



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number Eleven: “The Pub in the Park” - Allerton Hall

The Pack: Whinger, RTfuct (hash shit), Austin Powers, Bloody Bollox, Dave (later christened “Sergeant Pecker”), OTT, Erica, Hotlips, Alan, Compo (very late, emerging tramp-like from hedge)



The group shot at the start of this Beatles themed, *magical mystery tour* caught **Hotlips** posing with her best side to the camera whilst the others *act naturally*. Virgin **Alan** was already considering the possibility of nipple chaffage. He gave the right one a little *twist and shouted out Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da: Bra!* – but it was too late for that now! Meanwhile, **RTfuct** was pleased to see **OTT** as she and **Hansel** had got away without paying for last week’s run. ‘*You Never Give Me Your Money*’ **RT** complained.

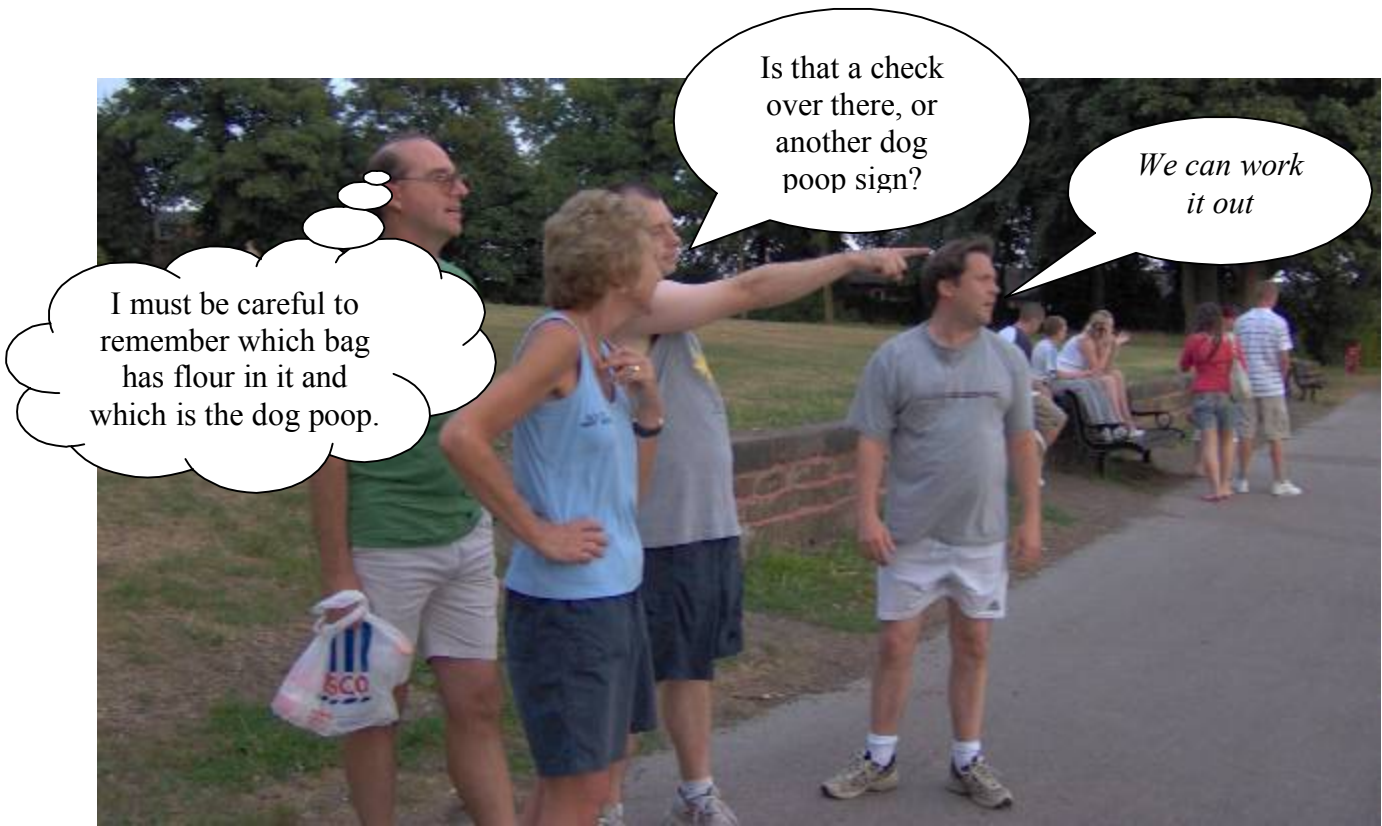
A little way into the trail, **Austin Powers’** ego swelled to enormous proportions when he came across (urgh – that sounds almost rude; quite accidental phrasing) a sign in the park announcing that ‘Eric is a Liverpool Legend’. Not just that though – he’s a Liverpool leg middle, torso, arms and head too!



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A very tidy hare, **Dave** cleverly concealed his checks so that *Searchin'* for them was like looking for the picture in those magic eye things.



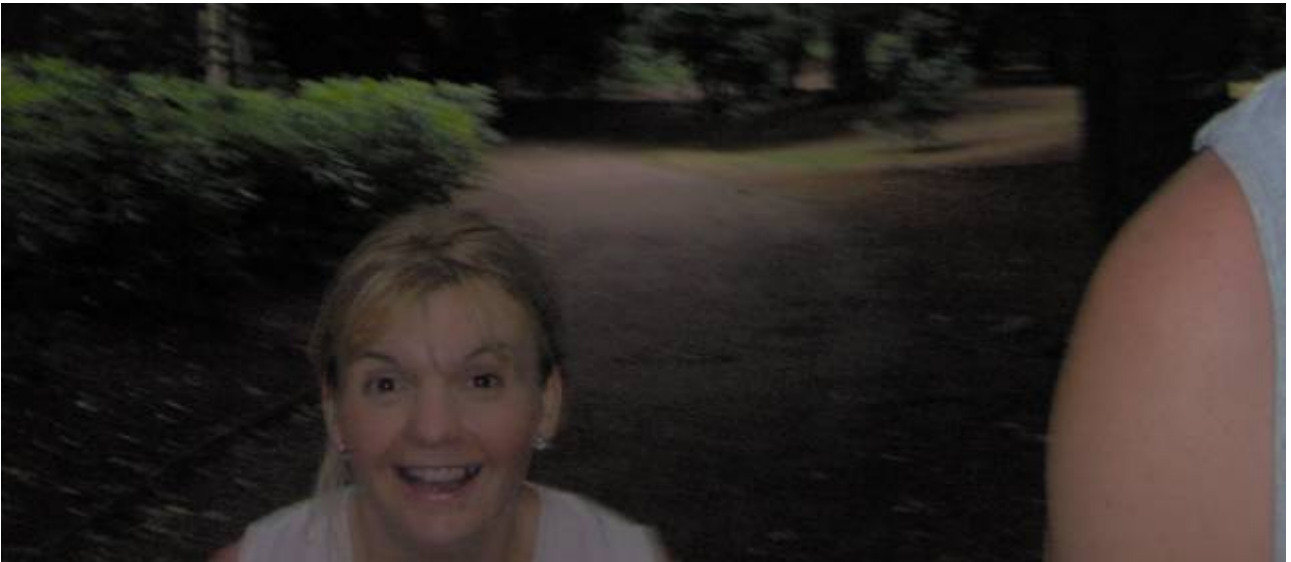
The fool on the hill



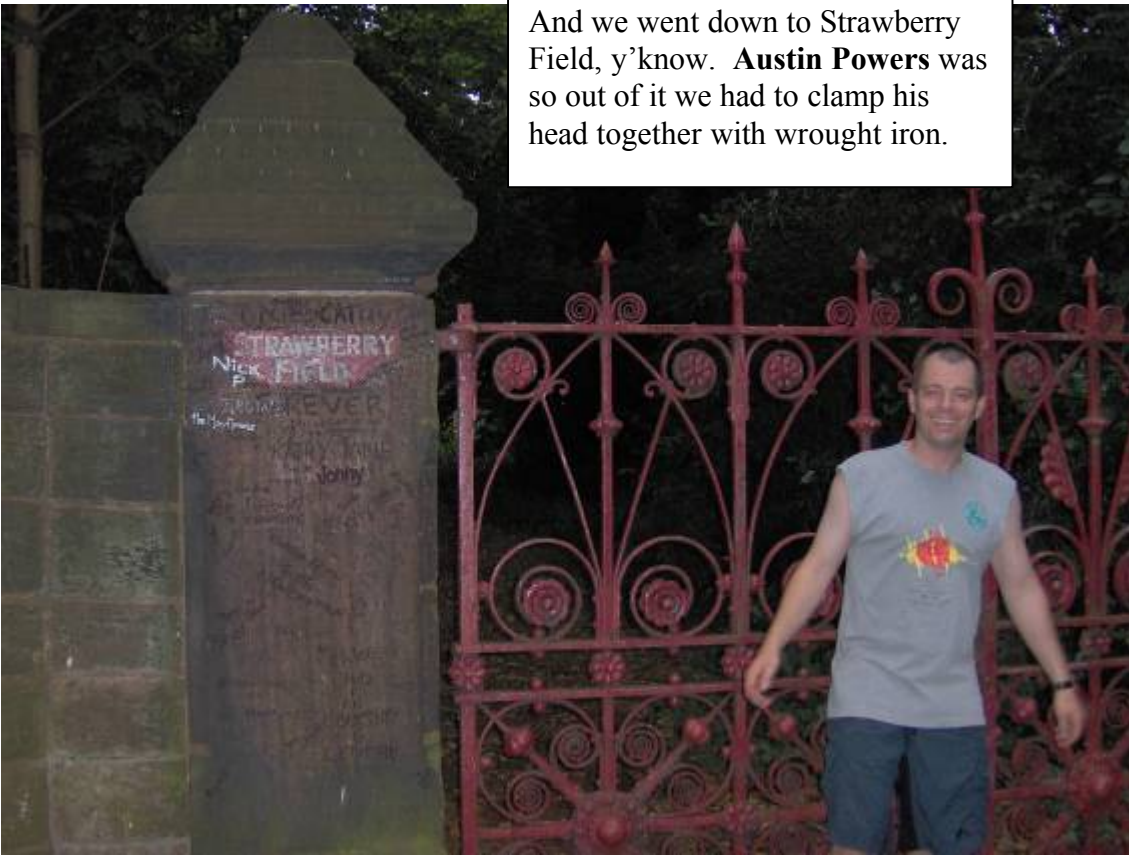
Wait



And then it all started to get a bit strange, man. Like, seeing hair but seeing hashers too, man, y'know. Then these **Hotlips** lunging, smiling – weird in a like druggy, sixties music type way...



And we went down to Strawberry Field, y'know. **Austin Powers** was so out of it we had to clamp his head together with wrought iron.



Next up on the Beatles trail, MTH3 paid respectful homage at the former residence of John Lennon. Except for **OTT** who took it that little bit further, smashed open the front gate, splintering the 'No entry' sign to shreds, to take a peep through the window. What or who was she looking for...?



Hey! There's a crazy lady in a blue running vest staring out of this window!

I've looked everywhere – where is my MI5 partner 'Compo' with the bag of automatic fire-arms and false passports I need for our next mission...?

Do you want to know a secret?



And so it was, that **Compo** emerged from the undergrowth to join the hash an hour or so late, having run a good third of the trail – so he reckons. As previously agreed, **RTfuct** immediately disrobed to relinquish the prized hashshit to **Compo**, since he had been awarded it some weeks before he ‘disappeared on holiday to the States with his wife’ / went on a mission in Iran.

Back at the circle, **Dave** pronounced some words of wisdom to the assembled hashers on the folly of John Wayne. **Austin Powers** clearly thought it was shit and gave him a down-down.



Next up, **Whinger** showed **Alan** a thing or two about technique. Suck! Swallow! Suck! Swallow! “It doesn’t actually taste as bad as you think it’s going to, or at least, it’s over pretty quick anyway”



Gee – I hope nobody notices me doing this long, silent fart

I suppose pubic hairs are only a little bit more unhygienic than head hairs really. I'll just pick them out and it'll be fine.



Eh? What stench? No No! It wasn't me!



Dear Paul McCartney,

Mersey Thirstdays Hash House Harriers have an idea for a lyric that's really good. If you release it as a single, it's sure to be a big hit and may help you to recoup some of the costs of your marriage to that pretty lady:

Where oh where
Were you last week?
Why did you make us hash
all alone
You fat, lazy, bastards
You weren't even here
So we fucked all the
virgins and drank all the
beer

What do you think, Sir
Paul. We hope you like it.

Austin Powers has plenty
more where that came from
– just let us know...

Yours, MTH3

P.S. send us beer money

OTT spilt a bit of her
down-down, awarded for
gate-crashing John
Lennon's heritage home.
Never mind – **Austin
Powers** generously gave
her another try. Practise
makes piss-pot at MTH3...



Keen to show-off his skills as an archaeologist in determining past occurrences from artefacts, **Alan** was able to confirm that the number plate of **OTT**'s car was indeed dented from the impact of something with the precise morphology and consistency of a pet dog.

At the Jerry Springer type confessional, that followed, MTH3 rustled up three other pet murderers. **Dave** took over the photography at this point and was clearly very concerned to protect the identities of those accused. Or perhaps he just has an unhealthy interest in hasher's groins?





Then **Erica** had to have one for her sins and **Austin Powers** and **Hotlips** competed for the honour of the hashshit award. It had to go to a ballot but in the end it was decided that **Austin Powers** was the shittiest of them all. He slipped his arse on to the melting ice whilst we considered an appropriate hash song. It turns out we can't ever think of any, so decided to name the 50 states of the USA instead. 'Minnisippi' was a tricky one, but we got it in the end, thanks to **Erica**.



Later on that evening, it was high time that **Dave** got named. **Austin Powers** and **OTT** disappeared to the bar and came back with the necessary beers for the christening. For his excellently shitty trail around Beatles country, **Dave** will henceforth be known as...

"Sergeant Pecker"

