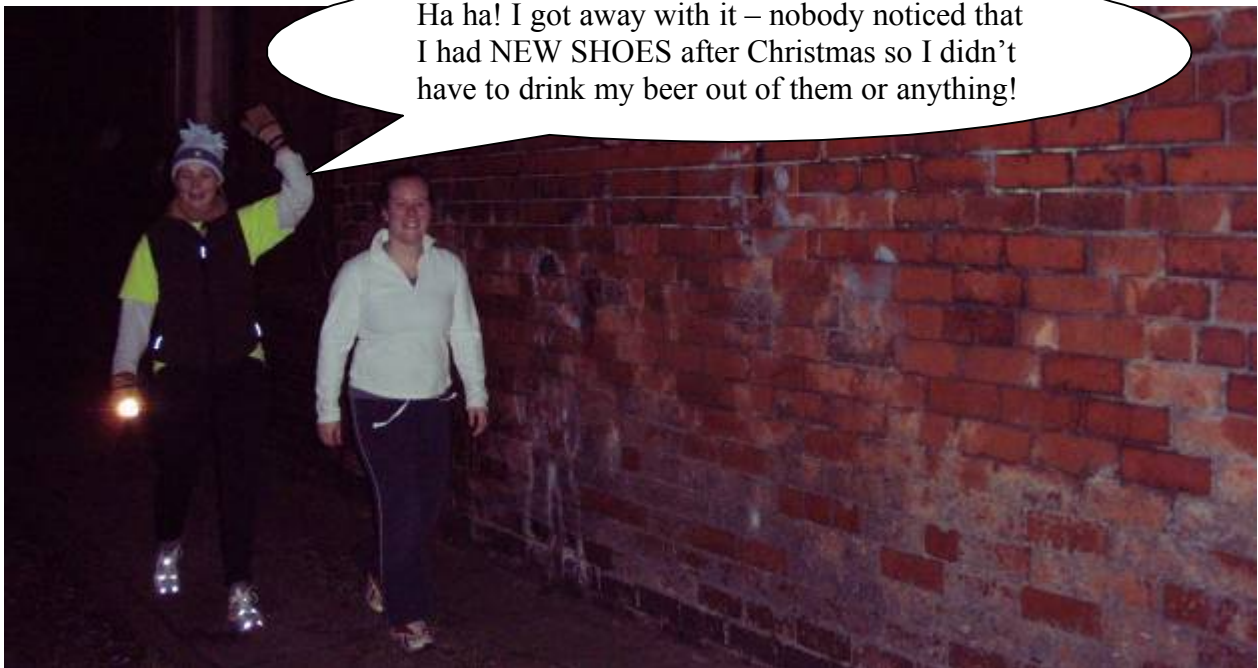




**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

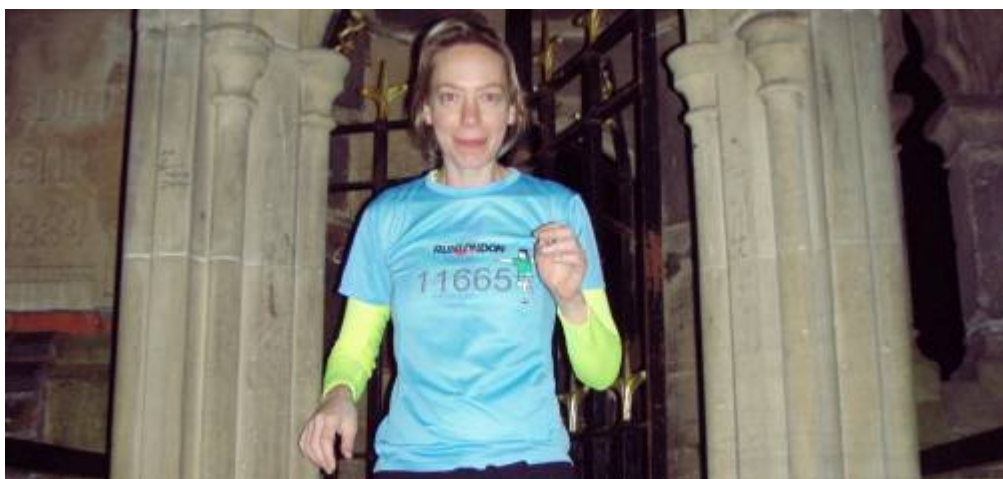
Run Number 36: Sefton Park

The Pack: Austin Powers (hare), Sergeant Pecker, Carthief, RTfuct, Snatch, Laura, Cathy, Leakey Tool.



Ha ha! I got away with it – nobody noticed that I had NEW SHOES after Christmas so I didn't have to drink my beer out of them or anything!

Meeting at the Lark Lane entrance to Sefton Park, the pack were perhaps expecting a more parky trail than the urban one they got. Clever hare. It was a shame that so many of the regulars were caught on the other side of the Mersey and couldn't make it over the troubled waters after a day of exciting storms. It was good to see **Laura** and **Leakey Tool** back in action though and welcome a lovely new virgin in the form of **Cathy**, even if she does have spooky red eyes.



But maybe the red eyes was just an effect of the spooky graveyard? **Leakey Tool** seemed to have them too, and spooked up hair.



There was certainly something freaky and Hotel California-ish about the cemetery at this time of day (or night) – you can check in through the gate at one end, but you can never leave, not without climbing over a spikey fence, risking genital injury/loss. Here’s the pack on the other side of that fence. They’re smiling because they’ve still got their goolies.





Snatch regaled **Cathy** with tales of her hashing exploits, nicking handbags from old ladies and the like, as we skirted another bit of park and stepped over blown-off limbs of the trees. Getting back across the stepping-stones in Sefton Park, with the maddening wind in his ears, **Leahey Tool** completely lost his head.





Back at the circle, the rarely seen, ‘Greater Striped **Car thief**’ stepped up to take his penalty down-down. Note how, through dedicated hash-flashing and a complete reliance on digital imaging rather than traditional human optics, he has evolved to have skinned over orbits where most of us have eyes.





This is my favourite bit of the evening so far!

Cathy enjoyed her first ever Mersey Thirstdays down down in spite of the freezing temperatures. During **Austin Powers'** mercilessly rambling circle, unusual fashion statements were made as the pack rugged up in whatever they could lay their hands on, or indeed, **snatch**.



I wish I had a jacket like that.



Finally the revolting pack pulled the RA into the circle for a down down in recognition of his shitty trail. We all sang heartily adding a jazzy rhythm of chattery teeth and the high-pitched tinkle of extremities freezing and snapping off in the breeze.