



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 82, 22nd November 2007
Hoyle Station and Plasterers Arms

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The Pack: Snoozanne, Compo, Mad Hatter, 10 Seconds (Hare); Carthief, Ian

The gallant band gathered for a virgin Hare's efforts but he had learned quickly and had set a Regroup and a Check Back. **Lilo Lil** turned up with the food but had to rush off to a dinner party.



No frenzied chalk markings on the Station forecourt but quite a speech about how he did not know how long it was and that we could leave out a loop if it was too long. Some HSE facts about crossing roads followed.

Off we went down to the start on Valencia Road. Into Kings Gap and down to North Parade where we ran past the Lifeboat Station and turned inland. Horror of Horrors as we ran past the pub, with much deliberation as to whether we should just go in, but the running spirit got the better of us and we ran on



But not before the Hare kept his beady eye on us (NOT) and **Mad Hatter** showed that his blood was still thin by dressing in multiple layers that would have not gone amiss in the Antarctic.



Back down to



And along the front with the wind in our faces, although this did not slow **Snoozanne** up at all as she raced ahead.



The rest of the Pack joined up at the Regroup



On we went to Meols Station and across the main road, dodging back to Bertrams Drive North, but not before **Compo** insisted on checking out the bushes across the railway line.

A few more Checks and markings and the welcoming sign greeted us.



The trail finished at the Park next to the pub and whilst some of the cars were collected, The Hare ignored the sign.



The Hare was anxious not to miss the pub quiz, so we quickly sampled **Lilo Lil**'s offerings and the sins were read out with a simultaneous Down Down.

Snoozanne for her job in Abu Dhabi (or is it Abu Grabe? Spelling?).

Compo for his pit stop.

The Hare for the run and for making us run past the pub early on.

Returnee **Carthief**.

Thoroughly frozen we retired to the Plasterers Arms (no there is not an apostrophe see above) where our collective brains defrosted enough to acquit ourselves in the pub quiz.