

MOON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS AND PENAL COLONY

"Hashing around the Moon since 1995"

Grand Master: Will He Peter

Date: 8-6-87

- This is our first Monday run of the year, now that daylight saving has kicked in.

- A quick reminder to you new boots. Bring warm clothing, since there is a mean temperature drop of about 275 degrees at sunset. Oh yeah, and flashlights. Preferably something in the 100 Kilowatt range.

- The Sierra Club is demanding that we file an environmental impact statement every time we lay a trail. Seems as if they have a bug up their poop-chutes and claim that the trails don't dissipate for around 47,500 years. Typical elitist, wimp, pinko fucking liberal crap. But, for the foreseeable future, please refrain from using the weapons-grade plutonium for trails, and confine yourself to granulated Uranium.

- While we're on the subject, please remember that no Hasher can lay more than three trails in any given Lunar Year due to safeguards in handling fissionable/fusionable materials. Unless of course you don't care about your dick falling off. Butt Wipe was heard to ask if he could lay trails just until he needed glasses.

- One final note on the subject. Please, please, please keep an accurate map of your trail for our records. That mysterious explosion last month was caused when Pussy Tosser unintentionally layed a 17 kilometer back-check parallel to the first leg of Madd Maxx's Flat Top Run. The resulting chain reaction registered about 170 kiloton, and the tide shift back on Earth swept seven thousand California surfers to their deaths. On second thought.....

- Speaking of Madd Maxx, how did he find any flat terrain on the Moon anyway ?

- The "Full Earth Run" will be run as scheduled for the next 172 days in a row.

- We're going to start an "On the Rag" Hash, just as soon as we get some women up here.

- For the foreseeable future, Licks-His-Own has been ordered to refrain from baring his ass whilst singing "He may be a joy to his mother, but he's a pain in the asshole to me...." Seems as if some of the lonelier guys are singing that last part with a little too much enthusiasm. This practice has been suspended until further notice, or until we get some women up here.

- Due to lack of participation, Mr. T has cancelled his biweekly Republican Charm School workshop until further notice, declaring the Moon a "cultural wasteland". No, T. It's the Hash that is a cultural wasteland. The Moon is simply a wasteland.

- A vote was taken Monday as to whether we should invite the Russians to run with us, as a gesture of international solidarity. It wasn't even close; 3 in favor, 47 against. As The Rev so succinctly put it, "Fuck 'em. Ever since Glasnost, ain't a one of 'em with a sense of humor."

- Our new arrival, Keezer, has been complaining about the lack of down downs and singing at the ON-ONs, until somebody explained the logistical problems of attempting these activities in a vacuum. He then suggested that we all get in a circle and harmonize while touching helmets, but this was ruled out on the grounds of being, if not outright faggy, at the very least provocative.

- This still doesn't explain how Hooter Bill get's his horn to work in a complete vacuum, he just does.

- Of course, nobody has bothered explaining why they shipped an immigration lawyer to the moon either, they just did.

- Quick note to Half-Moon in response to your recent letter: No, your Hash name does not entitle you to any special privileges, although it should give you the inside track for Homecoming queen.

- Also in response to a letter by Swamp Rat: It's penal colony, as in "punishment". You are thinking of something else. And no, we do not accept applications.

- Geek is still missing from the Sea of Tranquility run last April, so his rations are being raffled off every night. We figure he's got about a five day supply of air left, after which we will raffle off his grip.

- A word of warning. If he comes back, Never Follow Geek.

- Muscle Phart has only been here for two weeks, and he already has his first client.

- Holy Shit, it just occurred to me. They shipped all the fucking lawyers here.

On On.

WILL-HE PETER.

MHHHAPC