



MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 108 20th November 2008

The Philharmonic Pub, corner of Hope and Hardman Streets, Liverpool.

The Pack: Compo, Snoozanne (co Hare), Sprog, Carthief, Mad Hatter (co Hare), 10 Seconds, FCUK

The **Co-Hare** bent over in the time honoured fashion



Just before the official Hash photo which almost captured the truth (see below)



The second **Co Hare** also in her time honoured fashion announced that the evening's exercise would have an illuminated theme and away we went up Hope Street where we ran into **Drillbit**

who half looked as if he would be running (judging by his clothes).

Unfortunately he was wearing shoes and so declined to run but did say that he would see us in the pub.



On we went to a judiciously placed Check which the **Hare** said demonstrated the rubbish quality of the plaster board.

Note all the little bits scattered all around.



After Hope Street it was down to the Cathedral and some light shows within the grounds

But first our **co-GM** in walking mode



Followed by stretching mode at the first light show



Coming out of this gate the eternal question "Can **Compo** make it through the gap?" raised its head again



With 10 Seconds skulking about to witness the challenge

The gap



Luckily **Compo** managed the gap even if the **Hash Flash** failed to record the event properly (but who could not guess the owner of such a body



A second Hash Regroup to admire the **Hare's** handiwork of lights

(and plaster board use, (she has obviously mastered it as there is no debris))

A close up



Down Alfred Mews a short way, to a different light show. It took a while to realise that there was a light shining from behind us onto the wall.

Light show on this wall



Light show. It looked like graffiti until we realised that it was wavering in the wind.



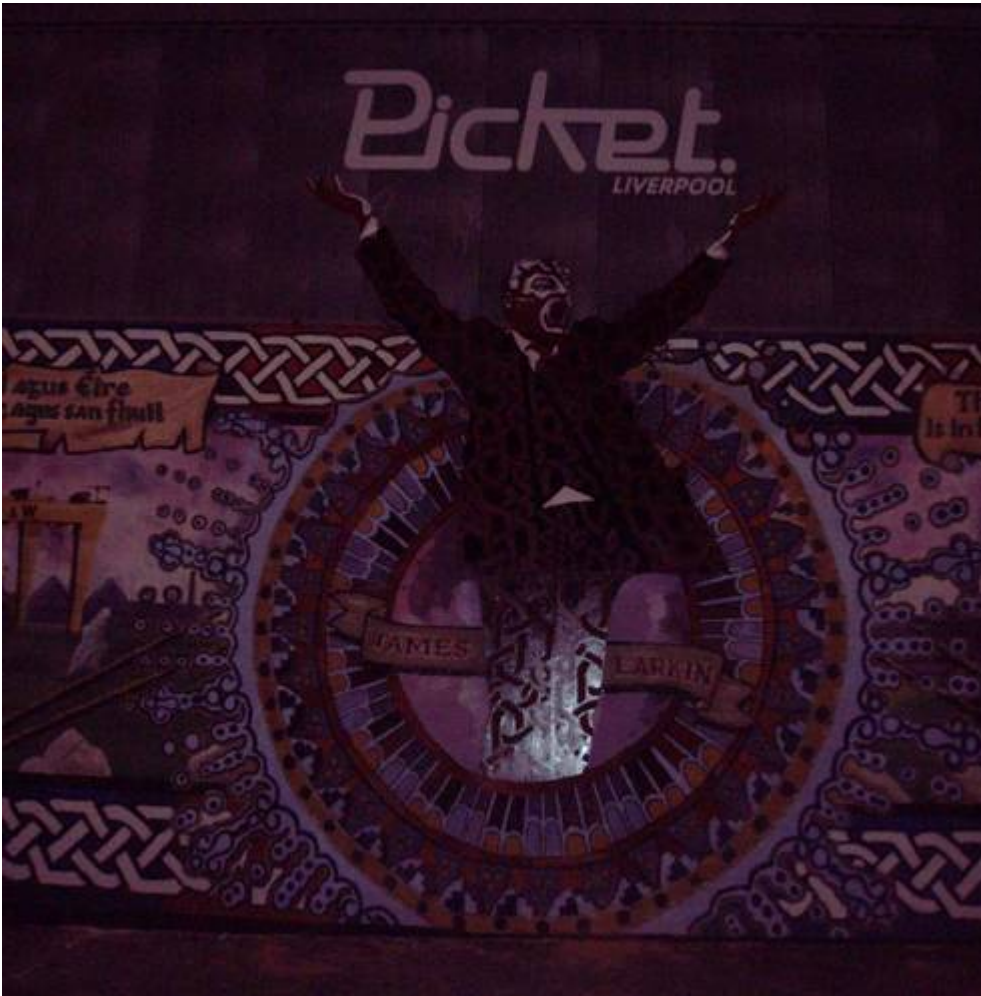
Down towards the water and another **Compo** challenge



Followed by a lively discussion on the merits of the Jamaica Rooms lights in relationship to just about everything else. Judge for yourselves



On down to the waterfront via



Which is not an illumination but is illuminating.

And a fortuitous illuminated car (even our illustrious Hare could not have arranged this (mm or maybe she could)



On the waterfront another Check



Past

Which did not (echo that is, we did try). The **Hare** described how she had tried to set the trail through the facility and had been approached as soon as she stepped through the door by some black coated heavies.

The FRBs ran on leaving the **Hash Flash** to record the missed Regroup



And some more lights



This was followed by a Trail that gradually led to the





Back at the cars, we assembled ourselves at the suitcases whilst **Carthief** moved his car closer.

Carthief told his story of James Bond at the casino in Las Vegas. Sitting next to a beautiful woman (where else) he keeps looking at his watch (Q's latest). The woman takes the bait and asks if he has to be somewhere. He says no, and explains that the watch has ESP. She asks him to explain. He says that according to his watch she is not wearing any knickers. She tells him that she is wearing knickers. He then remembers that the watch is still on New York time and is a couple of hours ahead. Being a watch seller (he may have a grander description) **Sprog** finished off the story using technical terms for a watch that is fast.

FCUK then described how two cannibals were eating a pair of comedians. The one says "Do you think this tastes funny?"



Being few in number we reverted to the Democratic RA.

10 Seconds for his bare legs.

FCUK, **10 Seconds** being Returnees

The **Hares** In almost matching outfits.



Carthief for moving his car after the run.

The pack retired to the Philharmonic pub where **Drillbit** was nowhere to be found.