



Run #: 2012	When: 6 April 2014
Hares: King Sir Sir James and Sex Mex	Where: Montecarmelo

The Madrid Hash House Harriers are proud to announce that this week's r*n has broken a new record for how early in the day it can all go to shit. Unsuspecting hashers woke in the wee hours of the morning to either a pool of their own vomit or an unfamiliar emptiness in their souls, and while the cause of the former should be self-explanatory, the latter was due to the unprecedented breakdown of the website. **Cue dramatic music**

Without it, chaos and anarchy reigned supreme. First, no one knew the directions or the coordinates to the car park, though we were saved with coordinates delivered via email with less than an hour until the r*n. Second, it seems that many assumed that either the hash or the carpool had been cancelled, as only one car and three other hashers appeared at The Bar Formerly Known as Larry's. We were further shocked to learn that directions to the car park required the ritualistic sacrifice of cyclists by hitting them with cars, for which the only plausible explanation is that **King Sir Sir James** draws his sustenance from their souls.

As if pagan immortality rituals weren't enough, **Very Grimm** made the fatal error of offering advice to commuters in an effort to mitigate the damage of the website crash. Unsurprisingly, he directed them farther from the car park than the original directions would have left them. To be clear, the mistake was not the incorrect directions, but the notion of helping in the first place, or perhaps having notions at all. We should know by now that using our brains tends to do us all more harm than good.

Finally, a legion of whiny half-marathoners arrived, all too eager to moan and groan about their terrible trials and tribulations earlier in the day. Of course, no one else was interested, so they kept to themselves and continued to circle-jerk until the r*n began. There was a collective sigh of relief as we started to look for trail, as we figured that with such a fiasco to start off the day, the worst must be out of the way.

How horribly naïve of us.

Frustrated that, despite their best efforts, their car park was more easily accessible than **Rat With A Snatch** and **Gag Reflex**'s car park the week before, the hares found another way to outdo their

predecessors: trail confusion. Those keeping score at home will remember that the previous week's trail featured a trail confusion of such daunting proportions that we managed to skip 2km, a beer stop, and at least seven river crossings. Despite all odds and our fervent hopes to the contrary, the hares found a way to top that feat, so we discovered ON ON BEER within five minutes of setting off. We briefly entertained the possibility that **King Sir Sir James**, in his ever-crescent senility, had felt overwhelmed by the task of setting a full trail and just doubled back after ten minutes, but then we remembered that the birthday boy's old age has only increased his ballsiness.

His haring, on the other hand, has only suffered, as was confirmed by our discovery of even more trail confusion. Mere minutes after idiotically deciding not to follow the ON ON BEER back to the car park, the front running bastards discovered an arrow pointing in the direction from which they had come. To this day, no one knows whether the arrow was part of the same trail confusion, or a separate debacle entirely. As we learned the week before, figuring out such messes typically involves recitations of several dozen variations of "fuck" from **Rat With A Snatch**, so it's hardly worth the trouble to sort them out.

The intrigue was only heightened when everyone beside the FRB's that found the arrow misunderstood it to be a checkpoint, but we somehow managed to put our heads together (I'll have some of that!) and figure out that true trail was not-so-expertly hidden over a daunting hill. Left to our own imaginations as to what dangers could possibly await (accidental time travel, a warp portal, maybe even last week's Bullsheat... the horror!), we reluctantly ventured onward.

The next few steps established a new precedent for parkour on the hash. We were soon funneled into a small pass over a tunnel and forced to scale the most unusually-placed piece of wall. And I do mean "piece", as this little hunk o' stone could not have been more than three meters long. Why someone constructed a full-blown (if stunted) wall to block a pass that no one in their right mind would go through anyway, we can only speculate, especially because it would have been stupidly easy for the less sanguine among us to cut around it. In spite of the wall's adorable stature, we needed a stepladder (you're not my *real* ladder!), generously provided by the hares, to scale it.

After a split trail in which the false just reconnected with the true trail, we found the wimps/macho split. Providing an appropriately dark omen for the trail to come, **Sex Mex** was guarding the split with that maniacal grin of his that belongs in a Tim Burton movie. The macho trail led uphill, under a bridge, and alongside train tracks until our parkour skills were truly tested. With nothing but a fence at its back end to provide handholds, a deep ravine suddenly became our only way forward. Some made the three meter plunge all at once, while the less audacious of us carefully maneuvered our way down the fence like we were leaving our high school sweetheart's house through her bedroom window and trying not to wake her parents.

This version, thankfully, did not feature an enraged, shotgun-endowed father, unless you count **Pink Afghan** "guarding" the car park with **Fareed NN**'s projectile spitting up serving as the shotgun. I know, it's a stretch. Without the motivating fear of mortal danger, many of us took our sweet time, so the pack trickled forward one by one. We quickly came to a dark and narrow tunnel longer and more depressing than **Scrambled Dag**'s cultural moments, adding credibility to the aforementioned fear of a warp portal or something similarly sinister. Upon emerging, we found a stream that was twice as wide and three times as muddy as it appeared. Much to the chagrin of their footwear, the more reckless (or feckless) among us tried to shortcut through the stream. At

the beer stop mere meters later, these long-cutters were dismayed to learn that the trail benevolently avoided the crossing altogether.

Reports of the wimps trail vary greatly. The only common factor among accounts was a surfeit of whinging, as wimps are wont to do. The remaining details shall not be discussed as survey results suggest that no one gives a shit.

The wimps and macho trail converged at the first beer stop, which, much like **Horsey('s) Minge**, was hot, dry, and covered in flies. Due to the immediate consumption of all the water and Aquarius, some wannabe FRB's tried to pressure the pack into leaving before the back-running bastards even arrived. Most of us, however, lounged in the shade, surrounded by the mingy flies and the whingy wimps.

Within a few minutes of hitting the trail again, we came to a booby check, where **Sex Mex** entertained the impatient menfolk by blaring Queen's *Another One Bites the Dust* from his car. The boobies eventually found true trail, leading us along a dirt road until the trail turned up a hill. **Bottom Wrangler**, having overheard the hares scheming about a devilish checkback at the beer stop, thought he could outsmart the hares, continue forward, and avoid the hill entirely. The wee lad was only half right; while the hill did indeed lead to a checkback, it was a checkback 40, meaning that it took the pack much farther back than just the bottom of the hill. Therefore, while he succeeded in avoiding the long climb, the vociferous apeman managed to run even farther from true trail than those who had found the checkback in the first place. Again, folks, thinking does more harm than good.

After clearing the checkback, the path to the second beer stop was straightforward. Along the way, we discovered that we had lost **Natalie NN** at the booby check, where she had mistaken the post-checkback trail for the booby check's true trail. She had therefore blundered her way into being the front-running bitch for a good 20 minutes before **Scary Poppins** and **Chris NN** caught up with her. We then experienced several consecutive bouts of déjà vu as we galloped through the trails familiar from the beginning of the r*n, and before we knew it, we were at the second beer stop. After a few absent-minded remarks about lost hashers, we continued onward for what couldn't be more than a kilometer and a half of trails that, again, we already knew all too well.

We arrived at the car park to find that the car park mafia had doubled in size, and at long, long last, it appeared our odyssey was over. The half-marathoners were still whining, the hares were claiming total innocence for the concoction of utter shite we had just endured, and the dogs were boning all over the car park. All was right with the world.



With no newcummers and a quick down-down for returnees, we got to the good stuff right away. The hares were called in for haring, trail confusion, insufficient softies at the beer stops, that diabolical checkback, sacrificing innocent lives for the sake of immortality, and being downright ornery cunts. After their joint down-down, **KSSJ** was called back in to celebrate his birthday. Why anyone would want to celebrate their 75th birthday, or any birthday for that matter, by waking up

early on a Sunday morning to walk through el culo del mundo with **Sex Mex**, I haven't the foggiest. But as we say in the states, whatever floats your dentures old man.

To no one's surprise, **Gag Reflex** was called into the circle, this time for Hashin' Fashion. Upon her momentous arrival at the car park, she was heard lamenting that she forgot her running sunglasses, and was therefore forced to make do with her knockoff Ray Bans. **Rat With A Snatch** saw fit to confiscate said sunglasses, and I must admit they looked better on him. In a futile attempt to regain what they believed were genuine designer shades, Gaggles and **In Your Face** tried to seduce them from the GM by rubbing him with their beer-soaked tits. A suitable explanation of how such measures would force **Rat With A Snatch** to do, well, anything really, has yet to be offered.

There are many, many phrases that apply to the Madrid H3, but racially diverse is not one of them. So can you blame a guy for being excited that all two of our Chinamen were present? Clearly you can: **Bottom Wrangler** was so eager to call "When one Chinaman drinks...!" that he was named an honorary Chinaman for drinking purposes. This gave extra motivation to the rest of the circle to remember the Chinaman rule, so while the boisterous boob took the hint and shut the fuck up (for five minutes tops), the rest of the circle made sure he knocked back a few with **Horsey Minge** and **Sex Mex**. **Bottom Wrangler** was so overcome with joy from his new title that he accidentally took a down-down of Mahou Sin, forcing him to take yet another down-down, this time a real one, on his own.

Up next was **Dick Pix** for continuing her trend of misunderstanding her surroundings (like that time it took her ten minutes to realize we were back in the car park, remember that gem?). The poor fool had snuck off to an abandoned house to take a leak, only to realize mid-tinkle that the house was, in fact, inhabited. Though she was reticent about the events that followed, the clear marks of a broom handle all over her backside left little to the imagination. Still, fouling trail is a cardinal hash sin, so the beaten and bruised bimbo took her down-down like a champ.

The recently named **Mudder Fucker** was called in with **Bottom Wrangler**, and for once it wasn't the latter's fault! The day before, in a get-together entirely unrelated to the hash and therefore totally lame and stupid man, the promiscuous tart said, "Wow, **Bottom Wrangler**, I don't even recognize you with clothes on!" We hope she meant she didn't recognize him without haberdashery, sweat, and beer covering his body (if you can even call it that), but we know better than to give people the benefit of the doubt. Contrary to the protests of everyone except the two in the circle, **In Your Face** forced the witless wanker to remove his shirt and asked **Mudder Fucker** if she recognized him. She replied that he looked familiar, but she couldn't quite put her finger on why; maybe she'd remember his name if he took off his pants as well. For the love of God, you youthful yanks, there are babies here!

It was around this time that **King Sir Sir James** started getting antsy about getting to the ON-IN on time, despite the fact that almost every single delay was his own damn fault. So we concluded by calling attention to the elephant in the room: **Pilar NN** had gotten herself lost before the second beer stop, most likely at the boob check that had put **Natalie NN** at the front of the pack. Assumedly hoping for a menage a trois as a reward for their chivalry, **Crown Jewels** and **David NN** had gone out to look for her. Their beery senses tingled as we prepared an honorary down-down in their absence, and they arrived just in time to take what was coming to them.

We hurriedly closed the circle to rush to the restaurant, where we celebrated our veteran's completion of three quarters of a century of life. He clearly doesn't look a day over 60, as the waitress mixed up the candles on his cake so that they said "57". Many kind words were said about **King Sir Sir James**, his generosity, his commitment to the hash, and his value as a friend and mentor. Here's to you, Sir, and to many more years of showing us what we might hope to aspire to.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for collateral damage from pagan rituals or the immortality thereby attained during or in relation to hash events. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.



Happy birthday, Sir James! Here's to many happy returns and even more shitty trails.



I don't even want to know.



Sex Mex is just the cutest Chinaman.
Also check that smirk on lil Fareed! What a ladykiller.