



THE BULLSTREET

Run #: 2004

When: 2 March 2014

Hares: **Scrambled Dag & Twice A Day**

Where: San Sebastián de los Reyes

When things start off looking this good, you can't help but suspect something amiss. The CP was accessible to the automotively disabled by metro; dazzling harriettes were stretching in all sorts of tantalizing positions; **Alien Sex** was seducing everyone into what promised to be a scrumptious meal after the circle; and there was even the perfect secluded wall to get a pre-r*n piss in before we hit trail. Those who had debauched the night before might have hated themselves for falling out of bed to just consort with this sordid lot, but the CP was a truly sight for sore eyes.

Looks can be deceiving.

We started on road for a bit, but quickly found a checkpoint diverting into some parks and playgrounds full to the brim with children. Tears were shed for our lost comrade **Singaporean Kiddie Fiddler**, who would have felt at home now more than ever. However, we were thankful not to have him cause a lawsuit, especially in light of Hash Cash **Not Half Bad's** warnings to Menace of the Year **Mooby Dick** that the Hash will not pay hashers' legal fees.

While the rest of us were pouring one out for our homie, **Scary Poppins** chose to honor the memory of his fellow FRB in a more constructive manner. Before finding true trail, he single-handedly checked out three falsies, each of which was longer than one of **King Sir Sir James's** rants about how Barack Obama is a no-good low-ball dirty pinko commie liberal shithead Jesus H. Christ on the cross goddammit wait hold on let me turn these on ok now I can hear you. True trail led us up many a hill to a bit more road, where hares **Scrambled Dag** and **Twice A Day** were waiting behind something not very secretive to scare us like Scooby Doo villains. And they would've gotten away with it too, if it weren't for those meddling hashers! ...who could not possibly have given fewer shits, and continued their glorious pursuit of golden nectar. No, not **Suck Me Harder's** voice, beer!

We soon came to the true nadir of the day at, wouldn't you know it, another checkpoint with batshit insane falsies. This time, **Mooby Dick**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Bottom Wrangler**, **Dani No Name**, and **Duncan No Nuts**, among others, aided in the pursuit of true trail. Or maybe "aided" isn't the right word for that last name. You see, our favorite not-so-newcomer saw fit to lead the check on a promising falsie and erroneously call "false trail" at the top of a large hill.

From which you could see the goddamn beer stop.

Thirty minutes later (but who's counting?), we discovered that this boy had cried wolf and made

our way to the beer stop, which, again, was in plain fucking sight of the false false. As fellow son of Israel **But For What** will confirm, we Jews have a special word for the behavior that followed. They say that the epitome of *chutzpah* is a child who kills his parents but pleads to the judge, "Please, have mercy, for I'm an orphan." Can you imagine anything more deplorable? I couldn't until **Duncan No Nuts** blamed all of us for allowing the (not-so-)newcummer to lead the check of a false trail. Can you imagine the cojones on this guy? Wait, better not.

The beer stop was lovely, though a mite blustery. Try as she might, **In Your Face** couldn't control the tempest without her fellow RA **Floppy Fiveskin**, but no harm came of it. Just be glad **Scary Poppins** didn't have an umbrella or he would have attained his final form: Front Flying Bastard. With those short shorts, *his* cojones wouldn't even be an issue of imagination. But maybe that's exactly what **Wicked Witch of the Wet** was hoping for; maybe the wind was her fault all along!

As is **Scrambled Dag's** curious habit, the beer stop was a mere two kilometers from the end of the r*n. Despite the hares continuing to berate us along our trek from the comfort of their car, the remainder of the run was uneventful. Thank Jesus H. Christ on the cross.

But the hash isn't over just because the r*n is, so there were plenty more fuckups to be done. In accordance with the recent international Hash policy change to be a respectable and law-abiding organization, we moved the car park to a site in which we would not be accosted by confused children or envious police. The hares must have been scared by the infamous **Very Grimm** roundabout caper of R*n 2001 and played it safe with a car park we used just a month or two ago. Hey, better that than a garage.

As we unloaded the beer, we realized that our noble society had become endemic with frothy racism. Roughly 800 slabs of green beer were present, but there were only two of the reds! Ignoring for the moment the possibility that beer dray **Pink Afghan** is racist towards Indians (of the Western Hemisphere variety), this imbalance forced even those of us who don't fuck around to partake of the sub-5% ABV horse swill. He even left one of the red slabs out of the cooler, and then had the wherewithal to claim that we don't need more reds because one of the slabs went undrunk. Fine, Mr. Hasher of the Year, let's see you drink lukewarm beer.

THE DOWN DOWN

At long last, the circle began, and we were delighted to welcome four nubile virgins into our ranks. To our chagrin, we learned that two of these virgins had recently gotten engaged! If you needed proof that good old-fashioned Catholic morals still exist in our modern society, look no further, for these unfortunate souls somehow managed to wait until they were engaged before sharing their first time together. As with all newcummers, I don't know whether to envy or pity them.

After **Duncan No Nuts** was duly punished for his aforementioned fuckwittery and insolence, we turned our attention to everyone's favorite Scottish superhero, **Captain Compass**. The poor lad's powers had failed him once again, leading him to trod through a veritable bevy of dog shit. What's more, he saw fit to carry said bevy back to both car parks, likely adorning the insides of many cars with the stuff. There was even talk of making him drink his down-down through his fabulous new pair of socks. 9 out of 10 hashers agree it's a crying shame we didn't go through with it.

At some point in the circle, for reasons no one understands or cares about, **Dani NN** was called into the circle. Not to drink a down-down, mind you, but to sit on the ground like a scolded puppy and endure other hashers pouring the down-downs that they couldn't finish on his heaHAIR. I said hair dammit! And no, this was not a naming, just good clean fun.

The newly engaged virgins were treated to a display of true romantic partnership when GM **Tim Rat** called his beloved wife into the circle for harassing him about the hash song list. I've heard horror stories of marital nagging, but this harrowing tale of an inebriated **Sweet Snatch** shuffling through *every. single. song.* on the ride home from the hash chills me to the bone. Especially because this song list, generously generated by **Two Jugs**, is rife with misprints, including the soon-to-be-classic "My Garden Shite." Retribution was imperative, but that doesn't mean that our GM won't still be sleeping on the couch when we see him this Sunday.

The other down-downs were more of what we see every week: someone I can't be bothered to remember reached 100 runs, bringing everyone else with 100 runs into the circle for forgetting their mugs. **Tim Rat's** notes have something about **King Sir Sir James** "being rubbish," so who knows what he did (or didn't do), but the usual venomous spew of charmingly old-fashioned American insults ensued. And finally, we were reminded that we have officially lost our shit. Seriously, folks, I know we accept the fringes of society, including kleptomaniacs, but for the love of god have some standards please. Whoever is holding onto that toilet seat, please come forward, and we might be able to negotiate a plea bargain in which you just get a large down-down with the arm. You could certainly do worse.

This Sunday promises to be a wild time with **El Sordo** instructing the bodacious **Dick Pick** in the ancient ways of haring. Meanwhile, a few of us will be travelling north to Bilbao to join **Glory Hole** for her up and cumming Bilbao H3. We'll even be joined by **Fuck When High**, who promises to grace us with his presence from A Coruña. Have fun without us, and don't do anything we wouldn't do! Don't worry, that doesn't keep you from much.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for the actions and events alleged in this document, though we are happy to point and laugh. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

