



THE BULLSHEET

R*n #: 2001

When: 16 February 2014

Hares: **Very Grimm & Dunkun Nonuts**

Where: A roundabout, Madrid

RA **Floppy Fiveskin** had obviously had a bit of an off day the previous week and, rather than the searing sunshine that MH3's official 2000th R*n merited, we were offered a somewhat underwhelming day of sub-zero temperatures and slush. Expectations were therefore high this week that the forecast sun would welcome the return of a large number of fair-weather Hashers who'd preferred to nurse hangovers last Sunday rather than freeze their proverbials off.

The Hash gods had indeed been benevolent and we were greeted by sun, crisp air and what distinctly appeared to be a roundabout. Ok, granted, as roundabouts go it wasn't bad, maybe even above average if you have a penchant for circular traffic intersections. However... and there's no getting away from this... it was nevertheless a roundabout. In fact, the Car Park consisted of a 3-metre patch of grass next to said roundabout... not exactly conducive to coolers, beer, tables, chairs, unimpeded quaffing and lewd behaviour, i.e. Hashing, never mind the 50-odd fair-weather Hashers – and their hangovers – who had graced the Hash with their presence this week.

Not only that, there were more police than you could shake a pointed stick at so, whereas the previous week each Hasher could have bathed in beer such were the industrial quantities catered for and the lack of r*nners, this week not a single drop of the amber nectar could leave the chariots. But not to worry; this was a problem for later. The Hounds were blissfully unconcerned with the potential beer shortage as they longed to quench their thirst for r*nnng in bucolic countryside.

The Hares promptly pointed the Hounds in the general direction of what could only be described as a landfill and a pack including **Man Tan, Flasher, Kristen NN, Quick & Dirty, Snog the Goblin, Wicked Witch of the Wet, Scary Poppins, Yurinator, In Your Face**, and a long etc. proceeded in pursuit of **Not Half Bad**, who had found a short downhill section of tarmac. On being caught 20 yards later just as the street ventured uphill, swift energy transference ensued upwards from his legs as his eyes engaged in the far more rewarding task of searching for the nearest bar.

The pack proceeded onward, through streets and over roads. It could sniff the countryside, only to realise that it was probably **El Sordid** upwind. It was approximately there, in the environs of the local golf club and a Booby Check, where the pack sighted Near-Perfect Car Park #1. This was to be a recurrent theme. Now, I don't want to be too disparaging about our beloved Car Park, but we did happen upon several sites that were conspicuously uncontaminated by roundabouts, which would have been idyllic for our merry brigade. The Harriettes found the real trail in the middle of a dual carriageway, which would not have been a joyful event in itself, other than it was in completely the opposite direction to where **Le Pro** was checking... on a Booby Check no less.

After risking life and limb, we were greeted by a Hold under a bridge in a charming little shanty town. This was a Not-Quite-As-Perfect CP #2 and **Two Jugs** Tripod Moment #1. **Le Pro**, somewhat suspicious at the possible advent of plant-life, disappeared in the general direction of Near-Perfect CP #1, while **Far East Fuck** relieved himself noisily against the shanty town to add to the already pungent aroma. However, the promise of some greenery, however sparse, was too much for **Mooby Dick**, **Bottom Wrangler**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Dick Pick**, **Twice A Day**, **Spewdometer**, **Fuck When High** et al, who aimed directly for a hole in a wall (no, not for **Glory Hole!**) and the nirvana of woodland.

Down an enticing gully of mud and trees we came upon Absolutely-Fucking-Perfect CP #3, again gloriously unhindered by traffic. Alas, we did not linger. Instead we headed parallel to the road on a breakneck tour of El Pardo. The flour ultimately led us over and along the umpteenth road, over an overhead pedestrian crossing, onto another Booby Check, around the back of a housing estate behind **Glory Hole** and **Scrambled Dag** and, finally, into the Beer Stop... A quick look around confirmed that, nope, no roundabout was in sight, so the Beer Stop was re-christened Totally-Bloody-Perfect CP #4.

From the Beer Stop we headed back past Near-Perfect CP #1 and a further 3 km back to the real CP and, given that the 3-metre patch of grass didn't seem too accommodating, there was considerable loitering in the middle of the road. After some heated debate on the various possibilities for a circle, **Very Grimm** offered a solution by inviting the Hash back to his gaff on the basis that (i) it was close by and (ii) how hard could it be to cram 50 Hashers into his driveway anyway...

It was better than the fucking roundabout...

THE DOWN DOWNS

The Hares **Very Grimm** and **Dunkun Nonuts** were brought out for due and merited punishment for the deplorable state of the CP, never mind attempting to cripple Hounds by r*nnng over main roads, and beating the record for cramming 50 Hashers into the space normally required just for coolers.

Dunkun Nonuts was again required to drink for asking on a public forum where in Madrid he could obtain a flour dumper... The worrying thing is that he didn't seem in the least embarrassed and considered it to be a completely sensible purchasing query... Goes a way to explaining why he thought the roundabout was a sensible CP choice...

Gag Reflex was waxing lyrical on the r*n about her slightly disturbing galaxy tights. On being questioned about whether the said tights came complete with black hole and Uranus, she replied, surprised, "I don't have a black hole in my anus...!" Which is why I lost my will to have lunch...

The **Virgins** were welcomed into the circle and, as tradition dictates, a non-hearing-aid-wearing **KSSJ** proceeded to scream the perfunctory questions, so loaded with venom that you suspect one of Virgins had punctured his colostomy bag on the r*n. The problem is that, given the lack of space, the Virgins' only alternative to being spray-painted with the questions at point-blank range was to back into **Mooby Dick**, who was directly behind them. It's like jumping out of the OAPs home and into the sex offenders' clinic.

Scrambed Dag gave us a quick account for 2001 of what has pretty much become the obit column of Iranian jazz musicians and West African heads of state...

In Your Face was brought out for chatting in the circle, and again, for failing to pour the beer on her heeeee...air. And again for failing to drink her beer... and, if memory serves, yet again for all of the above, which she finally disposed of on her h... yep, that! It occurs to me that plenty of time and beer could have been saved had she just swallowed it in the first place... Now, how many times have we heard that before!

There were more Down Downs, I know, but the chaos reached biblical proportions as **Very Grimm** announced that he was closing his toilet as a means of getting everyone to the restaurant... Which is a pity as a quick rendition of Father Abraham would have been quite interesting in the circumstances.

Interesting day was had by all. Thank you to **Very Grimm** and **Dunkun Nonuts** for the effort and especially for the solution found to the circle and beer drinking issue.

ON ON!!

Scribe: **Rat With a Snatch**

