



THE BULL STREET

Run #: 2006

When: 9 March 2014

Hares: **El Sordo & Dick Pix**

Where: San Lorenzo de El Escorial

It wasn't long ago that we'd been in this very same area, when **El Sordo** had taken **Your Husband's Balls** under his wing to show her the intricacies of haring. As good as that r*n was, it was nevertheless of the strictly "straight up—straight down—back to the CP?" variety and, considering the looming mountain next to the Car Park, it was thus highly unlikely that this week's would deviate too far from that pattern Added to that, with diligence totally unbecoming of hares, **El Sordo** and **Dick Pix** had set the trail the day before and re-checked it that very morning. So what could possibly go wrong? Obviously, absolutely nothing.... much in the same way as giving **King Sir Sir James** a grenade and a free membership to the Obama Fanclub...

Why was it then that I was expecting an experience akin to vigorously applying a cheese grater to my scrotum? You could feel it in the air... or maybe that was the previous day's dinner that **Unsinkable's** dog Molly was ungracefully depositing in the middle of the path. Rather than one, the hares had given themselves two chances at haring meltdown.

To cut a short story even shorter, the trail went up. Relentlessly. Although broken up sporadically by unavoidable sections of flat, that was pretty much it for the first half of the r*n until a Hold check at the top, on which were gathered **Twice A Day**, **Flasher**, **Scary Poppins**, **Jane NN**, **Gag Reflex**, **Carol NN**, **Virgins Jess & Jass**, **Mary NN**, **Melt in the Mouth** and **Horsey Minge**. As no tripod could be found in **Two Jugs'** absence, **Twice A Day** was finally taught how to operate a camera and normal photos were taken before heading off on flour in a disconcerting downward direction.

It was not long before we encountered what seemed to be a harmless Split Trail. **Scary Poppins** headed left, and given his burgeoning reputation for going in completely the wrong direction, everyone else headed right, on what ultimately proved to be the real trail. The surroundings did seem familiar though. After a quick mid-trail discussion, with considerable GPS wielding, it quickly dawned on us that, either by design, twist of fate or masturbatory accident, the hares had managed to cross the out-trail in a figure of 8. Most unorthodox, but as nobody seemed particularly confused, never mind surprised, and as a Beer Near sign was sighted further down the trail, that this had flagrantly flouted Hash protocol was of little consequence.

As we eagerly supped on the refreshment provided at the Beer Stop it dawned on us that the pack was somewhat smaller than it probably should have been given its size a mere five minutes earlier. A decision was quickly made to take swift and appropriate action, that being to have another beer. It is while we were in the process of implementing that action that **Scary Poppins**

stumbled unceremoniously into our midst.

It was evident from his tale of woe that the hares had had their forecast collective brain fart while setting the trail. Rewind to the apparently harmless Split Trail... rather than what was ultimately a False ending in the regulation three dots like Splits ought to do, the trail led to a Hold, a sure sign that it was the real trail. Well known fact! Celebrating his foresight and his Hashing acumen, **Scary** waited patiently for lesser FRBs to arrive, anticipation and excitement growing exponentially as he realised that the Hold might in fact be a Naughty Check and that he could well be getting his arse slapped as a result... However, oblivious that everyone was already quaffing at the Beer Stop in the opposite direction, his high spirits gradually wilted as minutes passed and no other FRBs were forthcoming. Eventually, he reluctantly relinquished his idea of a gratuitous fondle and continued down the path, only to encounter a Check Back ... to the Split Trail. Now, as we all know, **Scary Poppins** is a mild and polite soul, but even he claimed to be "slightly put out" when he finally arrived at the Beer Stop...

However, we were still missing an entire troupe of Harriettes including **Carol NN**, **Jane NN**, **Mary NN** and **Melt in the Mouth**. Obviously not trusting a man's ability to negotiate the surreal hazards laid by the hares, they thought they'd have a look themselves and do it properly. They probably had much the same experience as **Scary Poppins**, except for the fact that there was probably considerably more bottom slapping at the Naughty Check... sigh... They were eventually found wandering aimlessly in the bush and were led into what was becoming a rather long Beer Stop.

The rest of the r*n was completely unworthy of comment... i.e. I can't for the life of me remember what happened next.

THE DOWN DOWNS

The hares **El Sordo** and **Dick Pix** were first up and were punished for a litany of misdemeanours, including their Split-Naughty-Hold-Check Back concoction.

Culture... 2006. What happened in 2006? As the Madrid H3's cultural attaché **Scrambled Dag** was not on hand to deliver our weekly helping of obituaries and natural disasters, the circle was at a bit of a loss as to what should happen next. Even **El Sordo** had failed to delve into Wikipedia and was as useful as a Budweiser in a piss-up. So, did anything remarkable take place in 2006 then? Only if you happen to forget that you got married that year and your other half is handing out beer as if there's no tomorrow. Thank you **Sweet Snatch**...

As **RA Floppy Foreskin** was incapacitated (although the connection between a hip operation and an inability to drink is still perplexing me) he was asked to nominate a representative to take his Down Downs during the proceedings. Local scapegoat **Horsey Minge** (it's pretty much "Whenever whoeverthefuckyoumightthinkof drinks **Horsey Minge** drinks"...) took his nomination well, but little did he know that **Floppy** had forgotten his mug, was found guilty of being lazy and sitting around in the circle, sitting during the r*n, unauthorised sitting in general,... All in all it was a surprise that **Horsey** managed to leave the circle on his own two feet.

Gore NN was brought out for racism as he claimed not to trust the Chinese. It was all we could do

to stop the normally pacific, but now rather inebriated, **Horsey Minge** from challenging him to a duel to defend his roots.

Thank you to **El Sordo** and **Dick Pix** for the r*n and superb day of Hashing.

Scribe: **Rat With A Snatch**

