



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

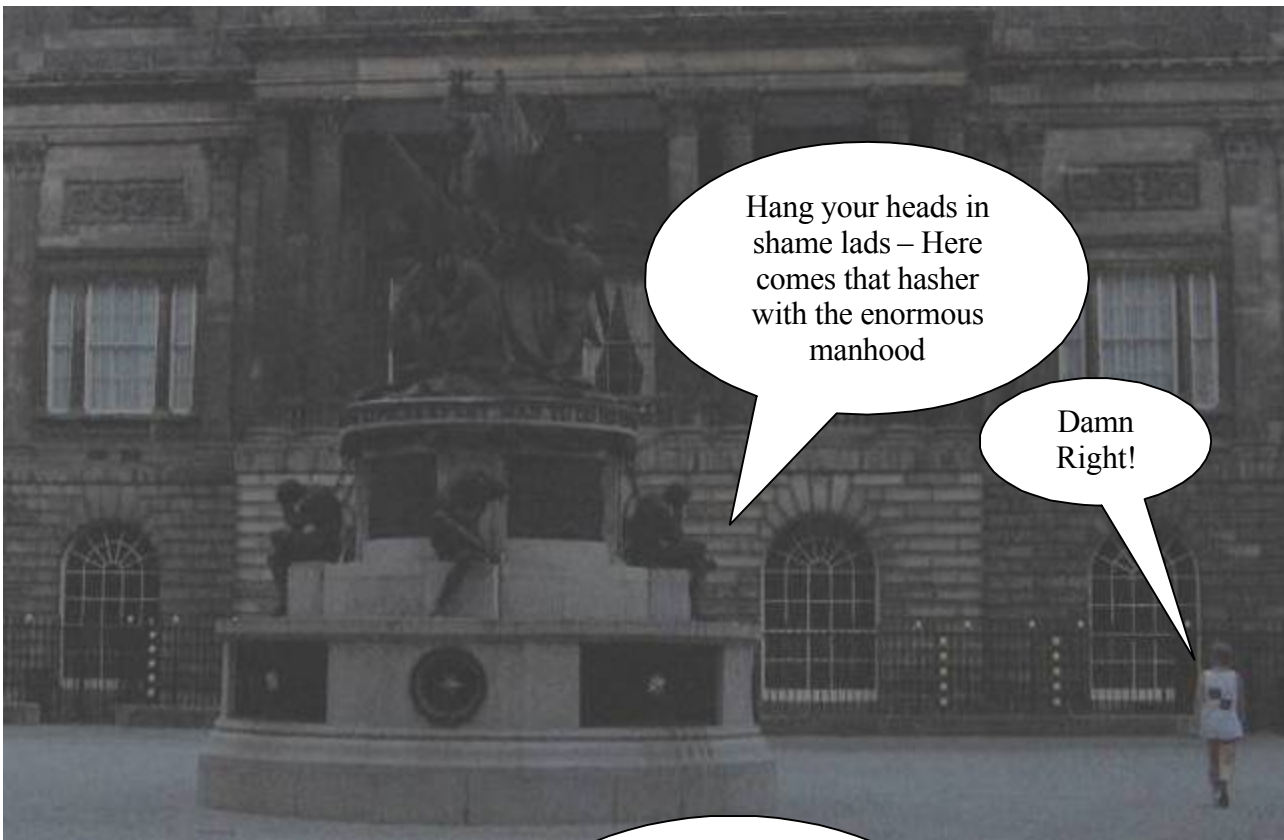
Run Number Twelve: The Excelsior, Dale Street on-afters at The Ship and Mitre, Dale Street

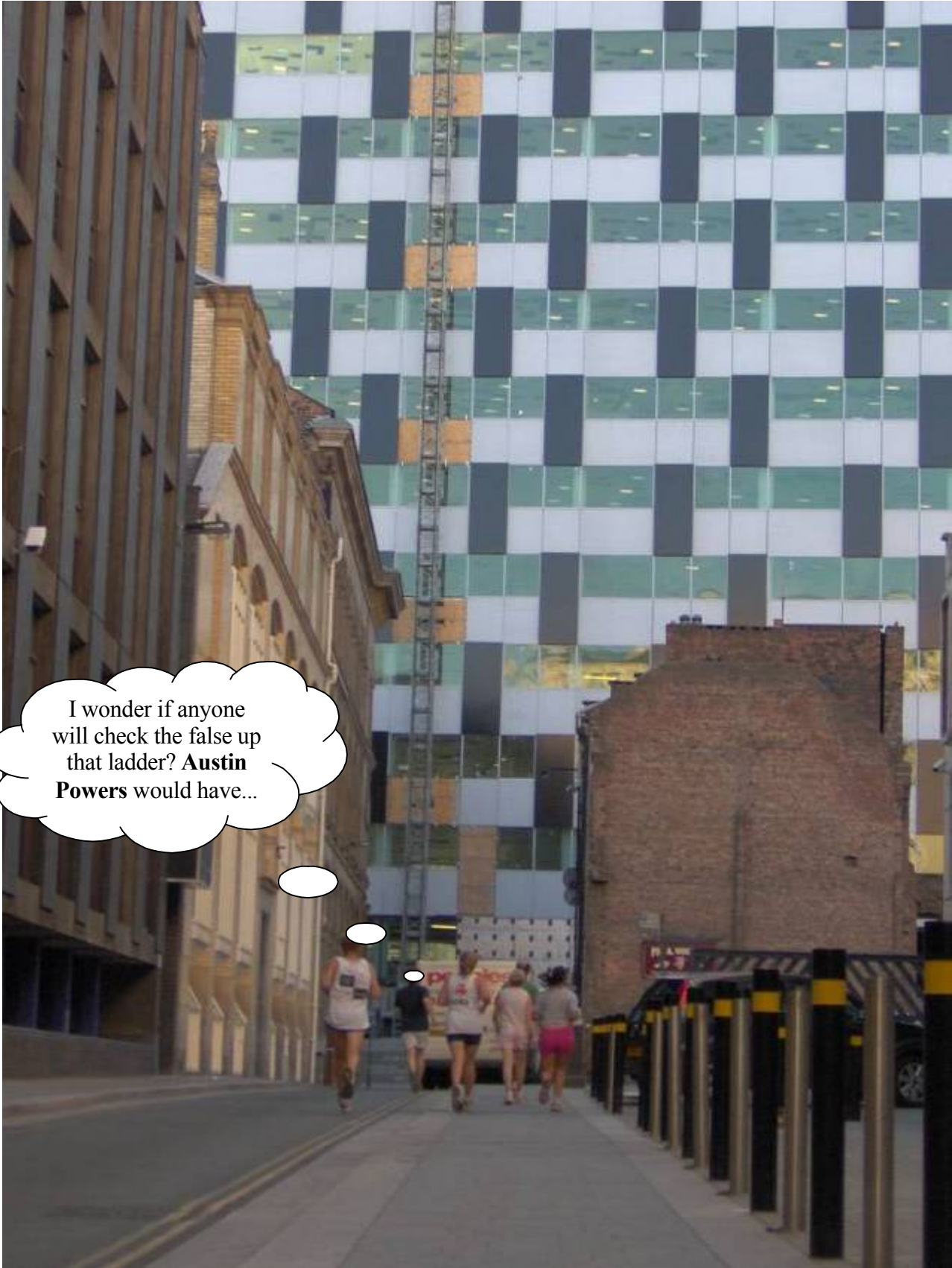
The Pack: Whinger, Lady Penelope, RTfuct, Bloody Bollox, Sergeant Pecker, Erica (later christened 'Snatch'), Hotlips, Charles, Debbie



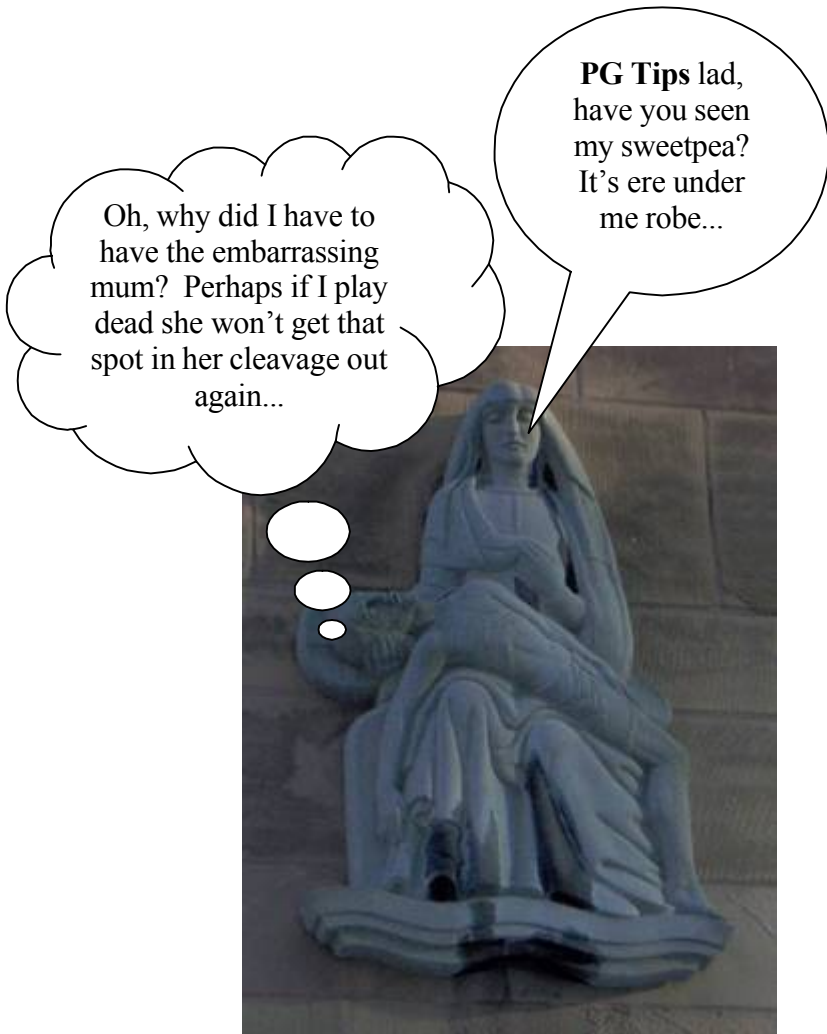
“Since we have no R.A. this evening” **Bloody Bollox** began at the briefing “I’ll be taking you to some religious sites for contemplation”. The R.A. for the evening narrowed her eyes and made a note in her little book. The hare’s adoration of absent **Austin Powers** became increasingly apparent with his use of phrases such as “As **Austin Powers** would say, ‘The trail isn’t going to check itself’ – Check it out!”. It was fair to say that we missed **AP**’s speedy check-work, though, it did mean that a short run

gave a good hour and a bit of entertainment to this week's crowd of Mersey Thirstdays hash house ramblers.





I wonder if anyone
will check the false up
that ladder? **Austin
Powers** would have...



Overall, the hash was down on numbers this week but we did have a rather special virgin as pictured top left – **Lady Penelope's Sweatpea!** (i.e. the big, red, painful, zit between her titties).



Meanwhile, **Bloody Bollox** had evil thoughts about the unsuspecting, blood-sugar-level-challenged, **Hotlips** (above). Latest research at MTH3 shows that it is recklessly dangerous to go out hashing without having a pint of real ale beforehand. **Hotlips** didn't have a pint of beer before she ran and came over all woosy. **BB** and **RTfuct** on the otherhand, safe-guarded their health with a sensible 6.30pm pint of beer and they were fine, scientists say. Anyway – it was a damn fine excuse for a sit down and a bar of chocolate en route!

Down at the waterfront, there was time for a group photo in front of the immense Liver Building. The slightly aloof, relatively intelligent-looking, very tall one on the left is ...



...a lamppost.



Charles had miscalculated when he'd thought 'things can't get much worse, might as well go to the hash tonight'. In his moment of desperation he was coaxed down by the kind words of a caring co-hasher.



A fine example to us all, **Erica** displayed her opportunistic streak and wrestled this handbag from the age-spotted, arthritic fingers of an old lady standing on a street corner, making good her swift escape. No wonder the girl is so good at running! It's her fall back occupation alongside acting for those uncomfortable times when there just aren't any lesbian, goat-loving scripts coming up. What a fantastic **Snatch** she's got on her! An appropriate hash handle, officially sealed during a solemn ceremony at the down-downs.



Hey **Whinger** – doing this with you reminds me of the gay gordons. Or do I mean stripping the willow? Same difference.

In the town centre, the hashers had fun with the fountains until they noticed the peculiar smell – not fountains at all apparently but some kind of plumbing disaster at the Shopping Centre urinals.

Waiting in the dark shadow behind a pillar, **RTfuct** managed to get this naturalistic shot of **Lady Penelope** approaching the camera completely unaware of its watchful lens.





Back at the FABULOUS circle with special guest R.A., **RT**, there was a clear message for anyone that cared to take note: “KY, you see”. A little bit of lubrication is all the hash need for a good time. Well, that and **HOT PANTS** – dressed to impress **Debbie** could have had someone’s eye out with those!!

Slightly undressed to impress frozen brussel sprouts on his arse, the hare, **Bloody Bollox** had to admit it had been a SHITTY trail. Saving important extra beer tokens of hash cash, **RT** had noticed that frozen vegetables were actually cheaper to buy in the supermarket than ice. The only tricky decision was whether to go for swede and carrot mix, spinach, or sprouts. It's a strange biological fact but frozen sprouts up the arse makes **BB** pull a Frankie Howard. Funnily enough, Frankie Howard used to find frozen sprouts up his arse always ended in **Bloody Bollox**.

(hey, **Austin Powers** – that's this guy here; a British comedian)



MTH3 – proud to say, each and everyone of us: potty-trained.

