



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**



image courtesy of the surfwaxmuseum.com

Run Number 129, 13 August 2009 Starting at the Houghton Arms, Southport

The Pack: Compo, Overdrive, Snoozanne, Cleopatra, Madhatter, Alternative Entrance, 10 seconds, fcuik Wigan Pier, Alex, Very Grimm & Cyril the Viking. **His Royal Hareness:** Sprog

Oh and there was a late arrival - one of the Three Kings arriving from the East (dressed in beautiful clothes – has anyone ever seen him like this? – and bearing a gift – 3 quid in subs).



We were soon assembled in the street, but with Compo refusing to budge from outside the pub we generally headed in his direction and Sprog did a rerun of the markings.



Then it was on off, thundering through the shopping centre.... Well, sort of thundering....



That's better !!!!!



The hare leading us on an enforced detour, through a gallery to emerge onto Lord Street beside a fountain.



This is a bloody big check....

It was a characteristically meticulously marked trail from our hare, with some minuscule markings in the town centre, but markings there were (falsies included).

With an enviable bit of ESP did the hare include the location of the ON INN for next week's run?

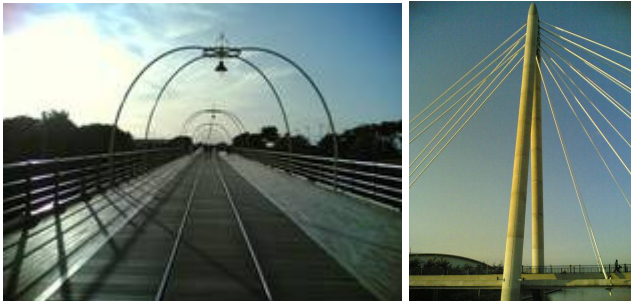


Mamma Mia!
Where iz zhe trail?

Then down to the waterfront.



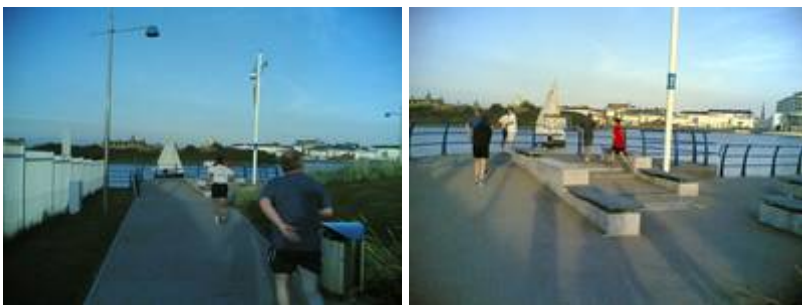
There is something inimitable about the British seaside. I wanted to drop into one of the shops to buy rock, but they were closed. You have heard about ‘walking the boards’, but soon MTH3er took centre stage and ran them, on a stretch down the pier.



Once on the beach the backrunners were treated to an informal hash viewpoint where Blackpool and its big dipper were pointed out as the FRB fraternity embarked on an expedition via a falseie which was so long that it probably took them to within spitting distance of Southport’s northern neighbour.



Then it was through the newly renovated marina area and yachting lake with a Ramada in the background.



Wigan Pier then did her party trick: making a perfect bottom-shaped undulation in one of the benches – beats that other trick with ping pong balls any day....

Hey
Presto!



Sprog took us over and under and under a bridge leading back to town.



Then we went through a fairground. Sprog mentioned that the trail was set a touch hesitantly at this point with burly fairground attendants looking on, mallets in hand. Then began a rather surreal portion of the run though a park with concrete hedged walkways, you would come across a group of runners and ask whether they were leading or following.



Pub Stop

Cheers to Sprog for what must be one of the most picturesque pub stops in the North West. The Lakeside Inn Southport must rate as one of the smallest pubs at the same time.



The abiding images of this hash will be Sprog standing at his checks, both arms outstretched pointed in two directions at once, like some hash version of a traffic policeman. 'ON TWO...'. In this hash Sprog, appropriately some may say, took kiddology to a new level, calling many a falsie... Towards the end, when we actually worked out that what he was saying was not actually intended to help, we didn't trust a word he said...



Sprog mentioned that he had laid the trail rather gingerly at the point that it passed close to the police station, we are well known to the Merseyside Constabulary....aren't we?

Then it was back to the northern end of Lord Street for a stretch before hitting the on in.



'Strait is the gait/gate'

The end of the run was an inspired touch. Through a non-descript, BUT OPEN - side gate of a property emerging into the very private car park where the Sprogmobile was parked.



This too had been engineered. As you will see from run number 89, I am very much partial to special access and now we have an Alternative Entrance, we can't go wrong.

Down Downs and Circle

Thanks to Snoozanne for a very welcome spread. Alex our virgin for the night managed to answer the question about who made him come with a straight face. It was his buddy of 30+ years Wigan Pier by the way...

There were other down downs...but the main event occurred....



The Manchester Curry Hash four were called up and they posed with a smile. A brief report was given of the run and the marvelous meal at the Nawaab. The question that no one asked was 'who is going to be the GM of the new hash. I suppose we didn't need to because that has already been decided. Obviously being GM or co-GM of two hashes is not enough and when she spotted an

opportunity to colonize the neighboring village of Manchester (she has Chester, you see), she jumped at the chance. But surely, haven't we already had the Christian Empire.

Or is this the Empire Strikes Back? No, it's actually a new religion!



As for our **visitor from the East**, Hash Stat, Hash Cash and GMs and co will have to decide whether to grant or to give him some type of award. Myself, I think it's just not on to miss the run, I mean I made it in good time from Liverpool 17. If you have the right Tripoli it should be quite simple, go down to Beirut, then left to Paris and Birmingham's in the same direction from the French capital, as is Southport from Birmingham. We haven't got a photo of our visitor and this trash has been so long brewing that I am not now sure whether he was there at all.

This run for me should have been subtitled the jewels of Southport. I knew Lord Street and not much else, but I will be back. The town council even got a mention for aqua-jet-vacuuming up, some of Sprog's markings.

Trash mini sermon.

Q: What's the difference between this hare and a prison officer.

A: The hare sells watches and the prison officer watches cells.

NB This so-called joke may have been heard somewhere near Chester last year.

Then we retired to the Masons Arms which is much more our style than the starting pub (but we had a drink there notwithstanding). Very Grim and Sprog settled down for what appeared to be a long evening. Run Hard; Drink....