



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 112 15th January 2009



Liverpool City Centre, Peter Kavanagh's,

Hare: Compo. The Pack: Alt Ent, Snoozanne, 10 Seconds, Cloysters, Chrissy, Mad Hatter and fcuk

This is an 'artist's impression' of the hare setting the trail. In search of the perfect Compo-shaped hole, this week he set about bending open the railings with his butt,



Welcome back to Chrissy and welcome to Cloysters [clitoris/oysters, he said...], latterly of the Brussels/Bruxelles H3. Almost as soon as she had introduced herself, Snoozanne made him feel the warmth of her welcome by hiding Cloyster's high vis vest, briefly left in the pub as he went to put his stuff in a car. Ah, we know how to take care of our MTH3 virgins.....

I wanted to get a hash flash with me on it so I passed the cameraphone to our web apprentice Compo. He is such a dab hand with technology now that he managed to turn it off as he took the picture, but finally this ghostly nocturnal hash flash (with no flash) was taken and....



after all this faffing around the pack were delighted to be called to 'check it out', but Compo did not point us up or down the road, oh no.. it was behind the pub we went.... Now Compo has set a trail or two in his time and this one was full of craftiness, not to say low-down cunning. I think some of us will not forget for some long while what he did to the pack in Princes Park, but more of that later....

As the sign says, we were soon in:

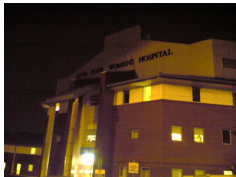


Then there was a sneaky detour around Crown Street, which



made Mad Hatter speed up (see run 101)

. Soon we had left the



Women's Hospital behind us and crossed back over Upper Parliament Street though and came out in Lodge Lane. Here is a picture of the hare waiting for his charges as they return from a 'U'-shaped portion of the trail.



10 Seconds told one of his jokes and Compo was poleaxed by laughter with other members of the pack looking on....



Then we ventured into the nether regions of Granby



Indeed, given its second half, this run could have been renamed the Tocky Special.

However, before we knew it, and in typical Liverpool fashion, we were in the leafy atmosphere of the borders to Sefton Park. Chrissy and me briefly thought about home comforts not too far away at opposite ends of the park. However, Mad Hatter egged us on by finding the trail on a jogging track parallel to the main path. Well, Compo had said that the trail was IN the park hadn't he? We didn't venture into the park, though Alt Ent did a long false down into it at the point of 'Cleopatra's needle' (geddit....). Not content with the parks and squares that he had already clocked up, Compo's trail went towards Princes Park. Now he had said three blobs and we were ON. They were always there, one would expect no less, but these were dainty little blobs, were these (despite the use of four bags of flour) and he really had us foxed at the entrance to the park where half went right and half left, both came back to the middle after a good five minutes and ventured that it must be straight ahead. The blobs though the middle of the park with a false up a flight of stone steps, then someone found the trail on a parallel tack and we all piled in afterwards. This was a logical bearing which would naturally turn into the on inn emerging onto Princes Avenue and home. BUT NO, the bugger tricked us... with a quadruple bluff after the fourth blob. We had to retrace our steps and leave the park on another tack. Pass the tennis courts and then out onto



Compo more than made amends for his 'treachery' with a



lovely hash halt in the Queen's Arms, much loved by AP. Thanks so much for the drinks Compo. Snoozanne had asked if there was a pub stop right at the start, Compo replied that 'we didn't need any money'.



After exiting the pub, we nearly lost Snoozanne on Park Road.... Here, I think, is a picture of her running to catch us up....



Cloysters was kind enough not to mention that she would have been easier to find if she had kept the high vis vest that she tried to steal from him as a hash prank.... I didn't know that there was a reservoir on Park Road... Anyway there were lots of wiggly bits in the trail as we went though Toxteth and finally emerged onto Princes Avenue, right at the end though very close to Berkley Square and the Rialto then it was a hop skip and a jump to the chilly down downs in Egerton Street. Thanks to Compo for re-invigorating the hash tradition of brie and baguette and to Snoozanne for acquainting me with the zingy Wasabi peas of MTH3 lore. Marvellous. We can't sing to save our lives, but told a couple of dodgy sermons, bedpanned returners, virgins and the hare before we got ourselves out of the cold and into PK's.

Inside the Inn things got a touch surreal as it turned out that the pub quiz was going to be done by one of my personal tutees Ian Carroll, who actually had an exam the next day. I would have advised him to return home to revise (or at least to demand that he start the blessed thing before the official time of 10:30 – far too late for the professional dormice among us - but it was an exam for the English portion of his degree, so that was alright. In his defence, Ian had been hashing in Malaga and had even met our own Lilo Lil out there.

Let's look forward when nine of us descend on Malaga and Mijas Hashes... Viva the Merseythirstday Mad March Malaga Weekender!

On a sad and serious note, Cloysters told us about Roobs and that he was going to attend her funeral in Edinburgh the next day, a final on on to a marvellous hasher by all accounts.