



WALLESEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 51 3rd May 2007:

The Pack: Austin Powers, Carthief, Carless Whisper (Co-Hare), Long Paws, Sticky Fingers (Co-Hare), Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Bess, Snoozanne (who arrived after the run with the food despite being hors-de-combat).

Carthief, ever concerned that the Birkenhead Tunnel will be closed and the detour around Wallesey would take forever, arrived at the start at 6:30. After standing about for 15 minutes nattily dressed in running shorts and a tracksuit top, he was asked by a woman who hobbled past if he was the watchman for the block of flats. His reply "Do I look like a watchman" was said in a voice quiet enough to leave the enquirer none the wiser.

At 6:45 **Carless Whisper** drove up and said that she had to finish setting the trail.

By 7:01, **Carless Whisper** had returned but no one else had appeared (so maybe it was true about the lack of never seeing her and **Sticky Fingers** on the same run). Eventually the rest of the pack turned up, and we were treated to a new abbreviation to the Hash lexicon as the Hares described the markings.

It turned out to mean

Compulsory Play Time.

Several visions flashed across several Hashers minds.



The Hares admitted to spending 4 ½ hours setting the trail, but part of this (revealed in the pub afterwards) was several discussions about the route to take, and several marks that had been laid by one of the Hares being obliterated by the other).

The Hash Flash was quickly followed by the Hares telling us to find the trail.



Like a magnet the trail led towards the cathedral



where the Hares displayed their matching costumes



followed by China Town
and a Hash Flash.
Sticky Fingers
just cannot stay at ground level.



past the bombed out
church,



and the
Catholic cathedral.

Across the park where the trail was thwarted by locked gates into the walled garden and so onto the first of the CPTs



This was followed by a Check Back, the sole reason for its existence being this.



The Hares certainly made sure that we got our 90 minutes.

On again to the second CPT where **Peter Pan** displayed his strength



and **Sticky Fingers** her bum and face



And so to the On INN



Back at the start, we thought that we had lost **Peter Pan**, **Bacardi Spice**, and **Bess**, but they had found a friend for Bess but Bess was not interested, even if the owners were.

Snoozanne had left her convalescent bed to bring the Hash Hamper to the start and to join in the circle.

Austin Powers (after several false starts when **Bacardi Spice** would not be persuaded to postpone her conversation with **Snoozanne**) used a cycling helmet in lieu of the traditional hard hat and recounted the story of the Joneses and the Smiths.

The Joneses were having trouble with their love life and went to the doctor. A full physical examination followed and having pronounced them both fully equipped and fit, advised them that they needed to spice things up a bit. He advised them to go to Asda and buy a bunch of grapes and some American style doughnuts (or possibly donuts) (the ones with the hole in the middle). The grapes were for him to roll towards his wife's open legs and any that hit the bullseye (if that is the appropriate term) he was to remove with his tongue. She was to throw the doughnuts over that part of him that was most fittingly proportioned to accept them. She was to remove any that succeeded with her teeth (do I hear some wincing from the male members (an unfortunate turn of phrase?) of the pack).

Later Mrs Smith was asking Mrs Jones why there was a permanent grin across her face. Mrs Jones explained about the doctor. The Smiths went to the doctor, and had the physical examination. The doctor said that there was nothing he could do for them. When they pleaded with him, he advised them to go and buy some apples and cheerios (or Polo mints to those of you who have not heard of cheerios (and assuming that I have spelt it correctly in the first place)).

Snoozanne was called up for turning up late. She said that her behaviour was irreproachable, she had bought the beer and everything. This pleading fell on deaf ears and she was given the bedpan. There was some discussion about soliciting, procuring and barristers, but the details are probably irrelevant and I cannot remember them anyway.

Peter Pan, and **Bacardi Spice** (**Bess** followed) were Returnees, and getting lost just before the end of the run.

Bess looks decidedly embarrassed at the antics of her master and mistress.



Carthief and **Sticky Fingers** were fingered for their combined antics on a red phallus-like rocket.



Long Paws was hauled up still in the Shitshirt, and showed off the Physics Department beer mat that he had added to the garment. Have I led a sheltered life or is it only the Liverpool University Physics Department that has a beer mat of its own.

The nominees were **Carless Whisper**, **Sticky Fingers**, **Peter Pan** and **Bacardi Spice** (in pairs as far as I could make out)

Carless Whisper and **Sticky Fingers** were successfully voted in and as **Snoozanne** noted, they decided on a female solution. (One sat on the ice and the other will wear the article next week).

