



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number Fifteen: from the corner of Ullet Road and Alexandra Drive (and NOT the carpark of the Inglenook Pub after all!)

The Pack: RTfuct, Angie, Alistair, Alex, Sergeant Pecker, Snoozanne, Car thief, Austin Powers (hare), Hovercrap, Peter Pan and Bess.



Six months after her rescue and adoption by **Peter Pan** and **Bacardi Spice**, **Bess** has certainly come on a great deal and is noticeably more relaxed, confident and friendly. Particularly in the groin area. **Bacardi Spice** has also trained her up to keep **Peter Pan** under control with mind control as seen here.

In fact it was lucky that **Bess**, **Peter Pan** and **Sergeant Pecker** made it to the hash at all since they had missed the late change of start location from the pub car park to the corner of Alexandra road. This was a particularly bad sign for **Peter Pan** because **Austin Powers** had told him just 2 days previously. Ahhh, but **PP** remembers 1971 as if it were yesterday (very bloody useful).



Virgin **Alex** very quickly got into the swing of things – checks are an opportunity for the entire pack of MTH3 hashers to stroll around, chatting and watching each other or the hare for clues or, in **Peter Pan**'s case – scavenging in the bushes. But what a find! 80 ft of rope which he reckoned he could swap for 6 pints down at the Inglenook – that's a lot of beer but **PP** had heard somewhere that you can get *many for old rope*.

MTH3 virgins (but old hashers) **Angie** and **Alistair** had obviously picked up bad habits at other hashes and were actually checking out the trail! Heavens to Betsy!



Yes kids – I'm a hare and a magician and in this small bag I've got.....a bunch of flour.

You suck

Hover crap flew in from Switzerland to join us (eventually) once again. She arrived late and had to catch up and then was stuck carrying her backpack all the way round. What a lot of effort. All worth it though, as she'd heard that **Austin Powers** would need deflouring after the run this evening.





‘Ere **Snoozanne** –
grab a hold of me
loose end an’ I’ll
see if I can pull you.



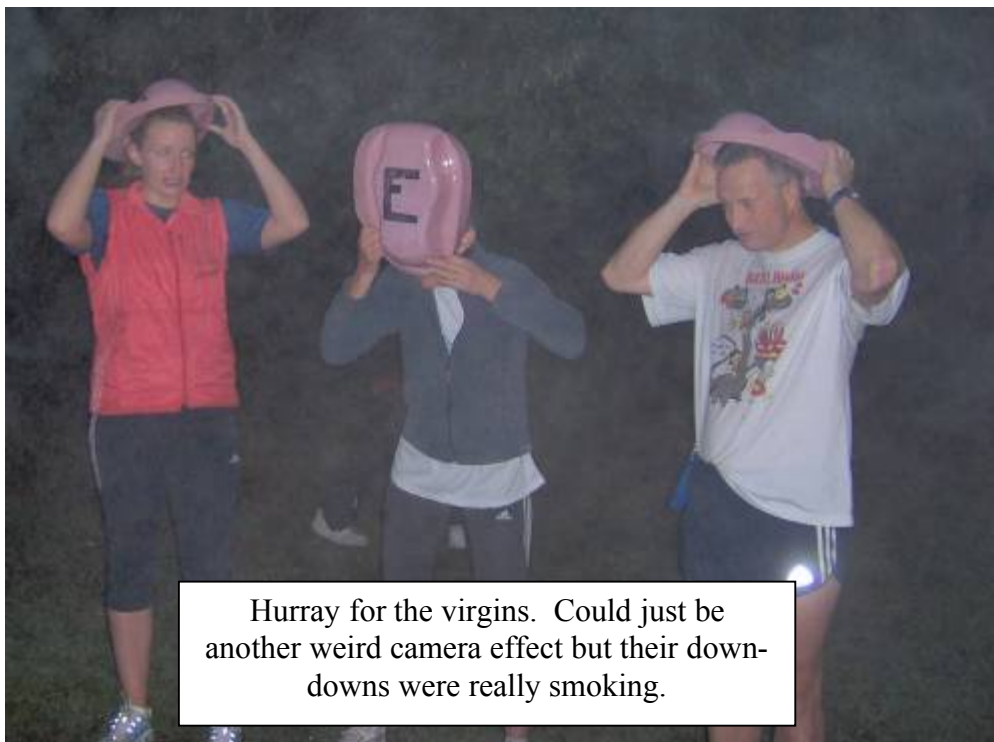
Then, as it grew dark, the hashflash eye (camera) started to play up. With the flash on, all that could be made out were the safety strips on the back of **Alex's** running top. Without the flash, **Austin Powers** warned that things might look a little blurry. Hmmm – well maybe, but **Angie** was moving very quickly!



Then we found a bit of jungly-marsh to run through...



...and a small lake





Austin Powers continued with the magician theme during the down downs when he levitated above the ground and made **Hovercrap** shrink.

Below we can see that **RTfuct** was well pleased to get away with dobbing herself in for a down-down for knowing **Alex**'s uncle – hmmm, free beer. Many hashy returns to **Peter Pan** who apparently does age after all – bummer. **Snoozanne** – we have photographic evidence of you littering the park with garlic nut shells. And everyone at the Inglenook was very impressed by the special effort **Austin Powers** went to look nice – the word on the streets of Toxteth is that fake tan is out and sweaty pastry is in.

