



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

22 September 2011 Run Number 186 The Hooton, Hooton

The Hare: 10 Seconds (with his certificate in the pub afterwards)



The Pack: FCUK, OTT, AE, BJ, ET and Wenchy



There were two schools of thought about this run – I have seldom encountered so many turds on a hash (and no, I am not speaking about the pack...) and yet it took us through such picturesque countryside and villages, so much so that our tourist visitor from Oz was snapping the route with her camera phone: we had Wirral Country Park, Willaston village the branch line station at Hadlow Road and even a railway bridge arch with a double echo.

After a bit of pre-lube at the Hooton, which was at an optimal distance from the station (future Hares please note...). The markings were explained:



The last one was supposed to indicate a false false because the Hare had some last minute surprises en route... we got some nice long leg stretchers.

After a three way at the start the hare took us into what appeared like a disused aerodrome and along a disused railway line.

Before we knew it we were out in the Wirral countryside and it was well dark with stiles galore – stile style varied...

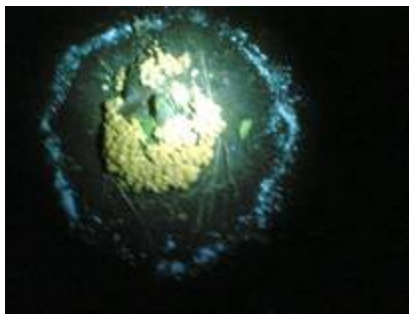


The Hare obviously had great fun setting the trail,

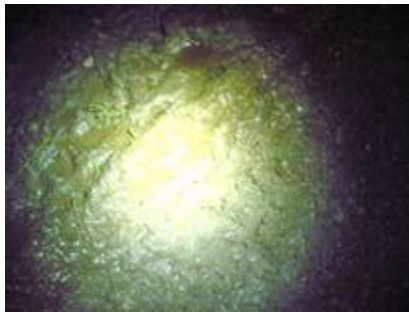
With luminous arrows



With fungus circle checks



And mysterious turd circles



The pack really had to watch where we trod



We had a year's worth of shiggy in this one run with OTT getting a soaking

After crossing one stile, we encountered one of the bovine fraternity... weak enquiries were heard 'is it a bull?' – no bull, it wasn't and we sneaked past



Amazingly enough, no one quite landed a over t*t in the sh*t.**

The trail even went through a farmyard with the requisite machinery (one for the Austrian homegirls here...) and the friendliest farmer I have met in these parts....



Then after the bridge with the double echo



We reached a disused railway station



Here is one of the pack; is he 'in the spotlight' or 'on the wagon' ?



Passed lovely Willaston and a spooky grave yard



In Willaston, a poster was found which would be presented to the hare later



Then we noticed, was Sprog waiting for us in his newest automobile?



Pimp my Subaru, eh Sprog?

After a really long leg-stretcher between two villages, a sign told us that we were back in Hooton and a chalk mark announced the on in. A communal RA was organised we heard how Wenchy an intrepid Perth Harriet had crossed the globe with out mishap only to trip over her suitcase in her room and break her toe. Then we had the screwball idea to attempt to wake CT to invite him into the circle, at what our Ozzie Wenchy thought might be an ungodly hour of 6:30. Nothing doing, no answer, apparently he was already out at work... I tell you CT if you spend any longer building that pipeline you will surely be able to return home by it. All of a sudden, two burly men were heading towards us across the pub car park. 'Is it a bull' I thought I heard someone whisper. We assured the publican and the publican's mate that we were not having a rave and that we would be coming in shortly to have more to drink. AE had excelled herself with the purchases, even disguising Tesco purchases in Sainsbury's bags to complete the effect.... only joking Ursy....



And finally, an artistically plaited turd that one of us nearly missed en route...

