



THE BULLSTREET

R*n #: 2003

When: 23 February 2014

Hares: **KSSJ & Sex Mex**

Where: Villanueva del Pardillo

When **KSSJ** sets a r*n, a number of things are certain to happen: 1. He will set it with **Sex Mex**; 2. There's a 50% chance it will be near Villanueva del Pardillo; 3. There's another 50% chance they will get lost; **ASH** will set a counter-r*n within 3 weeks. These are incontrovertible truths... like the sun rising in the morning, the tides, a shocking hangover after a night out with **Not Half Bad**, or **El Sordo** breaching Hash protocol at every single r*n and packing his car full of Harriettes with less than 100 r*ns. They will happen, and fighting them is an exercise in futility.

No surprise then that we were near the village of Villanueva del Pardillo, at the very same site that **Gobble 07** received her Hash handle when she made the most spectacular of entries into the CP by plane. Nothing like the 6 Hashers on this occasion who had arrived somewhat unspectacularly by bus and managed to get themselves lost in the village – quite an achievement in itself given how small it is. This did nothing in the slightest to dampen **Gag Reflex**'s propensity for hyperbole as she continually referred to it as a city...

The r*n Pre-Macho split was your normal, common-or-garden trail. Checks and Check-Backs pretty much kept the pack together, sufficiently in any case for **Two Jugs** to produce her tripod.

It came as quite a surprise – even to the Hares I might add – when we found the first Beer Stop after only 3 km. As everyone arrived en masse, there was not much point in loitering extensively. However, as the sunshine and large quantities of beer and Chinese liquor were far more conducive to quaffing than to continuing the r*n, the Hounds did not seem in any way inclined to relinquish their new vantage point at the top of the hill. Despite utterances from **KSSJ** and finger pointing used to threatening effect, no action seemed forthcoming whatsoever.

After the pack received assurance that another Beer Stop awaited further down the trail, we headed off with energy renewed. **Sex Mex** continued his micromanaged sweeping and was an ubiquitous presence throughout the rest of the r*n. Turn a corner, he'd be there; climb over a wall or through a fence and you were practically guaranteed to find his

gleaming smile on the other side. All until we happened upon Beer Stop #2, horses and further procrastination.

From the Macho split, it seems that the Hares had called into question the practical use of using flour to mark the trail at all as it petered out completely. Rumour has it that they had set that section the day before and had a bit of a fall out as they discussed the relative merits of democracy:

Sex Mex (in perfect Chinese): "Jim, what a beautiful day"

KSSJ: "You know, you've got a shit country!"

Sex Mex: "Your president is gay!"

KSSJ: "Goddammit, you lazy, good for nothing, liberal commie.... if it wasn't for us you'd all be speaking Russian, that's why we invaded Nicaragua...and Granada.... and... erm... where's the trail gone?"...

Which is why the trail was all over the bloody place. However fast the FRBs attempted to go, the BRBs, the infirmed and the generally slow kept catching up by cunningly, and quite unfairly I might add, walking in a straight line. Mooby Dick finally took matters into his own hands and headed straight for the airfield, which he had on good authority was next to the CP. On On Beer was finally sighted and we stumbled into the CP, although not before Big Foot managed to twist an ankle out of sheer frustration.

Good r*n although I might add that a certain lack of imagination was used when choosing the site, the trail, the beer stops... ok, let's reassess the "good r*n" bit shall we...

THE DOWN DOWN

It had come to the attention of **Floppy Fiveskin** that **Far East Fuck** wished to have his Hash handle changed before leaving for Singapore. Disinclined as the Hash tends to be to change handles, we decided to show a degree of flexibility on this occasion, especially as it offered a perfect opportunity pose an unsuspecting halfwitted Hasher with a dilemma. Far East Fuck was thus given the choice of remaining Far East Fuck, or have his handle changed to **Singaporean Kiddie Fiddler** or **Asians Are C*nts** on the basis that only a complete idiot would choose any of the latter given his destination. It is evident we had vastly overestimated the intelligence of your average Hasher when he chose to be called **Singaporean Kiddie Fiddler**... Words. Bloody. Fail. Me...

Oh no, wait.... What a complete fuckwit!!!

Miguel NN also found that speaking out of turn and having an inordinate obsession with his vulnerable undercarriage is neither healthy nor wise when around the RA. For reasons that currently escape me, he was apparently wandering around, whingeing about his

crown jewels... This story probably has as much truth as you average White House press release, but he was christened **Crown Jewels** anyway.

The **Virgins** were dragged out to face the customary vitriol from our spiritual leader **KSSJ**. However, it was announced that on this occasion we would dispense with the Zimmer frame rattling for once and find someone decidedly younger to engage with the Virgins. Faster than a gnat's penis, **ASH** stepped up and laid on the schmooze, turning childish innuendo into blatant sexual harassment. Loath as I am to say this, but I think we'll have **KSSJ** back after all...

Man Go Down and **Singaporean Kiddie Fiddler** are leaving us.... finally!!! Yes, apparently, the inevitable is actually happening and they are both heading for somewhere else that'll have to put up with them. **Mango Down** even offered his low-paid services for a chance to stay in Madrid... it was slightly awkward then when no one even asked, "how low?"

It seems that we have lost our Shit. Now who would do such a thing? Apparently the last person to see it was **Very Grimm**, but given the state the Hash left his toilet in he may well have been justified in commandeering it for more traditional use. Doesn't bear thinking about really...

I do also remember **In Your Face** dancing in the circle at one point after she was asked to recreate her romantic interlude with a horse on Beer Stop 2. All very strange...

... Even more so when **Quick & Dirty** and **Scrambled Dag** suddenly alighted in the circle mumbling about something – which I deduce from their tone was of paramount importance – to do with Canada, Sweden, limp dicks and an ice jockey. Absolutely no idea what the bugger they were on about so they got summarily ejected...

People... honestly

Scribe: **Rat With a Snatch**

