



Run Number Four: Crosby Sailing Club Carpark(s)

The Pack: Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Bess the hound, Dan (co-hare, later named 'Leakey Tool'), Whinger, Lady Penelope, Bloody Bollox, RTfuct (co-hare), Austin Powers, Shirley, Debbie, Dave, Erica, Joanne, OTT, Phil

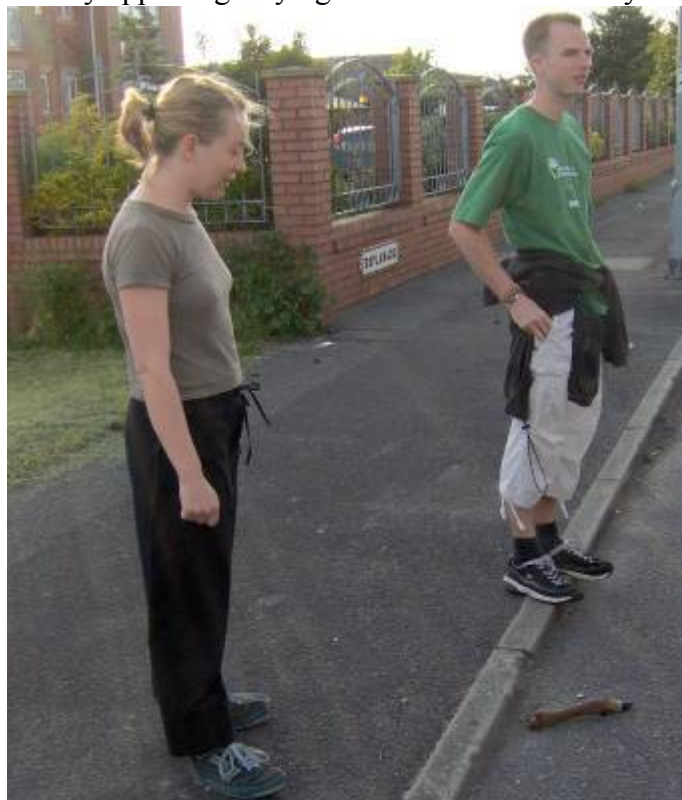


What a fabulous trail. All down to the hard graft of MTH3's archaeologists, who were somehow able to take the afternoon off from the pressing commitments of investigating human origins to lay the trail. Puff huff puff – hardly a moment to spare before the pack turned up - comprehensively failing the first test of the evening: to find the right car park. Then, witless **Austin Powers** deemed it would be most expeditious if everyone that wanted one, got one of the spiffing new MTH3 Run Number 1 T-shirts before the run. And so, some hours later, with the sun setting over the Irish Sea, we eventually took leave of our carpark(s) start location, setting off in the general direction of Marine Terrace Gardens. A quick flit around there gave **RTfuct** time to cycle over to the Victoria pub and leave her bike there before the pack ambled up to the nearby check. Eventually, some dim spark worked out that the trail went back past the carparks, over a lovely open area of grass. The pointless check laid in the middle of the path there proved to be quite effective in slowing the pack – which was much needed this evening with the bounding hare, **Erica** out for the night. By god the girl is quick, perhaps even competitively so? We'll see.



Here she is in action (a veritable blur in the background) with her old friend **Dave** (in spiffing new Run Number 1 T-shirt) – who’s upper body is clearly stepping out at a rare pace – now if he could just get the legs in motion too, we might have a brace of fiery FRBs here.

But then there was a quiet moment of anguished reflection for **Erica** when she came across a disembodied deer’s leg in the road. Indeed, creatures that run in a sprightly fashion should take heed of this very real warning and hope that they don’t fall victim to the same fate and run right off their own legs, to leave bloody appendages lying in the streets of Merseyside.





Possibly the most fun check of the evening for the hares, was watching the foolish pack running up a piss-scented, dead-end alley. Here were see **Phil** falling for it:





And then **Phil** coming to his senses, jeered heartily by **Dan** the hare, with **Whinger** angrily stomping away – clearly frustrated by this little folly – but he hasn't even checked out the other dead-end alley up there yet! In fact, the hares managed to trick pretty much the whole pack with this one – **Dave**, **Shirley the hash shit**, **Lady Penelope**, **Joanne**, **Erica**, **OTT**, **Bacardi Spice + Bess** – Ho ho ho, how the hares laughed, particularly since they had originally thought the trail *could* go through here but then realised after they'd put the flour down that it was a dead end at both ends. **Bloody bollox** to a thorough reccie before laying the trail!





Our hash shit for the evening, **Shirley**, ran in new-found safety, with her addition of 2 plasters or, as **Austin Powers** would say Band Aids. In fact, **Shirley** sounded like the rhythm section of a band, trotting along with her little jingly-jangly bits – not to mention all the crap attached to the Hashshit banging about as she ran. It even looks as though she has colour-coordinated her outfit for the evening with a touch of beige in her trainers and hooded top. My word she wears it well! I wonder if she's got any pants (English usage, rather than American) on under there?



Food was really high on the agenda today – ice-creams, crafty fish and chip eating at the checks and an involved debate as to whether or not the plant that looked like your common bum-wiper and nettle-sting medication ‘Dock’ was in fact Horseradish:



Peter Pan for one, was not convinced. But coming from a man who managed to check the very long, very false, trail at EVERY opportunity this week – that's not saying much.



Whilst waiting for **Peter Pan** to come back from a 3 mile false trail, **Joanne** couldn't help noticing the wonderful hashshit and wondering what she could do to impress the pack so much she could get to wear it next week...sadly, it was not to be as **Peter Pan**, with his exhibitionist big dip in the lake after the run, was deemed to be the biggest shit of the week



Down on the beach, as the last rays of the day fell, MTH3 came across a whole gang of likely hashers. Here we see **Dave** pallying up with one of them whilst **Lady P** checks out his credentials for us. **Peter Pan** reckoned we might be able to get these guys involved in a fun round of Father Abraham...but apparently not, although perhaps he enjoyed the show?



Back at the car park, it looked like an average circle was warming up. The **RA** helping himself to a beer to see him through the long and torturous (for us) task ahead; **Phil** filling his cake hole...



But before we knew it, the circle had been transformed by 20 bedpans !! (yes that's right – we now have more bedpans than hashers). What a challenge! What a spectacle!! Not easy in a brisk, beach breeze – but all those who had been at run #1 were pleased to christen the new MTH3 vessels and bless all those that down-down from them in the years to come.





It was certainly a very trying task for the virgins, **Erica** and **Joanne**. See here how **Joanne** battles against the wind to keep her spillage under control and her modesty intact. Why oh 'Y'? she seems to ask.



It really was becoming glacially cold. **Austin Powers** carried on regardless as **Whinger** backed up under the covers with **Bacardi Spice** and **OTT**. Room for a little one.

But the highlight of the proceedings was **Dan**'s naming as '**Leakey Tool**' in honour of the Leakey family of Africanist archaeologists and his own aspirations to gain a doctorate in that field. He's off to Zambia for 3 months for fieldwork (sunshine and beer) and we will miss him but look forward to hearing all about his adventures when he gets back.





And finally, many thanks to **Debbie** for carting the food and beer up to the hash for the run – it saved a lot of physical exertion for the bikers.