

Creamed in Cazorla – The Bull Sheet - May 2010 - Nutsucker



Question: What can be guaranteed to disrupt the tranquil ambience of a small town in northern Andalusia? *Answer:* The arrival of the Madrid and Mijas Hash (and was there someone there from Portugal?!) in a pan-Iberian coming together which was this year's Creamed in Cazorla Hash.



On a Friday evening there is no substitute for cultural exchange with the local community. Enter Not Half Bad. Not content with verbal exchange, a clothes exchange was entered into. Local singer, and all round jovial fellow drinker demanded on parting with her fetching feminine blouse in exchange for Not Half Bad's hash t-shirt. Not too worry NHB, there was no one there with a camera... oh yes

that's right, there was.

The hares for Saturday's run with the long standing and experienced pair of Ash and Justin. What else could the bleary eyed pack expect apart from something long and hard?

The power of the front running ball was unleashed on Tim Rat and Kindergarten Cop. Kindergarten Cop relished this honour by promptly putting the ball into the boot of his car, an action spotted and reprimanded by Floppy Five Skin.

The run was set off at a fine pace by the well known front running bastard, Sir Sir James.

The climb went up... and up... and up. Hanky Wanky retained his status as all round nice guy and permanent contender for Shit of the Week by failing to call a check back 50 from the top of a mountain.

Tim Rat with a Sweet Snatch appeared to be psychologically galvanised by the responsibility of the front running ball and proceeded to take on the previously scorned role of front running bastard.



The first beer stop saw the front running pack of the Madrid Hash arrive several lifetimes before the first Mijas hasher emerged. Colonic Irrigation was the final hasher to stumble confusedly out from the undergrowth, a fine example of the power of pre-r*n amber nectar.

After an obligatory (very impressive) view stop the pack stumbled on, led by Tim Rat and Ginger Ninger from Madrid. There was a brief lapse from the hares when the r*n actually went downhill for several metres.

The final checkpoint saw the Madrid front r*nnng bastards thrown off-track by a long false trail to such an extent that the Mijas front walking bastards accidentally took the lead. The pack re-united, exhausted, at the final beer stop. The consensus was universal, it was a great run.

The following circle saw a re-naming of Floppy Five Skin to Flappy Four Skin and Tim Rat demonstrating his skill with the arm. Several Madrid and Mijas hashers were also called into the circle for their sins. Yes, yes, you may have spotted, I was not giving the circle my full attention.



Dinner on Saturday night had been carefully planned by event organisers Ash and La Constitucion. Unfortunately the hotel which last time produced a fine feast had this year decided to serve up plates of unidentifiable slop. What else can one do at this point other than initiate a fine sporting event such as a flan sucking competition? Tim Rat took on... some losers from Mijas ... and won, proving once again his status as world champion flan sucker.

A selection of the more dedicated Mijas and Madrid hashes adjourned to an 'International' Bar in Cazorla. As the night drew to a close the group discussed calling a local taxi. This was made more difficult by the fact there was only one taxi in Cazorla that clocked off at 8pm. On on up the hill....

The hangover r*n was hared by Flappy Four Skin and Speed Bumps. As usual, elements of the r*n could have easily been confused with an army assault course.

After some initial trail confusion the r*n set off from the Cortijo and once again progressed uphill. There was clambering required, as expected from the Flapster followed by lengthy stumbling downhill to the beer stop.



On On beer was proceeded by a mandatory arse sliding down the hill which was helpfully monitored by illustrious Madrid GM Hanky Wanky who stood at the bottom shouting 'Slip and Slide'.

Back at the Cortijo, Madrid Hashers Tim Rat with a Sweet Snatch gave the circle an endearing demonstration of romance on the hash by spitting beer into each other's faces at close range.



Mijas provided an excellent selection of look-a-likes headed up by 80s comedy duo Les Dennis (Flaky) and Russ Abbott (Tight Arse).

Colonic Irrigation proposed a dual for budding Mijas Romeos vying for the attention of Slip a Dick To Me. This was cunningly (who said c*nilingus?) won by Kindergarten Cop by pouring a bag of flower over his own head.

No hash event would be complete without Hanky Wanky's obligatory jumping tits competition. As predicted this was won hands (tits) down by Radio Ka Ka.



The group was dragged out of the pool to a local restaurant to enjoy the last meal before departure. Creamed in Cazorla? Not Half Bad.

