



Run #: 2021

When: 18 May 2014

Hares: **Mooby Dick** and **Crown Jewels**

Where: Casa de Campo

It's always only a matter of time until we return to Casa de Campo, every lazy hare's failsafe. Conveniently located amidst a plethora of children and hookers, it always makes us feel at home, and a bit horny to boot. Perhaps in a vain attempt to avoid alarming parents, there was very little flour between the metro stop and the car park, which only made us wander around drunken, vociferous, and confused for longer than necessary. Which of course alarmed parents more than anthrax ever could. Yes, folks, we're officially worse than biological warfare.

We were therefore eager to leave the car park in relatively expedient fashion ("relatively" being the operative word here), i.e. half past the official start time. We were slowed down by a cantankerous last-minute entrance by **Scrambled Dag**, who confirmed what we all knew about the lack of flour, but did so more loudly, meaning all except him were to blame. Funny how reasoning works that way...

In accordance with standard hash protocol, no one gave a shit, so off we went. The trail took advantage of dangerous terrain to stop shortcutters from jumping from falsies to the true trail without retracing their steps, but it only screwed over the folks that marks exist to help: the back-running bitches. In particular, one split trail nailed **Mudderfucker**, **In Your Face**, **Gag Reflex**, and **Ashley NN** harder than that time they shared an acid trip at Bonnaroo and hallucinated a Vishnu with eight cocks. It ended up just being **Big Foot** flailing his arms, but hey, if that kid doesn't prove to be dynamite in the sack, I'll eat my hat.

The poor lasses waited at the split trail mark for a knight in shining armor to return from the false trail and save them the trouble of scouting themselves. But they didn't get a knight. Nor did they get a gentleman. Hell, they didn't even get a decent human being. **Very Grimm** found the false trail and, in accordance with his guiding mantra of "Fuck it, YOLO," crossed the dodgy terrain without so much as calling "false trail." While the rest of the pack waited at a hold for the BRBs to realize their folly in trusting **Grimmsy**, front-running virgin bitches **Katie NN** and **Jesse NN** were threatened with all manner of spiky paddles, down-downs for made-up rules, being forced to stand next to **ASH** in the circle. Oh, the horror.

After the hold, the trail continued with more of the same: ups, downs, and just enough flour to

keep you on trail but make you second-guess yourself every ten seconds. I haven't seen that much stopping and starting since that time **El Sordo** asked me to spot him while he took a piss. Seriously, man, gotta get that prostate checked. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

Surprised that it had even taken this long, we soon came to a booby check. While we waited for the bouncing bosoms to scout, **Le Pro** graced us with a glimpse of his masterful shortcutting techniques by asking which trail was scouted by a blond, only to chose the other trail upon learning the answer. Let's not kid ourselves: there's probably a statistical basis for this, but good luck getting the funding to demonstrate it. Federal grants have more important things to do than confirm stereotypes that everyone knows. Wait, sorry, that's what they're there for. **Le Pro**, when you win a Nobel Prize for your Follicle Pigment Dependent Erroneous Passage Discernment Algorithm (FPDEPDA for short, and you can keep the name), I expect to be in the thank you speech!

A while later was the beer stop, which mostly consisted of softies and water in order to avoid that nasty little business of death by heat stroke. **Two Jugs** threw a hissy fit about the dearth of Mahou sin alcohol, which we've already established is called "sin" for the reason that it is DOWNRIGHT SINFUL. Listen bitch, we're trying to get you into heaven (as soon as possible, I might add), but you have to let us help you there.

After even more of the same sorts of hills, heat stroke, and falsies that made even visiting Dubai burlyman **Cow Fucker** cry tears of the blood of his vanquished foes, we came upon a vista with some castle, or zoo, or both. Photos were taken while **Scary Poppins** did his futile best to get the girls kneeling in front of him wet. It shouldn't have been that hard, I mean difficult, from that position, but sources confirm it was **Scary's** first time on the standing side of that sort of arrangement. From there, an almost mark-less trail led us back to the car park.



Our GM **Rat With A Snatch** was happy to start the circle by welcoming his rugby brethren **Cow Fucker** and, in what has got to be the least creative hash handle in the history of mankind, his missus, **Mrs. Cow Fucker**. Starting that all-too-familiar bit of "Well in *my* hash..." they remarked on their surprise at the amount of running in the Madrid kennel. There may have been other such obnoxious remarks, but they were drowned out by our awesome-like-a-hot-dog singing, so they can suck a donkey chode.

In an unprecedented display of human decency, **Rat With A Snatch** sought to rectify the lack of Mahou sin alcohol at the beer stop by giving **Two Jugs** a full liter of the horse swill. We thought this would accomplish our aforementioned goal of sending the whingy bitchy to heaven, but we actually just waited twenty minutes for her to choke the stuff down. You'd hope that that would be the full extent of whinging in a single hash, but then you remember **Scrambled Dag**, and it just ruins your day. For lack of a Shit (seriously, what is so fucking hard about bringing a toilet seat to a r*n?), the cock-juggling thundercunt was named Whinger of the Week.

It became apparent that, in a manipulative betrayal the likes of which Shakespeare's Iago would have been proud, **Katie NN** chose to take advantage of the fact that virgins' wrongdoings are paid for by those who made them cum. Of course, when we learned that she peed on trail merely as a

ploy to give **Dick Pix** a down-down, both were called into the circle and forced to kiss and make up. So maybe not so ligo-esque after all.

Remember that bit about **RWAS** and decency? I take it all back. **In Your Face** called the GM into the circle to address his recurring problem of doing what **Scary Poppins** never could: getting her and **Gag Reflex** sopping wet. **RWAS** protested that the issue was attributable solely to his dashing good looks, which inspired a chorus of raucous laughter from the circle that not even the GM and the RA could quell with their combined forces.

The circle finally shut up ten minutes later. In an ever-futile effort to encourage the presence of haberdashery and mugs, **In Your Face** called in half the circle for not reppin gang colors in da hood. This is not hard, I mean difficult, you little shits: wear hash gear, and if you've wasted enough of your life with us to earn a mug, bring the thing. If you need to, keep it in your haberdashery drawer with the lucky underwear you haven't washed since **Twice A Day** gave you a lapdance in it, I dunno your life.

Once again, we heard that all-too-common refrain from visiting douchewaffle **Cow Fucker**: "Well in *my* hash we don't call it a mug. We call it a tankard!" Trust me, as scribe I can guarantee that half of MH3 lacks the necessary vocabulary to handle two-syllable words, so for their sake we'll stick with "mug," thank you kindly.

Up next was **Le Pro** for the previously discussed sexism, pigmentism, whatever you wanna call it. Of course, in true shortcutting fashion, he left the circle before he could be punished, leaving his fellow Scot **Snog the Goblin** to drink in his stead. Of course, giving **Snoggles** a down-down is just a waste of the golden elixir, for he'll just regurgitate it in his helmet on the ride home while **Hit n Run** laughs in schadenfreudic (schadenfroh if you wanna get all German about it) glee, the little wanker. Talk about quality father-son time.

We ended the circle with a reminder of why we elected who we did as the leader of our little band of fuckups. Taking a good hour longer than necessary to tell the story, **Unsinkable** described in excruciating detail how **RWAS** walked straight into a pole for no good reason. Such potential excuses might have included catching sight of a nice pair of tits, a bangin' badonkadonk, a bevy of booze, or even **King Sir Sir James** with a positive outlook on life. But no such luck. He busted his face on a pole because he's not the GM the MH3 needs, but the one we deserve right now, and we're stuck with him until God knows when.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

1) **The May Anniversary Event!** It's THIS FUCKING WEEKEND. Sign in on Friday afternoon/evening and head out to drink and nosh at Anthony's Place (not **Mooby Dick's**). It'll be super sloppy. Saturday r*n to be a ballbuster, Saturday dinner to be a shitshow, Sunday r*n to be a hangover buster, Sunday afternoon to be a veritable vomitorium. See every last one of you ass spelunkers there. Info at tinyurl.com/mh3-30.

2) **Mijas H3 25th Anniversary Event:** Eeeewww, they're so ooold! **September 26th-28th, 85 euros.** Saturday r*n and dinner, Sunday r*n and lunch, goodie bag, and scarring experiences included. Contact: Sweet & Low at lettekep@yahoo.co.uk.

3) Javea Hash: Wednesday May 28th, 17:30. Coordinates: 38.776584, 0.189924. If you manage to survive the anniversary weekend, head over to Alicante where they'll actually kill you. Contact: javeahhh@yahoo.com.

NEXT R*NS

IT'S THE FUCKING ANNIVERSARY WEEKEND HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT THE DEAL IS?!?!

CHECK THE FUCKING ANNOUNCEMENTS, DIPSHIT.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

Announcements? Questions? Comments? Interpretive dance? Email the scribe at dawaldinger@gmail.com and if you're really important, really funny, or really stupid (guess which one you are), I'll throw it in next week.

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for the behavior of Scotsmen during or in relation to hash events, as it's your fault for choosing to consort with their kind in the first place. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

