



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

### Run Number 49 19<sup>th</sup> April 2007: Childe of Hale, Hale village (near Speke)

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Snoozanne, Carthief, Sarah, Grutel, Jonah, Souk Hash, Sticky Fingers, Madhatter, and Paul. Sgt Pecker turned up late and arrived back at the circle as it was about to be called to order.

There was some comment on the Hash email saying that the start was somewhere slightly different to the pub, but no one could remember what it was and **Grutel** was despatched to find the start. He returned twice and did not return again, so at least some of us knew where the start was. **Sticky Fingers** turned up in what looked like running gear, but said that she was too tired to run and had only turned up to drop off the accoutrements and was then going to leave. She was persuaded to stay (and in fact was still in the pub when your scribe left at about 10:30. It is amazing how a Hash can revive you).

The Hash Flash was taken with aircraft coming into land overhead.



and as the Hare was slow to call the start, **Austin Powers** was able to turn up for the start and a second Hash Flash to be taken (it was easier than cutting and pasting and trying to get the shadows right). It also enabled **RTFuct** to adopt her pose and for Soukash to hide her face. It also meant that the Hare's artistic fishhook and CB could be recorded for posterity.



The Hare had forgotten to set a starting Check, but trail was soon called out of the gates and onto what Hale calls a main road and a check. Straight over the road and several cheeky checks and false trails (who did the Hare learn these tricks from?) and then onto a long field but not before we were joined fleetingly by a bunch of locals who would have reduced our average age by a frightening amount had they stayed.

It looks as if **Jonah** was bargaining to buy the scooter.



And also a picturesque road



From the other side of the field a picture of the Runcorn bridge (obviously the route was chosen by an Engineer). **Sticky Fingers** looks less than Impressed.



However it was not long before the engineers managed to infect some sense of the majesty into the pack who then proceeded to emulate the shape of the bridge, albeit haltingly to begin with



But finished up with a precision which Salvador Dali would have been proud of (well almost)



Out onto a road with Trans Pennine signposts pointing in both directions. On left with the trail leading inevitably down to the beach.

There had been a spring tide and some of the markings had been washed away and the whole pack resisted the temptation to try out the shiggy.



At least two barrels were found and **Austin Powers** delighted (and anointed) himself with the rather smelly contents of one.



Several children were burning flotsam, and one older fellow had a proper fire going although whether his dog was his friend or his meal could not be determined.

Off the beach and to a stile, with the lighthouse beckoning.



At the lighthouse the Hare opened her backpack which we had assumed was loaded with extra flour to find CapriSun drinks and various packets of jelly type sweets, which were nearly all consumed in the rapidly cooling air.



**Snoozanne** was thought to be warming her hands down the front of **Madhatter's** shorts but she may have been trying to estimate the air temperature by measuring length.



The Hare, who had obviously had good tutors over her 6 hash runs, allowed the pack to run down a false along the coast before they returned and made their way up to a road and another false. Over a gate and down to the sea again before beginning a long haul up a track towards Hale only to be met by a fishhook. **Sticky Fingers** decided to wander about at the fishhook whilst **the FRBs** made their way to the back of the pack, much to the amusement of two locals out enjoying the weather. On In was finally spotted and we returned to **RTFuct's** presents from France, including a Camembert that was detected across the carpark (admittedly downwind). It (the cheese) disappeared rapidly spread on Tesco's finest French bread, and accompanied by some French cakes as well.

A forlorn "On On" announced the return of **Sgt Pekker** who had finally made it at least part of the way round the trail, and his description of the route convinced the doubters that he had not spent the entire evening getting to know the inside of the pub.

The RA called the circle to order and suddenly realising that **Compo** was not there, asked if anyone had a sermon.

**Snoozanne** saved the day by remembering a pub quiz question which had popped into her head having seen the beer barrels on the beach. How much ejaculate does a man produce. 5ml at a time and a barrelful over a lifetime. This theme continued to be referred to during the circle.

Paul<sup>2</sup> were called up. **Matthatter** for being a virgin on the MTH3 and Paul the fencejumper for being a Returnee.



**Sticky Fingers** for waiting at the fishhook.

**RTFuct** for being a Returnee for one week (after France) and before disappearing off to a dig in Namibia. Also for investigating a bone during the run (not one attached to a Hasher).

**Sgt Pekker** accused of doing the run inside the pub explained the route sufficiently to convince the Hare and RA but was still given a Down Down anyway.

**Snoozanne** and **Mathatter** for warming each other's parts at the lighthouse.

Paul because he had cycled from Toxteth, and his knee was hurting. Ice was applied but further up his body.



**Austin Powers** for not bringing his parents to the Hash.

**RTFuct** for nominating the Hare when asked for nominations.

**Snoozanne** for shouting rape whilst standing in the stuff (Nomination by **Sticky Fingers**).

**Grutel** for knowing where the trail was from the lighthouse because he had been sent out to look for the "moved start" and spotted the markings.

**Austin Powers** for chatting up 4 girls that were running and failing to get them to come along next week.

The Hare was iced. She said that she had to remember to keep her legs together. The only complaints about the trail were that the beer barrels along the beach section were empty.



The pack retired to the Childe of Hale, where several discussions took place simultaneously. When your scribe announced that he was going to go back and write the Trash he was asked if he would be sitting up in bed naked looking at the photos. I suppose that hashing does some strange things to some people. Photos of half frozen hashers does not do it for me. (Half naked and nubile yes, but not half frozen).



Hurray – no Austin Powers this week



RTfuct finds it hard to reintegrate after 10 days with the Frenchies.



Bloody hell! She's coming over. I'll just act cool...



Unlikely FRB Grutel picks up the pace to leave the ostensibly athletic Paul for dust...

Hmm – I see, not bad condition; only 30,000 miles on the clock: I'll give you £1.50 for it.



You should try wearing something a bit more feminine – like this.



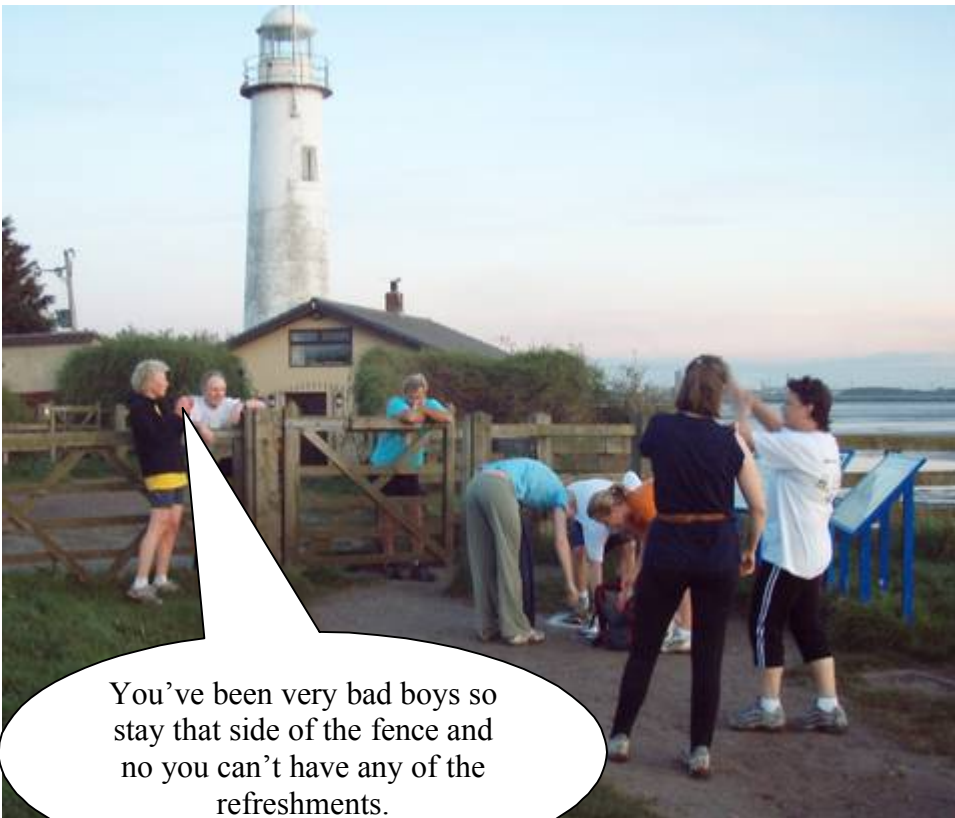
Rtfuct makes another incredible archaeological discovery and thereby ensures a further year's funding. God bless the British tax payer.



Hey – better get out of there Snoozanne – people are looking!



How much semen will you ejaculate in a life-time Austin Powers?



You've been very bad boys so stay that side of the fence and no you can't have any of the refreshments.



Paul the younger whisks Snoozanne off her feet whilst her lover, Madhatter, is distracted by beer.



After filling 5 bed pans in a row, the RA attempts radical therapy to sear up the offending orifice.



Using only butt cheeks and a block of ice, Sarah demonstrates the impact of global warming on the polar ice sheets to an awed crowd of MTH3.