



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 39: 8 2 2007 Port Sunlight Station

The Pack: Austin Powers, Compo, Snoozanne, RTFuct; Sgt Pepper, Rachael, Parker Bowels, Sherpa, Peter Pan Bacardi Spice, Bess (Hares) and Carthief. Lady Penelope and Whinger made a guest appearance and then disappeared back to their fireside.

As the pack assembled outside the Station in amongst the snow and slush, two ambulances were parked outside a house further down the road with blue lights flashing. Was this an omen for the trail? A vision of multiple Hash Crashes in the icy conditions flashed before several pairs of eyes (or was that glazed look from some pre-run lubrication (of the liquid variety, not some gel applied to keep hair in place or prevent chafe)?

The last to appear were the Hares, and whilst all the runners were in woolly hats, gloves and several layers of clothing, **Peter Pan** arrived in a T shirt and shorts. The instructions were the shortest on record (at least for the MTH3). "It is on flour so check it out". Luckily a quick Hash Flash was possible although **Sergeant Pepper** had to move to the back to stop upsetting the automatic flash.



A second Hash Flash from the “twins” **RTFuct** and **Sherpa** followed.



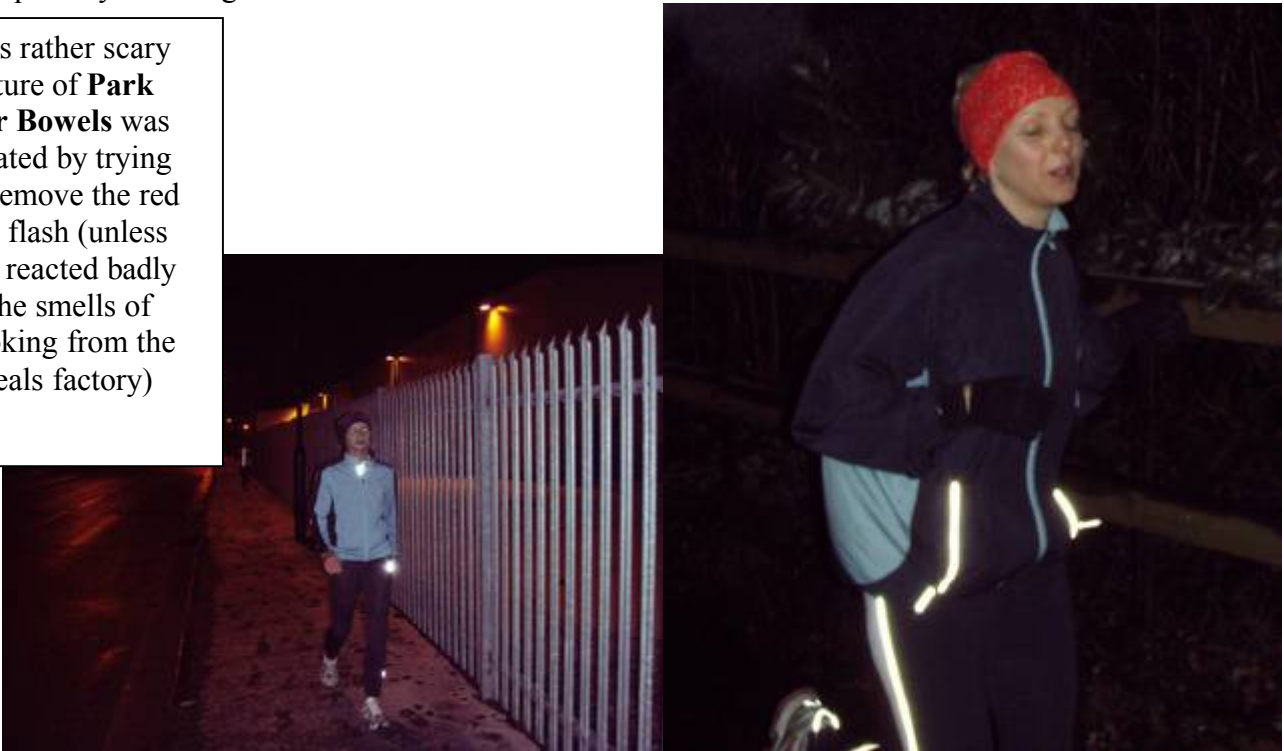
Trail was called under the railway line and up to Bromborough street, where the trail turned left and up to Quarry Road East and a Check. On up Quarry Road and a Check. Down St Andrews Road towards Spital Station and after several twists and turns ended up at a Check that was laid last year in wax crayon next to Bromborough Road. A right turn down the road and onto the dreaded old railway line which goes all the way to the back of Asda without the possibility of a Check. Some revenge was exacted by **Carthief** who told the **Hares** that **Austin Powers** was behind him, when in fact he had shortcutted through a steel paling fence. However the Hares made up for the lack (of a Check) by putting several checks along the route down Thermal Road before the Trail came to the Village complex on the A41.

Rumours that the Hare had been decapitated were greatly exaggerated (only one had been).



Right turn down the A41, but not before **Austin Powers** had dislodged **RTFuct**'s glasses with a well aimed snowball. Up to the roundabout and **Rachael** and **Park Her Bowels** were showing their speed by checking out several alternative routes before the remainder had made it to the check.

This rather scary picture of **Park Her Bowels** was created by trying to remove the red eye flash (unless she reacted badly to the smells of cooking from the cereals factory)



Across the A41, past The Bridge, and then an assault by snowball throwing youngsters. **Poke Her Bowels**, **Austin Powers** and **Carthief** retaliated (**Snoozanne** "did not want to be associated with such things") and the pack retreated under fire into the sunken park and so back to the station, but not before knocking on **Lady Penelope** and **Whinger**'s front door to be greeted with "See you in the pub" (as opposed to **Compo**'s wishful thinking who was hoping for mulled wine).

We adjoined to a carpark in a sort of courtyard for the feast and circle. **Bacardi Spice** had done wonders with sausage rolls, Quiche, (**Compo** kept calling it Quicky, and seeing the speed at which it disappeared it seemed rather an apt name), coffee, beer, Wasabi, and other delectables.



The report of the ceremony may not be that accurate as the pens kept freezing and it was only the pencil from **Bacardi Spice**'s small but well stocked stationery cupboard in the front of her car that enabled notes to be kept.

Austin Powers, complaining about how he had carefully split up the Hash paraphernalia so that there would always be some bedpans, started the circle with **RTFuct** filling polystyrene cups with amber liquid.

Compo gave the now obligatory sermon. This one about a group of Basque peasants caught in a revolving Exit door and eventually dying, resulting in a well known phrase. (Answers next week if you cannot work it out)

Virgins of the week were **Parker Bowels** from Bicester H3, and **Sherpa** from Quorn H3. **Park Her Bowels** was not sure how her hash name was spelt as she had never seen **Poke Her Bowels** written down.

At this point (or slightly later) **Snoozanne** said that she never sang the songs in the circle but often sang them in the privacy of her own home.

Peter Pan and **RTFuct** were called up for the missing bedpans.

Whinger ran the last few yards from his house into the circle and was promptly given a Down Down for an unnamed but long list of misdemeanours including missing the last ~20 runs.

Austin Powers then complained that he had been unfairly castigated by **Snoozanne** for giving advice on what markings to use in the snow and the fact that none of it was available in the UK, when the email had originated from **Carthief**. Both were rewarded. Comments about having to sit on 6" (of snow?) instead of a block of ice were bandied about.

Rachael and **Parker Bowels** were called up for being fast women.

Sgt Pepper for some story about a £4.00 ticket, but the cold had got to the pens by now and the pencil had not been taken into service, so the details are lost.

By this time Rachael was so cold and crouched over it looked as if she had wet herself. **Park Her Bowels** showed sisterly concern by reckoning that there should be a Hash name in there somewhere.

RTFuct handed the Shitshirt over to **Whinger** (we may never see it again) after adding a spider.

The **Hares** were called up and **AP** regaled the story of how **Bacardi Spice** had rang him at work to ask if the run was cancelled due to the snow.

Snoozanne was presented with a birthday cake.



With the circle over, the fast ladies offered **Austin Powers** a lift home in **Poke Her Bowels** BMW, but he declined in favour of beer. What a choice!!

In The Bridge Inn, **Spewsanne** (this variation comes courtesy of **Sgt Pepper**) recounted an experience about being sick and something to do with a carrot pouch. Projectile vomiting may have been involved.

Lady Penelope, discussing her forthcoming wedding, said that she had chosen the dress and been told that she would have to lose weight. Showing us her belt, and that she had lost 3" off her waist, she then said that she would need to lose another 6" to get back to where she was. Whether she was talking about her waistline or **Whinger** was never revealed.