



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

25<sup>th</sup> March 2010

Run Number 145  
Starting at Capenhurst Station

**The Pack:** Snoozanne; Carthief; Sprog; Brian; Overdrive (Co-Hare); OTT; Mad Hatter; Compo; Cleopatra (Co-Hare); FCUK; 10”.

Meeting up at the station under threatening clouds, the main concern was whether one or other of the Hares had faked it. It was revealed that **Cleopatra** had forgotten her shoes and had to go home to get it.

The Pack seemed intent on departing on time. The big question was whose (time) as the consensus was that we had about 10 seconds to go to 7PM when **OTT** arrived. She was adamant that she was on time but somewhat spoilt the adamancy (I had not realized that this was a word until the spellchecker did not underline it) by confessing to listening to the Welsh pips.

**Overdrive** used his conditioner bottle to produce the work of art including Beer Stop, Check Backs and Regroups.



The BT help point was chosen for the backdrop. The cry went up to remove reflective clothing and **OTT** did her imitation of someone about to need a pitstop.



Out of the station (where else at Capenhurst?) with the sky still glowing (radioactively?) and along the road to the church

This was a stylish run. I lost count of the number of stiles but there were several variants on the method of negotiation.



Several stiles later and there were still variations



Still more stiles and **Mad Hatter** had had enough and could smell the beer stop half a mile away



Running towards the pub the rain started coming down but the Hares with impeccable Germanic timing had designed the **BS** to coincide with a downpour. This how the pub appeared that night. (The bright spots are rain).



And how it appears on Google Street view



In the pub **FCUK** bought some Wasabi beans which **Compo** had not tasted before (and will not do so again judging by his reaction).



The assembled pack with the rain bucketing down outside.



All good things must come to an end and we made our reluctant way outside



Some more stiles and cross country.

Inexplicably **Snoozanne** declined the offer of a shower / bath. (She said that she was wet enough already).



Finally the slightly faded



was spotted

We retired to the platform shelter and remembering how **Overdrive** had sent **Cleopatra** out twice to set the run (see Run 109) wondered if **Overdrive** had told her to cut the crusts off the Sandwiches and she had finally snapped.



As soon as **Cleopatra** presented her efforts at fortifying the Pack we realized that the sandwiches were definitely not her handiwork as couscous, risotto and other delectable treats were quickly devoured.



Brian got the “not quite fright of his life” when he confidently bit into a tomato that turned out to be a radish.

The **RA** announced that with **The Tat** displayed the circle was open.

**OTT** for arriving late and  
**Compo** for causing trouble



**Hash Chips** for the lack of chips



**Compo** for his rejection of the wasabi beans

**Cleopatra** for shortcutting, forgetting the Stats and her shoes



The Hares

**Overdrive** for his dilatory production of the Trash from January.

Brian for his mistaking a tomato for a radish (or vice versa) and as is always the case his twin brother **10**".

We retired to



In order to Warm up.

