



Run Number Three:

The Excelsior PH by the Tunnel and the Fly-over “Mind out: This is Dogging Territory!”

The Pack: Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Bess the hound, Dan, Whinger, Bloody Bollox (Hare), RTfuct, Austin Powers, Shirley, Debbie, Dave, Compo

It began badly for **Bess**, as **Bacardi Spice** cruelly togged her up in a harness and gag for the night. **Bess** looked really sorry for herself and so did **Peter Pan** – **Bacardi Spice** had promised it was his turn tonight.





After a flying start, things went their usual, tits-up way at the first check. **Peter Pan** was sure he was on, lured by the beacon of the big yellow cow-thingymajiggy, sculpture.



Close but no banana:





mmmm...delicious.
See how they run and
pant in confusion and
pain!

Watching from across the road, the hare, **Bloody Bollox**, smiled on, taking-in the scene with sadistic glee, in the fashion of one who has recently converted to the pleasures of voyeurism. Apparently, whilst laying the trail at 6.30 am that morning, **Bloody Bollox** had come across some folks 'dogging' in a carpark. For those of you too innocent to know what that is, it's when some couples have sex in cars whilst folks in other cars watch. Our poor **BB** hasn't been the same since....



The MTH3 continued with its traditional markings this evening i.e. nobody has a clue what any of the marks mean, except for perhaps the blob. Xs and Fs and arrows and circles and lines may mean something different every week. At MTH3 there really are no rules. For instance, this bisected circle sign (a sort of arse-crack, graphical depiction), turned out to mean take the hare from behind!



After a jaunt along a very busy road, we came to a check and ended up on a really scenic tour through the canal locks. There was an horrendously long false trail up one side of the canal, and lots of folks sitting in their back gardens had the pleasure of us running by shouting twice as we made our way, away from and then back to, the Vauxhall Bridge – opened by Cilla Black, don't you know. She used to be Cilla White apparently and a little-known, local historical fact is that her surname changed after the Vauxhall Bridge opening when she accidentally ended up in the filthy canal and came up all covered in black slime. She was, in fact, the only old bike from the 1960s to ever make it out of there.



The thing about having a camera on the trail, is that there is no need to miss anything that goes on.
Whinger partaking of a hash-slash above and **Bloody Bollox** having one below.



And these days, the hashflash is able to bring you closer to the action than ever before. Get a load of this digitally enhanced, blown up image:



I Love Lady Penelope

**What a whopper!!!!
What a Tattoo!!!**

After a long, hot, heavy-breathing session, we wound our way to the top of the world and enjoyed panoramic views of the City.

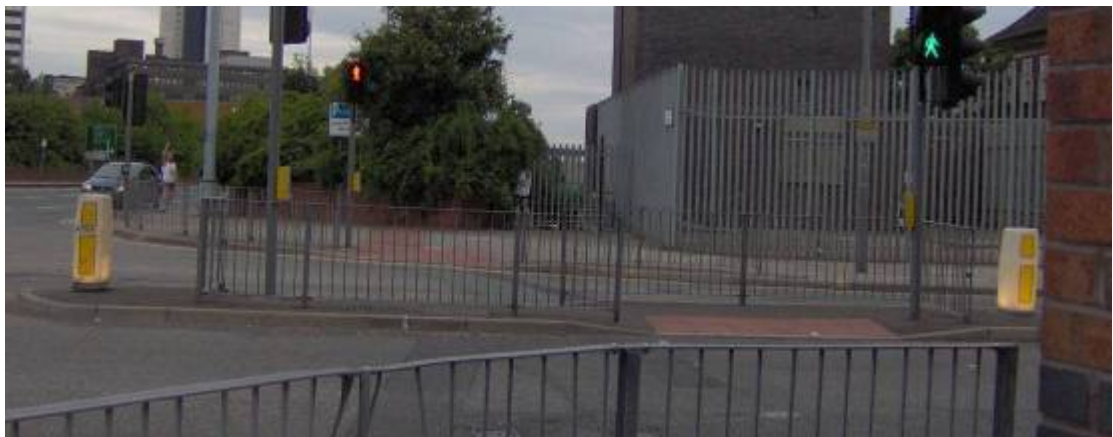


Then it was time to brave the scene of the early morning dogging session. **Dave** was most disappointed not to see any action – though he wasn't trying very hard, looking out at the view rather than in the cars.

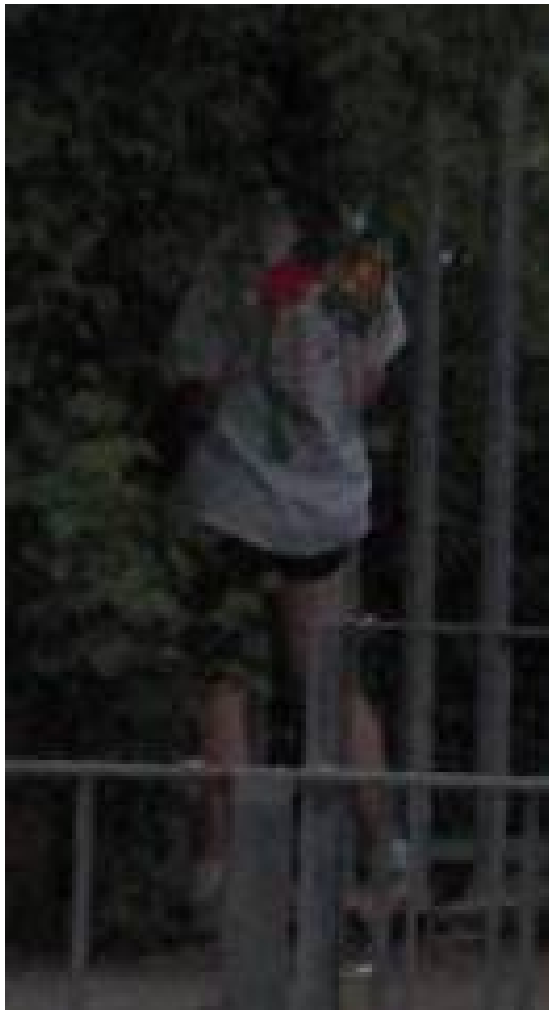


Luckily, modern photography can reveal what he might have seen if he'd been looking the right way. With such a sophisticated camera it is almost impossible to take a bad shot.

Thanks very much to **Peter Pan** for the picture below of **RTfuct** with the Liverbirds perched on her head – a wonderful concept for a photo and what a result.



And finally, **Austin Powers** – for future reference, the little green man flashing does not mean ‘go ahead and widdle in the nearest hedge’.



Back at the beer stop **Debbie** was pleased to crack open a cider and spread everything on the hash table, provided courtesy of Wirral and Chester H3.



Here she is again, enjoying **Austin Powers** little joke about how she and **Dave** had tried to pretend they were running and broke into 3 run strides as the RA approached and then settled back to a walk as he passed by.



They accepted the charge – GUILTY and gave a stylish show of a down-down. But **Bess** was most unimpressed by the over the shoulder, down-down chucking. If only she understood what ‘mind out!’ meant. She’s not alone there though – **Austin Powers** barely survived the walk to the hash as he had to stop in the middle of a busy road to ask what that meant.





Next up was Dan – going off to Zambia to get us some Zambian Kwacha (oh and to do some archaeological researchy thing if he gets time). A very, very careful down-down. No spillage. No wet dog.

Hash shit of the night was **Shirley** for back-seat haring! After doing one hash, she was full of advice on how to lay the trail and where to buy the flour etc., Clearly a very sensible woman (in a skirt with a bedpan and bottle-opener attached) she took precautions and engaged in safe ice, with a prophylactic, plastic bag between her buttocks and the ice block.







Wooahhhh!!! Not as easy as it looks.



And finally, the Hare – on the ice with him: what a S-H-I-T-T-Y trail! The cold blast finally helped sear up those **Bloody Bollox** of his though.