



Run #: 2029

When: 22 June 2014

Hares: **ASH & La Constitución**

Where: Olmeda de las Fuentes

After Spain's abysmal performance in the World Cup, it seems the most riveting competition to watch these days is between aging sad sacks **ASH** and **King Sir Sir James**. Pulses are quickening and breaths are being held as **ASH** approaches his senior in number of trails set, but at the same time, **KSSJ** approaches the end of his days! Who will finish first? Of course, the rules of this competition preclude victory from beating a dead rival, but as for beating *off* a dead rival, well, I certainly wouldn't put it past **ASH**. It'll be the closest thing to sex **KSSJ** has had since his honeymoon, and even that was dubious at best.

As is typical for r*ns set by **ASH**, the trail was stupidly difficult to get to, leaving many of us young and/or poor hashers to place our lives in the hands of such dangerous renegades as **Sad Bastard**, **Twice A Day**, or **Flasher**. The latter, with his ball and chain in the other car, lived up to his name by angling his rear view mirror so that those in the back seat would see up his pant leg if they dared to look anywhere other than down at their own feet. You see, folks, this is why Mommy and Daddy warned you to never get in cars with hashers: they're either perverts, drunks (cough cough **Pink Afghan**) or likely to have heart failure behind the wheel (lookin' at you, **Sad Bastard**).

The trail began with no flour. Surprise, sur-fucking-prise. In an alleged assassination attempt on the FRB's, the hares escorted us down a highway from the safety of their car until we found trail. Besides the humidity, and the fact that the trail was advertised at about half its true distance (again, surprise sur-fucking-prise), the r*n was rather unremarkable. The only highlights I can scrape up are that **Twice A Day** suffered from her traditional heat stroke, **Nathan NN** complained of a broken rib from last week's pool rampage, and half the young'uns "accidentally" ran the wimp's trail due to a supposed lack of flour. I'd call bullshit, but those who successfully found the macho trail later found a stretch of about half a kilometer without a trace of flour, followed by an enormous arrow, as if we were just supposed to take it on faith that we were on trail before. You know, that thing we're never, ever, ever supposed to do.

In the hares' defense, there were two beer stops, at which several people violated hash commandments and took a ride in **ASH** and **La Constitución**'s shagmobile. After a good 15 kilometers (Jesus H. Christ on the cross, **ASH**, buy a goddamn run tracker or, you know, a phone made this decade), we found the ON ON BEER, only to realize that it took us in on the out-trail like

a fucking amateur. Ugh, I'm getting nauseous just thinking about it, (or is it the three litronas I've had in the last hour?), so let's get on to the down-downs.

THE DOWN DOWNS

Like parents leaving their kids alone at home, knowing full well that the little rascals will burn the house down so their progenitors can collect on the home insurance, **Rat With A Snatch** and **Floppy Fiveskin** left **RA In Your Face** and nubile virgin (not in the hash sense, just in real life) **Bottom Wrangler** to manage the circle in their absence. After the hares were given their obligatory down-downs, we turned to our favorite little Mexican jumping bean **Victor NN**, who had not only worn new shoes, but had tried to hide them from the GM in order to avoid, well, you know what. Unfortunately for him, he had made the fatal mistake of telling **Ashley NN** and **Nathan NN**, and as we all remember from the **Speedy Gonzalez** capers of months past, oversharing is suicide. For the double sin of new shoes *and* trying to lie about them, he drank beer from both shoes.

Up next was the most satisfying example of karmic justice since Germany lost both of the world wars it started. Our unofficial and unwanted social media representative **Pink Afghan** was so elated with the success of his pool party the week before that he sent pictures of the event to his cousins, his siblings, the whole family. Even his beloved father, who had no idea about the event until he saw the pictures! Due to his addiction to virtual reality as an anaesthetic for the pain of his life's shortcomings, this married mid-thirties father is now grounded for having a wild party while the parents were out of the house. How eerily fitting for our token man-child.

And then, a moment of solemnity. The day marked **Quick and Dirty's** last hash with Madrid until the middle of September, so with a hearty "fuck off," we bid her adieu and got the fuck over it remarkably quickly. She'll be back. They always come crawling back.

The circle was then turned over to **Bottom Wrangler**, who started with a quick rundown through violations of the commandments. After a cursory castigation of those who had forgotten their haberdashery and those who had used alternate means of transport, **Quick and Dirty** was brought back in for responding to a wasp sting with the carefully deliberated counterattack of flinging her "designer" sunglasses into the shiggy. This took place immediately after the machos ended their half-kilometer flour drought and found trail once more, meaning the witless wench merely added to our running blue balls. I know, I know, competitive running and all that, but better running than searching for rubbed out flour. Or any rubbed out thing of **ASH's**, for that matter.

Ew, why do I *always* go there?

Up next were the MH3 power couple **Pink Afghan** and **Knuckle Shuffle** for worse parenting than **Knob Job**, who subjected his children to hairy, thong-touting men at last week's pool party. Instead of allowing their children to merely witness pornography, this week's devious duo made their child himself the porn. That's right, folks, **Fareed NN** was left in his stroller with neither parental supervision nor pants of any sort, not even the under variety. His prepubescent willy was the first thing the machos saw as they arrived at the car park, so if we don't see **Scrambled Dag** for a while, we can assume the NSA found the pictures he took.

Two Jugs was then brought in for asking for a large penis to substitute for her absent tripod, leading **Bottom Wrangler** to demonstrate what he believed to be “tripod sex.” Did I mention the lad's a virgin? It shows. But he had his day by calling in all English and Spanish members present to answer for their pitiful performance in the World Cup. I mean really, when a country that calls it “soccer” lasts longer than you, you know you done fucked up.

And after a few more down-downs by **In Your Face** that neither she nor I can remember, we called it a day. Thanks to **ASH** and **La Constitución** for a lovely (if deadly) trail! See you all next week.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NONE! Thank fucking Christ. Or Moses, or Buddha, whatever floats your boat.

NEXT R*NS

Saturday, June 28th, 18:00: Very Grimm, in a flash of creative brilliance, is setting a r*n in El Pardo. Coordinates: 40.481304, -3.740639. Commuters: Bus 133 or 83 from Moncloa. Drivers: Figure it out ya damn selves. Maybe get a carpool going, fuck if I care.

NOTE: THIS IS A SATURDAY EVENING R*N. THERE WILL BE NO SUNDAY R*N BECAUSE VERY GRIMM HAS, I DUNNO, REASONS.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for child pornography charges acquired during or in relation to hash events, though we will likely request a cut of the action. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

