

**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS H3**

## Run Number One: A trail of lame excuses

**The Pack:** Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Bess the hound, Hansel, OTT, Quokka, Jonah, Souk Hash, Snoozanne, Lady Penelope, Whinger, Bloody Bollox, RTFuct, Austin Powers, Dan the virgin

**Run location:** From the Augustus John Pub

Beautiful May sunshine smiled down upon those assembled for the inaugural run of MTH3. Many thanks to the Wirral and Chester parent hashers who made the effort to cross the water. It surely would have been a poor do without y'all. In fact, **Austin Powers** was so overexcited to see **Hansel** and **OTT** turn up that it made his writing on the R.A.'s helmet go all squiffy. At least that is his lame excuse.



Hey – **Hansel** and **OTT** !!! Did we forget to mention the dangers of running through Liverpool's streets at night? Ah well, at least I've got my safety hat ☺

There was no 'f' in 'phlour' for the first part of the trail around Paddy's Wigwam as hare **RTfuct** was a bit scared that defiling the sacred ground would mean a smiting by thunderbolt from above or getting chased down the road by a priest (she tried that once before and didn't like it). It was touch and go as to whether PhD candidate, **Dan the virgin**, would be able to work out what the unexplained arrow markings meant. In fact, there was a fair bit of whinging from **Peter Pan** about the trail markings used – he went the wrong way several times because of it. At least that is his lame excuse.



Liverpool is so much nicer than Perth in Western Australia. I wish I could stay here forever and ever.

After a lot of ins and outs, ups and downs, huffs and puffs and red-faced exertion we finally reached 'ORG' – that's it – the Re-group check where a number of water babies leapt into the fountain. Sadly, there were no winners, or even worthy contenders, in this wet T-shirt competition.

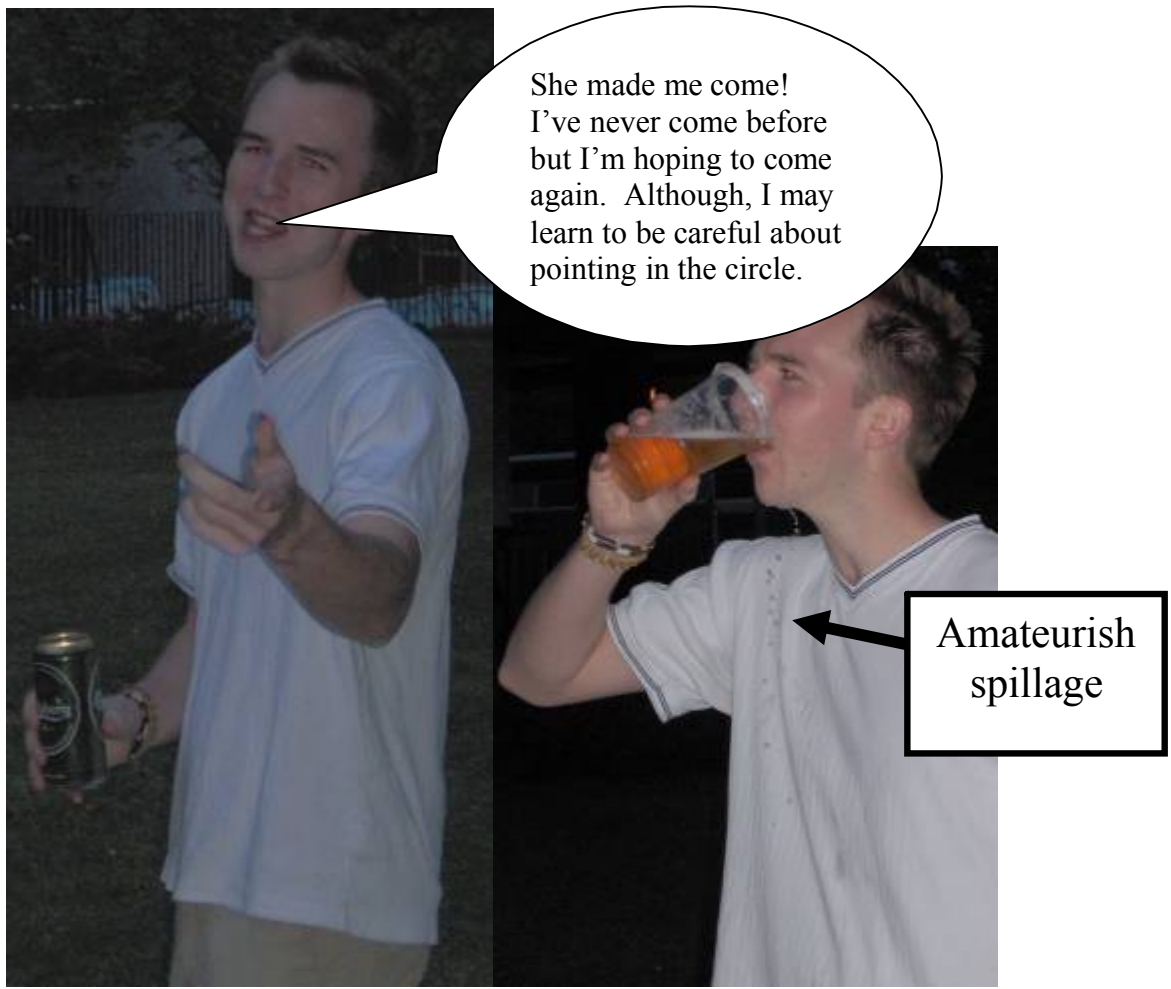


The fly-over back check near to the Ship and Mitre pub (scene of much après hash drinking on **Living Bra's** Wirral and Chester Sunday trail some months before)

caught a few folks out, but wiley old **Jonah** wasn't fooled and soon found the true trail, but not before **OTT** found enough blobs to call on-on in the other direction. 'Counting is hard' said the hare. At least that is her lame excuse.

**Quokka** decided on a crafty shortcut with the hare as the rest of the pack took a pointless turn around the block before heading up some road eventually leading to Shenanigan's pub where the trail diverted into the business heart of the city. **Bloody Bollox** was a blazing FRB through this section as he happened to have spent his lunch break from work checking out the trail. Some of the trail was even still in place by the time the rest of us got there in the evening. But not too much of it was visible after the passage of many thousand of Liverpool's work force's feet and **Whinger** got a bit left behind and lost. At least that is his lame excuse. The rear-enders ended up on a short-cut up to the well-hidden Belvedere pub on Falkner Street, where there was no pub stop. There wasn't time. We had to get back for the circle and **Austin Powers'** first ever try at RA.

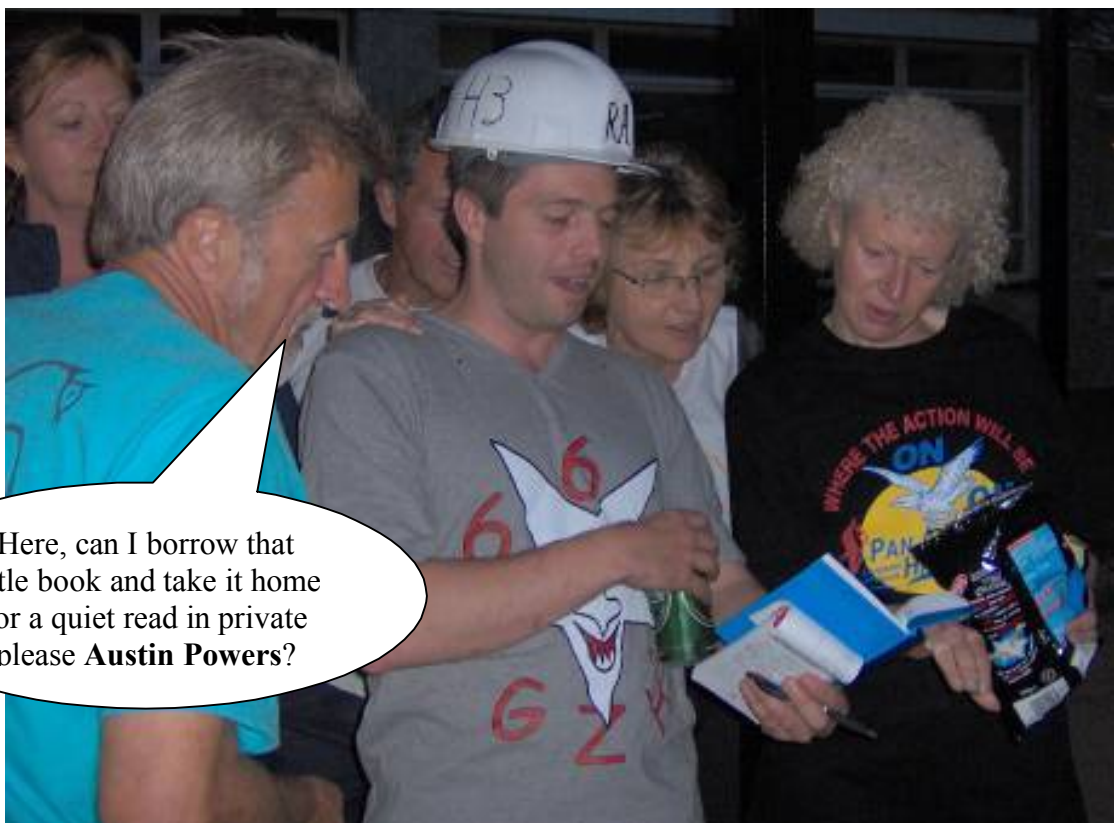
A masterfully delivered and even mildly entertaining down-downs session ensued. **Snoozanne** made a brilliant suggestion that **Dan the virgin** shouldn't be the first to down a beer as he was unlikely to be able to grasp the complexities of the ritual without a demonstration. **Jonah** bravely stepped in to show the young fella how it's done. A photograph (not shown) was taken literally seconds after the first ever MTH3 down-down. After missing the crucial shot the photographer whined 'The bastard sucked and swallowed too hard'. At least that is her lame excuse.





Old hand  
sprayage

The Scousers (note **Whinger** is in on this down-down and many others – **Lady Penelope** suggested it might be because they've no booze at home).



Here, can I borrow that little book and take it home for a quiet read in private please **Austin Powers**?

'I'm not singing THAT!! It's TOO RUDE!!' (Yet another lame excuse)

**Whinger** hardly moaned at all about his icing, complete with pretty pink flower. It was a bit of a shock when he first sat down, but after a while he got used to it.



“Ooooooooooooh”



“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh”



“Can you see it coming?”



“There you are – flowers for **Lady P**”

Asked later how he felt about having his pants off in public and a little flower up his bottie, **Whinger** said his apparent enjoyment of bare arse flesh on ice was just his ability to grin and bear it. At least, that is his lame excuse and he's sticking to it (quite literally).