



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

## **Run Number 33: 21 12 2006 Chilli Chilli Chinese Restaurant Nelson Street**

The Pack: Austin Powers(Hare), Sergeant Pecker, Compo, Jonah, Souk Hash, Snoozanne, T Bag, Peter Pan, Miss Shiggy and Bess, Hansel, OTT, Carthief,

It is encouraging to see how the less enthusiastic members of the MTH3 come out of the woodwork when there is a meal promised.

**Austin Powers** called the pack to order under the Chinese Arch at the top of Nelson Street and once again demonstrated the use of a tennis ball to mark the trail, showed us the standard markings and continued with the Check Back ploy to slow the FRBs (Front Running Bastards) down.

Someone mentioned the lack of Hash Flash and as it was also too cold to Flash in any other way the run was not recorded visually.

The Hare announced that the check was on the other side of Berry Street and we were off. In accordance with the initial Charter of the MTH3 we are always required to run through the cathedral grounds and it was gratifying to see that the co-Founder had followed this obligation. There was some hesitation as torches were in short supply but no injuries resulted.

On through the streets of Liverpool via several less than salubrious areas ("I'm not checking down there" from **Snoozanne** on at least one occasion), with several Check Back 7 or 8s which worried the Hare as he was not sure if the pack could count up to 8. It turned out that **Peter Pan** could only manage to count to 2 on one occasion as he ran off, up (or down) a wrong turn.

**Miss Shiggy** showed her Irish roots by disclaiming "We are still going away from here" when we were about halfway round.

The circle was memorable for several incidents, the first when a potential England cricketer managed to hit **Peter Pan** with a partially filled coke bottle. **Miss Shiggy's** comments to him that **Peter Pan** was a policeman was greeted with a typical Scouse response. He completely ignored it!

The Shitshirt was awarded to **Compo**, although trying to fit him and his alter ego Dave into it may be difficult. (When **Snoozanne** phoned his home and asked for Compo, his wife asked "Do you mean Dave")

We then retired to the Chilli Chilli Chinese Restaurant where **AP** ably ordered the food which was enjoyed by all. **Hansel** regaled the circle with his story of how his pupils asked him which soaps he watched (one by one). When he admitted that he did not watch any, they told him to "get a life". **OTT** disputed the ownership of the story saying that it was one of her colleagues.

On the way home through the tunnel, Compo (and Dave) were describing how he was breathalysed on a previous excursion, when Merseyside's finest pulled us over for a repeat of his ordeal. Luckily the writer was under the limit.