



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

7 January 2009

Run Number 140

Starting at the Stork Hotel, Price Street, Birkenhead

The Pack: Auntie Cyclone, Snoozanne, Overdrive, Cleopatra, 10" (Hare)



In the face of snow, ice and sub-zero conditions, some hashers *might* have thought twice about setting a run. Some 30 email messages later, Mersey Thirstday Hash House Harriers decisively decided that such thoughts were only for “wimps”, “wusses” and “Cheshire Hash” (allegedly).

Nevertheless, a number of perfectly valid excuses were made as to why it might not be possible to run and so a diminished pack resolved to turn up.

Most of the pack had noticed the weather forecast and turned up appropriately dressed. Apart, that is, from **Auntie Cyclone** who felt it was “way too warm” for long trousers. Such bravery is ~~feelish~~ commendable, but easier from the cosy confines of the Stork Hotel



Eventually, the pack was persuaded to head outside, where the Hare announced that, due to the vast quantity of white stuff everywhere, he had made improvised markings using items from his kitchen.

Very quickly, the pack learned to decipher new markings:





Auntie Cyclone ponders whether running on sheet ice is “sensible”. The answer: “Of course!!”

While Cleopatra resorts to some sort of “treasure hunt”...





Increasingly dodgy markings...

...led us into increasingly dodgy territory...



...though
thankfully
we were
spared any
local
hostility
hospitality...

...pausing only to
observe unsettling
traces of
'civilisation'.





The pack then escaped to the far more salubrious docks area. We all felt much safer.





A change of ingredients briefly confused the pack:

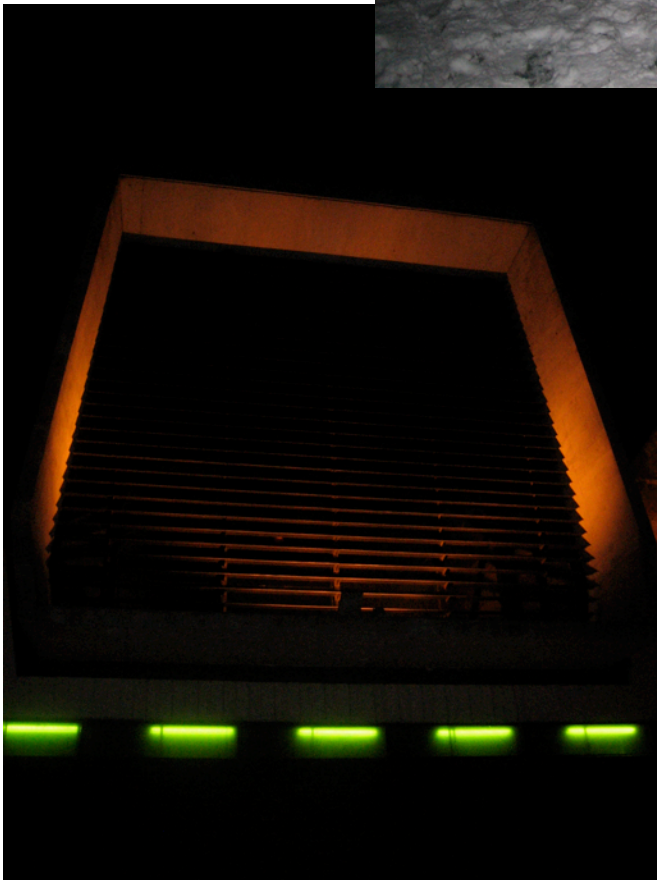
We considered our options...



...before the hare quickly reassured the pack that he did in fact know the way...



...although the GM did not appear entirely convinced!



Encouraged by some familiar lights in the distance, the pack ran on...



The sight of some reassuring markings showed us we were on the right trail



The hare expressed concern that it was nearly 9 o'clock and offered a short cut...

...and it was unanimously decided to head back to the On Inn...



The RA convened the circle in an adjacent car park. By this point, **Auntie Cyclone**'s knees were turning blue. We tucked in to the various snacks that we had lugged around the trail, while a simultaneous down-down was had for the pack as follows:

Auntie Cyclone: Winner, knobbly knees contest

Snoozeanne: Lowering the tone (by congratulating RTFuct on her "10 inches in the morning")

10 Seconds: Hare

Overdrive & Cleopatra: Returnees

That was deemed to be more than enough celebration, so we decided to retire back to the pub.

To close the circle, 10 Seconds offered a joke. I don't remember it. The rest of the pack offered more jokes. I don't remember those either. But I'd hate you to miss out, so I'll leave you with another one:

Q: Why does it take longer to build a blonde snowman than a regular one?

A: You have to hollow out the head.

On On!