



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 126 16th July 2009

The Herculaneum, Toxteth

Snoozanne; Carthief (Leveret); Alternative Entrance (Hare); Cleopatra; Overdrive; FCUK; Madhatter; 69 degrees; Compo

There are two photos (mainly for **Cleopatra's** benefit (as the keeper of the Stats (where were they anyway?))) as the posed one obliterated **Mad Hatter**



Most of the Pack had assembled inside the pub trying to keep their outsides dry (and their insides wet) when a plaintive call from **Snoozanne** to ask where the pub was followed by an extensive Swiss Army knife repair job to **Mad Hatter's** shoes meaning that the Pack was already fairly well soaked before the Trail started.



Alternative Entrance having set the Trail vowed never to set a Trail again near any school where she has worked as her children kept asking her what she was doing.

Luckily the weather forecast had been checked and the whole Trail was marked in white wax industrial crayon (in case anybody wants to re-use the route in the next 12 months or so).

Off we went on a Trail that zigzagged around Toxteth and included a view of the



which looked like a mown field with a sign on it.

The pace was somewhat lethargic (and no we did not rearrange the lamp post in frustration at the weather)



A nice view (well it would have been without the rain) across the Mersey



and we came to a Chip shop that Mad Hatter managed to walk past. **Snoozanne** did say that they had been going to Chips Anonymous so it was obviously working.



Except that **Mad Hatter** had changed his yearnings to Hamburgers.



Moving (I hesitate to use the word running it was slow progress) past the oldest school in Liverpool



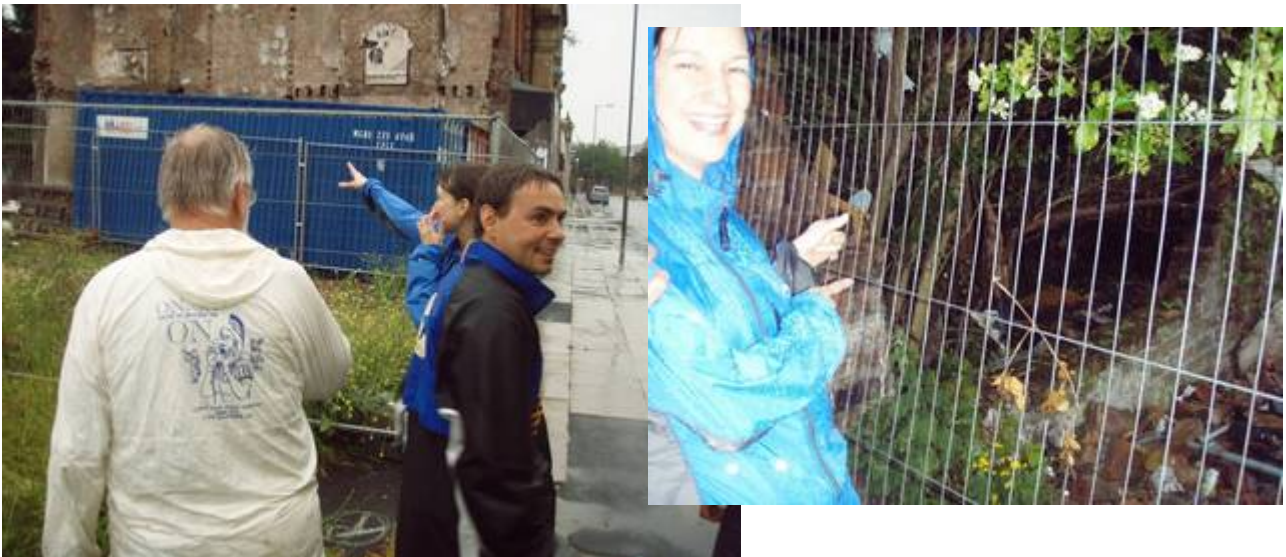
We came to a piece of fence that had been challenged by **Compo** (he neglected to tell us which run). He thought that this was the repaired section but in fact the hole is still visible (nothing moves that fast in Liverpool)



And so we came to the



where **Alternative Entrance** proudly showed off her handiwork where she had carried out a full scale fire test on the Depository (see Run 124)



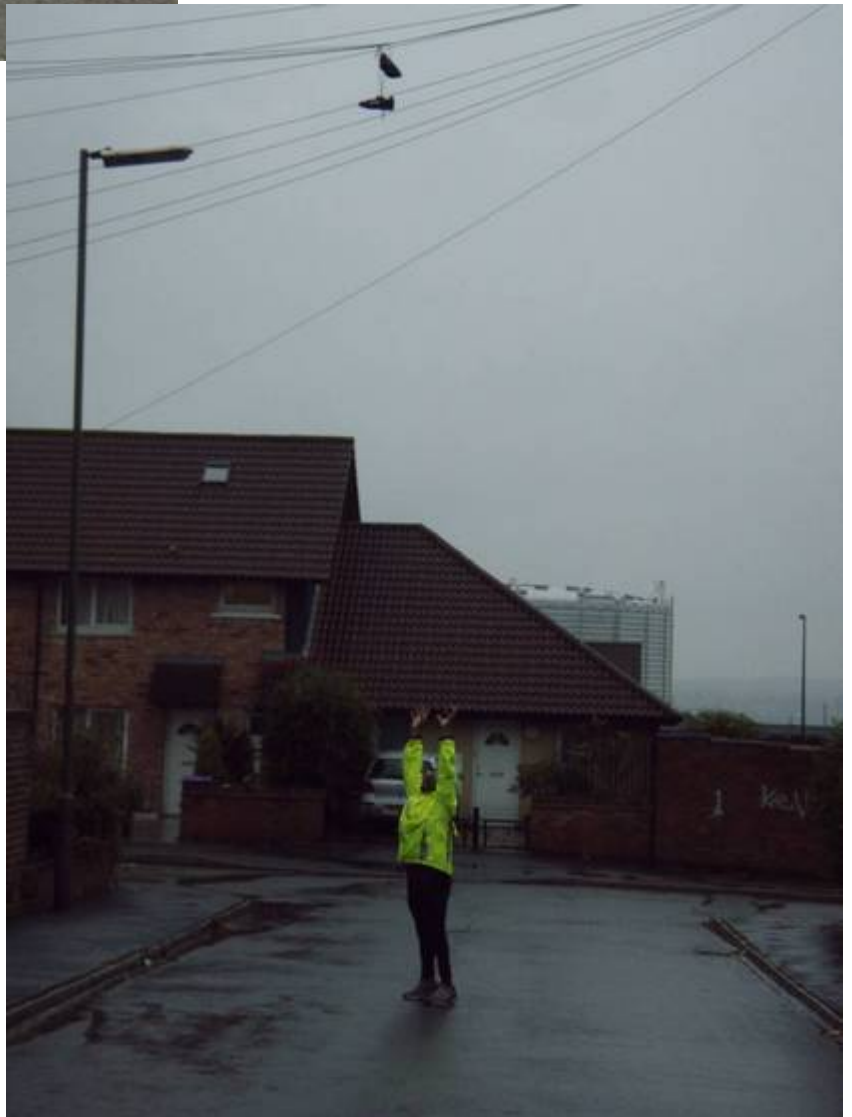
Given the weather there was a certain reluctance to leave the shelter of the bus stop or possibly checks were being made on the time of the next bus home.



Running past her school (luckily it was raining so the children were mostly inside), **Alternative Entrance** discusses the finer points of wax crayon with **Snoozanne**



FCUK tries to reach his lost running shoes



69 degrees bailed out at this point citing a previous engagement (with a pint of the best in The Herculaneum) and the rest of us battled on.

The Check Back was probably the start of the trouble and by the time we reached



there were mutterings that if we had a pub stop here we would never leave.

Another 50 yards and something snapped inside Fletcher Christian's mind (it was probably the sight of the Park looming ahead and **Mad Hatter's** stomach (we had not seen a chip shop for at least 200m).

It being the 21st Century, the Hares were not cast adrift in a small boat but the Trail through the Park was shortcutted which cheered up the Pack (if not the Hares) and some running was finally observed (and another view over The Mersey)



The weather and the cold prompted a second Hash Flash



and so we returned to the pub in the rain.

The ever reliable **Snoozanne** had the food laid on in record time, The Hash Scribe struggled in the rain to take notes and **69 degrees** left his pint (2nd pint, 3rd??) in the pub to join the circle.

The Hares were called up

Compo and **69 degrees** for unaccountably wanting to start rather than stand about in the rain.

Compo for his new shoes. Someone spotted that they were New Balance. How did they know? "A big N" on the outside (and a Big N" on the inside).

Alternative Entrance for her new shoes.

By this time our renowned alarm bell told us it was time to enter the pub (**Alternative Entrance's** fingers were white and numb).

Arriving at the pub **Alternative Entrance** lived up to her name and tried to enter through a locked door.

Snoozanne confessed to answering the phone in her pyjamas and felt the need to tell her caller this.

The pub's juke box was discovered and the already almost empty pub was further cleared as we chose ABBA, Rolling Stones and Queen.