



MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

3rd January 2013

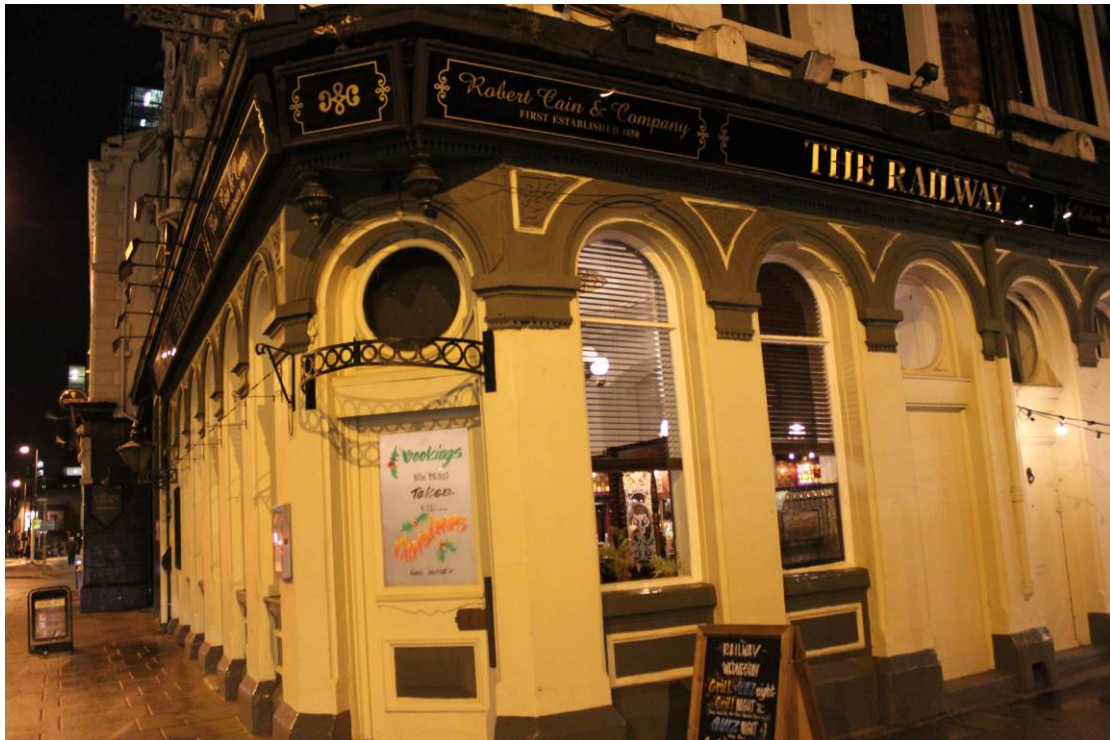
Run Number 227

The Railway, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, 10", Mad Hatter, Brian H, John (Virgin Hasher), OTT, Grutel, Chico, Alex (Virgin Hasher), Compo, Hansel, Peter Pong.



This evening's Pack



The Railway Pub

The weeks of rain had subsided to give an opportunity to have a dry hash (in the sense that we did not get wet rather than abstained from the intake of alcohol). The anticipated post Christmas apathy - too cold, too dark to go out - was not apparent at this run. A buoyant healthy pack of 13 had congregated at the Railway. The run was on a theme The relics of the grandeur of Liverpool Dockland / Inner city desolation.



Well Marked run. A sign of things to come

ET's persistent bullying had coerced the new hasher John to attend who had even purchased a new pair of shorts for the occasion. His fears of his personal lack of fitness and the physical prowess of the pack soon alleviated as the hash moved into action.

A shortened run was indicated by the hare. This was because he did not use his bicycle on this occasion to lay the trail. Probably was about 4 miles but most of the pack seems to think after the run that the distance was substantially further.

Off down Pall Mall on toward Liverpool Docks. No one was to be seen except our little group. Stopped at Stanley Dock to admire the Tobacco house - which was completed in 1901. (*Note from Transcribe. It says 1848 so completed in 1901 = 53 years – must be a record!*)



Escaped the press gangs and made our way onto the Leeds Liverpool Canal at the Liverpool Locks. Dollops of flour replaced the chalk markings on this darkened stretch of the run. No one managed to knock their head on the low bridges or fall into the canal.



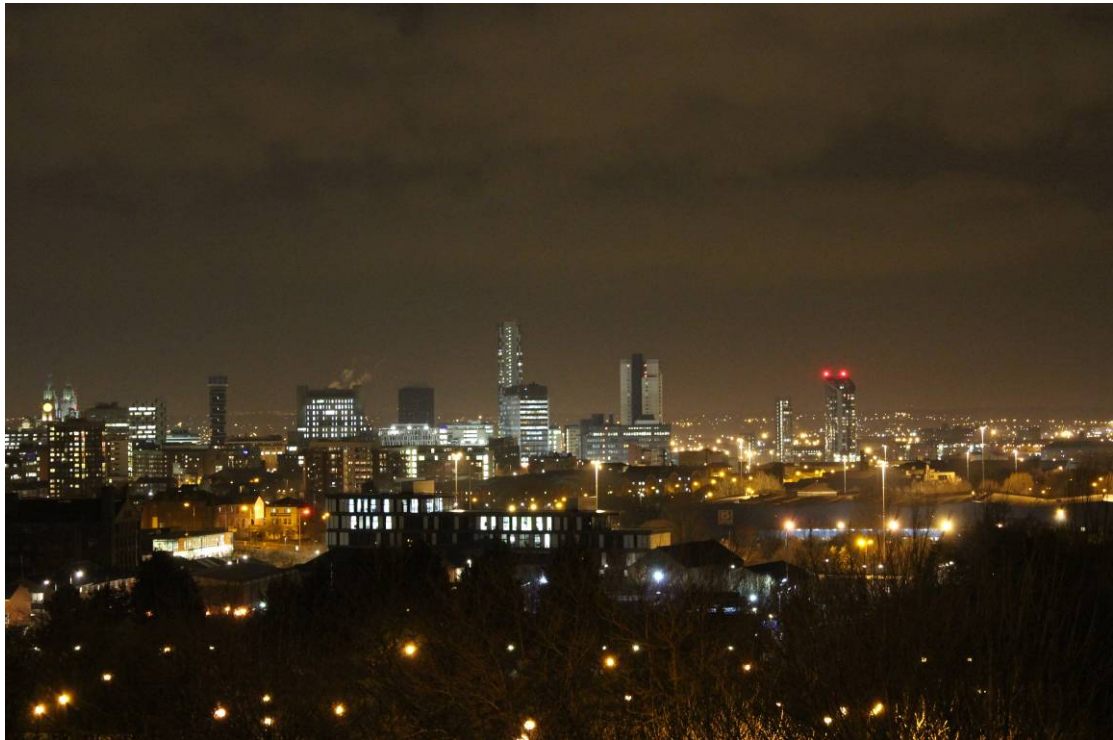
A historical bridge over the canal



Mid hash regroup

Madhatter was on a personal sentimental journey through his childhood as this was his patch when he was a youngster when he could remember when all this land was houses.

The run continued up Everton Brow for panoramic views of the city from the less common non river side -which are as impressive.



Down hill back into the city. Ran over the concrete overpass which was awarded accolades by 'The Concrete Society'.



The city should be proud

Obstacles painstakingly arranged by the Hare for the enjoyment of the pack had been omitted by many of this evening's hashers.



ET strictly following the course (He had set himself).



Compo going under when the instruction clearly go over.



Almost home

A circle was formed after chasing a few of the pack out of the pub. It was noted that we did not pass a single pub on this evening's run - Sign of the decline of inner city drinking, Comments was made of the course being well marked and not washed away as on recent runs.

Down downs were given to the short cutters on the assault course. ET for being the Hare and also for him not recognizing Cilla Black's bridge over the canal.

Sermon from 10 " James Bond 007 Viagra - Makes you Roger Moore

Retired to an empty Railway to reflect of the day's activity. Good to get back to normal.



The perfect way to end the evening.

This run was transcribed by Carthief. Any comments to ET please.