



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 37: 25 1 2007 Meols Station BURNS' NIGHT

The Pack: Austin Powers, Compo, Snoozanne(**Hare**), Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice and Bess, RTFuct; Minder; Lusharse and Carthief,

The immediate thought when I saw the location was “How do you pronounce that?” as is mewowls? Mules? Mowls? meowls. I was quickly informed that is Smells without the s (or the smell presumably).

The second thing that happened was an email from the Hare asking if I could keep a secret. What a question? As it turned out I found that I could this time. The secret was an A to B run followed by a traditional Burns' Supper (most references seem to leave out the apostrophe) but without telling the pack. Several e-mails later about logistics and the positioning of the transport and the plan was complete.

The pack met at the station carpark (except **Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice and Bess**) who parked opposite a police car in the 1 ½ parking limit carpark. (“It shouldn't be longer than that” was their optimistic comment.

After the customary Hash Flash (sans **Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice and Bess** who had not arrived at that time



the pack split up and eventually found trail down Derwent Road and made their way to the seafront. Meanwhile the Hare had given some inside information to **Minder** and **Lusharse** and they went for a walk and then drove to Chez **Snoozanne**.

Along the seafront and onto the golf course where the Hare had taken the precaution of placing steel pegs and two rows of blue rope as well as the more traditional flour trail. She confessed to having chickened out of setting trail across the front of the hallowed building of the RLGC. Back onto the A540 and on towards West Kirby.

Peter Pan and **Bacardi Spice** wore fetching matching gingham outfits and **Snoozanne** explained how gingham was different to a printed pattern.

Austin Powers was unaccountably fascinated by the fruit and vegetable store owned by Mr Lunt



Shortly after this it dawned on **Austin Powers** that we were “a long way” from the start but the encouraging sign of the On Inn finally persuaded him that it was an A to B run.

A delicious smell of cooking neeps and tatties greeted the runners on their return from picking up their cars from Meols, and with a very traditional haggis and the clear amber gravy the runners were treated to **Snoozanne**'s culinary expertise.

To tantalise our taste buds further, **Austin Powers** started the circle. **Compo** gave the sermon about Noah's second attempt at an Ark. The Lord wanted a 14 storey Ark and with only Carp on board. i.e. a Multi-storey Carp Ark.

Snoozanne, Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Minder and Lusharse were the returnees. **Peter Pan** got left behind but managed to arrive ahead of us on the A540. (How he managed to short cut on an A to B is one of life's mysteries. **After the Fact** received her Down Down in her not quite new shoe having told everyone about it in the Hash Trash. Instead of songs the various sinners recited verses from Rob the Rhymer (as the Ozzies call him), and **Minder** and **Lusharse** showed us how as the next day was Oz day.

On the previous A to B, **Snoozorama** had admitted that she had found the run confusing and too long. The Shit shirt was awarded to **RTFuct** (democratically) for admitting to the new shoes

Encouragingly **Snoozanne** tucked into her own efforts. (Never trust a cook who does not eat what she/he prepares)



The haggis was followed by trifle with additives, and a cup of coffee.

Compo, who had added a Compo rations tin opener to the Shitshirt, felt the need to explain that he was on a bus trip at 7AM the following morning and had to leave early.

The rest of us left slightly later leaving the Hare with a mountain of dirty dishes.