



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 68 16th August 2007
Old Roan Station, Aintree

The Pack: RTFuct, Carthief, Snoozanne, Leakey Tool. Compo, Long Paws (Hare), Tank, Peter Pan, Bess.

Parking at the station was for disabled drivers only, so we moved to the pub next door called The Old Roan where, after the Pack had assembled, we were called upon to assist two gentlemen in an unmarked van to identify a particular bridge from a photograph dated 2003. **Snoozanne** went into her lecturing mode and assured them that she had driven under the bridge on the way to the run, even though the limited information that they had said that it was between Old Roan and Mugull which was in the opposite direction. **Peter Pan** and **Carthief** offered no alternative direction but joined in anyway.

The Hare described the markings as being the usual ones and said that he would have to lead us over the road, but not before the Hash Flash



Over the road we were led following a series of impressive markings but these turned out not to be the work of our Hare.



Running through the local streets we came across Tank's namesake



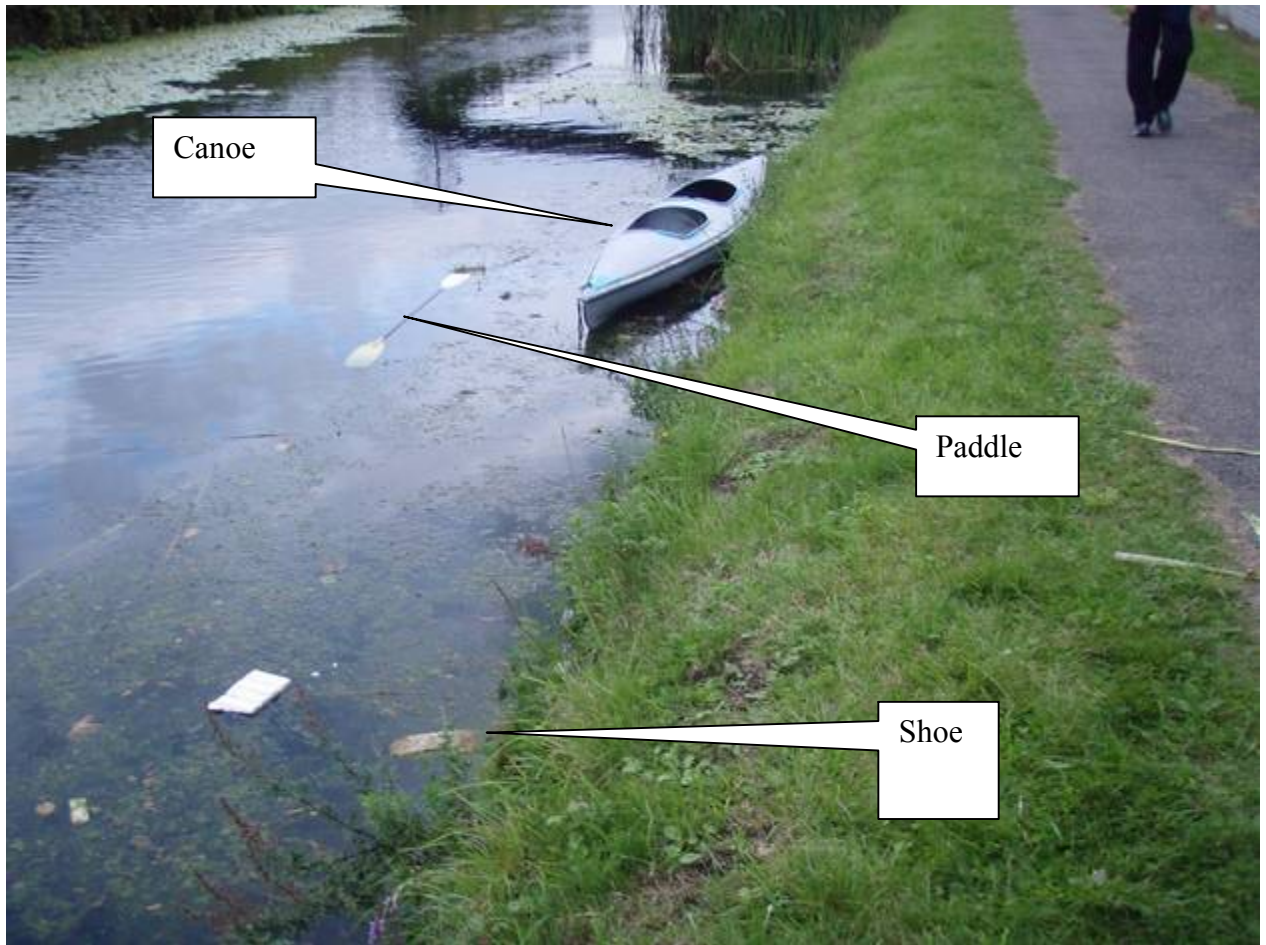
And made our way to the canal and a Check



This was followed by a long haul up the tow path to a Check and an order



This was followed by another long haul up the canal and a possible false off to the left where we ran under the motorway, but the Hare had fooled us again and on we ran along the canal, but not before spotting the makings of a story (later embellished in the pub by **RTFuct** as a case of spontaneous combustion)



On to the edge of Waddicar and a Regroup



This was followed by trail leading over the motorway and a sign welcoming us back into Aintree



Several changes of direction later through a suburb with streets named after Oxford colleges and various Public Schools the On Inn eventually beckoned.



But **Compo** was already eyeing the wedding car and persuaded **RTFuct** to enact his fantasy



On the run in we spotted the bridge that the two men had been looking for and comforted ourselves that we had probably stopped them blowing it up, by sending them in the wrong direction.



Back at the cars, it was starting to drizzle, **Snoozanne** had bought the food.



Although she had the occasion to reprimand **Peter Pan** for some heinous activity with a jar of gherkins.



Peter Pan was first up and was congratulated for his ability to at last open an e-mail.

Peter Pan stayed up and was accompanied by **Snoozanne** and **Carthief** for saving the bridge.

Tank for his namesake.

Long Paws for his premature marking of the Trail.

Snoozanne who went out on Saturday to get laid. Had a good bang (to the head) and spent 2 days in bed.

Long Paws for the run.

Retiring to the pub **RTFuct** mentioned that her shoes were too smelly to be allowed in the house. This set **Compo** off.

