



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 21: The Lion, Moorfields Stn.

The Pack: RTfuct, Bloody Bollox (hare), Sergeant Pecker, Snoozanne, Carthief, Austin Powers, Peter Pan, Bess

Carthief and **RTfuct** were the first to gather for this evening's **Bloody Bollox** led exercise. **Carthief** mocked **RT** for having to ask a passerby where the pub was. But **RTfuct** was unfamiliar with this part of town, never having been to the Lion PH or the Private Shop next door to it before. There are some new experiences that change a person's life forever. See here the devastating effect that a quick shufti around the Private Shop had on **Austin Powers** and **Sergeant Pecker** in the following before and after shots:



Eventually, **Snoozanne** turned up too (also playing the innocent 'ooh, I've never been HERE before' card) and after a quick sign-in and briefing from **Bloody Bollox** it was time to get going. 'We better get a move on' **BB** warned and 'there's part of the trail where **Bess** can't go.' Well, what a poser (as in tricky question - **BB** could never pass as a poser) – where could we be going that a sweaty hasher can go but not his pretty, young, bitch?

Answer: St John's Shopping arcade for a spot of late night shopping. And who should we bump into but fair **Repunzel**. She declined the offer to join the hash, but kindly pointed the stragglers in the right direction – '**Pete** just went up there so it's not that way'. How right she was. And it was

here that we had to split – the non-dogs cutting various paths through the crowds in the shopping Centre, whilst **Peter Pan** and **Bess** patrolled the perimeter, like a shepherd and dog out with the flock.



After a while we all met up on the other side of the shopping Centre in an a sort of enactment of what it will be like when we all meet up at the big hash in the sky. Except, of course, that hashers don't get to heaven in a long, long way...



MTH3



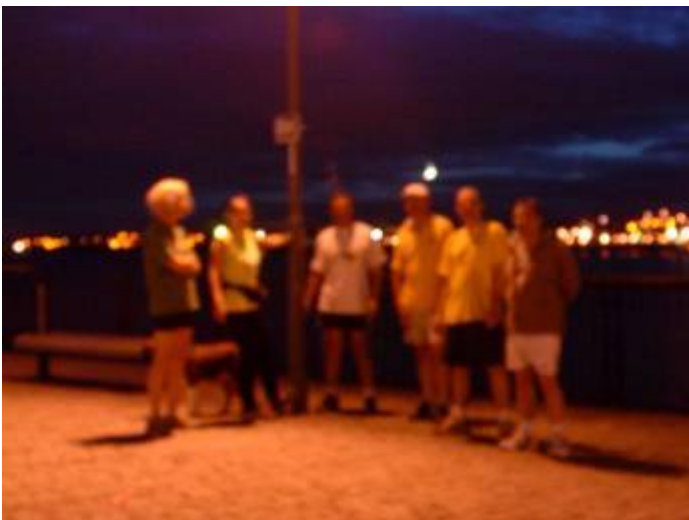
There seemed to be a bit of a typo on the sign outside the shopping Centre.

So after a little regroup we were off again – searching for scuffed out traces of flour. We could do with more forensic scientists on the hash really. Never mind, we somehow wound our way down to the waterfront and only *nearly* lost **Sgt. Pecker** to a long false once along the way.

**I feel a bit
..er...zombie.
How do I look?**



**Can't deal with that
now Bloody Bollox
– I'm busy checking
out the trail**



A misty, romantic haze fell on our little regroup by the ~~Seine~~ Mersey.

The trail cut a fairly straightforward path back to the pub except for the little dogleg around the block where our hero, **Austin Powers**, triumphed in a terrifying encounter in a dark alley i.e. on realising there were 5 old drunks sitting on the steps ahead he gallantly called back to **Snoozanne** 'Hey, it's on down here – ladies first.' What a guy. Shame **Carthief** who was doing a grand job as hash flash wasn't able to capture the moment of Chivalry on camera.



**There's only water to
drink this evening...**

**...Hey Snoozanne –
don't worry! I was
only joking!!**

**I don't care if it was
a 'joke'. It was a
pretty upsetting
thing to say: I
LOVE beer.**



Back at the circle, everybody was swiggin' of bed pans except for **BB** who had foolishly stepped out in what could, ignoring the stains and obvious signs of wear, pass as **NEW SHOES!!** He slipped one off and had a tasty sup from it for our communal entertainment. **RTfuct** was a very lucky girl and got awarded the hash shit again. As a special treat she also got to freeze her buttocks to the tune of 'Sally's in the alley' before we all retired (...ah, if only) to (...the Bahamas?) the (...Maldives?) pub for a couple (...of bronzed and willing young lovers?) beers.

String theory can be pretty complicated stuff BB, don't worry...



Bunch of prats.

