



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 22: The Cambridge, Abercromby Sq.

The Pack: RTfuct, Snoozanne, Sergeant Pecker, Austin Powers (hare), Peter Pan, Bess, Bacardi Spice, Compo, Charles (later 'Long Paws')



'We run come rain or (moon)shine' the MTH3 website says. And it's fun – see how they laugh and smile. OK, well, see how **Austin Powers** laughs and smiles, though that could be the euphoria of finally mastering a new buttocks, hand and large and amusingly shaped vegetable trick (**Charles** and **Sgt. Pecker** are trying to ignore it in truly British style).

After sending **Peter Pan** off for an insanely long time trying to find a parking spot, **Snoozanne** turned up and parked 'round the corner! Who says women are rubbish at parking?

So at about 7.15ish we set off at a great lick down the hill to the first check where we stood about chatting for a while before **AP** obliged with an arrow pointing the direction of the trail. At the Catholic Cathedral, **Bess**, had a sudden moment of inspiration, a rush of ecstasy and squatted down

for a nice, big poo. It was a big one – **Peter Pan** was able to confirm as much after pooper scooping it up. Dogs must think their owners are sick in the head – every time they have a poop, their owner rushes over to scrabble it up into a plastic bag for safe-keeping. **Bess** says despite this weird perversion, she wouldn't be without her **Peter Pan**.



Deeper and darker and scarier, we ran into the depths of inner-city Liverpool – the famous Toxteth. After a while we even heard the sound of distant drums and images of cannibalistic natives filled the darker recesses of our collective hashing half-mind. We stuck together – safety in numbers – we regretted being so rude to all those virgins who at this point in time could have been placed on the outside of the group to be plucked off first. Damn.

As the rain really began to set in again, we were pleased to be on the home run and back in the safe-haven of a dark, secluded graveyard on the edge of Toxteth.

Back at the circle, we thought we were safe and dug our teeth firmly into the cakes only to find that they were Chinese mooncakes with a disconcerting sesame paste with whole, dried-out, egg yolk, interior. Well I never. **Compo** even considered washing it down with a soft drink, whilst **Snoozanne** and **Sgt. Pecker** checked the bags and their pockets for any other food and **Charles** prayed.



Charles' dreams came true this evening when he was given a hash name. In recognition of his long standing support of the hash (i.e. when he turns up he is the tallest one) and his habit of leaving it a while between vocal contributions, he shall henceforth be known as '**Long Paws**'. He won't be turning up for a while though as he's taking a Chinese class on Thursdays now. Here's hoping it's too hard and boring and that you come back to the hash soon...



Peter Pan and Austin Powers sorting out the refreshments