



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 104 2nd October 2008
Wavertree Technology Park Station Rathbone Road, Liverpool

The Pack: Carthief, Compo, Snoozanne, Overdrive, Sprog, FCUK (Hare), 10 Seconds.

Arriving at the start, the remainder of the Pack were spotted huddling under a street light against the pouring rain. The Hare arrived soaked to the skin and dressed in black which made him extremely difficult to spot later on.

Hash Scribe suddenly realised that he had left the camera in his hotel room. The Hare quickly fished out his fancy mobile phone which promptly died when Hash Flash was attempting to take a photograph of **10 Seconds** changing whilst standing, just about out of the rain. Maybe it was just as well. Semi-fortunately **Overdrive** also had his phone camera with him but as it did not have a flash the quality of the photographs are entirely his fault for not having the requisite equipment. (Stop Press they were too late for inclusion in this Trash).

Just before The Hare's camera died he did manage to record one sad scene. This was doubly sad because **Overdrive** had just returned from Australia.



The Hare produced a soggy bag of flour and said that he had only set Checks with no falsies but he had put in a couple of Xs to keep us safe from some of the less than salubrious (Latin derivative) areas. The first mark would be some way out to ensure the Pack kept reasonably together.



The pedestrian bridge over the railway line drew the **FRBs** like moths to a light but the **Hare** who had obviously taken psychology at O Level at the very least, started the Trail in the opposite direction which took us on a tour of the Isle of Wight (at least it seemed so from the road names).

After Shanklin, we had Sandown and then the aptly named Long Lane. We then left the IOW for sunnier climes with Olive Lane and several Checks.

At the entrance to the Mystery Park (as I was given its name to be) on Prince Alfred Road an X marked the entrance and the Pack dutifully checked out all the other ways before the Hare pointed through the narrow gap next to the gates. This was the first of many challenges to **Compo** as the main theme of the run seemed to be "Can we find a narrow enough gap to thwart **Compo**?"

X barred the trail here

Sneaky entrance here



And on a smaller scale

After that there were several Checks and turns until we hit Rathbone Road and the On Inn.

By this time the rain had eased and we set up the Circle and the much needed provisions, carefully selected by **Snoozanne**, on the side of the road.

10 Seconds collected the subs although a sign on the top of his head read "Memory insufficient to perform function". This dates him quite well as I have not seen such a sign for many years as the increase in memory in my PC has always outpaced the demand of ever more graphics.

There was a discussion on the merits of Brassiere beer and **Snoozanne** reckoned that it must have been brewed in Brest (not a bad pun seeing we were all soaked).

Overdrive went into 4th gear and proclaimed the day's sinners:

The Hare for the run. The main complaint being "No shiggy".

Compo for reconnoitring the pub but not having time to sample their wares before having to make his way back to the start.

The proceedings were interrupted by **Compo** reciting his latest experience where he had almost witnessed a lady who whilst attempting to drive into a petrol station knocked over an overlarge concrete bollard. I suppose it was painted dark grey.

This is the bollard



This interruption (happily it was accepted by the **RA**) was continued by **FCUK** who gave a scientifically inclined joke. A hydrogen atom lost an electron and broke the news to his friend. His friend replied "Are you positive?" to which he replied "Yes"

To counterbalance this **FCUK** then continued with what he described as being for the artistically minded.

"Waiter do you have frogs legs?" "No sir I always stand like this".

For wearing shorts on the coolest run since the summer **Sprog**. **10 Seconds** and **Snoozane**.

A song (entitled La Arseillaise according to **10 Seconds**) with the first line "A Frenchman went to the lavatory" revived the flagging spirits.

Carthief for his Senior Moment (forgetting the camera)

Compo for succeeding in negotiating the various narrow gaps along the Trail.

And so off to the pub (the Edinburgh)

A discussion ensued on the derivation of gibbous meaning bulging. Despite her Latin A level **Snoozanne** reckoned that it was Greek.

FCUK showed off his planned change of clothing (dripping wet) and we all warmed up.

The following day **FCUK** was keen to spread the blame and e mailed as follows:

“Please mention (Tim Beaumont), he did the route with me last week - we covered it all. It is 'his' Wavertree. The recommendation for the pub was also his. I did the hashers tricks such as the cross by the main gates of the park and in through the gate at the side. And also out of the park only to come back in.”

Errata

(**Snoozanne** also (the ‘also’ refers to the pointing out below) pointed out that if there was only one correction this should read erratum)

Run 102

Snoozanne pointed out that in this photo she was not falling over or living up to her name (by falling asleep) but actually sighing believing that the bridge in the background was similar to the Bridge of Sighs in Venice. I suppose if it was raining heavily ...



In fact I am not entirely sure that even this is the Bridge of Sighs. Googleising “Bridge of Sighs” produces images of several different Venetian bridges.