



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 56 7th June 2007

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Carthief, Carless Whisper, Lilo Lil, Long Paws, Compo (Hare), Sergeant Pekker, Sarah.

Driving towards The Marine there appeared to be a US mail bag supported by two legs walking along South Street. It turned out to be **Bloody Bollocks** who was returning the accoutrements but could not run as he had moved house that day and needed to stack boxes into the attic.

The Hare's car was spotted so it only remained for the assembled Pack to await the arrival of the Hare fresh (maybe that is not quite the right word) from his trail laying.



Having prepared his backpack, the Hare called us down to his car and described the Check Backs, the Regroups, beer stop and other attractions of his run.



The Hare called the Trail through a gateway and into a park. It was some time and too late before it dawned on us that there was no other exit and we came out at the same gate after a circuit. Across South Street and into another park that described itself as “a park and not a dog toilet”. On through the park and onto the shore of a lake with a white scum all along the edge.



Inevitably we reached the seashore and found ourselves looking at 100 Mr Gormleys. The Hare said that the trail was marked by numbers on the statues and off we went to create our own art



Once we had got bored with this, and sensibly the Hare had stayed on the promenade, we were called back to the shore and an arrow leading to the top of an admittedly small sand dune. The trail led along the promenade and then turned inland and over the railway.

The narrow paths between houses seemed to fascinate the Pack and several false trails were more than fully explored



before the Hare was found sitting at a table with enough beers in front of him to satisfy everybody.



Austin Powers declared himself to be much more relaxed about the run after the Beer Stop and off we ran ---

into RTFuct's namesake.



Out onto Crosby Road where **Carthief** acted his age and Sarah (soon to be named) kept a look out for a toy boy.



Not to be outdone, **Austin Powers** found an appropriate newspaper headline



We messed about down various roads and ran into the Rimrose Country Park, where most of us practised our hands on hips routine, before heading off across the park, and into Wrabbs Common.



A few more roads and the On Inn was spotted and the welcoming edifice of the pub.



The Hare had chosen a more secluded spot for the circle than last week, **Lilo Lil** had taken her new duties seriously and produced food, food glorious food, and our new RA, who had been taking notes throughout the run gleefully donned "The Hat" and promptly invented a new sin (at least for the MTH3) when she called Sarah up as Fool of the Week (obviously not the same as the Shitshirt award) for spilling coke (at least it was not beer) whilst trying to operate the camera.

Austin Powers was then presented with a magnificent montage of the previous year's hashes. (The **RA** had found that the printer had a colour mode only the previous week). Unfortunately the **RA** in her valiant attempt to keep the gift secret, managed to damage the covering but promised to get another one.

The Returnees, **Sergeant Pekker** who was working; Sarah who was working; (What is this working thing, is it contagious?); and **Compo** who had been in Sri Lanka, and then his car dealer, Skoda, had laid on a dinner which he found preferable to the MTH3 (Now that is an amazing decision).

Sergeant Pekker for watching the woman's 10km run from the bushes. The **RA** gave an imitation of someone hiding in the bushes (twice) but chose a small bush so did not succeed in hiding.

The **RA** concerned that **Austin Powers** had still not found a job and herself being out of a job at the end of August was beginning to look. She had found three jobs for **AP** in the Mersey area:

Cook. Unfortunately the hours were 4 to 7pm Mon to Fri, so he would miss the MTH3. It was also noted that the job was only 3 hours a day, which was reckoned to be more than he was doing at the moment.

ADR Driver. No-one knew what this meant but the **RA** hazarded American Drinking Reprobate. Recruitment Agency. (**RTFuct** had left the list at her office so this was all from memory.)

Carthief and **Carless Whisper** for their matching T shirts and the photo taking at Mr Gormley's statues.

Compo for being the Hare.

Long Pause for talking to the statues. There was general agreement that Mr Gormley would have out-talked **Long Pause**.

Sarah was called up and iced whilst the Pack discussed her forthcoming christening. She had stopped on her bicycle and could not disentangle her foot from the pedal. (She fell over) Other possibilities concerned her lack of sea legs, so Toe Jam, Mersey Throwup, Mersey Madonna (she is a Materials Engineer), Wallace and Gromit (I have no idea) and the winner **Penny Lane**. She was duly initiated



The **Shitshirt** was released from **Austin Powers'** body and nominations were called for. **Lilo Lil** was nominated for her diarrhoea over the previous week (It puts a whole new meaning to the article's name). **Sergeant Pekker** for watching the woman's 10k race. **SP** was the winner.



Whilst **SP** was sitting on the ice, the **RA** retold the story of her being lost in the desert and coming across a series of tents that all sold custard, jelly, and fruit. Her companion's opinion was that it was a trifle bazaar.

On retiring to the pub, **Lilo Lil** recounted the story of her young sons who thought that the notice on the loo saying "Put nothing down the loo, use the bag" referred to their Number 2s. Other stories concerning the same bodily functions were remembered and inflicted on the Pack.