



Run Number Five: Green Lane MerseyRail Station

The Pack: Peter Pan (co-hare), Bess the hound, Whinger (co-hare), Lady Penelope, RTfuct, Austin Powers, Shirley (later named 'Hotlips'), Dave, Erica, OTT, Hansel, Snoozanne, Chunder, Hovercrap, Katie, T-bag, T-lady, Marzi the hound, Jenny, Marie



Somewhat ashamed by her otherhalf's buttock display, it was a while before we could convince **T-lady** to come out of the corner and run with us. A number of hashers were, in fact, very impressed by **T-bag**'s arse, particularly the way the grime has built up down the crack: lovely.




At the second check, **Hovercrap** sniggered behind her hand as she sent the virgins **Jenny** and **Marie** off in completely the wrong direction. Luckily they had already come to realise that it is unwise to race off at too great a pace from the check until you hear a good chorus of on-on up there. They ambled their way back to the true trail without breaking sweat.

Talking of sweat, it's nice to think of the hashshit picking up all the flavours of the Mersey Thirstday crew as we progress through the scorching summer months. This week, **Peter Pan** had the honour of wearing it because sometimes "the shit hits the **Pan**". Although, luckily, so far, the bedpan on the back of the 'shirt' has not been soiled by anything more untoward than a little shower of un-drunk down-down.






Peter Pan's addition to the Hashshit this week was a little pecker that squarks when you squeeze it. He had to demonstrate how to hold it – softly but firmly seems to be the thing. But can you see the hideous pox on **PP**'s legs – must have picked those up from the chicken, though maybe it's something to do with (trail) laying all afternoon with shingly **Whinger**.

A photograph of a brown and white dog, possibly a Border Collie, sniffing a bush with yellow and green leaves. The dog is on a paved path. A thought bubble is above its head.

Is it flour or seagull poo?
It can be so hard to tell
sometimes...

A photograph of a golden retriever on a leash, looking at a white circle drawn on the ground. A person's legs and feet are visible on the right. A thought bubble is above the dog's head.

Don't be stupid **T-bag** –
that's a false down there.
The trail is **THIS** way.
Ptuh! If only his brains
were as big as his
buttocks....



On the way, we passed the new MTH3 minibus – printed up with our logo and complete with beer fridge and travel loo in the back there. If only **OTT** had known about this, she could have put an end to the discomfort of needing a pee on a town run, with no obvious opportunities / bushes of which a lady harriette could take advantage.









DOGGY BREATH



All I'm saying is keep an eye on those lot in T-shirts over there, Mr Policeman – they look like trouble to me.



Chill **Erica** –
no one ever
suspects the
hash!

Nothing to do with us eh
Chunder – we better get out of
'ere anyways!!!



Corrr – that was fun. I've
NEVER burned out a Metro
before. Hashing in Merseyside
is gggGREAT!!





Back at the circle, **Hansel** had to show the virgins how it's done under the critical eye of **OTT** and **Snoozanne**.



Initially, the virgins **Marie**, **Jenny** and **Katie** weren't sure about the whole down-down thing. **Marie** was careful to remove the dark, curly hairs from her pan before drinking. The next day in the pub, **Katie** commented that she didn't think much of the circle. Well – we all feel like that, but we have to humour **Austin Powers** – he's an evil, maniac otherwise and rules through fear.





Clearly hoping not to offend **Austin Powers** and unleash the malevolence of his inner soul, **Shirley** perched herself on the ice, bowed her head submissively and awaited the charges laid against her. Did you or did you not, melt the lipstick in your back pocket with the heat from your nether regions? Yes – you did. From now on, you shall be known as **Hot lips**.



Hotlips – that's a silly name, ke he he



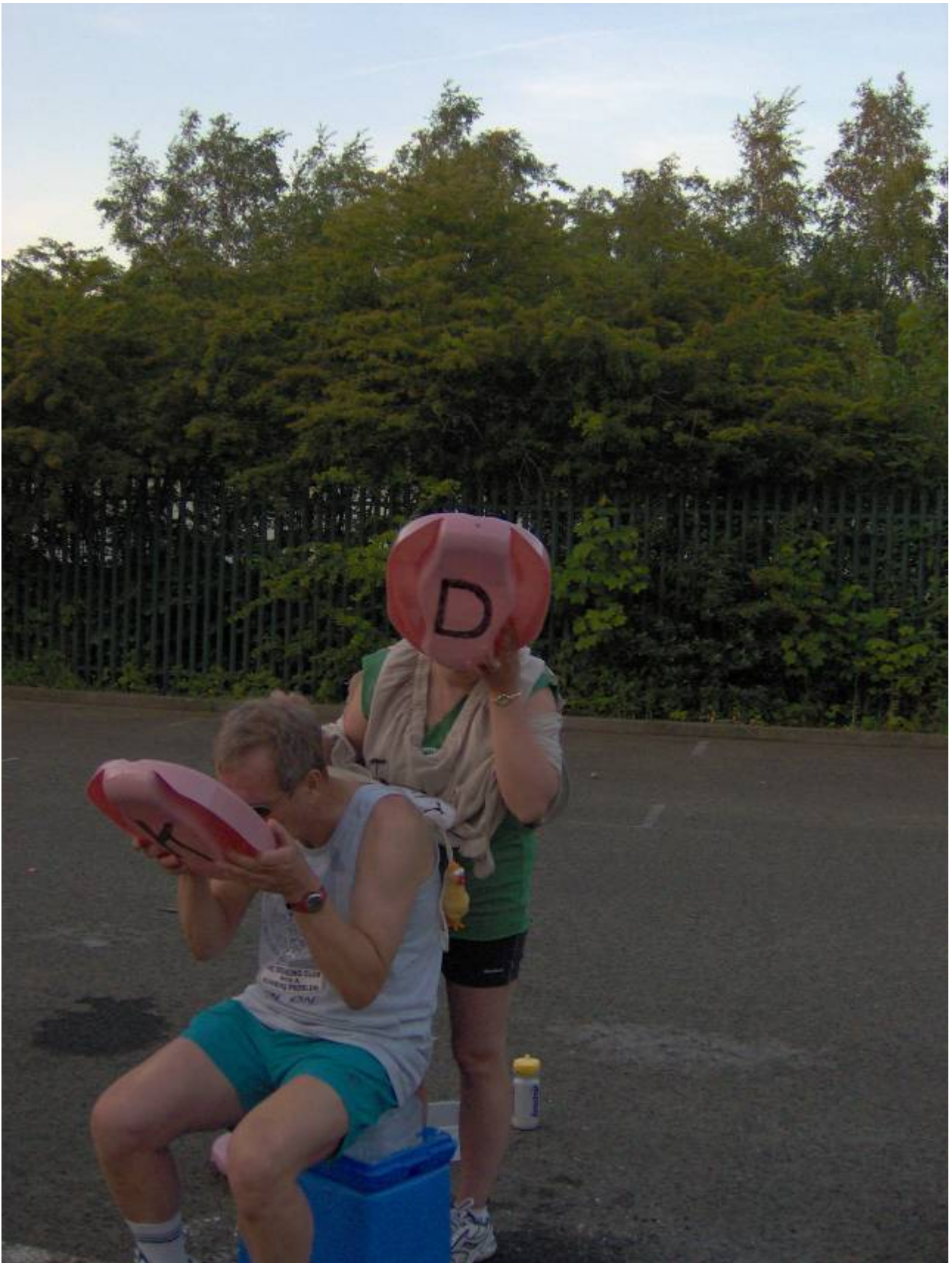
What happens now? I'm so scared I'm pooping my pants.



Down down down down down down down down – Hooray for **Hot lips**



And the hash shifts for the evening – **Lady P** for abuse of the MTH3 t-shirt, **Whinger** for tricking **RTfuct** into abseiling down a lighthouse (see write up of the ‘Thirstdays Witless Abseil Team’)



Who's shittiest – **Whinger** or **Lady Penelope**? Find out next Thirstday at MTH3.



Maybe when I get my
PhD I'll be as cool as
Austin Powers?

Errgh – this bed pan
hasn't been cleaned
since last week. Still –
it's a free beer...



Damn - I thought if I put on
the dark glasses they
wouldn't recognise me and
I'd get away without having
to drink a down-down for
being the hare– maybe the
hash shit ruins my disguise?



I'm telling you girls – it was this long and I had to drink a beer with it. By the way – this isn't a pint glass down my shorts, I'm just very pleased to see you.

