



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 57 14th June 2007

The Pack: Austin Powers (Co-Hare), RTFuct, Carthief, Carless Whisper, Long Paws (but see below), Compo, Sergeant Pekker, Penny Lane (Co_Hare), Peter Pan, Bess, Bacardi Spice.

As the Pack assembled, **Long Paws** was looking decidedly out of sorts, having been shouted at / accosted / ???? by various members of the public whose intake of alcoholic beverage had exceeded the recommended dose by a wide margin, and he advised the Pack that he thought that it was not a good idea to run through Kensington and retired with hurt feelings. In one respect it helped. He is so tall that photographs cannot be cropped so tightly without removing his head.

Penny Lane had a photo opportunity with her name sake

Note how Compo carefully blocks out the number plate.





Austin Powers explained the usual markings and had added the **Sticky Whispers** invention of a **Compulsory Play Time**. With his streamlined look, he instructed the Pack to make their way to the centre of the park and the first check.

Still energetic at the start of the run, trail was checked in all directions, and eventually found the trail along Farnsworth Street. Through a short cut to the sounds of "Sally is in the alley"



and to the edge of Newsham Park where several hashers were caught by the Check Back.



From here we negotiated several modified fences



It is just as well we are all reasonably fit, the gap was not for the fatter fraternity.

This was followed by a false through a temptingly similar fence



where others were caught as well



And then we hit a snag or to be precise a locked gate that should not have been locked.



This caused consternation to the Hares. **Austin Powers** ran off setting a Live run and **Penny Lane** stayed back to comfort those who were hoping for a shorter run



Shouting No No (opposite to On On), the Pack making their way back from the locked gate

Luckily **AP** had a good sense of direction and set the Live Trail around the block, and we caught up with him at the other gate where he was hiding on a Falsie but not before he had used his tennis ball whilst ignoring the signs



Making our way into the park on the other side of Lower Breck Road, the inaugural operation of the military wing of the MTH3 took place. Called the **Arboreal Restoration Tendency**, whose members call themselves Fellows, they reinstated a fallen tree. Would you note that this is not a splinter group or a branch of any other Hash and all meetings are logged. (Twigg'd the puns yet?).

Inaugural activity
of the FARTS



This was followed by a run across a carpark towards a wall that looked as if the Hash had been there before



A run across a field and another hidden false nicely catching **Carless Whisper**



and onto the **CPT**, where everyone demonstrated their talent and **Penny Lane** produced liquid refreshment



These girls look unimpressed with **AP's** antics at rescuing the ring



Once we had all exhausted our talents we continued running through Newsham Park and onto Kensington and a long On Inn.

As the temperature was falling together with a light rain the RA quickly commenced the ceremony in-between feeding herself



Compo was spotted with new shoes, and squealed like a stuck pig but to no avail.



The **RA** gave a rendition of two limericks, one concerning a man from Tipperary and his wife and her Hairy Mary, and the other one about a man from Genoa whose wife lay down to enjoy his excited state.

Sgt Pekker had somehow modified the **Shitshirt** so that he was able to run silently, and this meant that he had removed some items.

Returnees, **Peter Pan**, **Bess** and **Bacardi Spice** with the parents having an additional sin of allowing Bess to watch two other dogs "at it" in the delicately put phrase of the **RA**. They also gave her a bone which caused a runny tummy.

The **RA** then produced some eco-friendly ice (about 1/3 the thickness of one of **Austin Powers** torture cushions), and invited **Austin Powers** to sit on it. After describing his skinhead look, he was given some Oil of Olay and lipstick. At this point **Carthief** stepped in having realised that neither

the **Hares** nor the **RA** had recognised the importance of the run number and recited his story of the man who was “full of beans”. **AP** was nearly numb by this stage but his appearance was greatly enhanced.

The **RA** was so carried away with her artistic work that she forgot to have a Down Down organised, and there was a further period of bum cooling for the senior Hare



Carthief was iced. The **RA** reckoned that he needed cooling down as it seemed that the Trail was not enough and he had indulged in leg stretching and the first case of scally baiting (racing the local youths on the Hash).

Compo was reckoned to have engaged in surreptitious hand holding (or at least fooling two other people into thinking that they were holding each other’s hands). The **Hares** were called upon to demonstrate the technique.

RTFuct’s inclination and **Peter Pan’s** position in this photograph needs some explanation.



The Hares **Austin Powers** and **Penny Lane** had different explanations for the locked gate. **PL’s** reason was “Not my fault”. **AP’s** was that the runners were too slow.

RTFuct was winding up the circle when it was realised that she had forgotten the award of the **Shitshirt**. It was duly awarded.

Retiring to a former cinema, the **Hares** treated us to some buffalo wings, chips, and other goodies.

