



THE BULLSHEET

Run #: 2010

When: Sunday March 30th 2014

Hares: Gag Reflex and Rat With a Snatch

Where: Sorto Del Real

Part I: The Drive

We were welcomed in the morning to dreary skies all too familiar to the Brits as we convoyed towards our destination. We soon found ourselves on a windy lane that tyres were not designed for. I would make a gag about all that rubber going into dirty big holes, but this was serious! Taking a ride in an oestrogen filled car – bar me, of course! – we found ourselves attempting to traverse this perilous lane. No sooner had Get A Life regaled us of the time her car fell into a fjord and a strapping lad (forgot the name) lifted the car out with his bare hands, than Snog the Goblin was using a number of geometric shapes from a number of nearby rocks to help all cross an abyss of brown water.

Part II: The Start

After finally arriving to a stunning backdrop of fog which Rat With A Snatch assured us was usually a vista to make a man blow a load of sex wee with awe, we gathered to begin the r*n. The Hares, Rat With A Snatch and Gag Reflex gave a brief overview of the course mentioning that some horses may have dined on the flour so we may be missing a checkpoint. After introducing a newbie who was kitted out to seem like he was going to camp out with the horses for a month and was following Rat With a Snatch around close enough to smell what he had eaten the day before, we were on our way.

Part III: The Run

We set off uphill following the trail of excrement marks through the grey with flour strategically sprinkled on the various turds scattered around to make them look like frosted chocolate gateaux. After reaching the half-eaten

checkpoint, Man Tan, Slippery When Wet and Horsey Minge set off to find where the trail continued. All hope seemed lost and Slippery When Wet and Horsey Minge resorted to courting the nearby horses, or perhaps the horses were curious just how Horsey Minge got his name. Had others not stumbled on him, who knows what monstrosities would have followed?!

Upon reaching the first beer stop after r*nnng parallel to a glorious, fast-flowing stream, all took the time to imbibe before continuing as the fog showed signs of clearing.

Part IV: The Fuck-up

There was never any danger of a small contingent getting to the first beer stop, taking their sweet fucking time, but all power to them as, instead of taking the bridge further upstream, they decided to take some “man-the-fuck-up pills” and cross the river dipping shin-deep in Baltic waters cold enough to cause bullet nipples and a man’s balls to join the thyroid gland. As we looked on, haughtily laughing, we found that the trail required everybody to cross the river. Captain Compass’s days of crossing Highland rivers were behind him as he feared the water was “too chilly for me wee little tootsies” (possible misquote). Girls will be girls though, as they cheerily stated “oooo, the water cleaned my shoes”.

So, back and forth the trail went and, so the rumour goes, a booby-check led us to a false trail, followed by another false trail. It all gets a bit blur here, but the general consensus was that this was some advanced form of deception that one false falsified the other false (someone had too much beer at the first stop!). Little did we know that the second false trail had three-fifths to the square root of fuck all to do with the other.

Anyway, the r*n continued, and ended up being shorter than a China man’s penis, leaving Gag Reflex and Rat With a Snatch, all alone, waiting patiently for those who will never come (begin violin playing).

Part V: THE DOWN DOWNS

After the hares arrived in a less than impressed mood after finding out that everyone had ditched their carefully laid route, all gathered to witness the first naming.

Snog the Goblin’s “wee one” was brought forward with his old man, and they knelt before Floppy Foreskin. For having found a new hobby of giving the arses (“asses” for our American friends) of unsuspecting ladies a slap, he was

to be name “Hit and Run”. As all men secretly looked on with envious pride, the young lad was initiated.

Word on the street is, that Gag Reflex, prior to setting the run, was excited about being wet with Rat all morning. While adding insult to injury, more words on more streets claimed that she “took on” a whole rugby team the day before. Injury indeed! Perhaps that is why she chose not to run the course. For confessing such debaucheries and inflicting such mental scars on 15 gentlemen that just want to play a good old game of rugger, she was ordered to consume copious amounts of the golden falling down juice.

The trophy has returned! Butt For What, returned the Hash Toilet Seat after many a week. This ultimate disrespect of Hash property was punishable by being named Shit of the Year.

The blur that resulted in the drastic shortening of the r*n was finally blamed on the booby-check, thus, a number of hashers lacking a Y-chromosome, namely Slippery When Wet (professing in her local tongue, “I durn’t nur wha’ ‘appened!”), Quick and Dirty, Howling At The Moon, Ashley and Natalie No Names, were brought forward to accept their mistake and appalling navigational skills.

As we heard previously, certain hashers were about to have a bit of slap and tickle with a horse had they not been stumbled upon. Down downs were given to Horsey Minge and Suck Me Harder for attempting to live out a longing fantasy with a four-legged creature.

“HALT!”, shouted Rat! “Look over there!” As we turned our heads to look out on to the sunlight basking the beautiful mountains out yonder, our eyes were greeted with Le Pro emptying his beer sack behind a car.

The final naming was upon us. Mary Bishop No Name was brought forward and told to kneel and remove various layers before Floppy Foreskin. The grey-haired brigade gathered around her shivering figure, in what looked reminiscent of a horrific Japanese porno where she was about to be the subject of some erectile vomiting. She was in danger of needing a jizz bib, however, the only white substance to be flung at her was not bollock yoghurt, but flour. As all hashers powdered her, she was named Mudder Fucker.

She later proclaimed (after a failed attempt of washing off the flour), and I quote, “It feels like dried semen”. Enough said!

Part V: Epilogue

Great run, awesome views and huge thanks to the hares! We do wish that we had followed the intended route, but alas, everyone just wanted to frolic in the river.

Scribe: Chris No Name



Caught using the Hash Trophy to help the frolickers.



Last, but not least, the final fling. You are now Mudder Fucker!