



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 117 26th March 2009
The Three Stags, Spital

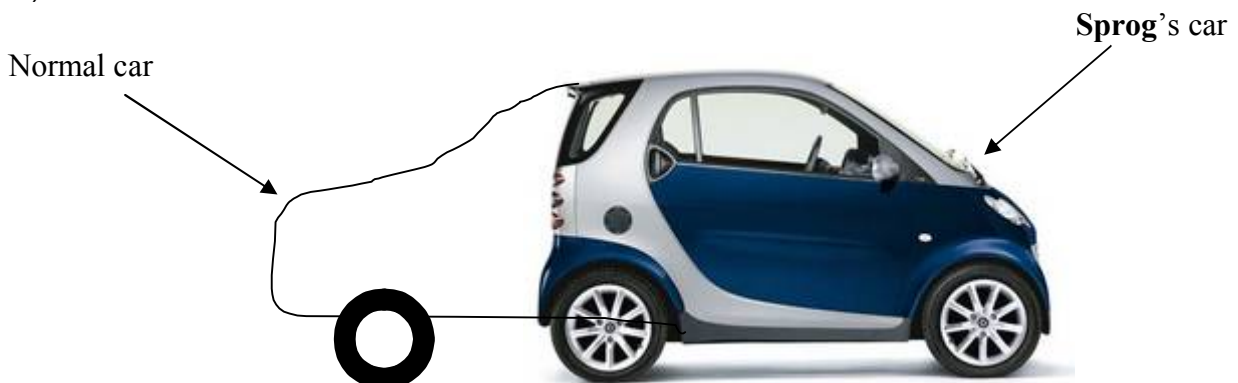
The Pack: Compo; Carthief (Co-Hare); FCUK; Sprog; 10 Seconds; Snoozanne; Alternative Entrance (Co-Hare); Cleopatra; Overdrive; OTT; Peter Pan; Bacardi Spice; Bess; Becca; Matt; Ben; Holly; Jonah; Helen.

We know that **FCUK** can whistle up keys for gates that 99.99999464% (this number is predicated on a population of 56 million and that 3 people knew about the gate:- FCUK, the man that lent him the key and A.N. other (for those of you who are either Maths professors, pedants or both (and we know who you are))) of the population did not even know existed (See Run 89) but to get your name in The Times (19th March) takes some *Mmmm* connections.



But back to the run

The crowds gathered at the Three Stags and most of them put their bags in **Sprog's** car boot which is the reason he is not in the Hash Flash. (He was working out how to close the boot on his car)



Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice and **Bess** arrived late and were also missing from the Hash Flash.

Becca may have been in the photo but then again it might have been her ghost or are lights just shining right through her head?



The Hares had left the laying of the start of the Trail a bit late and improvised by just saying that the first arrow was within 100m of the start. Immediately those who arrived on the train were interrogated as to whether there were any arrows in that direction. Unfortunately for the Pack the Hares had thought of that one.

Some earlier scouting by **Compo** led him along the right Trail along Poulton Road and then into Dibbins Hey before a Check marked after the turning had the Pack milling about.



On into
the field
and a CB 8



A couple of Checks and we plunged down under the Railway line



And along to



Out onto the roundabout at Spital and the Pack cast about for the Check (it having rained the night before, they were occasionally slightly obscure)

Jonah wondered if a new set of markings were being used.



But the Check was there just not in all of its former glory.



On up to the A41 and an artistic Check where **Alternative Entrance** had to leave the run and prepare for the challenges of the morrow.

Down Coronation Street where the Pack dithered about a slightly dodgy right turn that did not look to be a road.

Down to the Port Causeway / Thermal Road junction and another Check or two.



The next bit had been carefully planned (even though we do say so ourselves (that is not the Royal we, there were two Hares) except for the bottle and the latecomers.

Running down the un-named road, **FCUK** pretended to drink from a discarded bottle. **OTT** declared it to be a Gin bottle (she reckoned that she could spot one at 50 paces). **Snoozanne** not to be outdone declared it to be a vodka bottle. History does not record which was correct (probably wisely). Holly reckoned that she could spot any alcohol at 50 paces.

Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice and **Bess** joined the Pack at this stage having arrived late. **Bacardi Spice** had a long explanation which seemed to work as my notes reveal that they did not receive any punishment.

Arriving at the CB7, the FRBs ran back to the waiting SRBs and a ditch. Some whinging occurred "Do we have to cross the ditch" and some double handed assistance was used for the more delicate members of the Hash.

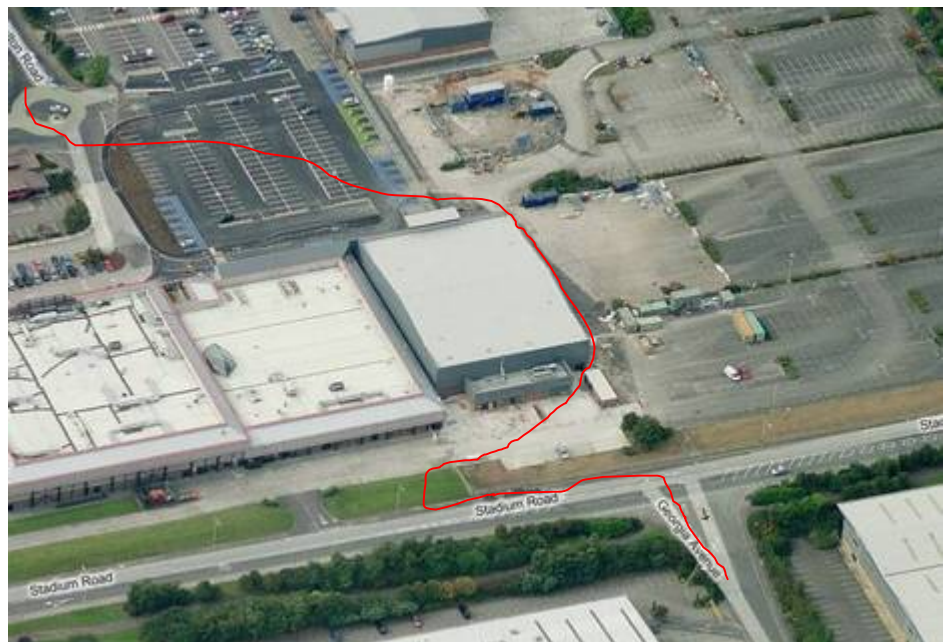
FCUK was deputised to record this event and took a picture. The result surprised him.



He had the camera the wrong way round!



Across the abandoned landscape and up to Stadium Road where the Pack spread out but failed to find the Trail (as planned) behind a fence and around the sports centre



Through the Asda carpark and up to lights. More checks to keep the Pack together and a run down to Bromborough Rake Station.

Into Dibbinsdale Park again and yet more Checks back up to Venables Drive and the ON INN.

Back at the pub the well oiled machinery sprung into action and the food and liquid replacement therapy were quickly organised at the traditional spot.



The wind chill quickly brought the **RA** to the business, and **Snoozanne** apologising profusely to the **RA** for letting a stand-in RA first use the badge of honour, presented him with the tat that she had purchased in Florida.



Compo was prevailed upon to give a sermon. This one was about Gandhi whose walking caused calluses, his vegetarian lifestyle gave halitosis and his age made him fragile thus describing him as a --- *wait for it* – Super Callus fragile mystic hexed by halitosis. A slightly different (but not much) version is described in Run No. 61.

Overdrive described the two aerals who got married. Apparently the service was lousy but the reception was fine.

The **RA** noted that one of the Co-Hares had left early and surmised that she had known what she had helped set and decided that the Pack should suffer instead of her. **Carthief** got the Down Down

The **Returnees** **Jonah**; **Overdrive**; **Cleopatra**; **Peter Pan**, **Bacardi Spice**, **Bess** and **OTT**.

Helen being the virgin and Ben for making her come.

FCUK, **Bacardi Spice** and **OTT** for their tandem jumping (each needed an extra two hands to make it over the ditch).

FCUK for his brilliant capturing of the tandem jumpers.

Sprog and Ben. Mobile phone use.

OTT, **Snoozanne** and Holly for their spotting of alcohol.

By this time we were all fairly blue and we retired to the Three Stags and demonstrated ????



An animated discussion on punctuation ensued ably demonstrated by these two examples.

I feel its balls
I feel it's balls

Woman! Without her, man is a savage.
Woman without her man, is a savage.

This may all have been an elaborate distraction for Hash Flash as the camera revealed these photos later

