



Run #: 2027

When: 15 June 2014

Hares: **Snog the Goblin**, **Chick Magnet**, and **Pink Afghan** (do we count him though?)
Where: Canillas

Rejoice, brethren, for it's the long-but-not-very-awaited return of the bullsheet! We apologize for the hiatus that you probably didn't notice. In this scribe's pitiful defense, it was largely due to the misguided trust placed in **Gangbang Style** to share the burden of scribbling these **Sordid** tales. He would likely protest that all of his extra time and energy is spent coping with the ravenous cougars he teaches, but let's be honest, there's no way he lasts long enough for such coping (or was it copulating?) to consume more than five minutes of his day. So thanks to his laziness, and **Snog the Goblin's** excuse that he can't do it because he just doesn't want to, you're stuck with this douchenozzle right here.

Because he didn't want **Rat With A Snatch** to get all the hash pool party glory, **Pink Afghan** was generous (see: foolish) enough to invite 40-some hashers to his private domicile. God forbid the fusion of the laziest elements of American and Afghan culture should run, or walk, or even drive more than two kilometers, so he got his butt buddy **Chick Magnet** and the undead Scot **Snog the Goblin** to hare for him. And thank God he did, for without a r*n, or at least a sorry excuse for one, we might have been reduced to nothing more than a drinking group with a drinking problem.

Meh, it kind of happened anyway.

The trail began through the neighborhood of foreign diplomats, reminding us all that even in a crisis, the Spanish government has money to burn, as long as it isn't for the sake of the Spanish. After teasing us with several chances to enter the park, we finally never did. Props for creativity, but seriously, it was a park. You know, a hasher's oasis in an urban desert of city streets and drunk 70-year-olds drinking shitty Spanish beer at 10 in the morning. That's like having a genie grant you three wishes, but you say screw it, instead of that instant gratification bullshit, I'm gonna recircumcise myself like a motherfuckin rebel.

We did eventually find another park, but not before a cornucopia of poorly plotted checkbacks, checkpoints, and checking into a cheap motel for a quick shag. The trail wound back and forth, almost crossing back on itself like one of **King Sir Sir James's** rants on the inherent flaws of the Spanish people. I swear to God he called them towel-heads once, which, apart from being

horrifically racist, is impressively historically accurate.

The beer stop was unremarkable except for the presence of more shirtless young men than a Village People music video. We soon ventured onward to find a brand new trail mark: a question mark. Trying to be clever, the hares had proposed this symbol as a sort of riddle, putting it in front of a fence and hoping that the more intelligent among us would discern the solution of dismantling the fence in order to easily step through it. Of course, such a mark makes the erroneous assumption of intelligence, so many of us chose to scale the fence even after the easier passage had been revealed.

We later avoided an astoundingly obvious checkback, crossed a bridge over a highway, and found ourselves at Chez **Afghan** before we knew it. Despite our eagerness to enjoy the pool, we obeyed the house rules of showering before getting in, so the sounds of drunken laughter and the grunts of competitive runners stretching were periodically interspersed with shrieks of those in the ice cold shower beside the pool. Or maybe the shrieks were from those who had seen **Bottom Wrangler** in what he apparently believed was a mankini. I'd say they're equally shocking, but let's be honest, cold showers don't give *ten-year-old girls* PTSD, you wily sex offender you!



Despite the fact that one of **Pink Afghan**'s only stipulations regarding his pool party was that we not invite our non-hasher friends (as if we had any), we *somehow* ended up with four virgins in the circle. Of special note was **Victor NN**, who only knew about the hash because **Pilar NN** had invited him to a party with hashers the night before. Of course, being the randy tart she is, she left the party to go bugger **Crown Jewels** a solid half hour before the poor virgin arrived, leaving him alone in a jungle of drunk miscreants. Despite knowing no one, he stayed, leaving the rest of us to wonder what this mysterious Puerto Rican-looking Oompa Loompa was doing there and how many Mahous it would take to get him, or any Oompa Loompa for that matter, plastered. I mean, everyone knows leprechauns have livers of steel, but that's just because they're Irish. Our puertorriqueño defied all expectations and rose to the occasion so well that we decided to make him our adorable little mascot.

In light of the recent events of the World Cup, the presence of virgin **Lorenza NN** could not have been more fitting. The sight of one petite Italian newcummer claiming a victory down-down against a veritable army of angry British men still enduring their mid-life crises was enough to give a rise to anyone's spirits. Or their loins, depending on what you're into.

On a similar note, **Gag Reflex** was subsequently gangbanged by all the wet, glistening, chiseled young men of the hash for reasons I either can't or choose not to remember. The irony, of course, is that she has regularly complained about her treatment in these accounts because they make her look like a shitshow. Listen, honey, we like to stretch the truth around here, but we all know the best material can't be made up. It has to come from the absurdity of life itself. Yours, specifically. So from the bottom of the bullsheet's heart, thank you for living more rancidly than we can even write. Keep up the good work.

Up next was **Nathan NN** for the battle wounds (or were they sex scratches?) he was sporting during the r*n, adding to the ever-growing list of child abuse charges against **Get A Life**. Then

again, the lad is in his 20's, so it's not really child abuse anymore. It's just incest, which, you know, is no problem. Soon after the circle, **Mooby Dick** engaged him in more sweaty, homoerotic entanglements, adding to both his scars and our questions about his sexuality.

Speaking of dubious sexualities, **Bottom Wrangler** was called in for that travesty of a bathing suit that he allegedly bought from a gay underwear store near Chueca. Oh, and for his birthday too. Twice. Yeah, he got a lot of down-downs that afternoon. Who'duh thunk it? In honor of his birthday, **Pink Afghan**, ever the fabulous host, gave him a poster of his favorite musician/artiste/personal savior, Justin Bieber. Now, there'd be no fun in throwing out the poster like a self-respecting human being, but rest assured that it's going right next to **Bottom Wrangler's** Pulp Fiction poster so Vincent and Jules are about to put a few bullets through his head-FACE! I said face! Don't put Justin Bieber and oral sex in the same thought, DON'T YOU DARE!

Our RA team of **Floppy Fiveskin** and **In Your Face** were up next for an impressive violation of two core hash commandments—no competitive running and no shagging on trail—in one activity. I'm referring, of course, to fitness sex. Our brave and fearless leaders were called into the circle to demonstrate how **In Your Face** straddled **Floppy Fiveskin**, placed her hands in his, and used his body as a support to push her hips up and down over pelvis. In an effort to stop them from creating the most ungodly baby hasher the world has ever known, **Rat With A Snatch** tossed beer on them mid-demonstration. While averting impregnation, this proved to be a successful technique for vaginal application of alcohol, getting **In Your Face** drunker than she was at the anniversary event and thus killing two birds (and an unconceived child) with one stone.

And that's all I remember. Maybe it's because neither of the RA's kept notes, or maybe it's because I was puking in the pool for half the circle. Thanks to **Pink Afghan**, **Knuckle Shuffle**, and **Get Your Cook Out** for enabling our shenanigans, and may **Rat With A Snatch** and **Sweet Snatch's** pool party in July be even more batshit insane.

NEXT R*NS

Sunday, June 22nd, 13:00: **ASH** and **Very Grimm** are setting their “Mama don't allow no Gorillas in here” R*n. Coordinates: 40.36304, -3.22909. Heat stroke guaranteed or your money back!

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for sexual crimes committed during or in relation to hash events, though we might save them for the spank bank. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

