



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 55 31<sup>st</sup> May 2007

The Pack: Austin Powers, Carthief, Carless Whisper, Snoozanne, Lilo Lil, RTFuct, Long Paws, Bloody Bollocks (Hare). Steve, who donated the beer and made up his own trail birdwatching)

At 19:15 the Pack, as it was then, gave up on the remainder and started moving off,



only to be hooted at as **Carless Whisper** drove into the pub car park with the barrel of beer and **Austin Powers** plus Steve Downing , who had donated the barrel.

There was a small hiatus whilst **Carless Whisper** and **Snoozanne** went for a pitstop, and then the Hare drew a tiny circle on the carpark and explained at long length how he was known for not having a clue as to how long a run was, how he had taken 3 hours to set it but had walked really slowly etc. etc. If fact, absolutely standard **Bloody Bollocks** pre-run instructions.



There was an additional instruction about staying quiet in the Formby National Park so as not to scare the red squirrels. **Snoozanne** asked if she should bring her National Trust card.

Off we went checking in all directions as trail was called down Gregson's Avenue.



A long stretch followed and the Hare explained that it was the only long section on the run. He must have a very selective memory as there were at least two other long stretches.



On into Formby Park and quiet ensued as we all tried to spot red squirrels, but to no avail.



Out onto a road, and some rather washed out markings due to some earlier rain. The Hare suggested that a route had been missed and trail was finally found across a field and onto another Check



where it took a long time to find the trail partly because it looked like someone's driveway and partly because the Hash had a botany lesson when **RTFuct** spotted some wild whore's radish (it may have been Horseradish) and **Austin Powers** uprooted a bunch of it, but must have discarded / sold it as it was not in evidence for the rest of the run.

On roads and paths with some twists and turns before the On Inn was spotted and **Snoozanne** was persuaded (under loud verbal protest) to pose at the On Inn.



Back at the pub, the more athletic members did stretching (posing?) exercises which **Snoozanne** reckoned was worth capturing





there was much discussion about where the circle should be held, and eventually **Austin Powers** laid flour down Rimmer's Avenue to a crossroads between a footpath and a bridleway along which dogs and their human companions passed at regular intervals, (except for one pair of GSDs and their owners who owned up to being CAMRA members and were given plastics cups filled with the special beer (I thing that it was called Warbling 800 or am I getting confused with the latest ornithological success story (Dartford Warbler)?).

Whilst the food was being eaten **Snoozanne** asked the RA if he could please start the circle as she had an erection to attend (and she was getting cold). The rest of us were fending off mosquitoes.

**Austin Powers** tapped the barrel of Warbling 800 (if that is what it was called) and we all tasted the amber liquid.



Steve (the supplier) turned up and took his fair share stating that he would never drink out of plastic, although the bedpan obviously does not count.

The RA in his splendid brand new red hardhat called for sermons. **Carthief**, who had started to tell **Lilo Lil** a short story about how the English always expect foreigners to speak English and that they only need to speak loudly in English repeated the story to the circle although **Lilo Lil's** story of the 80 year old whose bra underwire had protruded and the shop assistant thought that it was a microphone and shouted into it was much more worthy of a sermon.

**Long Paws** told the story of the Saudi Arabian and Star Wars (although to be fair he did have to stop part way through as he had used up his quota of words for the hour). The Saudi was wondering why there were no Arabs in Star Wars. Dubya told him that the show was set in the future.

Returnees (excuses in brackets) **Carthief** (Turkey), **Lilo Lil** (Mijas), **Carless Whisper** (Berlin) **Long Paws** (watching TV), **Bloody Bollocks** (In training not to do a Marathon, but did the Liverpool Half Marathon)

**Snoozanne** and **Carless Whisper** for the pitstop before the run and confirming **AP**'s assertion that no female can go to the loo by herself.

**RTFuct** for her sojourn in Namibia and for spotting the Whores radish.

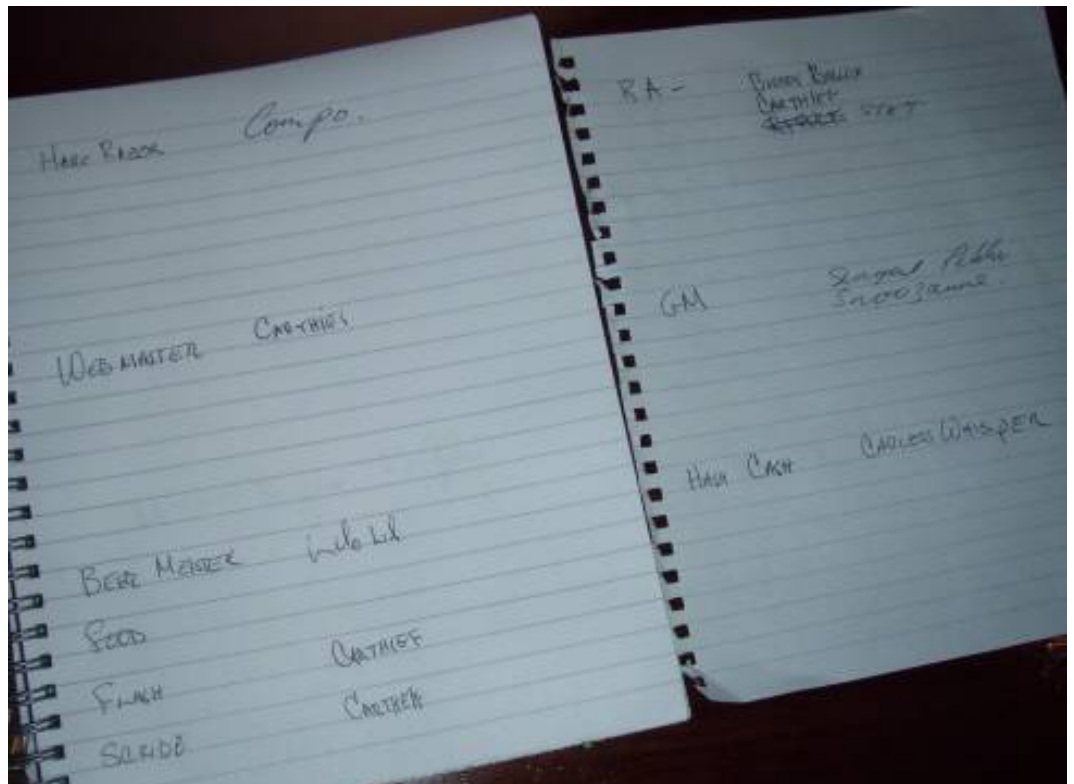
**Snoozanne** for bringing her National Trust card with her.

**Bloody Bollox** for recognising the Hash misdemeanour book during the run.

There was long discussion about the previous Shitshirt award and how **Carless Whisper** and **Sticky Fingers** had shared the award. **Austin Powers** was awarded the Shitshirt for his delaying the start of the run by about 25 minutes by asking **Carless Whisper** to pick him up at home.

We retired to the Freshfield Hotel, where Steve put out Liverpool CAMRA literature in competition with the local branch, and we settled down to the Erection work. The posts available were written down and shows of hands completed the process. The results were:

GM	<b>Snoozanne</b>
RA	<b>RTFuct</b> (until she leaves in August)
Hash Cash	<b>Carless Whisper</b>
Hare Razor	<b>Compo</b> (serves you right for being in Sri Lanka)
Webmaster	<b>Carthief</b>
Beermeister	<b>Lilo Lil</b> / plus a rota of volunteers
Food	<b>Lilo Lil</b> / plus a rota of volunteers
Hash Flash	<b>Carthief</b>
Hash Trash	<b>Carthief</b>



**Snoozanne** said that it was the longest erection she had ever experienced, but she did not tell us if she meant in time or length.

Post publishing Note. "The beer was Wapping Festival Magna 800. (It is brewed in the cellar of the Baltic Fleet pub.)" Smack on wrist from **Austin Powers**