



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

10th March 2011

Run Number 171

Shotton Station Wales

The Pack: FCUK, Snoozanne, ET, Carthief, Mad Hatter, Tia Maria, OTT (Hare), Hansel (Hare), Compo



Before the run on the way over from Liverpool Tia Maria took the precaution of arming herself against the marauding bands of Welsh warriors. Unfortunately she chose part of ET's car as her weapon of choice. Assurances from the Hares and the rest of the Pack that the English (well maybe not from the Hares) had subdued the Welsh in around 1216AD (see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Principality_of_Wales for more details) heartened her enough to reassemble the car.

Carthief parked behind the pub and looking for the remainder was shouted at by the Pack from across the road. He chose to believe that the noise was from inside the pub cheering on one or other of the inevitable football teams on the audio visual wallpaper.

Assembling for the Hash Flash the remainder of the Pack slowly froze to death whilst Snoozanne and Mad Hatter retired to the car for some unexplained activity, although there was the small matter of new shoes (cleverly disguised seeing as they were green and we were lulled into a sense of normality (although mud coloured would have been even more effective except that it is not this year's colour (is it ever a fashion colour?))) (No doubt the mathematicians and physicists amongst us will check on whether I have the correct number of brackets)

Back to the run.

Under the railway line and down to the Dee. Horror of horrors were we going to venture into England over the Hawarden railway bridge. We got halfway over and

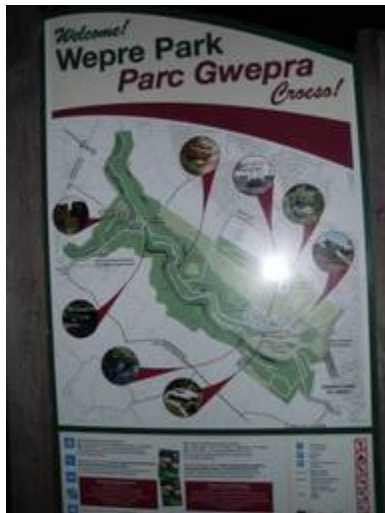


the cross sent us back

Into the fields by way of stiles galore



Out into Connah's Quay and



Through the park (parc) and onto a



But not before the waterfall was admired





Out into

Hansel and **Compo** showed their allegiance



And **Tia Maria** ran past the chip shop but with an anticipatory grin for **Mad Hatter** to indulge in his passion and buy delicious chips



Back at the cars and it is still winter but with **OTT**'s efforts of leek soup and Welsh cakes (not forgetting **Mad Hatter**'s chips) we were soon revived. **Hansel** organised a CD with the Welsh National Anthem and Men of Harlech to lift our spirits.



only one left

The democratic RA syndrome was resurrected but first **Compo** gave us his sermon.

A large family of Basques arrived in Shotton (shouts of Basques of the Hounderville ensued). They found accommodation in a small hotel and then attempted to use the hotel's revolving door. Being unused to such things they all piled in and managed to jam the thing. The fire brigade had to be called ("You were only supposed to blow the bloody doors off" springs to mind). Which all goes to prove that you should not put all your Basques into one exit. *(I have used my editorial rights to embellish the story slightly (in case anyone complains))!!!!!!*

The Hares were called up.

Tia Maria for damaging **ET**'s car.

Snoozanne new shoes (several comments about their being slurry coloured)

Hansel For sending **Carthief** and **Tia Maria** the wrong way without calling them back.

Compo for being the only one to take the train.

ET was now given the additional duties of co-Hash Flash.

Snoozanne and **Mad Hatter** for subjecting the remainder to several additional minutes (seemed like hours) of wind chill whilst they went back to the car before the run.

Carthief for not hearing the shouts as he was looking for the Pack.