



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

3<sup>rd</sup> December 2009

Run Number 138  
Starting at Waterloo Station, Liverpool

**The Pack:** Snoozanne, Madhatter, French Me Tunnel; Carthief; Go On Go On; FCUK; Compo; **Hare:** Sprog

A burglary was reported earlier in the week

From **10**

Hi All,

A bit of unfortunate news—I had a burglary on Friday night and the accumulated hash cash was one of things that disappeared. Along with the usual TV, laptop, digital camera... I think I'm covered for theft of cash but the problem is to estimate how much there was—not easy due to my laissez-faire accounting procedures. The reserves went fairly low over the summer but I think they may have climbed back to £150 or so—anyway that's the amount I think I'll claim for. Pending the settlement of the claim, I'll put that amount into the kitty—should cover our Xmas meal, in fact I'll guarantee it does...

Apologies for this—I'll make sure that this will not leave the Hash out of pocket, and I'll take it as a wake-up call to keep better records in future and also bank the Hash Cash on a regular basis...

**10 secs**

From **Snoozanne**

I'm sorry to hear that - it's really bad news

Have we lost the precious coffee mate jar too...?

From **Alternative Entrance**

Bad karma for the thieves, how dare they? Sorry to hear, especially laptop & digital camera...hope you had back up of all work, pics & memorable stuff.

From **Carthief**

I do hope that it was not a carthief. I hate competition.  
My commiserations and best of luck with the Insurance company.

From **Wigan Pier**

Really sorry to hear about the burglary. It leaves a nasty taste. When it happened to me, the police told me that I would probably find the goods on sale at Cash Converters (very sympathetic and informative). It was probably kids, but that is no consolation, just try and make it harder for them to get in and they won't bother you again. They would have been after cash items that they can carry and sell on quickly

From **10"**

Hi All,

Thanks to everyone for their good wishes and commiseration. Nothing of sentimental value taken apart from this year's photos not yet backed up on CD. And a fairly clinical job, nothing broken and (as far as I know) no little "presents" left behind in drawers such as one sometimes hears of... Will now have to shut various stable doors--faulty burglar alarms, insecure backyard gates etc...

BTW I won't make it this Thirstday, hopefully my trusty assistant or another deputy can collect Hashcash (probably safer that way anyway...). And yes the Coffeemate jar is one thing which has survived; you'll be relieved to hear...

We assembled opposite the station with newcomer French Me (or French my Tunnel in the original translation (if you want to know the reason turn up and the Pack will tell you (how is that for a reason to turn up?))) and moved to a more picturesque backdrop for the Flash. FCUK did he best to hide his reflective strips.



The Hare had prepared a set of instructions in the standard format



And off we went down south road with The Hare leading us away from the ON IN.

Inevitably the trail led down to the beach but the Hare confessed that he had chickened out from going around the lake as the wind was strong, it looked like rain and it was not the warmest of nights.

The Trail had some lengthy stretches along Oxford Road, Harbord Road



and a few Check Backs before we hit the wind on the dunes and so down to the beach.



Mr Gormley was greeted, dressed up and then left in peace



Retiring back to the promenade and with the wind behind us we sprinted down to the



Some of us were even still looking cheerful



As we made our way off the beach and onto a shortcutter's split which no one took.



A loop around and we spotted



Back at the cars we realized that **Snoozanne** and **Mad Hatter** were missing. It was surmised that there had been a chip shop on the way back but **Go On Go On** reckoned it was much more serious than that. The rest were amazed that anything could be more important.

The chips duly arrived and the carbo-loading started.



The Hare prepared his own Down Down and then **French Me Tunnel** had a visitor's Down Down. **Go On Go On** did her best to get the singing started but she was having to rely on less than quality (and quantity) resources.

**Go On Go On** for not understanding the importance of chips (and her from the land of the potato)

**Sprog** for seeming to be trading on the Hash (waving a watch about)

**Returnees: Carthief, Go On Go On**

**Carthief, French Me Tunnel** (sin unrecorded but the evidence was there)



Gathered round in a circle we were asked by a passerby if we were on strike. We immediately said yes and then looked around to see that we were outside the Post Office!

One specially posed photograph later

(Attempt at brazier)

