



## Run Number Two: Lark Lane, Sefton Park, on afters at The Albert PH

The Pack: Peter Pan, Bess the hound, Dan, Hansel, OTT, Lady Penelope, Whinger, Bloody Bollox, RTfuct, Phil, Chunder, Austin Powers (Hare), Hover Crap, Shirley, Esther, Debbie, Dave, Moiz

Undecided weather provided an edge to whole evening. Will it rain? Won't it? **Bloody Bollox** was less concerned than the rest of us as he had the extra protection of the hash shit – once he'd worked out how the damn thing worked that is.



Honestly, this is the first time I've dressed up in a skirt for the evening.

After lugging the beer from the stash to the start, **Hover crap** reckoned it was about time to have one. She'd only had two pints in the pub beforehand after all. We were very lucky to have her company for the evening actually – apparently she had happened upon the MTH3 website by chance whilst Googling the phrase 'bare-arse flesh', which was coincidentally used in last week's trash. She was so delighted with the virtual MTH3 world that she just had to try it out in person and flew in from the continent just for the MTH3 run. Parts of this paragraph are even true.



It was clear from very early on that it was going to be a devious and/or poorly marked trail. The pack set off in completely the wrong direction from check number one. In fairness it was very hard to follow the trail as **Austin Powers** had adopted an unusual technique of laying the trail behind the pack – ‘dead haring’ if you like. It certainly had the virgins **Dave, Shirley, Esther, Debbie** and **Moiz** confused...or did it? **Lady Penelope** remarked upon the short-cutting prowess of **Shirley** and **Debbie** (who couldn't be arsed with all those water crossings) when she saw them hopping over a fence to get back on trail. Natural SCBs.

**Moiz** was also getting into the swing of things, his inquiring mind and medical training leading him to an in-depth understanding of the hash organism – for instance – a girl with strong legs from squat exercises, would, in the hash, be known by a name such as ‘**Hover crap**’ or one that studies Prehistoric stone tools might be known as ‘**RTfuct**’ – a play on the word ‘artefact’. But **Austin Powers**? Why not ‘**Crappy Hare**’?





Yes Dan.

This murky water smells dreadful doesn't it Chunder!

...

There were many water crossings, several wet running shoes and no complete submersions – despite **Whinger**'s playful game of running up behind the harriettes and giving them a shove towards the water. You would have thought someone would have thrown him in for that, but no.



My word! I think it's an igneous dyke!

No I'm not.

Geology enthusiast **Phil** lightly tip-toed across the first water crossing in his dangerously near-to-new shoes, paying close attention to the rock formations as he went.





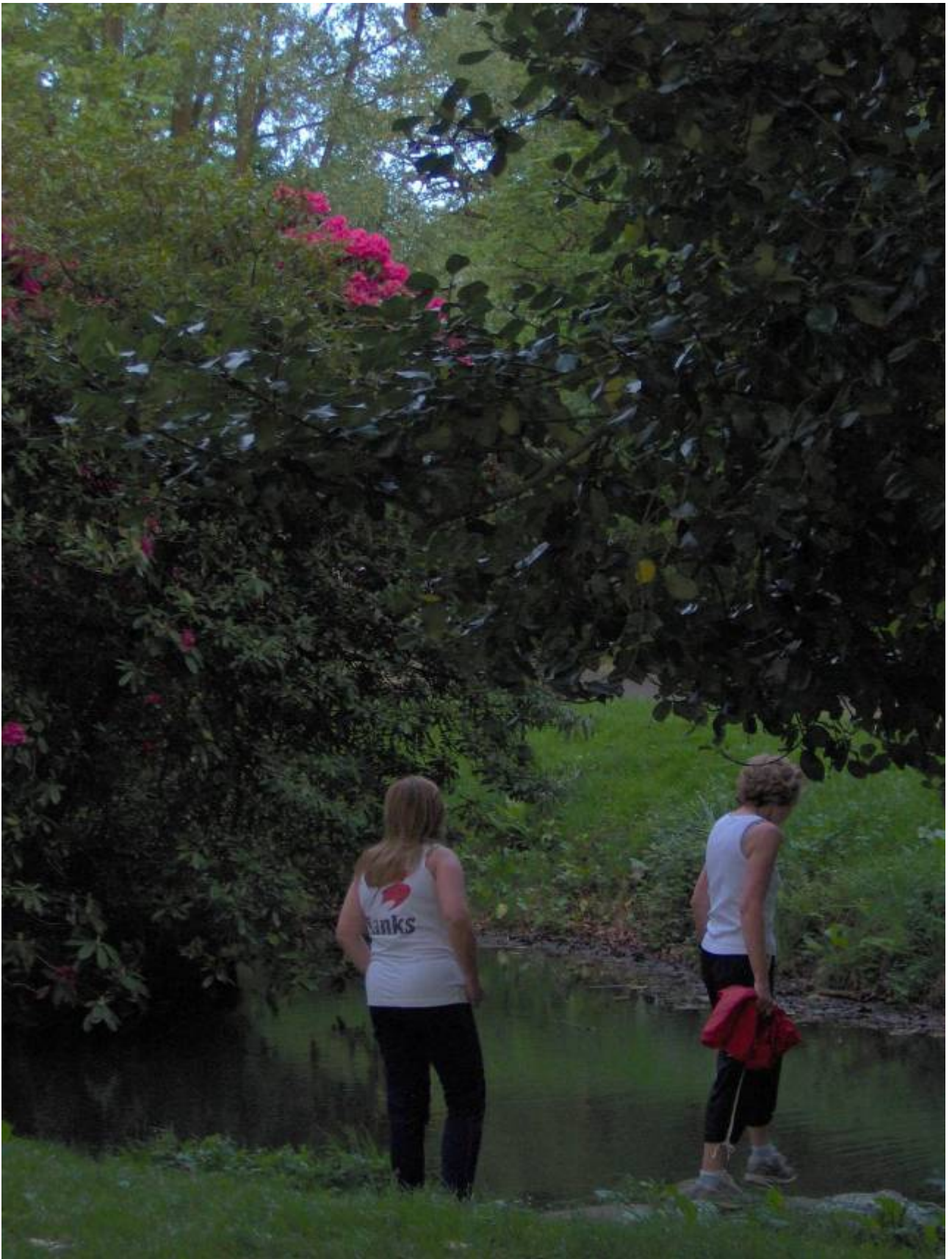
Whilst **OTT** eyed-up the opportunities for dunking her fellow hashers, **Lady Penelope** did the chivalrous thing and offered **Dan** a steadying hand.



**Bloody Bollox** was wise to **OTT** and didn't take up her offer of a hand across the water.











Hmmm – I can clearly see there are lines on this page – some kind of iddy-biddy, incy wincy text perhaps? Not absolutely sure.

Eventually, we (mostly) reconvened for some singing in the rain at the circle whilst **Moiz** made a hasty retreat in his flashy car, complete with Smithdown Road Airconditioning (i.e. 3 smashed-in windows). **Esther** had already bailed, but said she'd come again soon. The three surviving virgins were dubious about their first down-downs but made a fine job of it, except for **Dave** (slow with spillage).







At times during the trail, it seemed that there was no end in sight but thankfully **Austin Powers**, put that right in the circle and got his out for an airing. Another fun evening of flour, beer, ice and bananas...