



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

31st May 2012

Run Number 207

Starting at Plasterers* Arms, Hoylake

The Pack Carthief, Cleopatra; 10" (Hare); Overdrive; Compo; Tia Maria; FCUK; OTT; Another Mother Trucker



You would be forgiven for thinking that the Hash Flash was taken after the run with everybody worn out but if you look slightly more closely you will notice that there are no sweat stains or disheveled hair. This was the casual look initiated by **Overdrive**.

*I realize that there is an apostrophe missing but that is how the pub spells its name.



10” worried aloud that his efforts were not long enough and being a mathematician (or is that a sign of madness I can never remember which) drew a perfect circle to represent the start



The Hare also announced that we would always be within 5 minutes of the pub (without specifying the mode of transport or possibly mentioning that we might have strayed onto the next 5 minutes of longitude (1 minute of longitude is about 1.1km at 53 degrees North) which was entirely possible given his penchant for longer than normal runs).

The Pack scattered to the four winds and falsies were detected in all directions but after a while trail was called and back alleys it was





Before Ferndale and Hoyle roads brought us to the sea.

We guessed that the Hare had not organized the elaborate X equivalent and made our way across the road.



Along Meols Parade to a Check at Sandhey and Queens Park beckoned. A Check in the centre scattered the Pack again until **Overdrive** remembered a narrow path



Exiting into the sunshine



The sea summoned us again and a long haul along the front to Bennetts Lane and Guffitts Rake.

Down to the railway line where most of the Pack were convinced that the Trail led over the track



Various techniques were used for the return journey from the dejected (**Overdrive**) via the exuberant (**Tia Maria**) to the guided tour (**Cleopatra & Compo**)

Another crossing and **Compo** persuaded **Another Mother Trucker** to have a photoshoot



Eventually we crossed the railtrack and onto a bridge of sorts



No Hash crashes were recorded.

Arriving at Hoylake Station the barriers were up.



Another loop and we were back at the cars. The Hare confessed that he had left out a loop but it was already nearly 21:15

Cleopatra had produced some home-made humous



The Hare added to the groaning table



Carthief reckoned that home grown humous was much better than that foreign muck.

Eventually we had all regained the weight loss during the “6 mile minimum” run and the circle arranged itself.

Carthief opened the proceedings with a tale about little Johnny.

Getting up one night for a wee he walked past his mother’s room and saw and heard her stroking herself and saying “I need a man”. This happened on several occasions over the next days and weeks but eventually Johnny heard nothing but saw a man with his mummy.

Dashing back to his room, he lay on his bed, started stroking himself and saying “I need a bicycle”

The **RA** called up the **Hare** for the run

The Returnees were numerous **Another Mother Trucker, Overdrive, OTT, Tia Maria** and **FCUK**.

Compo for being both impatient and incontinent. Jumping over a wall and later requiring a Pitstop.

Carthief for his comments about foreign humous.

A local woman threatened to phone the police as she said that we were not allowed to drink in public and she objected to some of the words of our songs. In some ways that was a compliment (that she could make out what we singing (I use the word loosely).

After such a run there was only one thing to do – retire to the pub.