



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 103 18th September 2008
Liverpool City Centre and Yuet Ben Restaurant

The Pack: Carless Whisper, Compo, Snoozanne (joint-co-Hare), Mad Hatter (joint co'Hare), FCUK, 10 Seconds, Sprog and Virgin Ursula



Here is a cheery hash flash of this week's merry band. We should have been in floods of tears as Carless Whisper our treasurer was leaving us, but there's no getting hashers down (only down down) and so here we are. Find out which one of us became treasurer at the end of this trash.

In the absence of Overdrive and Cleopatra, this week's Overdue Award could only go to the co-hares who arrived a total of two minutes late after deciding to finish off the trail in chalk rather than doing a live hare for the last portion.

The markings were duly explained by the curly hare:



Bizarrely enough, a car bay separation mark in this picture conspires to suggest that all we are missing is a 'cup' and 'green' to suggest a hint of the Chinese establishment where we were to dine that evening. In the event, the Yuet Ben is visible in fluorescent red letters through the arch in the background.

Just as we were preparing for the off, Snoozanne mentioned that this run had a theme which would be guessed or revealed in due course.



Despite Liverpool city centre being part of the beat of the mounted police, we did not find any horse dung on this trail as is usual when I do the trash (see the trashes for runs 95 and 98). However, as the roughness has not yet been polished out of this city, there was plenty of filth on the streets both of a verbal and literal kind:



(that's a bin emptied on the street for those of you who think the one candela flash of my mobile phone camera does not provide sufficient illumination). I suppose it's also advance notice to all to bring a torch to the next run.

Madhatter had us all fooled from the off when he got our attention and ran us though the arch onto the four possible routes departing from Great George Square (see below for one of them). In fact the trail was behind us through lower China town (in the direction the camera was pointing at the hash flash).



The pack hoovered up the distance and we were soon in Park Lane.



Mamma mia, was it because we passed the Swedish Seamen's church? No idea, but something sparked a bout of silliness among the pack, with Sprog just emerging into the picture below wagging his arms and legs while going in the opposite direction from the non-hash arrow in the photo. For his part Compo suddenly seemed to morph into a form which belonged to 'Another Place' (see the Hash Flash for run 92), but, no, as you see behind him, we were in the Waterfront Business Area, heading towards Liverpool One and the Albert Dock.



There was a crafty check at the John Lewis car park in Liverpool One, the trail continued across the road down a gentrified alley across a pedestrian crossing towards the new Paradise Street Bus Station at Canning Place.



The pack was soon across the dock road and in the Albert Dock. The pack were delighted with a beer stop at the Pumphouse Inn. Please note that someone related to Snoozanne did the interior décor (or something like that) and renovation. The work included a beautiful pump pull for St Edmunds ale; pity there wasn't any beer within it.



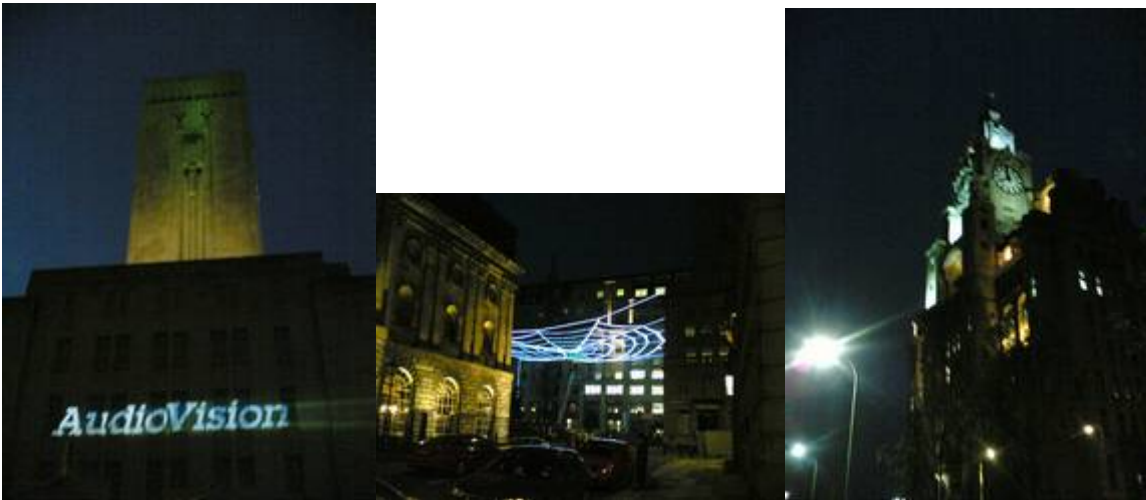


Ok the light was failing by the time we exited the pub, it didn't seem that long. I thought that I saw a blob, but on close inspection it turned out not to be chalk. Compo bent down and I think that he sniffed it. It was behind a restaurant so, it looked as if he was snorting a line.

Here's an atmospheric photo of Compo, possibly high as a kite on the Sodium Chloride that he had inhaled, now running moth like towards the nearest bright light. Watch out man; there is a dock between you and the Port Authority Building!



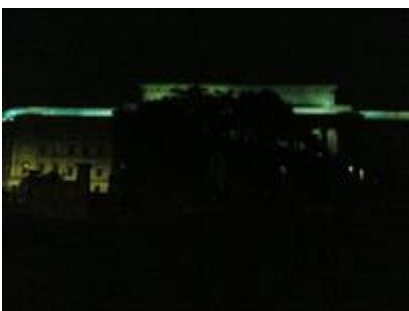
True to form and better than anything that the current Liverpool Biennial can organise, Madhatter and Snoozanne took us on a cultural jog across Pier Head and then up Water Street.



A web for the La Machine spider had been spun in exchange flags, I am not sure if any of the pack even saw it, the speed that they were moving. Had someone smelled a beer stop?



We were soon at St. Georges Plateau and then at Lime Street via the Coach Station.



Up Mount Pleasant, then across Leece Street to Pilgrim Street and, finally, a Beer stop at the pilgrim, Everton scored and we made to leave.

Here is a picture of co-Hare-co-GM beside the ON IN on Duke Street opposite the main entrance to the Anglican Cathedral.



Here are three pictures of the down downs, light levels have been deliberately reduced in the event that Virgin Ursula blushed when we sang her the Busted Cherry Song. I know that the musicality of the singing was totally offensive and for that we apologize.



I had been puzzling over the theme. Then one bright spark revealed that he had got it back at the Pilgrim. This had been a journey-themed leaving run. We had passed through the following transit/embarkation points (not in any particular order). The suitcases outside LIPA, the Pilgrim, the coach station, the Paradise Street bus station, the train station, the docks and Pier Head. Then there was an outbreak of erudition with the following quotation: 'It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive' who said it? No one knew for sure Well, I know now that it was Robert Louis Stevenson.

We soon retired to the Yuet Ben, it was buzzing with other groups of diners. Suddenly a rather tipsy professorial type, proceeded to thank the organizer of an event, perhaps it was a Saga weekender. He spoke as if the whole restaurant belonged to his party. Madhatter, not to be upstaged, stood up and stepped forward to deliver a valedictory address on behalf of Laura aka Carless Whisper, the indefatigable treasurer, hash stat and rugby scrum half extraordinaire.





Finally we managed to get a group photo.... although our future treasurer had absented himself for a sixth of a minute.



All of a sudden, on his return from the men's room. 10 Seconds was rummaging in the cash box, this could only mean he had been nominated treasurer in true hash style. As I went to take a picture of the event, my poor overloaded mobile phone came up with the message, 'memory too full to perform function' and 10 Seconds quipped that this probably was more applicable to him in the role of treasurer.



And so this is how we assured succession and bade goodbye and NOT farewell to Laura. Carless Whisper, when you are next back on a visit, I'll have to capture you in a trademark pose at the LIPA suitcases.

For she's a jolly good hasher and so say all of us....