



MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 98 17th July 2008
Meols Station, the Wirral, Merseyside

The Pack: Shiteloaf, 10 Seconds, OTT, Compo, Cupsucker (hare), FCUK,

There were also two mystery guests. Here's the hare looking around for them at the



start of the run

Can you make out the two figures hiding in the shadows behind her?

The pack was duly flashed at by FCUK, the hash scribe for the evening due to the enforced absence of the great silver snapper.



The unruly bunch of reprobates responded to my attempts at documentation by flashing themselves and their H3 T-shirts back at me, with OTT leading from the front, but can you see the dirty old man with his hand in his pocket?



Then there were 10 Seconds (sorry about the 'effet guillotine', Ian) and Compo in the middle:



and with MTH3 virgin Shiteloaf from Dubai coming from behind (ahem):



Yes, he looks nice enough, doesn't he? but wait till you see the filthy reference on the back of this man's T-shirt at down down time....

Cupsucker reacquainted us with the Beijing markings



and then, at about 7:05, it was off past .

Then the most curious thing happened, one moment we were in a suburban street and the next moment we were running through what I am sure was sugar cane field and could only see the path/runner in front of us.



Apologies to Wirralites, but it was amazing at how many warning notices we came across on this hash. I suppose it's about keeping the riff raff from this or that side of the water out of one's property? Cupsucker wanted to do more on this green field route, but had to call a halt when she was confronted with a barbed wire topped gate with ditches either side and covered in axle grease!



Ok, I can't read what the first one says either; but, duly warned, over the railway line we went....



Here Shiteloaf strides purposefully into Manningham Close, leading to Glenham Close



Past a sample of Wirral's standing stones, any resemblance to two fingers is accidental.



The street names were repeating themselves....



However, the trail was about to take an interesting turn, first, after passing a significant milestone,



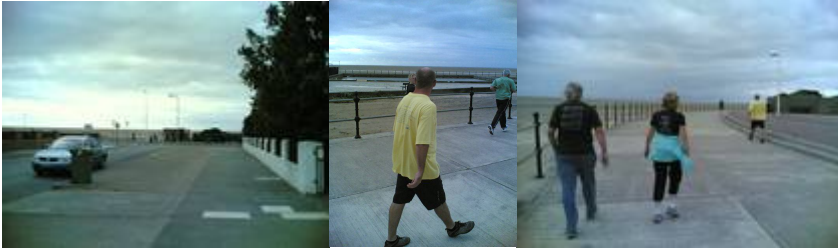
there was a welcome (at last)



and then the sea beckoned



via



Cupsucker had left an MTH3 tag on the wall. Focused on the ground as some hashers tend to be, we missed it. Here the moment when she signed it was captured. OTT is mischievously trying to 'jog' her signature, either that, or are they enacting a version of the nursery rhyme 'I'm a little teapot, short and stout...' In reality, though, the only short and stout one is behind the camera.



There I was just going along minding my own business looking at the ground when a reminder of our erstwhile MTH3 cloak came into view. Why is it that we come across equine excrement every time that I do the trash (see run 95 on the 5th of June 2008)?



Just like the earlier dollops in Calderstones Park, these turds were tantalizingly close to municipal rose bushes. Oh well... I thought horses were supposed to be intelligent.

We were warned how to conduct ourselves once again...



But, maybe because he was on home territory, 10 seconds paid no heed to this notice or to the cries of RU and seemed to multiply his name exponentially putting 10 mins between him and the pack. It served him right though when he was called back by the hare who had set a check back in her trail. You will see later how fortuitous it was that she laid a watertight trail and crossed through the checks as we proceeded to:



Across a park



Into suburbia again



Until those trailblazing FRBs found the footpath....



which led us back to the sea via a green path; this second seaside visit is one of Cupsucker's trademarks. Her runs are crenelated!



I was yearning for repose, so was delighted to see this street sign as we approached the finish



For Rest, geddit?

Cupsucker was photographed with a decoy marking which was painted onto the pavement



Luckily, it was not misleading as it pointed across the road to the On Inn!



For me the Meols run was over and I figured that I would wait at the pub



for the others to return with their cars, so that we could have down downs. Two minutes, five minutes passed. Nothing, those so and so's were going to start drinking without me?! Then, suddenly, after what seemed like ten minutes and ten seconds, the hare's car pulled up and gave the weary co-GM a lift to where the beer was going to go down down. Was this the first time that a GM was chauffeured to the rendezvous by the hare?



OTT had masses of beer in her car. This, she maintained, was for the exclusive use of WCH3, now if there is a Compo around, you cannot go putting an exclusion zone around a consignment of beer, can you? Charm was applied by the bucketload, by that connoisseur of real ale



And here you see the satisfied petitioner with a can or two of Hansel's beer in his hand and WCHHH was not left high and dry. Cheers to you Hansel. It was really decent stuff



But can anyone tell me how to pronounce it, is it thorough-goods or 'through-goods'? Cupsucker got out a magnificent map produced with powerpoint and we poured over it, without losing a drop of our precious beer.



In the spirit of the democratic RA we had a shared sermon, composed of an introduction by 10 seconds, what's the difference between an elephant and a cowsay? Er what's a cow say, I said? Moo, he replied... Then I plumbed the depths. A woman walks down through a bus with her baby in her arms. She is furious. Do you know what that damn bus driver said to my child she says to the first passenger she sees. The driver said that mine was the most ugly baby that he had ever seen in his life. The passenger replies, that's terrible, let me hold your monkey for you and you go and give him a piece of your mind.

With the song-less circle over, we retired to the round tables of the Railway



Shiteloaf turned around to reveal the anthem of his home hash:



The creek hash in Dubai are also robust with their hash names, Shiteloaf told the story of how a squaddie came first to be known as Private Parts, after a while this came to be considered far too tame and they began to call him 'Major F**k Up'. Shiteloaf got his own name because he did some audio work in Dubai for the famous US rockstar. We will have to tell them how to spell 'farce' though, but this trash is probably full of typos too.

The hash crate, beer and hymnals hadn't made it, so we massacred another one of the fine arts as the Hare led us in a hash hop – a BeijingHHH dance of sorts. 10 seconds who is the august holder of a University chair and lives embarrassingly locally caused general hilarity after the dance with his wry comment that it was fortunate that we had chosen a discreet place: right in front of a big pub on one of Wirral's main roads! I got a well-deserved down down when Compo spotted me dictating notes into my phone to help me to do this trash. Totally unnecessary and against the spirit of hashing our other co-GM would probably say.



Then there they appeared: Overdrive and Cleopatra. They had been left in the lurch by Merseyrail and had arrived at the station at T+15mins. Then very sportingly, some would say foolishly, decided to do the full bl**dy Monty, because they had to exclude all the false trails, by running every single one. By the time they got to the station, we had moved off from there and so the pack were no where to be found, The website had

mentioned that MTH3 would agree on a pub on the night, so that usual source of information was no help; however, our intrepid explorers used their powers of deductive reasoning and headed towards the rather prominent towers of the Railway. Seldom was a post-run drink better deserved and here you see them sitting with their pints.



So here, for the record is the full hashery: The Pack: Shitloaf, 10 Seconds, OTT, Compo, Cupsucker (hare), FCUK and Cleopatra and Overdrive.

Cheers to Cupsucker for a run of an hour and a bit which was full of surprises. Meols pronounced 'mels' was a good choice, some other time we'll have to have the run in 'Meols' which is part of Southport and which is spoken 'meals'. Right, I'm off to get something to eat.