



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

21st October 2010

Run Number 161
Starting at Elm Tree Pub, Kirkdale

The Pack: Carthief; ET; 10"; Tia Maria (Hare); Compo; Cleopatra, Overdrive.

On the way to the run Compo opined that the Hare's use of the word derby in her description of the run was curious. Thoughts of Derby were quickly squashed; that would be too far even for **Tia Maria**. A horse race was considered but not for long. The term derby as a description for a match between two local clubs was reckoned to be the best bet but little did we know!

The Pack gathered in the pub with the locals watching a football match on an Arabic channel. **Tia Maria** said that they had been friendly when she arrived by herself.

None of the pavement artistry favoured by other Hares but some arm waving assisted the description of the run. Regroups were mentioned.

Hash Flash (trying to make amends for the previous week (forgot the camera)) produced two cameras and inveigled **Cleopatra** into the unpaid position of joint Hash Flash.



The pub chosen for the Flash was not the Elm Tree (reckoned to be beneath our normal quality (pretty bad then)) but the Barlow Arms recommended by **ET**.

The **Hare** was enthusiastic in her encouragement to "Check it out" and all trails were checked at every Check.

There was a certain competition between the Hash Flashes with the Hare spoiling their mutual flashes.



The full moon provided another subject for the Flashes



Hopefully this artistry does not give the Hare the impression that her Pack was bored with the Trail.

The less than impeccable barrier to one of the parks slightly challenged Compo



ET's comment that "in these straightened times it is all that could be expected from the LCC"

Shortly after this the Hare lost the FRBs.

Thinking that they had gone off trail she had gathered up the back markers and spent some time looking for the FRBs little realizing that they were faster than she had ever imagined and were discussing the finer point of the photographer's area outside The Kop

The next major landmark on our tour of Greater Liverpool was





Arriving at the Regroup **Hash Flash** wondered if there was a subliminal message for him to get a decent camera with the acronym SLR (single lens reflex (a posh sort of camera) for those not photographically inclined).



The **Hare** explained that there was a short run 10 metres or so. Some light banter about her use of the wrong units and suddenly it was 10 minutes. **10** wondered if his if his name should be 10m (or more likely 10cm).

The long route was estimated to be 20 minutes by the **Hare**. Comparing the time of the two photographs produced a Pack time of 49 minutes including a Hash Flash)

Cleopatra opted for the shorter route but **Tia Maria**'s promise of a park on the longer route persuaded the remainder to run off on their own to find this "Holy Grail" of running experiences. **Tia Maria** joined **Cleopatra** on the shorter route (this was not surprising she had only finished setting the run at 18:45).

On went the Pack looking for the elusive Park and finally running through Walton Park. **Carthief** got so far ahead of the Pack that he was accused of shortcutting.

The sight of some more Latin finally dropped the scales from our eyes and we understood the meaning the Hare's reference to derby



After that the run in was fairly uneventful except that with **ET's** local knowledge we may have cut the run short by 5m (or do I mean 5 minutes?).

Arriving back at  the Pack was now ravenous and

apart from a brief discussion about the oxymoronic virtues of "A tidy part of Liverpool" silence fell as they gorged on **Compo** offerings of French bread, brie, grapes and carrot sticks that looked like McDonald french fries when spilt on the otherwise only pristine part of Liverpool.

The **RA** reckoned that he had run just over 9 miles and called up the **Hare** mentioning the beautifully marked trail and the Hare that lost the Pack.

Tia Maria was mentioned again for her confusion between 10 metres and 10 minutes, but it was reckoned that **10"** should be punished.

10" for spilling the carrot sticks.

Carthief was called up for his non-existent shortcut.

10” and **ET** were called up for their fashion sense. Their rebuttal was “dressed like this we make everyone else look fashionable”



Spilt carrot sticks

