



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 65 9th August 2007
St Michael's Station

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Carthief, Snoozanne, Leakey Tool. Compo, Carless Whisper (co-Hare), Penny Lane, Sgt Pekker (co-Hare), Slot Machine, Tank (visitor from Geneva)

Meeting at St Michael's Station is not that easy by car especially if your sat nav takes you down Belvedere Road which ends in a brick wall (and no station). A quick U turn and another map got **Compo**, **Tank** and **Carthief** to the station before all the others anyway. **Carless Whisper** walked in and was not quite sure if her co-Hare was going to make it "He was limping whilst we were setting it". **Sergeant Pekker** rolled up at 19:04 with no limp. There was a brief discussion about the merits of applying suntan lotion for a 7pm run in the less than sub-tropical Liverpool and after that **Compo** arranged for the Hash Flash to be taken with young ladies draped all over his car.



The Hares announced normal markings with a small gap at one point and a pub stop. Off we went through the park with several locals wondering what we were doing.

Coming out on Riverside Drive a tempting narrow gap beckoned but this was only a foretaste and a false to boot.



Narrow gap during exploration of false



We ran down to Promenade Gardens, but not before **Snoozanne** traumatised several of the younger locals telling them (when they asked "What are you doing lady?") that she had stayed behind for a pee.

On we went down through the narrow gap,



THE narrow gap

Carless Whisper said that she was glad that the **Rev Leroy** had missed the trail as she was worried in case he had got stuck.



There were several techniques for getting through the gap

Down to the river bank and another Check followed by a Regroup





After the Regroup and **Carthief's** short sermon about the wartime female factory worker, who on being told that a hole drilled at the end of a crack in a steel plate would stop it propagating said "Is that why I have a navel?" the Pack made their way suspiciously close to a pub, but with no PS marked the FRBs ran on to the next Check. Their suspicions were confirmed as the SRBs had been steered into the pub for the pub stop. The fact that it was only about half an hour into the run added to the confusion. The FRBs ran back to the pub and luckily the SRBs had left sufficient liquid for them all.

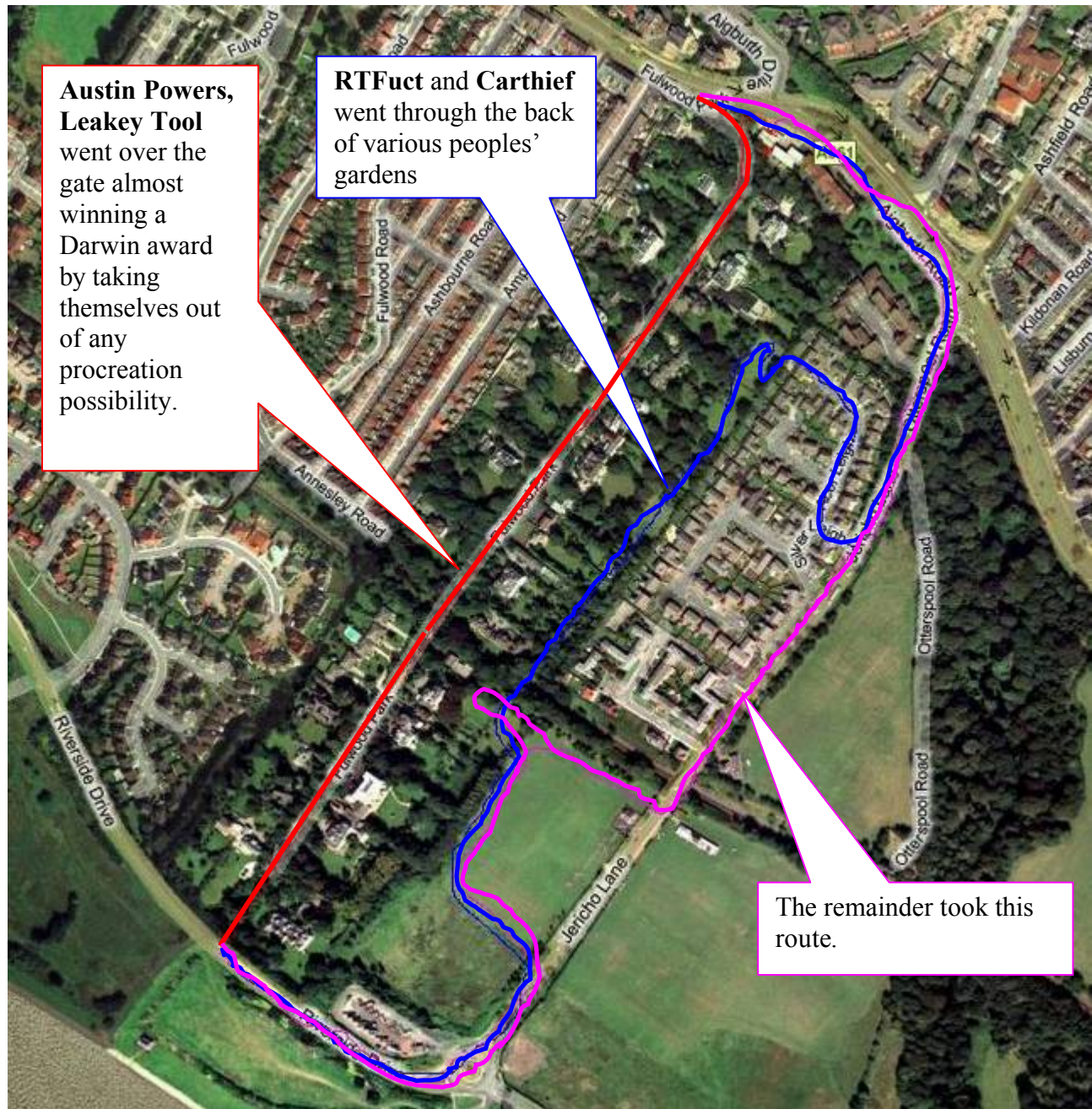


Along the promenade (for the third time for the FRBs as **Austin powers** pointed out) and up to **The Gate**.

CoHare **Carless Whisper** valiantly tries to open the gate with a mixture of brute strength, wishful thinking and probably cursing under her breath, but all to no avail.



At this point the pack split up.



The dead end that confronted **RTFuct** and **Carthief** almost defeated them



but a convenient 8' wall provided an escape route.



And so onto the second pub stop



Off again alongside the lake and so onto the On Inn



but this was not enough for some of the Pack.



RTFuct had obviously had enough climbing for one day, although the Hare's local knowledge may have had an influence on her choice of route.

Penny Lame had taken her provision supply duties seriously and bought up all the 5 o'clock bargains going, which were swiftly consumed and **RTFuct** started the circle.

Tank volunteered a sermon and described how it was possible to sell someone a \$50.00 toothbrush. (you put the stall next to another one selling "chocolate muffins that turn out to be made of Sh*t).

Returnees **Slot Machine**, (no excuse recorded), **Austin Powers** (at a physics conference whose main theme seemed to be an analysis of the correlation between alcohol intake and conference participation), **Sgt Pekker** (Injured), **Leakey Tool** (birthday).

Slot Machine New shoes. There was some hesitation in using his own shoes, and Austin Powers offered his.

Snoozanne for ratting on her son's new shoes.

Austin Powers, Leakey Tool, Carthief, and **RTFuct** for climbing fences (actually a gate and a wall).

Penny Lame for having the filthiest mind. After someone said Don't mind fists, she said "Fisting". Sitting at the pub "I can see them coming". (Now that is good eyesight!). Heads are bobbing up and down.

Carthief for his bad sermon at the Regroup.

The Hares for the traditional thank you.