



Run #: 2015

When: 20 April 2014

Hares: **ASH**, **Get A Life**, & **Nathan NN**

Where: El Pardo

We've done it folks. Against all odds, we've survived into R*n 2015:THE FUTURE. You know, the one in which **Pink Afghan** develops a sense of social media self-awareness, **Gag Reflex** and **Dick Pix** manage to get separate down-downs, and **King Sir Sir James** reverts to the ebullient pollyanna of his youth. That future.

As Doc Brown so famously said, "We have to go back!"

As the hares strolled through the car park, **ASH** was all too eager to make us soil ourselves in trepidation of the possibility of another gorilla r*n. **Get A Life** only added to our anxiety with promises of naughty checks, bunny checks, and breeding on trail. Some suggest that said breeding is exactly how **Nathan NN** came to help with the haring halfway through the trail. She also introduced a fabulous Easter-themed game in which we would hunt for eggs hidden along the trail, but no one gave a rat's ass (though many spanked one) about the eggs. There was hashing to be done!

As we all know, the number of hares is exponentially inversely proportional to the quality of the r*n. Resident nerds **Nathan NN** and **Horse C. Minge** can confirm that this isn't entirely bullshit. Therefore, if a one-hare r*n averages an 8 out of 10 (naively generous, I know, but it makes the math neat enough for you English teachers who barely passed sixth grade pre-algebra), and if we assume the decay ratio to be $\frac{1}{2}$ (equally generous, trust me on this one), then two hares average 4 and three hares average a 2 out of 10. If we operate under the previous assumption that **Nathan NN** came into being halfway through setting the trail due to the aforementioned breeding, we should estimate the trail to be a 3 out of 10.

And indeed it was. Science, bitches.

We found the first checkpoint within visible distance of the car park, violating the rule that one shan't see chariots from a checkpoint. After disregarding the amateurish mistake (because *everyone* knows that rule, stupid), a variety of checkpoints and split trails led us to scamper up hills and roll down even steeper ones. We managed to miss half the eggs despite the fact that each one was laid in the middle of a false trail mark, proving once and for all that the hash really and truly is the blind leading the blind.

Of course, there is the possibility that the FRB's were simply uninterested in the flour-covered huevos, as they (assumedly) had two of their own to play with, which is already more than most of them can handle. Perhaps it would have been more effective to place them on false trails from booby checks, for the unscrupulous harriettes in our midst would certainly not overlook the opportunity to carry huevos around with them to enjoy at their whims.

To the disappointment of the card-carrying Y-chromosomes, there was but one naughty check. Though the harriettes abstained from spanking, the men overcompensated, leaving **Man Tan** with the rosy cheeks he's longed for since his long-forgotten youth. Having finally vented his overwhelming sexual frustration, he led the pack down hills steep enough to roll a dead body down. What, no one else was thinking that? Queers...

At bottom of the corpse disposal hills was a hold to make sure no newly-made cadavers rolled down and joined our ranks. We were soon eager to distance ourselves from the trauma of witnessing **Mooby Dick** joining **Man Tan** in partial nudity, and so away we went. It wasn't long (or hard) until we came to the beer stop, having totaled a mere six or seven kilometers so far. Nothing of note happened at the beer stop, so we fled in due course and made our way back to the car park. The only mark in our way was a bunny check that absolutely no gave a flying fuck about (though many attempted one), so we struck golden nectar again in 15 minutes.



In keeping with the Easter theme of the r*n, the day's down-downs exemplified the sound Christian values embodied by the Madrid Hash House Harriers. Hell, we're Christ incarnate! In fact, almost every down-down song was provided by **Snog the Goblin** and listed reasons why our lord and savior has neglected to join us on our most holy endeavor of hashing. To be honest, it'd be a giant clusterfuck; he can't hare because the flour falls through his hands, he can't follow trail because his dad knows it already, and he'd be distracted by all the harriettes who love him because he's hung like this:



We started the sacred imbibing of our savior's blood (or piss, I guess, if we're extending the metaphor) with everyone's favorite hot mess, **Gag Reflex**, who protested that she couldn't get drunk because she had to attend mass later in the afternoon. So obviously we got her shitfaced. As she stumbled out of the circle after overcumming her gag reflex, she was heard whimpering that her daddy would be so disappointed. Join the club, honey. If having daddy issues isn't the unifying characteristic of all hashers, I don't know what is.

Eager to get to the yearly sacrifice that Easter requires (what, how do you guys celebrate it?), **Speedy Gonzalez** was brought in to atone for the fatal mistake of sharing amusing personal anecdotes with the hash. The night before, at a both literal and figurative sausage fest, the almost-renamed "**Danger Pornzalez**" revealed that her first job ever required her to investigate dubious pornography websites to ascertain that their contents broke no laws. This was, of course, when **Speedy** was fresh out of college, back when Jesus roamed the earth on the backs of the dinosaurs, tossing out boxes of Franzia like they were bottled water. Huh, maybe that was the

miracle all along!

But I digress. For taking all the incest, bestiality, and pedophilia (and fun, really) out of porn, **Floppy Fiveskin** told **Speedy Gonzalez** that she would take a down-down every time anyone else was in the circle. This was, of course, merely a scheme to seduce **Speedy** into getting sufficiently sloshed to suck the sex-starved sad-sack's sickness-saturated shlong and scrotum. Unfortunately, the poor girl doesn't have the tolerance of the sanguine soldiers our RA is used to bedding. She stumbled out of the circle as it finished, barely able to get words out of her mouth, much less anything into it.

On a similar note, the next down-down reminded us all of the value of family unity. **Knob Job**, racist as ever, was so concerned with being an FRB that he lost track of his wife and kids. This is not the first time that his wife has complained about him finishing before her. Though he supposedly waited a considerable while at the car park before heading back along the trail, he miraculously managed to miss his family, leaving them with the impression that he had ditched them entirely. The worst part is that his kids are old enough to actually remember what happens at the hash, so instead of the vague, unconscious scarring that is surely befalling **Fareed NN**, their ensuing sense of abandonment will not be so easily repressed. Again, daddy issues.

The next tragedy we witnessed featured the worst thing the United States of America have contributed to the world, and considering that they're responsible for televangelists, McDonalds, and **In Your Face**, that's quite a feat. It appears that some of the younger harriettes have taken the quirky exercise craze a little too far, going beyond yoga, pilates, and zumba into the dark and dangerous world of prancercise. Yes, folks, that really and truly is a portmanteau of "prance" and "exercise". Let that sink in, and take the time to relish and revel in the eye roll it calls for. Jesus, it's so base that even the bullshit would think twice before using it. Well, depending on who's writing that week.

And yet, because sound judgment is something for which **Floppy Fiveskin** has never been commended, he asked **Gag Reflex**, **Dick Pix**, and **Suck Me Harder** to demonstrate prancercise (it's painful just to type that word) with their new pupil, the ever-infantile **King Sir Sir James**. Honestly, he looked better than his harem, but then again, odds are he was just having a seizure.

Man Tan was up next for overenthusiasm on the naughty check. Of course, no one was the least bit surprised when he asked **Get A Life** to aid in the demonstration of a proper naughty check. Nor was anyone surprised when he chose to be on the receiving end of it. If his cheeks were rosy before, they were downright drenched in blood by the time she was through with him. Given her apparent affinity for corporal punishment, I shudder to think of **Nathan NN**'s childhood.

We wrapped up the circle with a few good, old-fashioned fuck-offs. First, we commemorated the eagerly-anticipated end of **Scrambled Dag**'s cultural moments with a reading of the future in which terrorists die of syphilis, pedophiles' genitals spontaneously combust (if they haven't been euthanized by **Danger Pornzalez** first), and **King Sir Sir James** learns to respect and love the country in which he lives. It's so sentimental and perfect I could just vomit.

And finally, a genuinely heartfelt goodbye to our GM **But For What** and his lovely lady **Spoons**. Fuck if I remember where they're going, but we can rest easy knowing that if they don't make a point to find the hash, the hash will find them. More importantly, they'll contribute as much to it in their new home as they have in ours. Thank you, **But For What** and **Spoons**, and may the hash be with you. Now fuck off.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for bloody bottoms acquired during or in relation to hash events, though we are happy to provide them. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

