

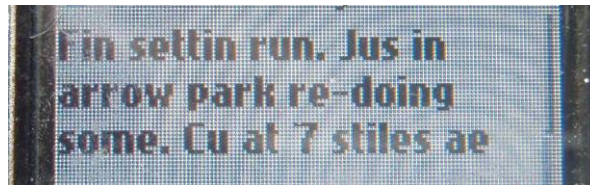


## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 118 9<sup>th</sup> April 2009  
The Seven Stiles and Upton Station

The Pack: Compo; Carthief (Co-Hare); Sprog; Snoozanne; Alternative Entrance (Co-Hare); Overdrive; Mad Hatter; Bushbaby, Bossley and John.

The uglier Co-Hare arrived at the now re-opened Seven Stiles pub and waited and waited. A text from the other Co-Hare



convinced him that he had not been in a time warp but at 7PM there were still no other Hashers.

A quick look over the road found the entire pack parked in a small cul-de-sac. Dragging them across to the start to find that the other Co-Hare had just returned from her final marking of the Trail. The previous evening the Hares had been asked for a light and got chatting to the youngster. He advised us "If you see people in the tunnel just turn round and walk away" which is why **Alternative Entrance** had to forgo her well earned rest and lay the last part of the trail just before the run.

John decided that he would sample the local beer rather than do the run (he was wearing a leather jacket and leather boots) but the rest of the Pack spread out. Catching most of the falsies they then came across a harbinger of what they were to expect

a four way split



Still more falsies and to the delight of the Hares the Pack seemed to be convinced that the Trail led across the Upton By-Pass.

Co-Hare basking in the knowledge that the Pack is running on falsies.



**Snoozanne** could not quite make up her mind as to the required level of clothing or possibly was put in a strait jacket. She mentioned that she liked a bit of rough in an earlier email but that was in connection with the pub (I think)



Along Salacre Lane and more falsies designed to lead the Pack astray.

Up to Salacre Crescent and Slingsby Drive where a rather lost policeman was almost persuaded to stand next to the road sign which **Snoozanne** suggested could then be morphed into "Let's be having you Drive". She had forgotten that taking photos of policemen is now illegal (or almost so) and anyway the policeman seemed more intent on finding his lost comrade.

Down Old Greasby Street to the roundabout but not before we were briefly joined by an Eastern European

(A Pole?)



and straight across (at least for the Trail (the Pack took every false on offer (as intended))).

Into



Across the meadow in a zig-zag fashion to keep the FRBs guessing and a run along the track to Arrow Brooke Road. The Hares were watching out for the Pack as they went every which way but the right one. There was a delightful moment when **Overdrive** realised which way the Trail went. Unfortunately a car drove past and the light bulb type photograph was spoiled.

Into Arrow Park and up to the open area where the trail led into the wood and onto a Check. Flour led off towards a very muddy patch. **Snoozanne** reckoned that the Hares had just thrown some flour over the patch (they had gone round it)

Muddy patch



Up through the woods and out onto the grassy area.



Across to the children's play area (full of children so no "Compulsory Play Time" ) and down to Arrowe Park Hotel.



How not to proceed at a Check. Lean on railings (**Overdrive**), stand about (**Snoozanne**) or in the case of **Bushbaby** phone your friend to make sure he has not passed out.

Down Commonfield Road and a Check where the Trail led slightly backwards and through a narrow arch.



A few more changes in direction and then the Pack made a beeline for the tunnel, the bridge and the On Inn.

**Snoozanne** had remembered that it was Easter and had found instructions for trail laying on an Easter egg package. Has she got **FCUK** like connections or just giving the Hares a hint?



The food had been carefully chosen and there had probably been more time spent on choosing it than the Pack spent on devouring it. **Sprog** reckoned it was an eggstravaganza. Some yoke!

**Overdrive** pretended that he did not have the Tat (this now appears to be the official name for the RA's badge of Office) and was starting to be castigated when he triumphantly produced his insignia.



He then opened the proceedings by cajoling **Compo** into recounting the tale of the 4 lads who shared a flat.

Having run out of hash (the other kind) they thought that they would invent something to smoke. Taking some standard tobacco they added Paprika and Tumeric.

One of the 4 passed out and the other three had to take him to hospital. The doctor was at a loss to understand until he was told about the home made smoking material. The doctor was then able to diagnose the condition. He said "It is not serious he is just in a Korma.

Note to **Compo** (Knowing how literal the MTH3 are I thought that you would receive complaints about the contents of your recipe so here is a true Korma recipe <http://www.curryhouse.co.uk/rsc/korma.htm> ).

**Snoozanne** started collecting Hash Cash and as John had not run he was variously told that he would have to pay £2.00, £6.00 and other amounts in-between.

To encourage the MTH3 to visit Taunton Hash **Bushbaby** asked why the toilet roll rolled down the hill. To reach the bottom.

The Hares were called up

**Bushbaby** and John were called up as visitors and **Snoozanne** suddenly realised that as a virgin John should not have paid anything. A Down-Down for the Extortionist.

**Mad Hatter** whilst trying not to retrace his steps had to fight the undergrowth .

**Sprog** for interrupting proceedings. He was busy eating a hot cross bun. On being asked if he wanted to suck or swallow he asked if he could finish his bun first. (at least that is what I have written down)

**Overdrive** for winding the circle up by pretending that he had lost the Tat.

**Compo** for not missing a run all year.

**Cleopatra** would have got a Down-Down because she said that she was too lazy to run. (I do hope that it had nothing to do with the Hares' reputation for Trail laying) Anyway she is setting the run next time so maybe she will be forced into remembering her laziness.

Your scribe had to dash off for a 150 mile drive and the remainder retired to the Seven Stiles. As there was no mention of this in the national press (at least the bit I looked at) I guess that all went well.

See you next time.

The run was a **CATE** production (or possibly a **ACTE** one).