



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 30: The Sutherland and something or other Highlander Pub, Eastham

The Pack: Austin Powers, Sergeant Pecker, Compo (Hare), RTfuct, Jonah, Snoozanne, Peter Pan and Bess the hound.



Having missed the Halloween run, **RTfuct** thought she could combine the two themes of St Andrew's Day and Halloween by wearing a really sinister face flag mask. She had laboured over her costume all afternoon and had to admit to feeling a bit woozy from breathing in the marker pen ink but everyone agreed it had been worth the effort and congratulated her *ad nauseum*. In contrast, **Austin Powers** and **Compo** had made very little effort with their outfits – **Compo** had merely borrowed one of his wife's skirts and used big square of double sided sticky tape to wax the hair off his arse and then stick it over his groin, giving the vague impression of a sporran.






Peter Pan (whose face muscles are attached to his right hand muscles) wore a very fetching outfit of tight black leggings with a figure hugging tartan mini-skirt. **Snoozanne** commented that she used to wear something very similar to work during the early 1980s though she didn't elaborate on what sort of trade she used to be in.



But possibly the best, most Scottish outfit was **Jonah's** – just a couple of flashes of blue and the white t-shirt = a very subtle re-working of the Scottish flag.

Eventually we found **Sgt. Pecker** (hashshit) and made our way out on the Eastham marathon that was trail number 30 for the Mersey Thirstdays Hash House Harriers.



A man in a white t-shirt and plaid shorts is climbing a trail at night. He is holding a blue flashlight in his right hand and has a green lanyard around his neck. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, another person is visible leaning on a metal railing. The scene is illuminated by a flashlight beam and ambient light. Two thought bubbles are present: one above the man's head and another above the person in the background.

Try to look cool
for the camera—
there, that's it:
perfect.

One hand on
the rail and
the other on
this handy
black air



Hash slash



Back at the circle 4 hours later, there were down-downs for everyone washed down by Scotch eggs and shortbread, courtesy of **Compo** (THANKS SO MUCH FOR THAT **COMPO**).

Jonah ended up with the hashshit for his lack of Scottish attire (maybe – was that why?). The down-down came just in the nick of time – see below left where he is struggling to control his shaking, alcohol deprived, hands and below right with a good, firm hold of his bedpan of beer!

Back in the pub we were enchanted to hear **Compo**'s tales of life in the navy – apparently there were very cramped conditions on board; a lot of 'squeezing up'; and seamen everywhere.

