



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number Fourteen: Peter Kavanagh's, Egerton St.

The Pack: RTfuct (hare), Sergeant Pecker, Charles, OTT, Snoozanne, Compo, Car thief, Austin Powers (hash shit), Peter Pan, Miss Shiggy, Jack and Bess.



They're smiling and happy because they've just found something very rare and special - just about the only 'X' and approximately 53% of the entire trail's flour down the first false of the evening. From here it got ever so much more tricky to tell whether the pack was on or not. Something of a perfectionist in her haring, **RTfuct** took it very seriously when the first murmurs began that there wasn't enough flour down. She threw herself to the ground, to take a closer look at the stretches of pavement between the very occasional blob and can verify that sometimes 'the truth hurts' – yowcher – she is now sporting 3 nasty scabs and one pussy.





Returning from a sunny Arizona, **Austin Powers** was pleased to report that he had only had 3 little pricks whilst hashing through the cactus of the desert scrub. He was delighted to hear that we've had nine big ones turn up each week for the Mersey Thirstdays in his absence. Note well the 12 inch fan cardboard nob seen here on the hash shit. **AP** tossed it into a bin on his way round in a bid to eradicate sizism at the hash and encourage men of all shapes and sizes to come without fear of female scrutiny. Or maybe it was that he didn't want the 12 inches upstaging the one-eyed, desert, trouser snake he'd brought back for the hash shit. He fingered the latter repeatedly throughout the trail (e.g. see left) and by the time we got back we noticed that it was stuck firm to the hash shit – heaven knows what glue did that? In any case, it was a good thing as there are many bird lovers at Mersey Thirstday who would hate to see the hash shit adorned with any less than a cockortwo, even if we had to bid fair well to the twelve finches.

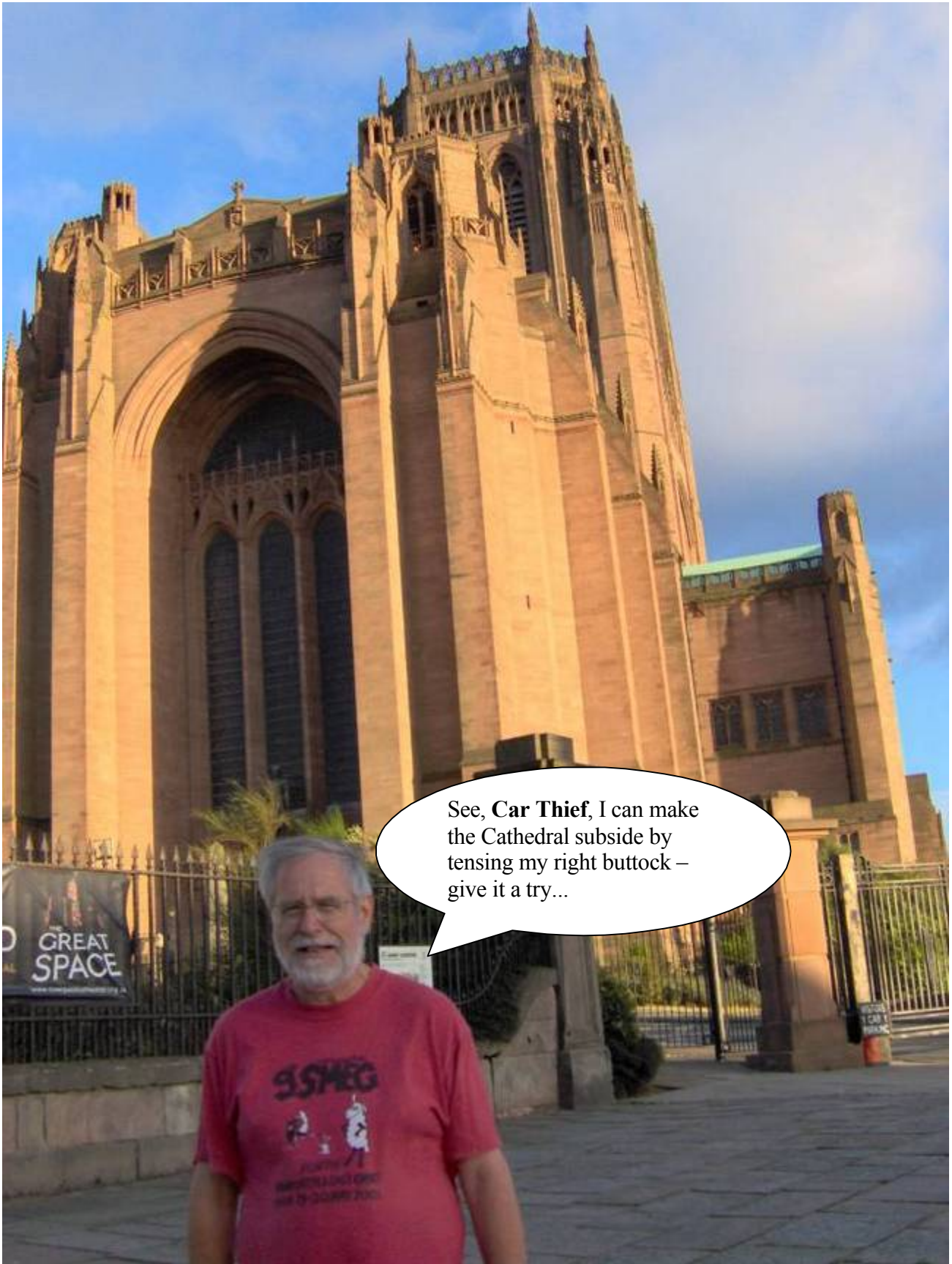






It was pretty gripping stuff. In the excitement of it all, **Sergeant Pecker** just had to reach out and hold hands with somebody whilst the rest of the MTH3 checked it out at their characteristically dizzying pace. No sign of **Peter Pan** and his canine guardian **Bess** yet. He's probably on the right trail (not). But after a quick scout of the gravestones, **Miss Shiggy** reassured herself that Dad and Bess were still out there somewhere.





See, **Car Thief**, I can make the Cathedral subside by tensing my right buttock – give it a try...



Has that worked?

Not at all



It's hard to disguise **Peter Pan**'s training as a fashion model – the modern-man, casual, far-away-look-in-his-eye, posture. Harder still to disguise the rest of the mob's lack of it.



They began to suspect a long trail when we reached Beijing.



Just what I've always dreamed
of – a terrace with a view!
When does the girl with the
short skirt and pathological
fear of underwear take her
evening stand on the balcony?



Look - two reasons why there was so little flour: a) the dogs ate it b) it blew away.





But there was beer at the Cains Brewery Pub, The Brewery Tap, eventually. It put a smile on **Peter Pan**'s face at least.

Back at the circle, the camera was playing up and most of the shots came out really fuzzy. There are only two decent ones of a) bondage; and b) the charitable deeds of our RA, helping others with simple tasks such as dressing, bedpan use, sustenance and generally finding their place in the world...

a



b

