



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 70 30<sup>th</sup> August 2007  
Belvedere Arms, Sugnall Street Liverpool

The Pack: Austin Powers RTFuct, Carthief, Snoozanne, Leakey Tool. Compo (Hare), Lilo Lil, Long Paws, Mad Hatter, Carless Whisper, Adrian, Scamp.

With most of the pack assembled, and the bags stored in the boot of a car, the panic phone calls from the Hare at 18h55 onwards were not heard except for the last one. **Compo** was going to be late.

**Compo** eventually turned up and amongst the furtive signing of his birthday card he was given an Old Peculiar beer, which seemed an eminently suitable name, and three balloons which when added together equalled his age.



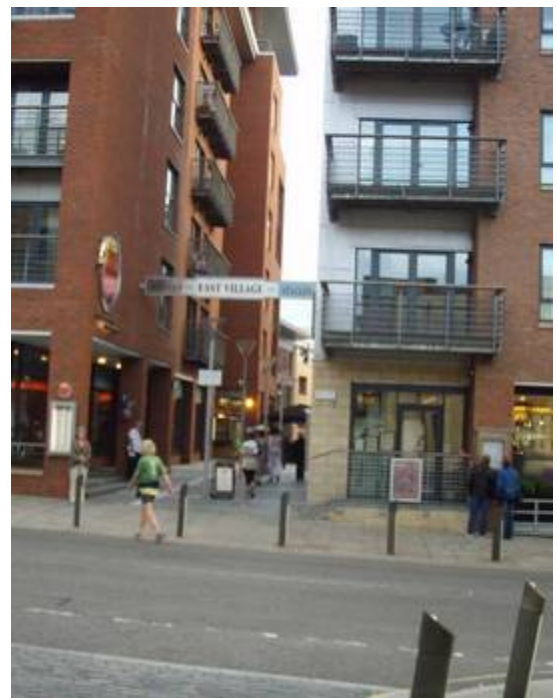
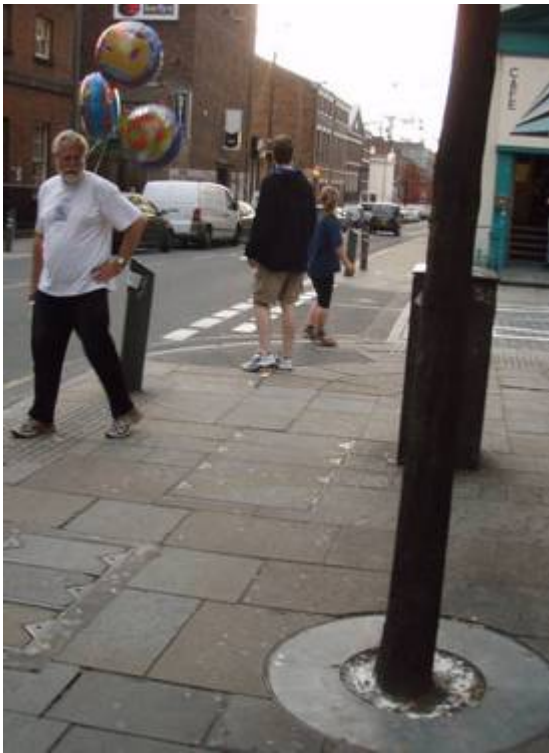
Two virgins arrived **Scamp** and Adrian (but more of him later). **Scamp** spotted her mother on the Little Sai Wan H3 T shirt that **Carthief** was wearing which drew the comment from **Austin Powers** Now I know what “Been there, done that, got the T shirt means”.



**Compo** announced that there would be two pub stops, but that he would be sponsoring them. The chocolate cake was shown to **Compo** but it was replaced in a safe place until the circle and off we went down to the suitcases which turned out to be a one direction Check



Off we went again with several Checks around the base of trees, and into the East Village Shopping Mall



where Adrian earned his Hash name and the others joined in with the water sports.



The members of the MTH3 are attracted to gaps in fences as bees are attracted to honey. So much so that several of them missed the F just before the gap.



and some Falsies where the FRBs took a breather instead of returning thus gathering the remainder of the Pack and some mutterings



On we went onto a sneaky Split that was a falsie in both directions



By this time **Austin Powers** must have been thirsty and reckoned that we were headed for the Baltic Fleet, and so it was.



**Compo** organised the drinks and after we were all refreshed

We continued the run



In a similar way to narrow gaps, the Mersey has a fascination for Hares and Pack alike, and so we ran down to the docks where the FRBs had another breather



We had a Hash Flash at some piece of equipment whose purpose was not entirely obvious despite the best efforts of **Austin Powers** and others.

So desperate was the Pack to keep warm that in the time taken to change from no flash to Flash they had all but disappeared from the Hash Flash



Along the promenade, past some kayak polo players followed by some wishful thinking



And on to our second pub stop at Cairns, where **Compo** stumped up again and lost 50 years in the loo. (No not like that, the 50 year balloon was caught in the door)

Before the accident



After this, the trail led back into town. Some shortcutters went through the Anglican Cathedral grounds only to find a beer stall being set up but thoughts of a third beer stop were dashed when they were told that it was for the theatre goers (watching Macbeth).

Past the entrance to the Chinese street and up Upper Duke Street to the



Back at the cars, the circle was quickly organised and **Snoozanne** managed to light the candles on the cake. The wind blew most of them out but **Compo** did manage to get the last one.

A chair was found for the **RA**



She invited **Compo** to deliver the sermon, and then changed her mind asking **Carthief** to repeat his story about the UFO which landed next to a swan and the occupant saying to the swan "Take me to your Leda". **Compo** then gave his sermon

A new recruit arrived at the abbey. The abbot, whose monks had been using copies to make copies instead of the original, was asked by the newest recruit why they did not check the original. The abbot finds that the word is "celebrate" (not "celibate" in case of incomprehension).



The story was interspersed with several Freudian gestures by **Compo** which were presumed to refer to the monk's activities.



The chocolate cake was eaten and **Tank's** tale of the \$50 toothbrush was resurrected. see Trash for Run 65 for full explanation.



**Returnee Mad Hatter** was called up and confessed to being either in Bermuda or Florida.

Our virgins **Scamp** and Adrian were next.

**Compo** for his birthday.

**Carthief** for requesting **Leakey Tool** to bring his CD of "When I'm 63" to play for **Compo**.

**Compo** for his lattice of drinks versus names for ordering the round in the two pubs.

The nominees for the **Hashshit** were

**Snoozanne** for completing forgetting her duties as **GM** at the Nash Hash by attending a cocktail party of the Guernsey Hash instead of networking with all the other GMs.

**Long Paws** for getting left behind at the pub.

**Austin Powers** was asked if he knew what colour **Peter Pan**'s car was (Blue), what his dog was called (Bess) and what his wife's favourite drink is (Bacardi). He was thus reckoned to know him well enough to take his Down Down. **Peter Pan** on being asked what he was doing said "Writing a speech for "Andy's do". "Andy's do" turned out to be his own daughter's wedding to someone called Andy.

**Austin Powers** won the Shitshirt.

The **RA** remembering how Adrian enjoyed the water in the fountains suggested **Watersports** as a Hash name and then proceeded to explain what Watersports was. (Google it if you do not know).

**Carthief** for his T-shirt with **Scamp**'s mother on it. **Austin Powers** said that it put a whole new meaning into "Been there, Done that, got the T shirt".

**Compo** received a text on Friday morning asking if he could give **RTFuct** (and someone else I think but unrecorded) a lift to the Nash Hash. They left later that morning.

The participants retired to The Belvedere Arms for further refreshments.