



**CHESHIRE THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

18 November 2010

Run Number 163, starting from the Cheshire Cheese, Wallasey Village

The Pack: Snoozanne and 10" (the hares), Hansel; OTT; FCUK, Sprog; Tia Maria; Compo.

Oh no AE is struck down by a dreaded lurgy. What is the hash to do.....?

Up steps Snoozanne and 10" with a delicious re-hash of the ingredients of runs 127 and 75 (knowingly or unknowingly)



At 19:29 (!) we got around to saying



Then FCUK entered the picture torch-in-mouth. Not to be outdone OTT went OTT by brandishing a torch worthy of the combined candela power of Hoylake and Leasowe's lighthouses.



she giggles



The hares sent the pack on so many false trails at the start that it was hilarious finally somebody rechecked and called on on, on....



FRB-Sprog pelted off into the distance



Then it was across open ground by the railway and over and up near the motorway and industrial estate that CT ran CW and FCUK into on a dark October night in 2007.

Sprog checks out a falsie



The last shot of a satisfied FRB



A disorientated SRB turns the camera on himself..



Across farmland and then, after several checks, onto the Moss



Compo negotiated a narrow bridge without any trouble



and then disappeared through a gap...



Soon we entered a housing estate in which every one we saw on the street was in pjs or a dressing gown. Feel at home in your own street. The pack then got in on the Christmas spirit...





Hansel vaulting a fence into the spongy golf course



Done that and then passed the

Over the dual carriageway...



past



Onto the back streets of Wallasey Village now, negotiating some sort of a bust by the traffic police. Empty police car, lights a flashing.....



These Gilbert Scott masterpieces are a rarity nowadays, especially in a bog standard suburban street. Someone must have been campaigning and adopted the box. Good on them.



Hansel whizzes past.



What's this? Sprog reduced to trudging....?



Pack smells home and beer now on the way past...



In the circle a certain person was called up as a returner, but had hashed in Cyprus with a rump of MTH3 (with AP and Grutel) in the beautiful but, for British ears, dreadfully named, Pissouri the week before....

ΚΥΠΡΟΣ



We drank and then headed to the lovely warm pub....



Thanks to our cheesy Hares for another memorable run

