



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 35: 11 1 2007 Stamps Bar, Crosby presented to us by Bloody Bollocks

The participators: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Peter Pan, Barcardi Spice, Bess, Bloody Bollocks, Lilo, Compo, Penny, Carthief.

The offer of a curry prior to the run was just what some of the pack thought of as “warming up” **Austin Powys** being among them (although the curry and 2 ½ pints did not seem to slow him down later).

The pack assembled next to Stamps Bar for the Hash Flash



Sanguine Scrotum then, calling the pack to order, explained that he had set the trail the previous morning (with heavy rain in-between (he was so worried about it that he had not gone out to check that it had not been washed away)) and that he had been so terrified of a flock of birds (the feathered variety presumably) that he had been unable to set the trail through a field and that verbal guidance would be needed. It turned out that he had been even more affected that he admitted to as

the trail was missing for the whole of the field and a goodly stretch of road beyond that (in fact until he hit the bright lights of a main road!).

Having got that confession of his chest, **Gory Globules** pointed out the three possible trails and the pack fragmented along the aforementioned directions locating sufficient trail markings to find the falsies. Trail was called down a pedestrianised road alongside Stamps Bar, and along some well lit and marked trail, with some delicious false trails to keep the pack together. Onto the field with no sign of a bird (feathered variety) in sight (even allowing for the dark). The Hare (wearing black gloves) pointed to the trail alongside a hedge and with some squeals as various unidentified runners encountered slippery conditions without torches, we made our way to Chestnut Avenue and eventually the well lit intersection with Moor Lane where **Traumatised Testicles** had regained his composure and fabricated a check point.

Several more false trails ensued as this photo shows the FRb's running back to the check.



April Showers and **WRADOC (White Rum And Dash Of Cinnamon)** were keen to be photographed next to this sign (it reads (for the more visually challenged) “This is not a dogs toilet this is a public park” (Students of the English language may care to ponder on the lack of both an appropriate full stop and an apostrophe). Bess was less than impressed.



Arriving back on the Liverpool Road, we turned left onto Coronation Drive and a nice Home Run to Stamps Bar where **April Showers, Artyplucked and Peggy / Penny** posed for proof of which bar the Hare had chosen.



Back at the carpark **Peter Pot** wondered if the circle could be held in the back of **Lilo's** Chelsea Tractor (it was large enough) (at least I should be able to get her name right (**Ann**) as it was emblazoned across the number plate (impressive).

Petros Pan regaled the circle with a tale of a poorly duck (initially there was some confusion as your humble writer and **April Showers** had both thought that he had said Horny duck and the word 'poorly' had to be explained to the former colonist from across the Atlantic). The duck was examined (in the story) by a vet who declared it dead. A Lab report and CAT scan carried out by a Labrador and a kitten confirmed the diagnosis. **WRADOC** forced herself into the pulpit and corrected some minor error in the telling of the story.

The returnees (**AP, Artyfact, Lie Low** and Penny were brought forward (and had to listen at closer range than the remainder of the pack desired) to **Awesome Powers's** awful rendition of a song about how he lost his Chris Hawkins following an encounter with an infected lady from Tijuana. (Chris Hawkins is the normal name of **Boldy Blocks** which caused a lot of confusion in **Combo's** mind (yes he does have one) when he was discussing the curry with **Orstin Paws** via e mail prior to the run and wondered who Chris was.

Carteeth was hauled up for getting confused over Hash names (see above for further examples).

Combo for not knowing who Chris Hawkins was and again for forgetting to bring the Shit shirt.

Penny (or is her name Peggy?) for announcing that she had won the Hash.