



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

10th February 2011

Run Number 169

Volunteer Canteen 45 East Street, Waterloo, L22 8QR

The Pack: FCUK, Snoozanne, Compo, ET, Carthief, Mad Hatter, Sprog, Tia Maria (Hare), OTT, Hansel, Wigan Pier, John, John's Dad.

Compo's exhortation to the devoted

Another Thirstday week.

This time we will be led by Tia Maria and might expect to get some sand in our shoes.

From TM

I am afraid it will be the case...so bring an extra pair of socks and a torch will be also very helpful.

From CT

You're afraid!

We should then be very afraid! :)

From TM

Believe it or not, this time the run will be short and smooooooooooooothhhhhhhhhhhhh :))

And we believed her!

After the usual pre-run libation where we discovered that our newcomer John went to school with **Sprog** (does that make him the 4th evil twin) we gathered outside the pub to hear the instructions. The Hare told us that she had just finished setting the run taking 5 hours (ella era tan fresco como una margarita) told us of the Regroups, a Long / Short split and invited us to "Check it out"



A short delay whilst the Hash Flash was organised (badly (the photograph that is not the crowd control))



And we were off.

Along East Street up into Picton Street and then down to the coast. Across the first bit of sand via smooooooth tarred paths except for the dips full of standing water and along Marine Crescent where the first of the wheels fell off.

En route modification to suit the locked gates.

How the gate should have been



This was quickly followed by the need to peer through another locked gate to see the Check



Turning right down towards the sea and a nice long stretch to the beach where a



collected the Pack but a splinter group broke off to

visit Anthony Gormley's artwork which attracted the Hash like bees to a pot of honey



FCUK reckoned that the statue was underdressed. A forlorn attempt to dissuade him



He hurried to robe the sculpture and was complaining about the size of the head (he was having difficulty in fitting the T-shirt) until someone spotted that it was an armhole he was using.

I do hope that he does not dress his children like that!



The Hare called the Pack back to the promenade and we headed northwards and then back onto the beach to admire a previously decorated Gormley.

The Hare was slightly worried about tide levels washing away her markings but these would have outlasted a high tide anyway



We finally left the beach at the leisure centre and made our way up



Onto a Regroup. The **FRBs** had got so far ahead of the Pack that the Hare thought she had lost them (no faith in her own markings?).

Along Bridge Road where **Mad Hatter** was thwarted in his efforts to buy chips (too long a queue) and was spotted by the Hare



Turning left into 

And for the FRBs a Regroup. The Hare had cleverly put the Regroup on the far side of a railway crossing (sans bridge) so the SRBs were left on the wrong side of the barrier.



Meanwhile the FRBs contemplated eternity (as defined by Mersey Rail being the time between gates down and the train)



(Apologies for the bad photograph but the reflective paint on the barrier confuses the camera).

Once Merseyrail had allowed the Pack to regroup we ran down Somerville Grove to another Check.

The open gate enticed most of the Pack



but **FCUK** (who may have had a premonition) John and **Carthief** (who had investigated a falsie) followed the road around Victoria Park.

Arriving at the exit to the park a now familiar scene greeted the trio.



1/3 of trio

The thought of going all the way back to Somerville Grove was too much to contemplate for the entire Pack and various strategies were adopted to negotiate the obstruction.



I am not going to look down. I am just going to think of England (oops! that should be Wales)



With those who succeeded (or bypassed) assisting or watching with glee



After that it was plain running along College Road to



So at 20h45 a discussion ensued as to whether we should all Wimp out but **Wigan Pier** restated the Hash Law. "If the Hare can be bothered to set the trail then the Pack must run it".

Thus the Pack split up with the Hare having now been on the move for almost 7 hours shepherding the sensible ones back to the pub whilst the FRBs crossed the road and followed the Looooooooooooong Trail through Whabbs Tip.



Approximate FRB Trail 

SRB Trail 

Mad Hatter chose the shorter route for obvious reasons



Back at the Volunteer it was birthday time and Snoozanne had acquired the sustenance that we all craved.



The stand-in RA remembered his duties and called up the Hare



This was followed by the birthday trio



The Hare then unilaterally took over the proceedings and announced that she would be calling representatives of the various aberrations.

Compo for shortcutting

Snoozanne for standing on a Check

Mad Hatter for looking for chips.

FCUK for whingeing by email that he hoped there would be no sand or dunes.

Compo produced his late sermon by describing his new good friend the 12” high pianist. He had been walking along a beach and found a bottle. He rubbed it clean and the inevitable genie popped out. Unfortunately the genie had a hearing problem which is why **Compo** ended up with a 12” pianist and not something to satisfy his wife with.

The visitors John and John’s Dad (Bill). They had hashed in Brunei.

The Spanish description early on translates as “She was as fresh as a daisy” (according to my sources (in case you were wondering)).