



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**



Manchester Hash House Harriers

13th September 2012

Run Number 218 (MTH3) and R*n No. 7 (MH3)

The Grapes Hotel, 47 Market Street, Stoneclough, Manchester, M26 1HF

The Pack Carthief, 10", ET, Compo, Becks, Both Ends, Every Little Helps, Fishy Red, Madam Sin, Nick Carter, Pussy Galore, Scrounger, Smart Arse, Toy Boy, 24 inches of Pure Pleasure, Just Ben, Just James, Just Linzie, Just Pete, Just Stephanie.

The usual Hash Flash and pavement artistry from the Hare preluded the run.



As it was a joint Hash (Joint and Hash in the same sentence may attract the attention of the drug squad) Madam Sin kindly named everyone

Left to right:-

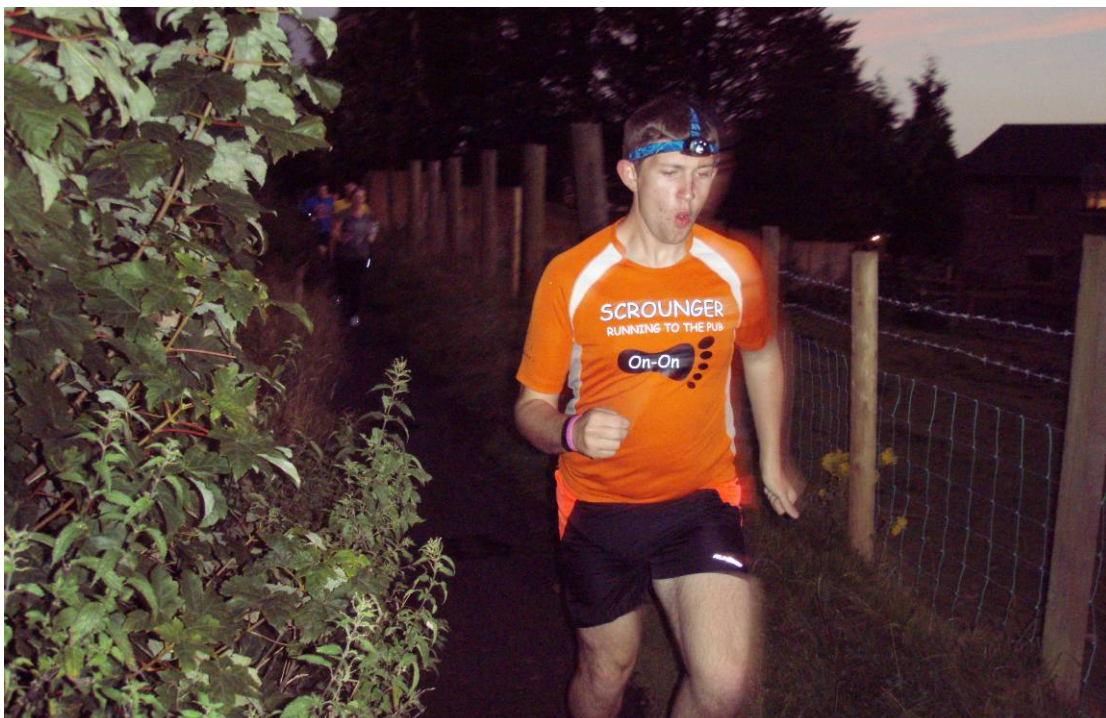
Back row :- Fishy Red, Just James, Just Stephanie, Scrounger, Toy Boy, Both Ends, Compo, Madam Sin, Every Little Helps (female), Just Pete (named Mugger Fucker at wk end), Smart Arse,10", Just Ben.

Front row left to right - Pussy Galore, 24 inches of Pure Pleasure, Car Thief, Nick Carter, Just Linzie , Becks.

We started off down Bridge Street and over the river



Scrounger showing his style



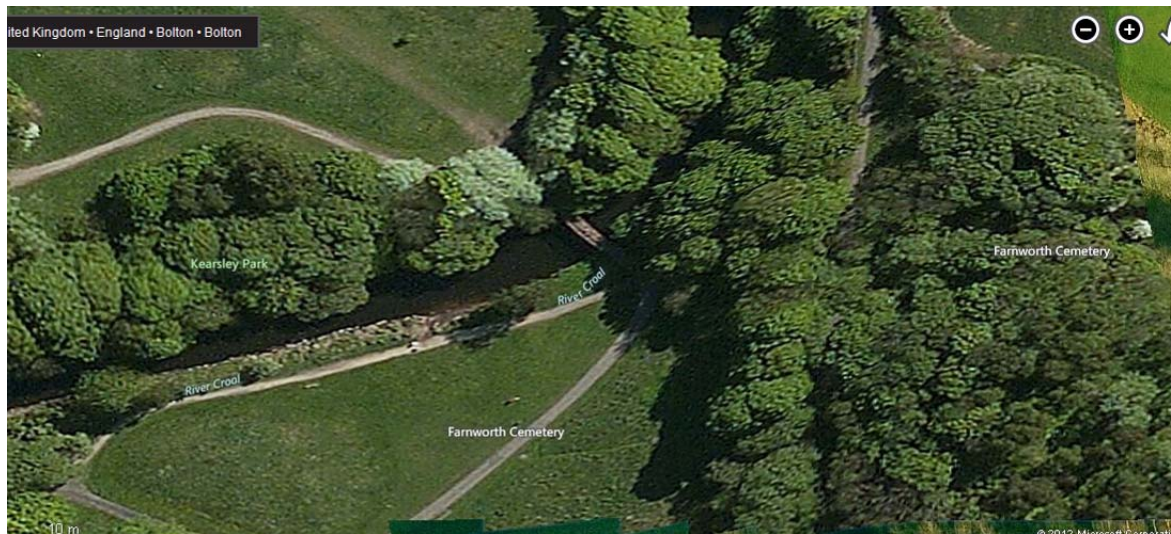
Running alongside the river / canal is Just Linzie checking out **10"** 10"?



Onto a Regroup at some bridges



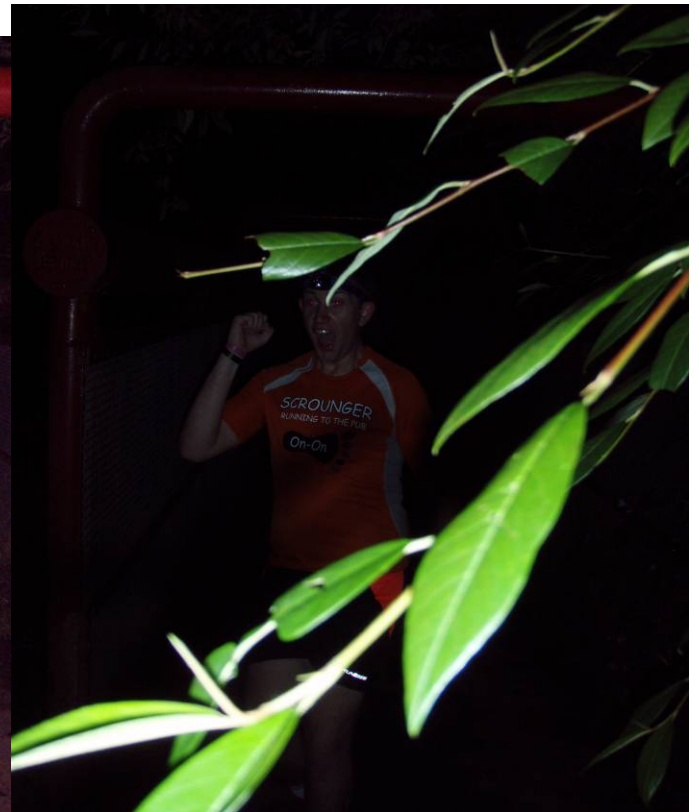
Along to this bridge (I think)



Where certain
inherent traits
surfaced



And others reacted more normally (well for them anyway)



Did Just James think that the camera was an X-ray machine (he seems to be guarding his gonads)



Then it was onto

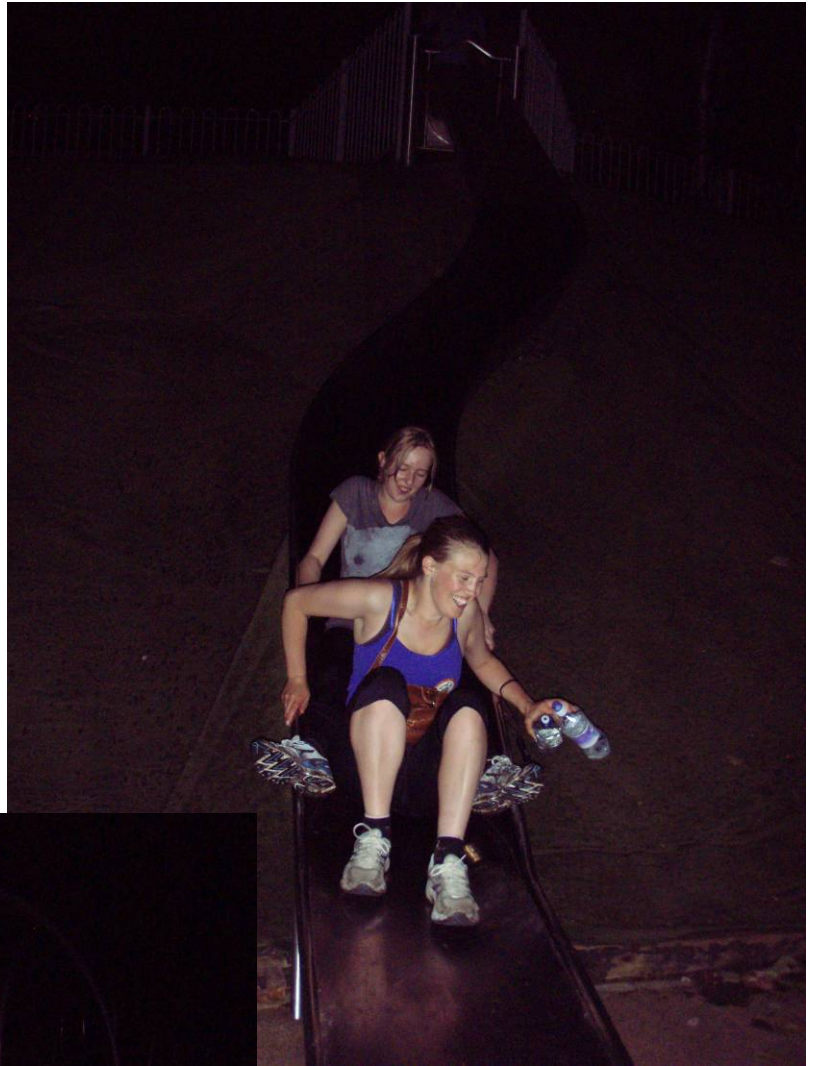


Which resulted in ample evidence of the Hash nature.

Fishy Red nearly losing her balance



Every Little Helps and **Just Linzi** trying to slide



Our Hare



Ménage à cinq



Just James waiting for the camera to disappear before indulging himself.



Just Ben and Just Linzie back to back



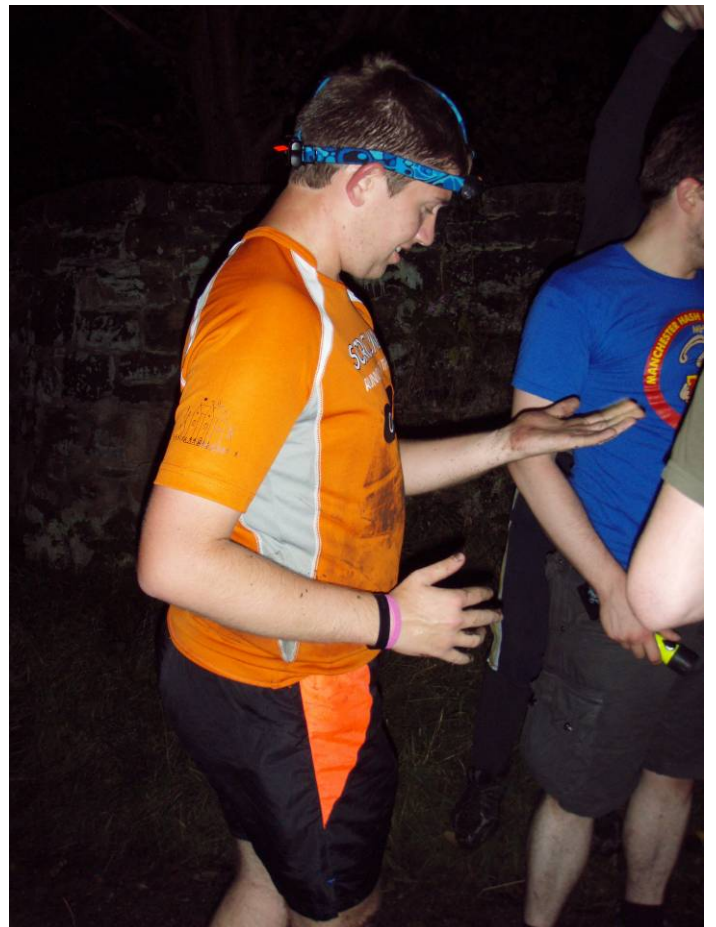
Off on trail again and we found out where we were



Although the Hare seemed to have a problem remembering where it went



Scrounger managed a Hash Crash



And then it was



The Hare reckoned that it was 10km without the falsies.

Back at the pub we took over the beer garden and magically food appeared.



Madam Sin called the circle and doled out Down-Downs although these were not recorded.

