



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 89 28th February 2008
Mossley Hill Station On Inn, Rose of Mossley Hill Pub , Liverpool

The Pack: Carthief , Compo, FCUK (Hare), Lilo Lil, Carl, Martyn

This was always going to be an interesting Hash being a semi Virgin (**FCUK** had set a run before but had never flown single) (it must be like being slightly pregnant).

The three stalwarts gathered in the station carpark and towards 7PM wandered up to the station to find the two newcomers doing stretching exercises (obviously not regulars). Carl and Martyn introduced themselves; Carl from H....shire (I cannot remember if it was Hert, Here, or Hamp (where hurricanes hardly ever happen)) and Martyn from Wien. Both were brand new to hashing. Your scribe thought that it was slightly odd that two newcomers should suddenly turn up and be doing stretching exercises as well, but it was not until Carl's mobile (cell phone to you **AP** and **Hovercrap**) went off and he handed it to **Compo** saying that it was for him that bells started ringing. **FCUK** was on the line and told **Compo** that he would be watching us from afar.

A quick Hash
Flash



And off we went in three directions finding only one blob in each direction. A quick telephone call to the Hare, and we were appraised on the marking regime. (One blob every 100m). Along Palmerston Road and the first Check Back, into Drewell Road and then North Mossley Hill Road and a Regroup at Ibbotson's Lane.



This is where the wheels fell off. We ran down Ibbotson's Lane but only one arrow, so back to the Regroup. Another Check was spotted behind locked gates at the Hostel.



Trail was found by going into the next set of gates at Rathbone Hall and we appeared at Penny Lane to another Check.

Just as the pack got going up Penny Lane the Hare appeared on his bicycle

He reckoned that we must have run fast. He asked after Sefton Park and received blank looks.

We explained our route and a Council of War decided that the Hare would escort us part way back along the trail that we had completely left out. (Shortcutted?)



Back we went and followed the trail through the gardens of a block of flats



This was followed by another Check Back and a Regroup.

Thence followed a **Finely Crafted Unlikely Key** requirement. The Hare, through means only known to him, produced a key for a locked gate in the middle of Liverpool. The mind boggles.

This saved us from immediate injuries to those more delicate parts of the human anatomy.

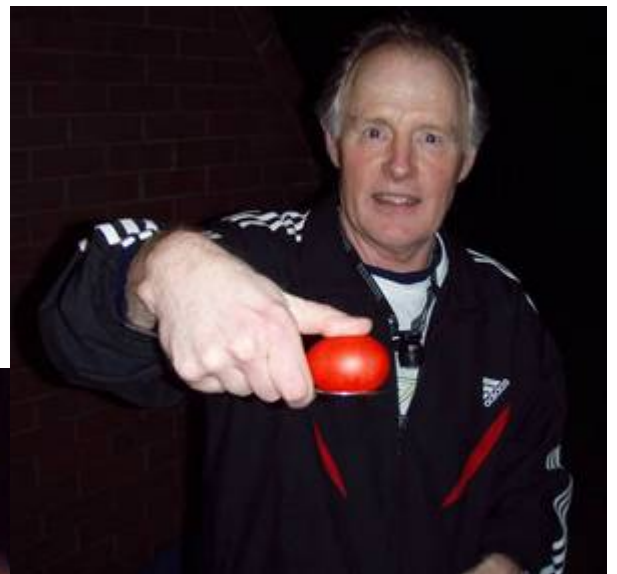


Through the gate and onto a field with another new twist when the trail was marked by a flashing light.



MTH3 first!
Flashing
markings

We were then greeted by Mrs **FCUK** and another lady at Chez **FCUK** where we were treated to an Austrian tradition of coloured eggs and an egg and spoon race.



Have you ever seen such
concentration?

Needless to say Carl, who seemed to have been practising all week, led the pack around the tree and back again, where well earned beers were drunk, **Lilo Lil** became quite pale with the smell of the eggs, and **Compo** disappeared in a sea of red.



FCUK had obviously practised the art of trail laying.



A second Hash Flash



And we continued the Trail arriving back at the “Check behind locked doors” from the correct direction this time.

Up Penny Lane, Briardale Road and the



Back at the cars **FCUK** succeeded in converting **Carthief's** registration plate into his name



Lilo Lil had produced her usual fine spread and we all dug in.

Having gratified those hunger pains that had not been assuaged by hard boiled eggs, the democratic RAing began.

FCUK for causing the Pack to lose the trail at the regroup.

Carl for handing the mobile phone to **Compo** at the start.

Lilo Lil for wiping her face with baby wipes at the end of the run.

FCUK for setting the run on his bicycle. (Spotted by **Lilo Lil** when blobs did not appear at frequent enough intervals).

Carthief For bad geography. (Asking Martyn where the Black Forest cake was). **Compo** elected to take the Down Down by proxy as **Carthief** was driving to Solihull later.

Martyn for the lack of Black Forest cake.

The Hare and Virgins. Carl being in training declined the invitation and **Compo**, faster than he could ever run, volunteered to do their Down Downs. The result:

