



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 92 17th April 2008
Waterloo Station, Crosby

The Pack: Carthief , Compo, FCUK, Carless Whisper, Cupsucker (Hare)

FCUK submitted a précis of the run as follows:

Cheers to Cupsucker for a GREAT run and MANY thanks for the delicious salsa wraps and cheese sandwiches. She had made half a carrier bag full of the things and cheerfully said that if there were any left she would feed them to the 'gannets at work'. Well, after two hours of running including two 'trips to the seaside', one at 7:15 in the bright sunshine and one at 8:45 in the twilight, these hasher- vacs hoovered up those in no time.

There were even afters in the form of 'pains au chocolat'. Quite painless, I assure you.

A belated and long excuse was despatched by **10 seconds** (after the event) who had got on the wrong train and then arranged for a power failure.

Anyway back to the start where global warming seemed to be retreating fast. After shivering about for a while the Hare started taunting the pack to bring them up to fever pitch before the off by waving the map of the route about.

It was lucky that she still had it as she confessed to setting the run via Google maps and then having the map blow away in the wind part way round setting the run. Luckily she managed to catch it or the run might have turned out differently.



This was followed by a detailed drawing and explanation of Beijing H3 markings which consisted of a



and several other markings which resulted in this



Several attempts at athletic posing followed on from the cry “Hash Flash”



and off we went.

Cupsucker had set a less than direct route to the beach and we were treated to several streets in the Waterloo area.

Arriving at the beach and copies of Mr Andrew Gormley were embraced as long lost friends



This was followed by a male bonding session at the furthest statue that the tide would permit us to reach. The distaff side of the Hash stayed well back.



The route back to the dunes was not quite straightforward.



Back at the dunes and we ran around the edge of the Marina and into the park on Cambridge Road.



A few switchbacks and we arrived at Sandy Road and over the railway line to a Check. Falsies into the field followed and we made our way through a section of Waterloo Park followed by several streets which must have looked alike to the Hare who had to retrace her steps and offer guidance



A new form of Hash marking (pub sandwich boards)

Hash marking



We were now heading back to the sea in the dark with a view of the lights of the Wirral



Leaving the sights behind us we ran up Sandhey Avenue and onto the



Back at the cars, the Hare produced sandwiches for all of us (as described in FCUK's introduction). They went down a treat.

Carthief recited **Austin Powers's** sermon that he had e mailed a while ago.

An old cowboy sat down at the Starbucks and ordered a cup of coffee

As he sat sipping his coffee, a young woman sat down next to him.

She turned to the cowboy and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "Well, I've spent my whole life breaking colts, working cows, going to rodeos, fixing fences, pulling calves, bailing hay, doctoring calves, cleaning my barn, fixing flats, working on tractors, and feeding my dogs, so I guess I am a real cowboy."

She said, "I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women. When I shower, I think about women. When I watch TV, I think about women. I even think about women when I eat. It seems that everything makes me think of women."

The two sat sipping in silence.

A little while later, a man sat down on the other side of the old cowboy and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out that I'm a lesbian."

Compo said that he had been a Grim Reaper during the day, as he had been dicing with Death (This does not quite seem right because it was **Cupsucker** who had provided the carrots). There was a discussion about how the carrots were not diced anyway as diced carrots were squares. The carrots were square from an end on view so maybe that was OK.

Compo then told the assembly that breast implants had now been invented that had a built in music player. This was because women complained that men looked at their breast but did not listen to them.

Compo had produced copies of the Chicago song in honour of the two Hashers from Chicago who did not turn up. (It continues to amaze me how many people who do not even turn up to the run get a mention in the Trash but then I only write the thing).

The democratic circle then started.

Compo was called up for his pitstop and **FCUK** wondering aloud during the description how he had been spotted (Hoist by your own petard) was given a Down down as well.

Compo, Carthief and **FCUK** were called up for their male bonding sessions and proudly showed off their sandy shoes.



Cupsucker and **Carless Whisper** were then given a Down Down for their lack of musical implants



Cupsucker had to shoot off but the remainder retired to The Volunteer and discussed the 100th run