



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 61 12th July 2007 Liverpool South Parkway Station

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Carthief, Penny Lane (Hare), Snoozanne, Compo

Initially the Hare congregated herself in the carpark behind what looked like a mini Stansted Airport, but quickly decided to meet in front of the station, and **Snoozanne** decided to ignore the carpark rules and drove in the exit.

A panic phone call at about 19h00 to say that **Austin Powers** and **RTFuct** were going to be late due to some passenger disruption and a stopped train system. The rest of us hoped that it was not some Hashers. **AP** and **RT** duly arrived in a taxi. (Quite what they got up to can only be guessed at judging by this photograph).



The Hare spelled out some additional markings that she had especially invented for the occasion. She advised that YBF occurs at the end of a long false and MB meant mussel benders (at least that is what I thought, thinking "Oh good a beach run"), in fact it was muscle benders (or something similar).

Under the railway line and up past the pub The Parkway, and a Check. The hare then enticed the Pack down into Southmead Road and a series of dead ends before trail was found continuing up

Woolton Road and into the cemetery, where the first Nipple Check had been laid and **Austin Powers** helpfully showed us what one was. The Spearside of the Pack relaxed after their rigours and allowed the Distaff side to find trail.



Out of the cemetery and another Nipple Check, but not before the Hare had shown us how to spell.





Into springwood Park and the dreaded

Followed by the male equivalent of the Nipple Check. Doesn't **RTFuct** look pleased with herself?



This was followed by a face that cheered us up no end. At least it meant that we did not have to look at **Austin Powers**



On we went through the golf course into Calderstones Park and a false trail. Back out again and down Yew Tree Road and Allerton Road where someone had scrawled a very (not very) lifelike Kilroy



Down to Mather road to find Compo loitering in the rain



At this point the Hare started getting agitated, saying that there was a good photo-opportunity just around the corner.

Austin Powers ran straight past but was called back to record our



visit to Paul McCartney's original house.



At last onto the **MB** in rain that was getting heavier.



After all that the run inn was fairly short, and the Pack assembled under the bridge. Quite why we did not get any comments from the passing cars I do not know, but the rain and the closed car windows may have had something to do with it.



Austin Powers lit the BBQ and **Compo** launched into a sermon about Mahatma Gandhi who walked barefoot, developing callouses, did not eat, had bad breath and was a really first class chap or a Super calloused fragilehalitosis. (I missed the middle bit).

Penny Lane admitted to a stress dream where she set the trail naked at 7pm on a Thursday. **AP** also said that he had panic dreams and **RT** had anxiety about the WCH3.

Returnees Compo (who had been otherwise engaged in Chicago) and **Snoozanne** who had been in Manchester.

This set **Compo** off again, and he related the story about Mary Poppins, some macaroni cheese and some inedible eggs leading to a Supermacaroni cheese but eggs quite atrocious. He was almost thrown out into the rain.

Carthief could not count flour blobs and was made to drink from three pans to demonstrate what was meant by **CB3**

Snoozanne for her pitstop.

Austin Powers for losing his head (and gaining a smiley face)

The **Shitshirt** nominees were **Snoozanne** for pinching flowers, **AP** for the guy that was disturbed by **RT**, **RT** for being excited by the male Check, and **Compo** for the terrible joke.



The two main would be losers commiserated until **RTFuct** was chosen.

We retired to the magnificent Allerton Hall to warm up.