



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number Ten: Wallasey Grove Road

The Pack: Whinger (hashshit), Lady Penelope, RTfuct (hare), Austin Powers, Bloody Bollox, Dave, Hansel, OTT, Chunder, Bumslide, Harvey the hound, Tie One, Posh Frock, Moby the hound, Charles, Car Thief

A gloriously sunny evening and a hilarious start to Mersey Thirstdays H3 run number 10. Almost the entire pack tripping off eagerly to the end of the car park to find a big fence and a small 'X'.

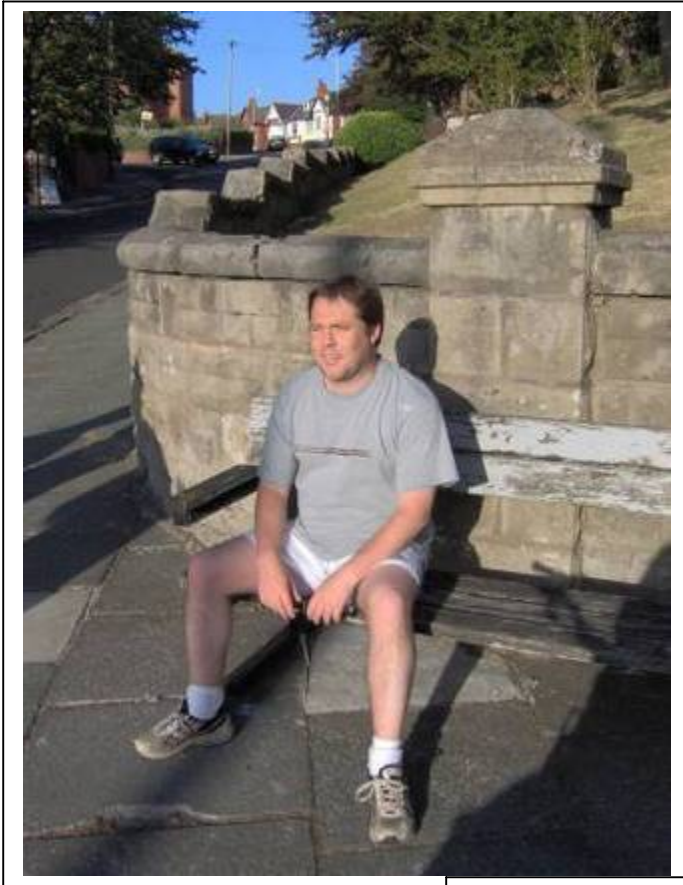


So with everybody laughing merrily at the hare's trick of directing them down a long false trail and **Lady Penelope's** shoes firmly attached, it was on out at the other end of the car park.



RTfuct had decided to keep her arse firmly attached to her bicycle saddle this evening, after the last one got nicked in Otterspool park (see the Trash for run number 6). If anyone was taking her new bike saddle (very kindly purchased by the lovely **Austin Powers** and **Lady Penelope**) home this evening, it was going to be with her arse attached. Well, it was worth a shot but sadly there were no takers for arse and saddle this evening. Nevermind, she did enjoy haring on bike-back: ‘baring’ if you will - in the way that hashing on a bike is ‘bashing’.





Amazingly, **Bloody Bollox** didn't see anything at all dodgy all evening. Wallasey is a boring, backwater of respectable citizens. No cock-rings, no dogging doggers – nothing. But at times like that, there's always the memories to draw on...ahhhh. Here we see him taking a quiet moment at a check to remember better hashing days.

He's a sweaty, one-legged, virgin, hasher – but he's happy!! You're one of the good guys, **Charles**



Jesus Christ, **Dave!** – **OTT** sure can pull off those multiple hand-brake turns!

There were also some beautiful views to be seen, eh **Tie one** and **Moby**:



Going down...



And up...

Hi there, I'm **Whinger**
the lady-boy. I prefer
going down, myself.



And across water in one leap, or two wet steps. Sorry **Austin Powers** but the camera never lies and you definitely did not bound across in one go like you tried to make out.



Stale, brackish water is nice, but bogeys is better





Then the pack became small specks far away on the beach. Come back!! Come back!! I know it smells bad but I've got your special treat from France in my saddle bags on this Bastille Day eve...



Phworr – Did you tread in something **Bloody Bollox?**

As the sun set over the Irish Sea, MTH3 enjoyed a glass or two of French Red with the stinkiest cheese ever made – two flavours: anus or hash sock. Verdict: delicious. And...something of an aphrodisiac too. **Whinger** later had to be smacked on the nose for humping the leg of the collie dog seen passing in the background here.



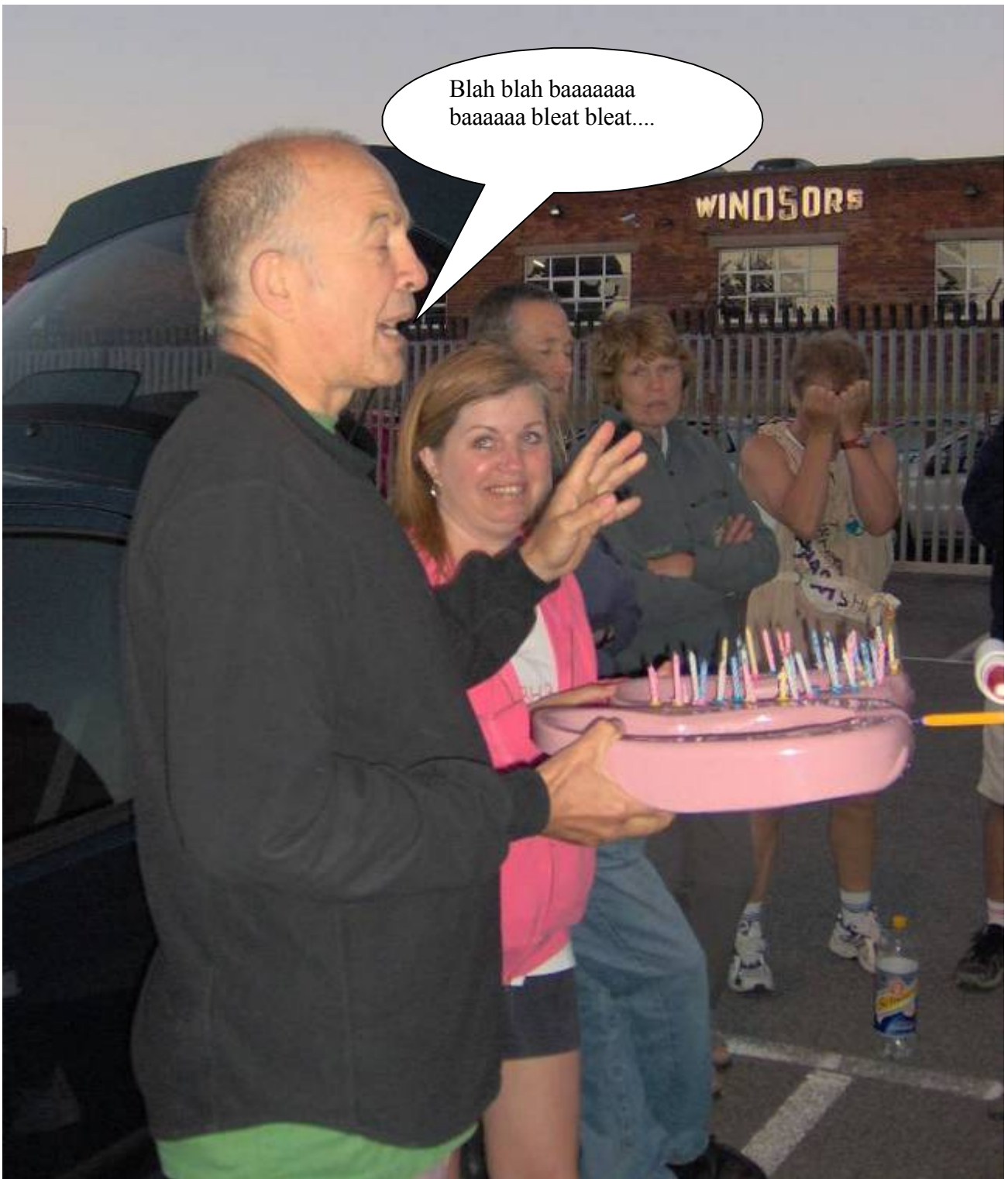
Back at the down-downs, **BB** showed **Charles** how to do it:



Austin Powers got nasty when folks mumbled the words to his favourite virgin song. Here we see him lunging into the pack for a quick slap. **Dave** adopts the toothy grin well-known to primatologists studying Chimpanzee behaviour – it's the expression that means 'OK your chest is hairier than mine, please don't hurt me'.



Then **Hansel** told what seemed like it might be the most awful joke ever. **Whinger** cried. **Bumslide** had evil thoughts and **Lady Penelope** prayed it would all be OK in the end...



Luckily it was – some folks even smiled which is more than can be said of the average **Austin Powers** sermon. And we all wished a very Hashy birthday to **Lady P** and **Hansel**.

