



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

31th January 2013

Run Number 229

Gallaghers Birkenhead

The Pack: Compo, Carthief; Cleopatra; ET; Chico (Hare), 10", FCUK, Emma, Justin.

Copious amounts of inner lubrication were applied prior to the run which was a Virgin Hare so obviously an easy run (or so we thought)



Our newest (of two) hasher (Justin) had a GPS and uploaded his version of the run which shows that he took to being an FRB and checked out many of the falsies

The Hare had obviously studied how trails were best laid and used this knowledge to set a trail through parts of Birkenhead that we probably did not even want to know exist.

Compo reckoned that this was definitely a candidate for the best laid virgin of the year and then realized what he had said.

The wind had taken some of the flour so it took some imagination to spot the Checks



Although this falseie turned out to be paint!

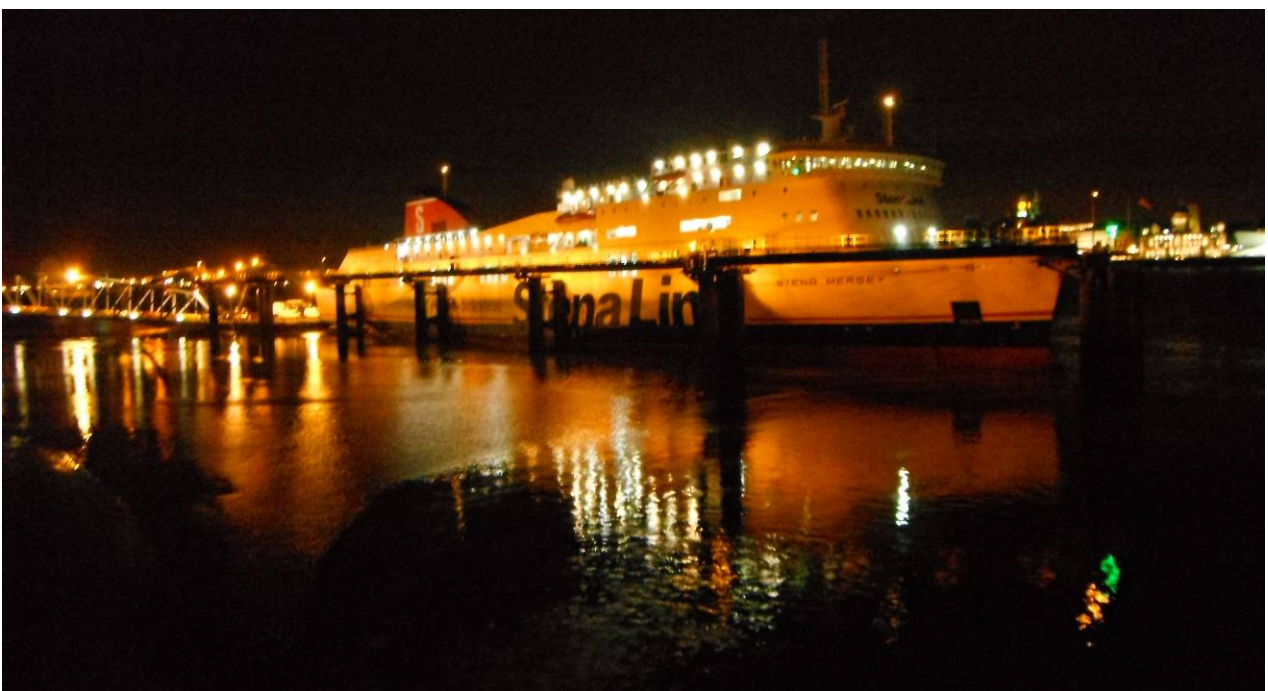


His falsies into the Park had us all fooled (we “always” go into the Park). A Regroup at the main gate of Birkenhead Park.



The switchback route had most of us fooled most of the time and kept the Pack together without the FRBs freezing to death.

It was just about warm enough for some scenic sights



And some poses



Compare the summer and winter attire on these two.

This was a welcome sign



Back at the cars various members of the Mismanagement looked at each other in the expectation of beers being produced but wires had been crossed (and lessons learned??) so we washed down Cleopatra's very elegant and painstakingly prepared offerings with moist air and the promise of liquid inside the pub. In any case your scribe's hands were too cold to take notes so we retired to the pub where Down-Down's were purchased



And drunk in warmer surroundings that we have been experiencing of late.

The Hare



The virgins Justin and Emma



Justin said that he was sometimes called Jasper and the association of Jasper and Carrot for our two virgins was mentioned but discarded.

FCUK for his foul up of the non-existent beer and Cleopatra for her excellent repast (“you won’t get that every week” was her comment).

The next run was announced as being on Valentine’s Day. Compo asked when that was.

An earnest discussion on the exact definition of a bascule bridge http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bascule_bridge took place until the train times caught us with us.