



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 392

3rd January 2019

The Albert, Lark Lane, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Cleo, BS, Compo



The inaugural run of 2019 was set according to hallowed tradition by ET. The pictures on its website seemed to indicate that the On Inn had undergone some kind of gleaming new revamp, and we were quite relieved to find it still its slightly seedy old self.

The trail headed off towards Ullett Road where luckily there was a regroup, as BS had managed to get herself lost almost immediately. ET went back to look for her...



and the rest of us guessed correctly that the trail led over the road into Princes Park.



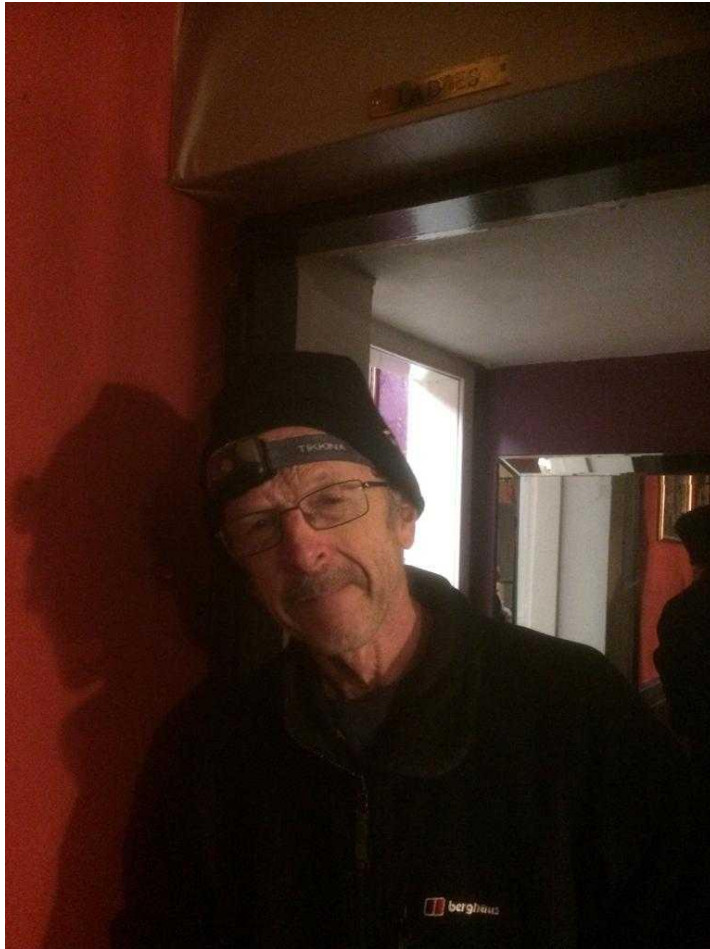
The trail skirted the lake and emerged at the roundabout at the end of Princes Avenue, where there was a regroup at which we awaited ET and BS. We then followed Devonshire Road down to eventually cross Park Road and head into the Dingle. Here the hare asked us if we wanted a beer-stop. "Are bears catholic?" was basically the response and soon we were at the delightfully-named Bleak House. It was actually pretty convivial inside, full of Liverpool fans watching the crucial confrontation with Manchester City. We found a much quieter back room but the sound of loud roars modulating into groans still reached us. Even this room was full of Liverpool memorabilia...



...and Mad Hatter in particular (as a real live “True Blue”) was keeping a low profile.



10 secs had the whole pack in stitches with a story about nearly being the “Phone-a-friend” on “Who wants to be a millionaire”.



Though his wealth of knowledge wasn't sufficient to prevent him from going into the Ladies...well what a stupid place to put a sign, especially accompanied by a distracting mirror...

Emerging into the cold night air, we went down the "Herculaneum Steps" to the riverside and along to the Britannia Pub. Here we were not (well not for long) fooled by an apparent ongoing false trail along the river, and instead headed inland along Riverside Gardens. Soon we found ourselves heading up towards Aigburth Drive and then back to the On Inn. We set up the food and drink on a wall in a little back yard. No one would admit to any responsibility for being RA and so eventually we decided to take turns. Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare

BS (for incomparable navigational expertise)

10 secs (for temporary gender reassignment)

The Albert was now full to bursting with football fans, and eventually we found a quiet table tucked away in The Lodge a little way back down Lark Lane.