous hospitality by *Ice Box* and a few glares from *Deep Throat*. From the scribbles on the write up sheet, I see that *LCB* did the hash shit demo for *Grassy Ass* who was a no show, *Lawrence of No Labia* was a first timer to the Full Moon, and Two Timers (those who did two hashes that day) were *Ass Transit*, *Dr. Dive*, *Dancing Queen*, *Lawrence of No Labia*, *Long Cutting Bastard*, *Full of Shit*, *Burnt Ta Ta's*, *Howdy Do Me* and possibly others. By this time I had melted into the floor and was pretending to be a dog whisperer to Murphy. I do remember *Penis Machinist* and *Ice Box* had a birthday, and the lovely *Pat My Ass* accompanied *Deep* and Murphy. *Dr. Dive* and *Ta Ta's* had birthdays cuming up, so that must be why they got stuck haring the next Full (Wolf) Moon. Not sure how *Dr. Dive* ended up as hash shit, but no doubt he deserved it!

On-On to more electrifying hashing in 2007!

~Respectfully submitted by *Ass Transit*