

MERSEY THIRSTDAY H³

Run N^o. 18 7th September 2006

No. of runners 13 (plus 1 dog) (I use the term "runners" loosely as two of the party spent the time partaking of a 4 course dinner in the hotel and were so engrossed that they forgot to greet the Runners with the beer wagon at the official "Finish" (written in flour at the finish (where else?))

Anyway back to the start and a Hash Flash at the Hall Road Car park (not to be confused with Manor Road which Debbie was trying to find (you can confuse a Hall and a Manor in the fog))



The runners assembled with a flying Japanese (there was a nip in the air) wondering where the Hares were. **Austin Powers** and Charles appeared grumbling that whilst they had assembled at the south end of the carpark, the pack had assembled at the north end.

After some deliberations about the errant Debbie and the need to take warm clothing and money, the senior Hare then proceeded to start laying a live trail to a continuous commentary. It eventually dawned on the rest of us that he was explaining the markings.

Hash Riddle: What has 10 legs and hashes (see further down for answer)



Once the markings had been established the pack set off southwards towards Liverpool on the promenade and the grass behind it.



Eventually the trail turned onto the beach and after some searching, the trail was found turning northwards.

An inspection of some of Mr Gormley's masterpieces and admiration of parts of his anatomy followed and **Snoozanne** was heard to say "I have not seen anything larger" (or was it smaller?) but was she referring to his nipples or other parts?

The trail continued northwards past the start but as we were on the beach we were not tempted by the sight of the cars (they were out of sight being behind the seawall).



Some of the runners were convinced that the trail would loop round the carpark and into Hall Road, but **Whinger** located the trail on the sand and we continued northwards.



On towards the golf course and the sand dunes with **Unkraut** showing her talent for trail spotting.



An amazing sight of a dog that headed a football back to its owner with an élan that put Peter Crouch to shame was spotted by some and then we were at a vantage point.



The Hare took sole responsibility for the beautiful sunset and explained in great detail how he had managed the control the tide, weather and the time of sunset to coincide with the Hash's arrival at the vantage point. (What was he trying to do, outdo Tony Blair in control freakery?)

Northwards again and the light was beginning to fade, but **AP** again shown his complete control over the natural world by pointing to the full moon just rising over the eastern horizon.



The trail still headed northwards and the pack was trapped between the sea and the golf course, with several long false trails in both directions,



until we came to a sign that read "Danger Shooting Range." Luckily a footpath to the right took us along a sunken path past some houses until we came to the main entrance of the Shooting Range and the "On Inn."

A short distance down the road and we were greeted by a large sign in flour that read "FINISH", but where was the beer. A run on to the Hotel revealed the Gourmet Hashers Debbie and **Hotlips** enjoying their 4 course meal.

The necessary equipment, victuals and liquid was rescued from the back of Debbie's car and we retired to the FINISH for the circle.

Austin Powers spent quite a time organising paraffin torches, food, down downs, and head torches, before starting on the ceremony.



Unkraut warned us that we should never try to sing “Swing Low” in Scotland as it is a term of insult by English fans when they score a goal. Her friend Hash virgin Ian seemed to enjoy the experience but confessed to being “nearly dead” part way round.



The RA of the night assembled the above for some misdemeanour that is now lost in the mists of time.

Finally we all retired to the Hotel for some much needed liquid replacement therapy.

10 legs and Hashes. **Peter Pan** was going to bring the Hash table with him on the A to B run and with Bess that makes 10. (He was dissuaded but it earned him a down down).