



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

27th October 2016

Run Number 331

The Willow Bank, Smithdown Road, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), cykr, Overdrive, Cleo, 10secs, fcuk, ET, Chris, Wigan Pier, Dave

It was a balmy evening for late October and the pack gathered outside the pub by Smithdown Road. As 7pm approached there was some speculation about the whereabouts of fcuk; surely he would turn up to a run on his home patch, but where was he? Then two events occurred in rapid succession; there was a text from Wigan Pier saying "I'm lost" and then fcuk was spotted on his bike very closely followed by a car. It dawned on the pack that the car was Wigan Pier's and fcuk was acting as outrider to guide her to the pub. Next to arrive, just after 7pm, were Chris and her friend Dave. It was the source of some amusement that Chris should be late since her house was actually visible just over the road.



After the usual team photo the hare explained the markings.



The hare was very coy about how many arrows was "on".

Then we were off; the trail first led up to the big junction of Smithdown Road and Lodge Lane where there was a regroup.



Wigan Pier proudly displays her new laser-guided she-wee

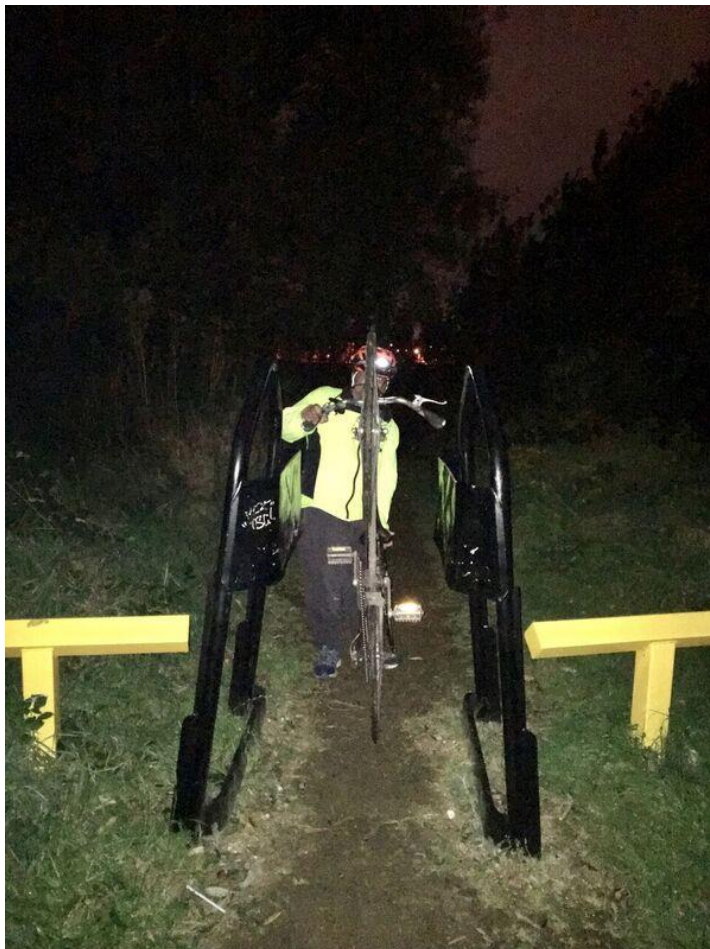


We follow the Hash Rule stating that any pile of suitcases must be posed upon.

From here the trail went down Tunnel Road but a crafty regroup led us back and down Spekeland Road and Spofforth Road



to Picton Road. Then it was into Botanic Park



and thence through Wavertree Technology Park, across Rathbone Road and up Pighue Lane.



Down Mill Lane and into Long Lane suddenly brought us into the vicinity of a familiarly On Inn, namely the Edinburgh, and, oh joy, the sign “PS??” We gratefully answered “Yes please “ to this question and were generously treated to a round by the Hare.



Pub stop in the Edinburgh

Tottering back out into the night, we found ourselves crossing Wavertree Playground. By this time 9pm was approaching and it was decided to curtail the run slightly by heading straight down Gainsborough Road and back to the On Inn. Here a superb seasonal spread awaited us—oodles of spicy pumpkin soup followed by bat-shaped shortbread.



At some point in the proceedings cykr turned up on a very fancy and gleaming new bike which was notable for a rear lamp in the shape of a set of male genitalia emitting a throbbing red glow. There were comments that it really was “the dog’s bollocks”. There was a good deal of fondling of the appendages and squeals of “Oooh they’re hard”. Then Fcuk’s bike was placed side by side with Cykr’s and suffered somewhat from the contrast.



There was no hash beer; but the hare made a virtue out of necessity by purchasing several halves of “real” beer instead. Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare

Wigan Pier: for being navigationally challenged

Chris: for being late despite living only 50 metres away

Dave as a hash virgin reported that he had made himself come

Cleo+Overdrive for excellent seasonal food

Cykr: turning up just in time for the food

Fcuk: for gallantly rescuing Wigan Pier: also for a bad case of cycle envy

10 seconds: for persistent front-running

The pack then retired to the pub, where we were cajoled into joining in a game of “Rock’n Roll bingo” which was in full swing.



The aforesaid cajoler was getting increasingly friendly (or possibly increasingly drunk) and insisted on hugging us all as we left...