



MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

28th July 2011

Run Number 182

Freshfields Station,

Snoozanne, Overdrive, Cleopatra, Sprog, Carthief, 10", Alternative Entrance, Compo, John, Mad Hatter, Shite Loaf, 69 degrees, Rachel, Carole, Carol, Sheila, Norman, Darrell

This was always going to be a different run when the announcement read like this:



Free Offer

Merseyside Hash House Harriers
Social fun and run .walk

Date: 28th July, Thursday. evening
Time: 7pm

*Rob's 1st Hash Run in UK
Join us here.*

You run or bimbble and for free you get healthy and fit, also fun as well, good deal.

Hashing is all over the world. Check it out,

Turn up ready to walk or run, all will be explained, if you're a gazelle you will get your work out; if you're a tortoise you get to do the course in the same time as the front runners. Any one who wants to help call me. Spot prizes at the end. We will go to the freshfield pub after . join us.

Hash runs are NOT A RACE, but a fun SOCIAL EVENT that is OPEN TO ANYONE who wants to party hearty and get exercise at the same time. It involves a couple or runners (the Hares) leaving a trail of flour and chalk that the rest of the people (the pack of Hounds) attempt to follow. The Hares will try to lead the pack astray by leaving intersections which have Bad/False trails (on backs) and one true trail (On-On). The faster hounds in the pack (FRB's) will investigate each trail and mark the True Trail for the others to follow. The joggers and

Highlights

The greatest of the biggest hash events happen here in the UK & Ireland.

-  To promote a good time
-  To have fun
-  To secure a good hash and to support a good cause
-  To promote the club and to support the club
-  To have a good time



Start is . Freshfield Railway station
The tea shop round the corner in Co-park
7pm
Call Rob 079 356 00430

No children under 18 as we will end up at a pub

Hash House Harriers
<http://www.merseysidehashhouseharriers.co.uk/>
Email: hashhouseharriers@btinternet.com


Merseyside hash

There was some trepidation as to whether the whole thing was a wind up but Sprog's final email saying that he had spotted flour finally convinced us that **Toilet Duck** did exist and he was not "clean round the bend"

His instruction that we should wear Arab headdress was dutifully followed by those who had travelled to the Middle East and one or two who seem to have raided their tea towel collection. **Carthief** requested assistance with his headgear and what assistance he got! **Toilet Duck** assuming that he was going to be lambasted in the Trash anyway got his own back before the run even started



The virgins en masse decided that dressing up was just too ridiculous to even contemplate.



The Hash Flash



After the unusual (for MTH3 anyway?) lack of pavement artistry to demonstrate the markings, the Hare led the Pack down Montague Road



And onto a Check



The Trail quickly became more tortuous than an Ellery Queen detective novel as the Hare guided the SRBs down various short cuts leaving the FRBs to dodge and weave through the wood and sand as the trail changed direction. With an Omani Hare we were always going to have sand and we were not disappointed.

We crossed the railway line and more wood and sand even managing both together on occasions.



eventually arriving at the sand dunes and the beach.



with the usual suspects exhibiting for the camera



The trail turned inland with more switchbacks, sand and wood to slow the FRBs down until finally the



was spotted.

Over the railway line and **Sprog's** GPS gave the distance as just under 5 miles. As the pace had been faster than most of the recent runs there was plenty of time for the circle and the pub afterwards.

Back at the cars, **Snoozanne** had done her usual miracle with food. I had sort of expected SANDwiches to complement the run (only joking **Snoozane**) and **Sprog** had phoned ahead for additional liquid. The kebab shop next to the station was raided although **Mad Hatter** failed to find any chips.

The circle was called and the RA called the Hare up



Then the returnees



and the virgins



Although Carol (or was it Carole?) seemed more than a little distracted by the third question that all hashers are asked



and then John displayed the dog bite that he had received



There was a definite frisson from a certain sector of the distaff side of the Hash with shouts of "Nice legs" being heard.

Apparently it was the fourth postman that this dog had bitten (why don't the PO put a label on the gate). This was the spark that was needed and various Hash names were voted on with **Big Dog Bite** or **BDB** for short, winning by a decibel or 5. He was duly anointed



Having left the run's notes in the UK, **Sprog's** sin is noted photographically but not descriptively. It may have had something to do with him phoning ahead for additional supplies.



There was another Down-Down between **Compo** and **Toilet Duck** which involved linking arms but the reasons remain unrecorded. It may have had something to do with beards or not



We retired to the Freshfields Hotel “only a 5 minute walk down the road” according to the Hare. It turned out to be almost 5 minutes in the car but the journey was worth it.

We look forward to a repeat performance