



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**



Run Number 135, 5 November 2009 Compo's Fireworks Run Starting at the Albert, Sefton Park

The Pack: go On, go On, Sprog, Snoozanne, Madhatter, Alternative Entrance, fcuk, Wigan Pier. **His Royal Hairness:** Compo

Carthief had to go to the Gulf of Mexico to see some men about a pipe and so Compo was noble enough to spring in and do us a fireworks run.

All assembled at the Albert on Lark Lane. The drivers had spent ages finding parking spaces in the side streets, but AE just rolled up and into a plum space just opposite the pub.

The pack was flashed and Wigan Pier lumbered the hare with her stuff. Compo, ever-ready to help dropped and broke her torch. This was not the only item of her property to end up where it shouldn't be that evening...





Sprog indicates who is responsible for the breakage.

Wigan Pier divesting herself.....



Advice before the off

Before you know it there was that unique hashly exhilaration and we were off down Lark Lane.



AE was briefly pursued by one of the local menfolk who was waving his sprinkler at her.



Sorry, I meant sparkler...

Left into the sidestreets and the first fireworks were coming up from private displays in the local houses. In fact, by moving around we probably saw more fireworks than anyone on that evening. Soon we crossed over Aigburth Road and began heading down through St. Michael's hamlet towards the river. We passed the Station.



The hamlet soon merged into the Dingle and we ran very close to the Herculaneum Arms and then parallel to Park Road before coming out near Admiral Street and the Queen's Arms. This run was

turning into something like the AP retrospective. How are you old man, RU? The locals lit a bonfire



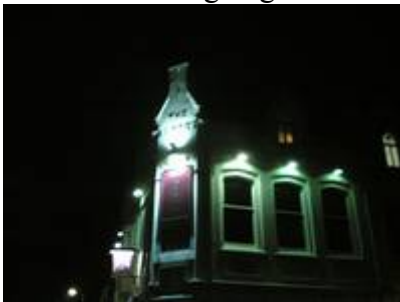
in our honour. We didn't get a single firework thrown at us...

Then the wily man took us tantalizing close to what to what looked like the end of the run via Princes Park, before leading us in the opposite direction to take the exit out of the park at the Aigburth Lane end. We ended by going up the hill to the Sefton Park gates, cobbled together from old columns etc. We were soon in the thick of it with the crowds.

A couple had parked up and were looking at the display from their sun roof. It was at this point that Wigan Pier had that sinking feeling that she had lost her keys. Wigan is not close to South Liverpool. She could have potentially lost her car as well. That would be a good night out, wouldn't it? Imagine what she would have told her other half... We watched the tail end (literally) of the display



and then wondered how many of the ten thousand people there would be wanting to get a drink at the Albert.



All was well. Of course WP keys had been handed in at the pub and Snoozanne and Hash Chips had got four portions and we corralled up to scoff them. You see why they call him Madhatter, don't you?



Chomp, chomp



At the down-downs: Captain and Mrs America fresh back from Florida were welcomed as returnees with AE



Compo got a huge number of down downs for his shiggy-rich run



Here he examines his Zulu cup. He was on a ship called HMS Zulu once....



go On, go On is complimented on her repertoire of Hash songs...

The best/worst joke of the evening was Madhatter's quip that we would have to name her 'Wigan Quay' from now on.

Down, down, down to that!

