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Run #: 2000 (wink wink nudge nudge)

When: 24 May 2014

Hares: **ASH, Snog the Goblin, Get A Life, & Gobble 07**

Where: La Cabrera

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*Oww.*

*Shit, what... OOWW.*

*Fuck me, what did I even do last night?*

*And what the fuck happened to my head?*

*(I'll have some of that!)*

*Oh THAT'S wh- OOOOOWWWWW ok, I get it, I can't even think loudly. Good to know.*

*Fuck.*

*Where's...*

*Who's...?!*

*What the FUCK is...*

*Aw shit, it's EVERYWHERE.*

*(How'd it get on the ceiling?)*

*Is that blood?*

*That's gotta be, like, a dangerous amount of blood.*

*She's gonna be piiiiissed...*

*Wait, this isn't my room.*

*Where did... oh wait... whose credit card did we...?*

*Riiight, visiting hasher, her hotel room...*

*So I could just sneak out and she'd never-*

*Oh hey, morning sleepyhead!*

*Ow, hey, no screaming! My head's on fire. Yeah, all this, that was all you. I was just... umm... on my way down to tell the concierge to send a cleaning crew up!*

*Yeah, hey, don't worry about it, I've woken up to worse. Really, it's actually kinda cute.*

*The fuck did I just say?*

*No, seriously, I'm not kidding, you need to STOP SCREAMING! I'll let them know downstairs, you go wash up. Yeah I'll be back up in a minute and I'll help you get out those stains, if you know what I'm sayin'! \*wink\**

*Yup, still got it.*

*Right, fresh towels, of course. Ok, lots of 'em, I got it. I'll see you in a sec.*

*God, she would not shut up!*

*And now to run away, burn these clothes, sleep it off, and try to forget this ever happened.*

*Wait... oh fuck no...*

*Today's the goddamn Hair of the Dog R\*n.*

*Uuuuuuuugh...*

*On fucking on, then...*

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

*The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for bodily fluids inappropriately excreted during or in relation to hash events, though we are happy to blame them on whomever is the last to wake up in the morning. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.*

