



# MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

## Run Number 32: The Three Stags, Bebington

The Pack: Austin Powers, Sergeant Pecker, Jonah, Carthief (Hare and Hashshit), Snoozanne, Compo, Bloody Bollox, RTfuct, Minder, Lushass, Peter Pan and Bess the hound.



At times like this I wish I could speak: shut up you old windbag and let's go!

So, there, I hope that's clarified things.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, now, there was a group of funny runners. The funniest one of all (debatably) was **Car thief** who liked to dress up in doctored ladies clothing, and fling flour about the streets of Merseyside. He was lucky enough to have some really good friends who humoured him in this perverted behaviour, by following the strange markings he left on the ground and shouting 'on on' as they went. But one of the hashers was less sympathetic. She didn't care whether it was a 'Wimps' or a 'Rambo' trail and was unconcerned by 'Check backs'. She wanted only to be out there, running with the wind in her hair, exercising her pet, **Peter Pan**.



Bloody hell – I remembered the torch but forgot to bring my reading glasses!



**Car thief's** fancy trail marks did nothing to eliminate the normal MTH3 confusion and dithering and **Sergeant Pecker** amused himself with some tricks of his own. Meanwhile, the hare was 'haring off' at a terrific pace, as can be seen in the shot below. OK, maybe we staged that one. The hash flash camera can be so temperamental...



Some words of advice  
for **Compo** on a  
Bebington road side:



Having arrived nearly a quarter of an hour late, **Austin Powers** barely had time to get his kit on before the hash, he was pleased to just get his shorts and butt crack cloth in place.





What do you think of male nudity on the hash, **RTfuct**?





**Jonah and Austin Powers** checking it out.



Oh my god. He's taking his pants off now (English usage)



As we had often suspected, outside **Whinger and Lady Penelope's** place we found the lights on, but nobody home.



Back at the circle, **Snoozanne** tried to hide her Olde English habit whilst **Compo** gave in to his and had a good, hard, fart. It was such a strain, **Austin Powers** offered him a bed pan just in case.







**Sergeant Pecker** got lucky and had his precious vest returned to him (after **Austin Powers** had made good use of it as a butt crack rag?) and downed his celebratory beer in fine style. Then it was **Minder** and **Lusharse**'s turn with the bedpans – gee they don't miss the tropical paradise of Noosa, Queensland at all.







**Car thief** accepted his down down with the solemnity that such an honour deserves and was sorry to hand the hash shit over to **Austin Powers** having become strangely attached to it and **AP's** nude titty.



Swallowing like a lady, **RTfuct** sucked hers down with a raised little pinky.



This arrangements of cakes looks like male genitalia if you squint a bit. And look, it even says 'Nob' underneath! Ke he he – hashers are funny.

But, sadly, tragedy struck at the end of the night when several hashers lost fingers after the carrot sticks and chips ran out. Still, never mind, they grow back apparently. Oh, no, that's starfish isn't it.

