



Run #: 2018

When: 4 May 2014

Hares: **Pink Afghan, Gour NN, & Mooby Dick**

Where: El Pardo

Eager to demonstrate that El Pardo r*ns can reach greater depths of dreadfulness than the disaster of two weeks ago, today's hares consisted of two walkers and the shitshowiest FRB on this side of the Strait of Gibraltar. Even worse, **Mooby Dick** was too busy being a mama's boy to show up for his own damn r*n. Or maybe he just knew he'd be hung over and wanted to get his haring over with so he wouldn't have to be punished for the sorry excuse for a trail he set. In his defense, half the damn hash was also absent, largely due to a Coyote Ugly style bar called Space Monkey.

Jesus, one paragraph in and the phrase "space monkey" has already come out. Dis gonna be goooooood.

The trail started, as all trails set by more than two hares do, with no flour. Our understandable confusion and subsequent mucking about gave latecummers **Pig In A Blanket** and **JJ NN** (god that's fun to write) time to join us on trail, but the poor fools were so desperate not to get left in **Not Half Bad's** dust (as we all should be; the view alone is enough to knock them out, and don't get me started on the smell) that they forgot to drop their bags at the car park. However, our noob dropped hints along the way that the true motive behind this apparent absent-mindedness was to avoid a potentially awkward moment in which someone at the car park opened one of their bags to find the aftermath of their shagging the time away at Larry's, desperately hoping for a ride that never came. So they did.

After spending gratuitously long at a checkpoint that failed to take advantage of what would have been a deliciously evil water crossing, we started finding flour... for about a minute. After crossing a couple of roads to get to another park, things got hilly. A couple checkpoints later, we found the beer stop, but to our awe and dismay, it was right in front of the Guardia Civil. Maybe the hares haven't heard about this hip new thing the kids are doing these days called botellón, but the fuzz are cracking down on it something fierce, meaning we have to be discrete in our debauchery. Then again, how foolish of us to expect discretion from our official Menace of the Year, our unofficial Social Media Menace of Forever, and a father who regularly invites harriettes to try his "special Indian spice". Fuckwits.

The second half was set entirely by **Mooby Dick**, meaning we were fucked in all cardinal directions.

One giant hill up led to a checkpoint that led down to another hill, which led to a split trail with a stupidly long false, then another checkpoint, then another split trail, then yet *another* checkpoint, and then a checkback. All within two kilometers. And, in a colossal flipping of the bird to the laws of physics, all uphill. People weren't even walking, much less running; "trudging" is probably the best word for it. Of special delight for the schadenfreude aficionados among us was **Le PRO**, who managed to take the longest false trail available every single time. He must be so used to shortcutting that he's forgotten how to find true trail!

By the time we made it back to the car park, we were dirty, destitute, and in some cases deranged. But despite our desperate desires to distance ourselves from this debacle and get the circle over with, **Floppy Fiveskin** insisted we linger for god knows how long to make good use of the beer available. Rumors abound that he was just stalling for **Rat With A Snatch** to come back from his annual shagging of his missus and save him from the responsibility of stepping in as GM. How sickeningly adorable that a man who loves to tell you he's fought five wars (give or take, depending on your bra size) gets stage fright!

THE DOWN DOWNS

Despite **Floppy's** best efforts, a bona fide GM did not appear, so with palms sweatier than that time in Kuwait with that deep-voiced, broad-shouldered woman named Michelle (or was it Mitchell? God damn Kuwait was a blur), our sorry excuse for a substitute GM started the circle. The man was clearly short on material, as he performed a textbook-worthy survey of GM down-downs: newcomers (**JJ NN**), returnees (**Wrist Action** and **Lady Di**), and those who neglected to bring their haberdashery or mugs (half the circle). But can you really blame him for a lack of material? Only the most boring half of the regular crowd was present, and the lad was trying to save some fodder for the poor bloke trying to fill his shoes as RA.

But we'll come to that twat later. In the meantime, **Bottom Wrangler** was brought in for can only be attributed to still being drunk from the night before. His tell? The nitwit managed not only to be the day's only day tripper, but to earn the title twice, and he had quite the battle wounds to show for it. **Floppy Fiveskin** made sure he received one of the enormous glasses, providing him with more than enough beer to last him through the two separate down-downs he was given in honor of his singular (doubular?) achievement. And he still couldn't finish it all in time, leaving us waiting instead of fornicating. Four years at an American college clearly didn't teach him a damn thing.

Before the circle changed hands, we paused our self-indulgence to celebrate something sentimental and sweet: Mothers' Day. **Pink Afghan** invited all mothers into the circle and gave them kit-kat bars to help them eat away their post-partum blues. **Unsinkable** joined on the grounds that her dog was her child, and for fear of knowledge that would haunt us for the rest of our days, we didn't question it. In the meantime, we had the far better idea of pairing each mother with one (or more) of the plethora of motherfuckers present, and everyone got to enjoy Mothers' Day as it was meant to be: making new mothers.

As our usurping GM finally gave way to his dubious choice for his replacement, we learned that it was a brand spanking new hasher (by which I mean he slaps brand logos, it's weird) with barely 50 r*ns under his belt. And that's just about all that's under his belt: maybe it's just due to circumcision gone awry, but you wouldn't even know he's hit puberty if not for the scraggly forest

of hair ranging from places clothes can't cover to where the sun don't shine. Why **Floppy** didn't choose from the multiple committee members with circle-leading experience, I haven't the faintest, but at least he provided some comedy, even if it was unwittingly at his own expense.

Bottom Wrangler started by calling **Bush Warmer** and **Not Half Bad** in for related violations of hash commandments. **Bushy**, as I've just now decided we'll call her for short, had excused herself from the beer stop to "go warm a bush for five minutes," which, apart from enjoying her name too much, is fouling trail. And I dare not imagine why she needs five minutes for it. Oh be quiet, inevitable chorus of women protesting that it's sooooo much more difficult for women to pee in public than it is for men, I've seen **Gag Reflex** do it in the time it takes me to sneeze. While staring a police officer *in the face*.

Oh how I envy you readers who think I'm kidding.

Not to be outdone, **Not Half Bad** saw fit to leave his own Mothers' Day surprise for us at the beer stop by pissing in the circle while the runners were still on trail. Ironically, **Lady Di** was heard commenting just before the circle about the wonderful smell of the fresh spring air, shedding some light on the scatological reasons for her extended absence.

Due to the GM's negligence to bring in the hares, **Pink Afghan** and **Gour NN** were called in twice. First, just for being hares, and second, for the aforementioned idiocy of putting a beer stop right in front of the Guardia Civil. And while we're on the theme of negligence, *somebody* forgot to appoint a proxy for our absent hare **Mooby Dick**! In a written statement to the scribe, **Bottom Wrangler** has expressed his sincerest regrets concerning his failure to take advantage of the opportunity to get an unsuspecting, undeserving hasher completely shitfaced.

Up next were **Pig In A Blanket** and **JJ NN** for cumming late, and, more importantly, drinking without paying. Due to the former's Nazi ancestry, all Germans were brought into the circle, adding **Two Jugs**, her "platonic" man-friend **Andres NN**, and to the surprise of many, **Floppy Fiveskin**. Demonstrating exactly the kind of misguided trust for which he brutally punished **Speedy Gonzalez** at the last El Pardo r*n two weeks before, our ungodly RA/GM hybrid confided in his replacement that he was born in Germany, which makes him arguably more German than **Pig In A Blanket** himself. His indignation at the violation of his confidence (and of something more, erm, tangible, but that was before the circle) only corroborated the claim of his German ancestry, as it demonstrated his complete lack of a sense of humor.

Up next was a two-part tribute to the only worthwhile parts of the female body. First, **Two Jugs** was called in for showing said jugs at just about every possible opportunity, making **Fareed NN** (and his father) hungry and cranky. Second, **Unsinkable** was condemned (or was it commended?) for coining the phrase "magnificunts," a word that more adeptly describes hashers than any I've come across. Yaaaaaaay ladyparts!

To wrap things up, **Floppy** took back the circle and, in a superfluous attempt to make sure everyone had a down-down, called **Twice A Day** and **Wrist Action** into the circle for being boring hashers. Of course, **Twice A Day** had already been called in for Mothers' Day, and **Wrist Action** for being a returdee, but those are boring anyway, so fuck it, drink it down down down down...

Given the uncharacteristically low turnout, damn good day. Crazy trail at a beautiful site, multiple down-downs for everyone, and to top it all off, a picnic afterwards! Thanks to **Pink Afghan**, **Mooby Dick**, and **Gour NN** (can we name that fucker already?) for haring, and to everyone else

present for showing that we don't need the rest of you no-show cunts anyway!

UPCOMING EVENTS

1) **The May Event!** It's soon, folks! May 23-25. The hares have started recing, the out-of-towners are dusting off their old MH3 haberdashery, and the beer stockpile is growing exponentially (if only, though, amirite?). Send **Rat With A Snatch** your dinner order, and if someone asks you to step up and help out somehow, just fuckin do it.

2) **Drunken Bull Javea/Costa Blanca Run #19 ish - TOMTOM against Googlemaps Run:** Saturday, May 10th. **Butt for What** is haring, so go tell the geezer what happened this week and how lost we are without him.

3) **Bilbao H3 R*n 5:** Saturday, May 18th. It'll (hopefully) be **Glory Hole's** last stint as GM/RA/hare/EVERYTHING before she fucks off to Argentina, so if you ever wanted to see a fledgling hash in which maybe five people speak English, go check it out!

NEXT R*NS

Sunday, May 9th, 13:00 SHARP: **El Sordo** and **Quick n Dirty** are doing what they do in El Escorial. If we're lucky, we'll get some indoor hashing through the palace! Coordinates: 40.574961, -4.152599.

Friday, May 16th, 21:00: **Scrambled Dag** and **Alien Sex** are haring... you have three guesses as to where, and the first two don't count. See you at the ass end of line 5!

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for babies made during or in relation to hash events, though we will happily traumatize and inebriate them. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

