



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

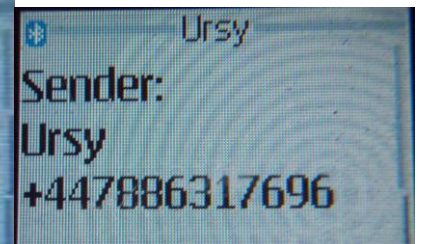
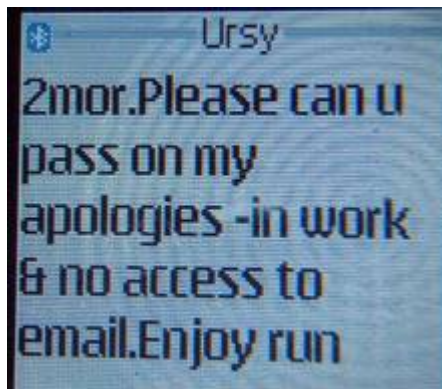
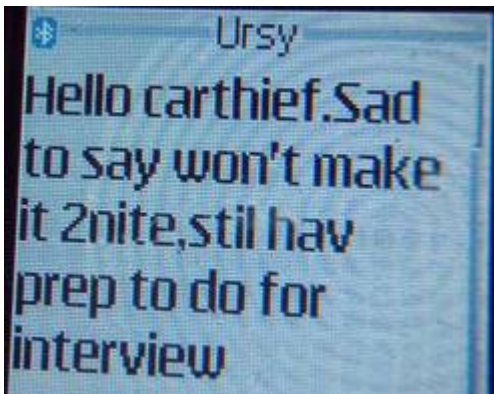
Run Number 115 26th February 2009
The Beehive, Hoole Road, Chester

The Pack: Compo; Carthief; FCUK; Overdrive(Co-Hare); Cleopatra(Co-Hare); OTT; Sprog

During the writing of the Trash for Run 114 there was an inadvertent mis-acknowledgement of the source of a joke (I use the term loosely). The Jeweller / Jailer joke was **FCUK's** effort (**Sprog** be warned for future Hashes). The one by **10 Seconds** was about a proposal to build a Flintstones Theme Park in Dubai; however Dubai did not want it, but Abu Dhabi do (best said out loud...). Knowing how sensitive academics are about wrong acknowledgements (they both complained!) I thought that I had better set the record straight. Hopefully the **RA** will take this into account at some point in the future.

Having been volunteered to arrange the Hash Hamper from **Peter Pan** and **Bacardi Spice** (**Snoozanne** helpfully gave me their telephone number. Deleting the email and then requesting the number from the Hash resulted in 6 emails and amazingly all with the same number.

An apology was received from **Alternative Entrance**



Arriving at the Beehive to find **Compo** doing arm stretching exercises (inside the pub) the Hares pitched up and from the look of Overdrive's clothes he had actually helped to set the trail this time.

Sprog arrived and was shown various places that he could park his car but he was nervous of the 6 police cars and we stood around in the light drizzle for a while whilst he shoehorned his car into a shoebox.

Hash flash was called and a shout went up "Take off the hi-vis"





Cleopatra hid her hi-vis by crouching behind **Overdrive** whilst **FCUK** was not so successful.

The Hares gave the usual artistic display



With assurances from the Hares that we were on Trail the Pack ran along an unmarked route. **Cleopatra** mumbled sometimes about crossed wires between the Hares but Trail was eventually found at :



Quite how anyone can read the sign is a mystery. Luckily we had flour to follow.

Through the streets of Chester with some eerie passageways



And even eerier Hashers



A challenge (of sorts) for **Compo**



Followed by a steep uphill



With a really scary Hash sign at the top

The pack were comforted by **Overdrive** who said that the telephone company had been out in force and it did not mean Check forwards thirty seven.



Some running through the red light district



and some more confusing signs

were these to be counted as part of the CB4?



Out onto



Through



An attempt by **FCUK** to improve the local sculpture



And onto the smallest play area imaginable



Luckily this was followed by a
I am not sure what it stands for either
But this is what happened



Past the Taj Mahal of fitness centres



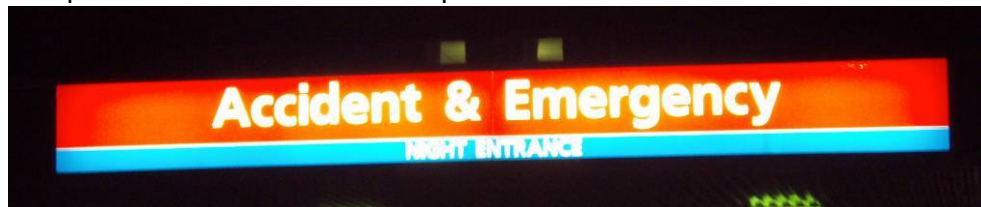
And onto an extremely enthusiastically laid trail
Or is that rubbish?



Some precision Checks



And then into the Hospital Grounds and the **AE** Department

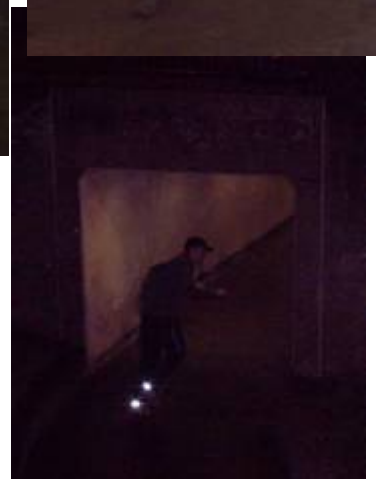


Not to be confused with

ALTERNATIVE ENTRANCE

It was here where the FRBs confronted with several routes and wondering if the trail led uphill were advised by **OTT** "Don't bank on it". Sure enough the trail led straight up the grassy bank.

Across the car park and under Liverpool road where everyone took advantage of making a spectacle of themselves



Along Bache lane and into Upton Park where a female had lost all her eggs



Finally the welcome



The food was quickly presented and equally quickly devoured, despite both **Cleopatra** and **Carthief** supplying offerings.

The **RA** called the circle to order. It was generally reckoned that we were on Run No. 114. So the credit crunch has finally hit the MTH3 and we are now in recession (Last fortnight's run No. was 114). Presumably the next run will be 113.

The birthday girl from last week (**Cleopatra**) had survived her parachute jump. Survived is too weak a word. The Instructor asked her if she was at all nervous but she said that she was totally relaxed.

A birthday cake was presented to the Hash and promptly dropped on the ground. The **RA** reckoned that as it had been on the ground for less than 10 seconds it was still edible. It is just as well that **10 Seconds** was not 1 second faster.

Sprog was spotted being the **FRB** of the night.

Compo and **FCUK** were spotted on their pitstops



Carthief had been accosted by a Polish taxi driver and his directions were so lucid that the taxidriver drove past the Pack three times.

OTT for her “Don’t bank on it” pun.

FCUK who on being approached by a lady who thought that we had lost a dog told her that we had and it was called ON.

Cleopatra for flashing the light in her pocket.



FCUK asked **Sprog** if he had read the Trash where he had been told to turn away from the following section. **Sprog** admitted that he did not read the Trash as it crashed his computer. **FCUK** then gleefully retold his joke about the Jeweller and the Jailor.

Another riddle then asked was “How do locomotives hear?” Through their Engineers. Perhaps luckily for the perpetrator his/her name was not recorded.

By this time we were beginning to drip from the rain and we retired to The Beehive to discuss the Universe.