



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 31: The Volunteer Canteen, Waterloo

The Pack: Austin Powers, Sergeant Pecker, Jonah, Carthief, Snoozanne, Bloody Bollox (HARE), RTfuct, Minder, Luscious, Peter Pan, Yoizzer and Bess the hound.

Outside the Volunteer pub, the hashers started to gather. There was no hare and no RA. At about five past the hour, it occurred to some bright spark that we should check inside the pub. **RTfuct** promptly disappeared inside the pub and about 5 minutes later, **Jonah** followed. Hilariously, the hare, RA and two Australian visitors had been happily drinking away in the snug atmosphere of the pub for about an hour. **Austin Powers** made up some lame excuse about time-changes on his computer's clock display in an effort to explain his afternoon in the pub but we all knew that this was a typical afternoon of research for him (time and time again the experiment gives the same result: the number of pints of beer consumed is directly proportional to both the frequency of trips to the lavatory AND time spent in the pub – gee). During which time, however, the rain had cleared up so it really wasn't so bad going out.





Jonah proudly showed off his addition to the Hashshit – a scottish condom, to follow up the St Andrew's day theme of last week. Although it has holes pierced through it, he assures us it is not a Welsh 'leek' themed condom (ho ho ho)



The first of a catalogue of problems with **Peter Pan**'s new car at the MTH3 run – he nearly ran off and left it open and perhaps if someone had nicked the damn thing **PP**, **T-bag**, **Jonah**, and **Sgt. Pecker** wouldn't have broken down on the way to a hash do in Abergavenny the next day. Still, it only took them 9 hours to get there in the end. Nine hours well spent. Nine hours that none of them were at work anyway.

Out on the trail, **AP** was pleased to get some exercise and burn off some of those beery calories – more experiments in physics.






Minder bringing a ray of Queensland sunshine to a grey and windy MTH3 trail – his ‘poop poop’ train whistle helped to keep us all together through some of the darker and challengingly-marked parts of the trail!



But, MTH3 already has a bright light in the ubiquitous presence of fluorescent **Sgt. P – 30** runs out of 31! That deserved a special down-down of nice beer in the pub afterwards.





Ha! We've all got to go the wrong way because dorky **Bloody Bollox** didn't know this gate gets locked at night. But wait, this is an opportunity to impress everyone with my robotic dance.





In the absence of any flour, as the pack diverted around the padlocked-off section of trail, **Carthief** checked out the road signs for clues, whilst **Jonah the hashshit** considered whether or not to discipline the hare with a firm knock over the head from his weighty, blue tool. It's called a 'blue job' in the UK but the Australian contingent of the pack would be more familiar with the term 'head job'.



The remedials – **BB** with his BIG faced clock and **AP** with his no clock at all – still – if it means you get an extra hour in the pub, why bother with watches and clocks?



Perhaps for leaving a fleece somewhere? **Snoozanne** takes her weekly down-down as **Luscious** and **Minder** look on admiringly.



And finally, the hashshit was awarded for the extremely heinous crime of not ever having had to wear it before – **Carthief** for that you are an awful bastard and deserve every minute you spend in the dunce vest.