

# Madrid Hash House Harriers Official Bullsheet

Run 1730

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> September 2010

Bustarviejo

Hares Mark IV & Just In



Rumour has it **Mark IV** woke up on and tuned into the weather forecast. 40° in the shade, the man said. So our intrepid hare decided the sensible thing was to avoid the shade altogether. Which he did very effectively.

Hot? Just down the road from the run site NASA was testing its shuttle tiles for heat resistance by hanging them on a clothes line. Solar panels melted. Tumble weed would have fried had it dared cross the dust strewn, shimmering highway. Film crews had moved in to film the next spaghetti western and wherever one looked one imagined that haunting whistle which habitually announced the arrival of the good, the bad and the ugly. Clint Eastwood was hiding behind every tree.

As if it wasn't already hot enough the hares decided to delay the start by getting themselves lost. Handy really because this gave the runners to warm up in the shadeless car park where the rising heat vapour obscured the view of fellow Hashers and the only noise was the sound of human beings fainting and falling into the dust.



The run eventually got under way at 12.30.

Runners hit shade at 12.32.

Runners exited shade at 12.32 and 25 seconds.

Runners next saw shade as they collapsed into their cars at approximately 17.00hrs.

Got the picture yet? Well. Just in case you haven't .....

The runners limped home a full 105 minutes later. On one of the hottest days of the year the Hares had decided to set one of the longest runs of the year; 16.2 km according to **Worzel Gummidge's** wrist job. There were two versions of the whys and wherefores depending one which hare was telling the story:

**Mark IV:** "Listen buddy. It was all **Just In's** fault. He didn't have a clue where we were so I left him at the beer stop and sorted it out myself. He's as much use as a one-legged man in an arse-kicking contest."

**Just In** "Ahem .... Mark IV is, ahem, what's the word, bloody useless. I knew where we were but HE decided to go off and do his own thing. He's as useful as a chocolate, ahem ... what's the word ... fire-guard."

As accusations were being thrown around like a seal in a shark feeding frenzy there was a commotion from one corner of the car park. **El Sordid** was lying on the floor behind the wheels of a Ford Focus and shaking violently For a moment we thought he must have hit on hard times and was trying it on, Romany-gipsy-like, with a fake road accident claim. We studied him as he lay there, incohesive and slurred speech, eyes rolling to the heavens and talking absolute gibberish. Convinced he was acting normally most of us left him laying there.

It wasn't until he started vomiting on Just In's pink baseball cap that we had to decide whether it was a statement on the cap itself or whether something was actually wrong with the man. In fact, El

Sordid had got himself a bad dose of dehydration.



The GM sprung into action by placing cans of cold Mahou under the floundering man's armpits which were quickly removed as the coolers ran short of the stuff. Looking back we could have moved him out of the sun and into the shade much earlier than we did but as his misery was about to be complemented by a dose of sun-stroke he was marched across onto a make shift bed where he would lay down to speed recovery.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch the hares were unceremoniously marched into the circle where it didn't take long to establish the value of their efforts. An average score of 2.2 was recorded. Even **Just In's** attempt of adding four scores together didn't get him to nine. The man himself looked "Furly Perty" in his squeallikeapig pink football strip. He'd insisted it was the proper colour of his favourite team but none of us agreed that Barthelona was ever pronounced with a lisp. Suggest you stop using that cheap Russian washing powder matey; the visiting Istanbul GM was fairly marvelling at the suggestive possibilities of it all.

The circle hit a sombre note when it was announced that **Godmother's** pussy had passed away. In truth, some years ago the **Godmother** had decided she had no use for her pussy so she gave it to **Ever Ready** in the hope she could do something with it. A bit of TLC, some flea powder and two de-wormings later, **Godmother's** pussy actually brushed up quite nicely and found a permanent position in ER's already crowded household. Until last week. ER had spent a week in Torremolinos leaving Godmother's pussy in the incapable hands of **Spermfart**. Two days into her return and the pussy was no more.



Insinuations abound ... but we will never know. Will we?



Meanwhile, back at M.A.S.H camp a faint cry of "H.e...eee...lp" is heard from **El Sordid's** resting place. A few of us got there to see **Ever Ready's** mutt digging a hole with his front paws and spraying the hapless hashers resting head with earth and other shit. Now, you can't blame the dog for his actions, just the timing. There was still some life left in our hasher yet.

Loads of other stuff happened in the circle but by then we were all starting to hallucinate. I started to see attractive Harriettes. **Hanky Wanky** became less obnoxious. **Two Jugs** had morphed into Chesty Morgan and **Ginger Ninga** looked as though she wasn't dragged up in an Idaho trailer park ... and she looked sober.

It was time for the scribe to put down his pen and hunt down the final can of Mahou ... which I eventually found stuck up **El Sordid's** arse.

On on!!  
**Tight Fit**