



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 42: The Goat, Liverpool side of the Mersey

The Pack: Austin Powers, Compo (Hare), Lilo Lil (who lost her way but luckily turned up with the beer before departing for Africa), RTFuct, Sherpa, Long Pause, Leaky Tool, Carthief, LauRA, Paul, Bacardi Spice, Peter Pan, Bess.

Despite global warming, and it being 1st March it still felt like the middle of winter as the pack assembled for Compo's latest effort. He had trawled the Internet to find a pub with a Welsh connection and I suppose that a goat looks like a sheep from a fast motorcycle at a distance. His instructions to celebrate St David's Day were almost completely ignored except for the Hare who wore a shiny hat with a dragon on it (which was almost invisible in the sodium (no doubt our resident physicist (AP) will point out that it is not sodium but some other element) lights), Carthief who true to form stole a daffodil from a municipal roundabout and **Leaky Tool** whose mother lives in Wales.



The Hare was getting agitated at 19h04 (it gets earlier each week), and we finally set off a few minutes later having given up on **Lilo Lil** who arrived at around 20 minutes past but did the decent thing and waited to hand over the beers.

The trail went down Carlton Street and left along Regent Road with a less than scenic view.

Despite negotiating several trees last week, **Long Paws** almost came a cropper over a small branch lying on the pavement.

Compo became confused at the lack of flour, and only remembered back at the cars that we had missed out “a bit of a loop”

There was some confusion as to which way to go



And we all took a rest



After running along the canal, we made our way up some steps to be greeted by an arrow which seemed to imply that we should have climbed 6m up and over a brick wall.



Instead we made our way down a spiral staircase



A rather weird apparition joined us at one stage



Back at the cars, and **Bacardi Spice** produced her efforts, **Peter Pan** his table and **RTFuct** her industrial size bag of crisps. Not forgetting **Compo**'s Welsh cakes, and **Austin Power**'s Korean wine and silkworm pupa (but more of them later).



Austin Powers opened the proceedings with a story about his flight to Korea on which he had sat next to a Korean sexologist (he wishes) who told him that American Indians were the best endowed, Jewish men the best lovers and southern rednecks the longest lasting. He told her that his name was Tonto Goldstein but that his nickname was Bubba.

Leaky Tool was deputised to demonstrate the art of drinking a Down Down to Virgin Paul who showed that he had grasped the technique.

Austin Powers and **Leaky Tool** were serenaded for being returnees.

LauRA for forgetting the bedpans.

Carthief because **AP** thought that because he had the **Shitshirt** in his car he should have worn it. In fact **RTFuct** had forgotten (not found a suitable recipient) to award it to last week

LauRA, **Leaky Tool**, **Long Paws**, and Paul for being Cat burglars (at least that is what my notes say but I have no idea what it means (but I am sure that I will be enlightened next week with the contents of a bedpan).

There could only have been one contestant for the **Shitshit** with a tin of silkworm pupa being offered at post run food and it was **Austin Powers**.

Finally the traditional toast to the Hare.

Retiring to the pub, all was going smoothly until **Peter Pan** attempted to pass the open tin of silkworm pupa to **Bacardi Spice** across **Compo**, who accidentally lifted his hand and upended the tin. This caused the pupa and some foul smelling liquid to fall on the floor and **Compo**'s tracksuit. **RTFuct** dashed to the ladies and returned with armfuls of paper. She crouched down between **Compo**'s legs to use the toilet paper and said that it was "gross". I leave it to you dear reader to make of that what you will. **Bacardi Spice** smelled her knees in case any liquid had spilled on them.