



Run #: 2007

When: 16 March 2014

Hares: **Sir Sir Culchie** and **Marina O'Hare**

Where: Hoyo de Manzanares

As it always is around this time of year, the theme of the day was St. Paddy's Day, and thus the color green. In perfect hashin' fashion, we took the color theme just a bit too far, as will be revisited throughout this narrative. We began with a metaphorical interpretation of the color green when hares **Sir Sir Culchie** and **Marina O'Hare** used the same CP has their last trail, used the CP from their trail before that as the beer stop, and arrived late to their own circle. You know, green, like utter neophytes. The irony of it all is that in spite of this deluge of ineptitudes, **Sir Sir Culchie** was honored later for 100 hares. Well done, Sir.

Due to the Spanish punctuality of the hares, the r*n began before it even began with **King Sir Sir James**, **Justin Case**, and **Bottom Wrangler** getting lost while searching for the beginning of the trail. The dunces eventually sorted out that the trail was in the exact opposite direction from where they had been checking and caught up with the pack. The trail went uphill for a while until we found a hold check on a massive boulder with a stunning view in all directions. In fact, the only thing we couldn't see from the check was where the trail picked up again, but after a good ten minutes of bumbling about we realized that the trail continued more or less from where we had come. Again, hares, overdoing this whole green-as-in-amateur thing!

The next few kilometers consisted of jumping over, under, around, and through (any preposition will do, really) shiggy, giving **Yurinator** the perfect opportunity to shove would-be FRBs into the brush. Thankfully, he abandoned his racist behavior around the multiple river crossings, though now that I think about it flopping face-first in the river might have been the perfect way to mitigate the heat.

We continued to dodge, duck, dip, dive, and dodge shiggy in the blistering sun for several more kilometers until we were worn out physically, mentally, spiritually, and morally (though that last one's a given). Some were even driven past the point of insanity: **Glory Hole** was heard chanting mantras about non-erect wieners. We'll give her the benefit of the doubt and assume she was just recalling the previous night's escapades, but if that's the benefit of the doubt, I shudder to think what the other possibilities could be.

At long last, the trail changed... for the worse. A long climb uphill became a longer stretch along a construction site that culminated in a daunting trek up a road to, wouldn't you know it, that beer

stop site we knew all too well from several months ago. After grossly overindulging in Aquarius, chips (sorry, “crisps” if any of you Brits even read this garbage), and the sweet ambrosia that gives our lives its very meaning, we ventured onward. We were motivated by the hares’ promise that the remainder of the journey was essentially one giant On On Beer, with no checks or splits or shenanigans of any kind until the CP.

In far more time than should have been necessary, we realized that some dogs (or their owners) had eaten all the flour. Or maybe **Unsinkable** and **Rainbow Homo** had just run ahead with their dogs to erase the trail behind them and ensure their places as the FRBs. But hey, far be it from the hash to make unfounded accusations.

In retribution for our previous uphill diligence, and because physics, the rest of the trail plummeted down faster than **Scrambled Dag** gives up on drinking his down-down and chucks it on folks in the circle. We leapt from stone to bush to trail like majestic gazelles, and in no time at all we came upon the CP by the same way we had left. Again with the novice nonsense! In/out trail confusion is in direct violation of Hash Commandment 8! Jesus Christ (on the cross), we get it, green can mean inexperienced, but isn’t violating core hash commandments for the sake of a theme going a little too far?

Back at the CP, we were appalled to find that our time had actually been better spent on trail than it would have been with the car park ladies. **Suck Me Harder** was suffering from that devilish mix of inebriation and hangover we all know so well; **Floppy Five Skin** was teaching **Fareed NN** how to drink beer; and the latter's father was chugging it out of his hasher of the year trophy. Yes, **Pink Afghan**, continuing to remind us that he wins at hashing without even leaving the car park, had brought his trophy once again. In his defense, he let us all eat popcorn out of it, which I now realize means we partook of beer-soaked popcorn. Awesome like a hotdog.



We started at every hasher’s start with the virgins, bringing **Gour NN**'s son **Alex NN** into the circle. Now, the following cannot be said enough: *this kid is twelve years old*. GM **Rat With A Snatch** called upon **In Your Face** to ask the ancient virgin riddles, but she was overcome with embarrassment at, I dunno, the fact that she was dropping inyourendos to a *goddamn twelve-year-old*. Mortified as I am to say it, maybe we should have stuck with our venerated veteran. **King Sir Sir James** would have done it, but he was a particularly cantankerous codger that day (when isn’t he?), so we were left with a partially completed verbal survey as **In Your Face** scurried out of the circle in shame.

Refusing to pick up on the novel concept that twelve-year-olds and adults should be treated differently, **RWAS** gave **Alex NN** a real, alcoholic, green down-down. Yes, even the down-downs were dyed green. The virgin was paralyzed by incredulity and checked with his father at least three times before choking on his down-down and spitting it out. You know, like a twelve-year-old. But we soon realized the GM’s true purpose, for the kid’s face turned green with nausea. It’s a miracle he didn’t vomit. So now we have breaking hash commandments and torturing prepubescent virgins, all for the sake of a motherfucking color scheme. Please, gentlemen, some priorities.

Up next were **Twice A Day** and **Dani NN** for calling trail improperly. It wasn't that they didn't call; in fact, silence might have been preferable to **Twice A Day's** "On On Somewhere," which is tantamount to saying you're not lost because you know there is a destination. How very existential. **Dani NN** took things in a more puerile direction by calling "chicken" instead of "checking," bringing his maturity in at a whopping six years old. What a little chicken shit.

In a scandalous turn of events, token little goody two shoes **Ashley NN** was brought into the circle. To no one's surprise, her crime was superfluous compliance with the first hash commandment: obey the GM. Though she claims she merely day-tripped (a punishable offense in and of itself), she fell at the feet of the GM during the r*n and prostrated (or prostrated, as **RWAS** put it) herself before him. Obedience is fine, but bowing? Don't let his already inflated sense of "authority" get to his head. (I'll have some of that!)

Awards were given for lacking lives: **Alien Sex** reached 600 car parks and **ASH** reached 700 w*Iks. Meanwhile, **Very Grimm** completed 50 roundabout-ridden hares and **Sir Sir Culchie** made it to 100, 99 of which took place in Hoyo de Manzanares.

Yurinator was punished for his aforementioned racism, and to complete our hat-trick of child abuse, **Dave NN** was called into the circle for slapping **RA In Your Face's** ass. The kid was awarded with beer, manly high-fives and fist-bumps from the other men who were green with envy, and enthusiastic congratulations from his father, **Snog the Goblin**. This encouragement of objectification and our earlier hazing of the virgin demonstrated once again that the hash teaches wholesome family values. There was a consensus after the circle that we would make a killing if we started a daycare. We have yet to resolve whether we meant that literally.

All jokes aside, well done to the hares for a beautiful and challenging trail; well done to the RAs for superb weather; and well done to the rest of you debaucherous lot for another successful Sunday filled with things I'd never want my employers to find out about.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fucking Christ there were a lot of these.

1) **The May Event!** May 23-25, 125 euros if you haven't paid yet. They've only extended the early-bird deadline a bajillion times, so give us your goddamn money if you haven't already! Talk to **Rat With A Snatch** if you need more info.

2) **Pink Afghan's Quiz:** As if you haven't heard about it enough, Pinko's doing a pub quiz on **Saturday, March 22nd** at **Mad Dog's Tavern** at **9PM**. Promises to be really long and naughty (and that applies to more than just the quiz), but at least Mad Dog's has good beer and meat pies. Let **Pink Afghan** know if you're cumming. It's the respectful thing to do.

3) **Bilbao H3 R*n 4:** They're at it again, for better or worse. MH3 has been a strong presence at a couple of these in the past, so let's continue helping a new hash start up! **Saturday, April 12th**, talk to **Glory Hole** if you're interested.

4) There's a **Mijas Hash event** happening some time soon, but for the life of me I can't remember the details. Talk to **Justin Case** maybe? Fuck if I know.

NEXT R*NS

Friday, March 21st, 21:00: Slippery When Wet and **Speedy Gonzalez** are setting their “Eats, Shoots, and Leaves” R*n. FFCP from metro stop Bambú on line 1. Rumor has it there will be pandas or bandits. Both if we're lucky.

Sunday, March 23rd, 13:00 SHARP: ASH and **Scary Poppins** are setting their “Mad as a March Hare” R*n. Coordinates: 40.78275, -3-57203. Promises to be 10km longer than advertised.

ON ON!

Scribe: **Bottom Wrangler**

The Madrid Hash House Harriers takes no responsibility for childhood traumas acquired during or in relation to hash events, though we humbly recommend parents to get off their lazy asses and do some goddamn parenting. All inaccuracies are intentional, as are resemblances to people known or otherwise.

