



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 47 5<sup>th</sup> April 2007: Belgrave Hotel, Dingle

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct (co-Hare), Snoozanne, Carthief, Sarah (co-Hare), Sgt Pekker, Bushbaby; Rev Leroy, Meg, Ruth.

The pack gathered in the winter-like conditions outside The Belgrave Hotel on Bryanston Road, and after the new Hash hamper was taken into service and running repairs made to **Snoozanne's** chariot, the senior (in terms of runs done) Hare explained the markings to the virgins and the **Fishhook** to all of us.



Notice the difference when "Hash Flash is called!



Mmmmm perhaps there is no difference, except that Ruth appears to have grown an extra head.

After that it only remained to do the run. Off we went up Dalmeny Street, and made our way inevitably towards Sefton Park. Although **Austin Powers** led most of the pack into the park via one of the conventional accesses, the Hares had marked the trail into the park via a hedge.



**RTFuct** in athletic mode

On across the park via a tunnel and onto Ibbotson Lane. The trail led uphill to the inaugural fishhook

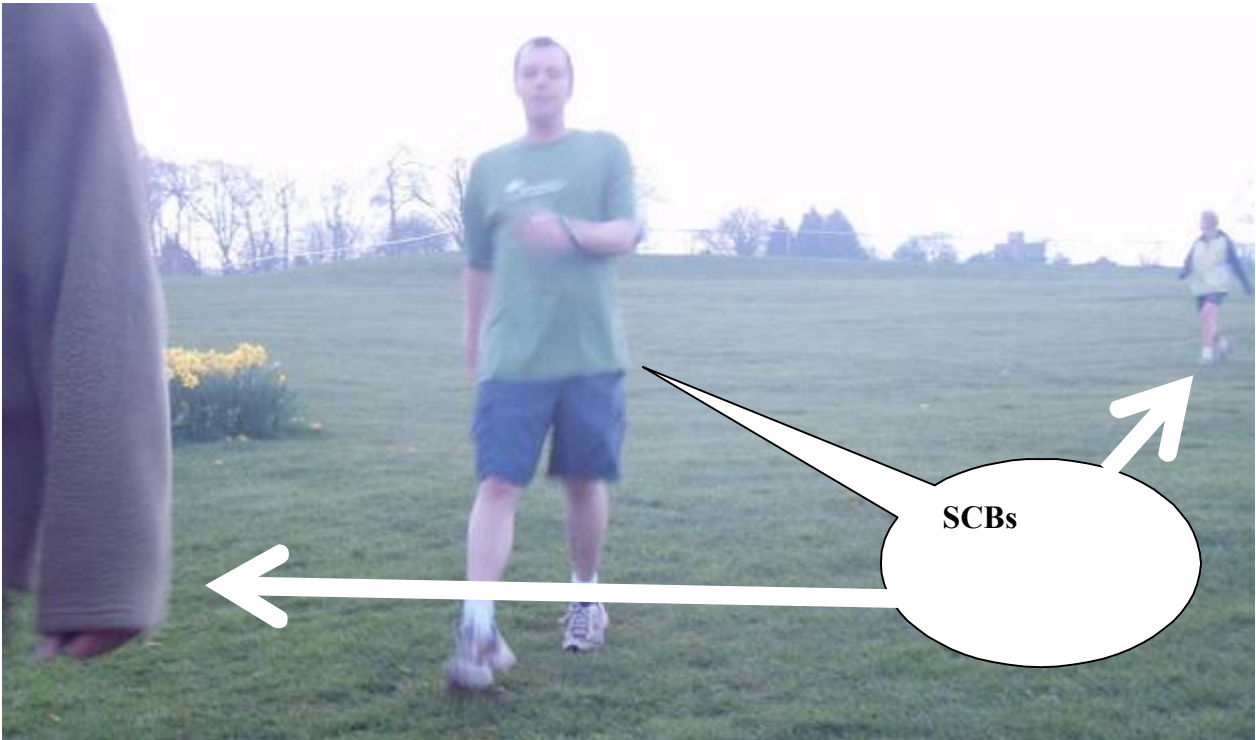


carefully stood around by our three virgins, Ruth, **Bushbaby**, and Meg.

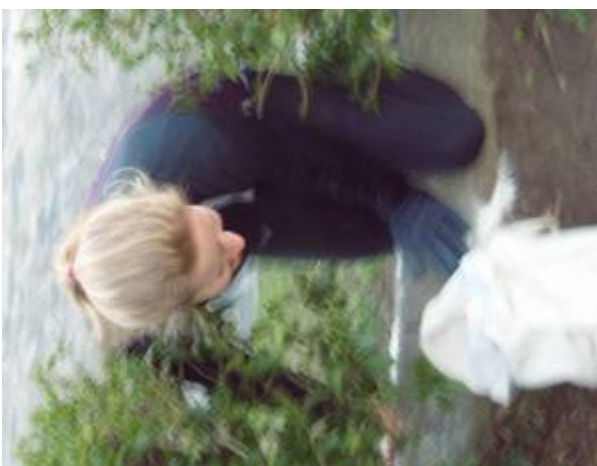
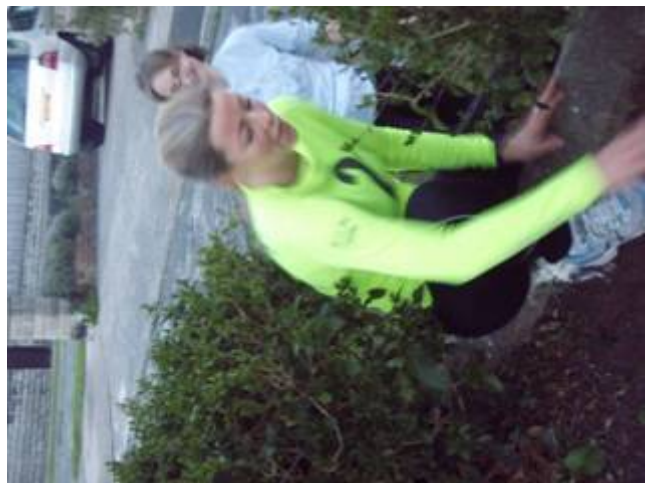
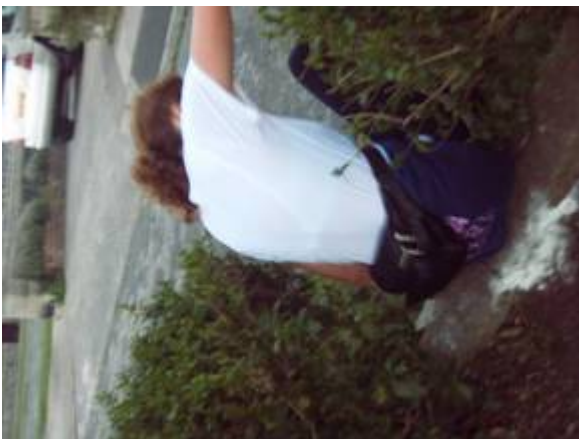
On up the hill to the Regroup and then onto Rose Lane



On into Kylemore Road and then after some shortcutting



We all got our legs over using various techniques



**Snoozanne** just ignored the trail and went through the gate.

Across the field and up to the Mossley Hill ASC, past the Sudley Infant School, onto Jericho Lane and a check, where Meg decided to stand and freeze instead of checking out the trail.



On into the second tunnel, but not before some cries of On On from the bemused locals and more squeals from the virgins “I am not going through that. Explanations that there was only one rule in Hashing “No Whinging” were met with “I am not whinging I am grumbling”.



Several of the Pack survived the experience.



and in case you wondered how scary it was



(I think that it was my breath condensing in the cold, but if not. maybe the squealers were initially right to refuse to go through.

On to another Regroup and then after a nice long run along the promenade and



at the Otterpools Park,

the welcome sight of the ON IN greeted the FRBs first and then the SRBs.

How fake is that pose?



Back at the Hotel, it was reckoned that the sensibilities of the residents might be upset by the Circle, so we retired to St Michael's Station Area.

**RTFuct** started by washing the grapes and then texting her boyfriend to say that she had done it. **Austin Powers** arriving slightly late, wondered who had had a pit-stop next to the circle. "The grapes, The grapes" went the cry.

Our guest Sermon giver The **Rev Leroy** chanted a story about a would-be monk, who being interviewed by the abbot was told that all words had to be chanted. The abbot asking after the would- be monk's former occupation was told that he was an International music talent scout, whereupon the abbot broke into "Moonriver". (Something lost in translation there) (If you were not there and do not understand then it is your own fault. Be there next week!

**RtFuct** demonstrated the technique to the virgins and had the first Down Down for her texting thus holding up the circle.

For some reason that escapes me **Bushbaby** felt that she needed to share with us the fact that the tune to Worsel Gummage was on her mobile phone. (**AP** I am as much in the dark as you are).

The virgins to the MTH3 were paraded before us: **Rev Leroy** (from WCH3), Meg, Ruth (friends of Sarah), and **Bushbaby** from Taunton Hash.

**Snoozanne** and **Carthief** for standing around at the Fishhook instead of circling to the back of the pack.



Ruth and Meg were called up for finding a weird man with a glint in his eye in Otterpool Park.

The weird man was **Rev Leroy**



At this point **Bushbaby** reckoned that it was much colder here than in sunny Taunton and was bent over with the cold.



Luckily for **Bushbaby** she did not suffer the ice as Meg did for whinging



Finally the Hares were iced for their sneaky trail.



The pack retired to The Belgrave Hotel for post exercise lubrication.