



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 421**

**30<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

**The Liverpool Pigeon/Stamps, Blundellsands**

**The Pack:** MD (Hare), Compo, Cleo, 10secs, Brookside, ET, Peter Pong, Tranny Granny, fcuk, Grutel, SMS, Sausage Pusher, Bonus Waker, Hand Job, Just Chris, Just Erin

Compo had initially planned a run starting from Liverpool Pigeon purely on the basis that it was an as-yet-unvisited microbrewery; but MD had then nobly offered to hare it on account of being a local. We gathered early at the Pigeon since we would not be returning after the run, due to its closing at 9pm. Luckily Stamps presented another appealing new venue and was close by. As we gathered and ordered drinks it dawned on us that it wasn't in fact a brewery; most of the beers seemed to be from Hawkshead in the Lakes, but none the worse for that. It seems that hashing is very much a family thing in Blundellsands as we were joined by the entire MD clan; plus some welcome returnees such as Peter Pong and Tranny Granny (who was based in China but careful to reassure us that she had not been there since before the Coronavirus outbreak). Cleo turned up with a crate of food which she had brought all the way from Chester on her bike (with a little help from the train). Second to last to arrive was SMS who said he was setting off from the station towards the pub when accosted by fcuk on his bike, who had assured him he was going the wrong way, persuaded him to turn round and disappeared on down the road. Some minutes later fcuk had returned saying that he now conceded that SMS had been right in the first place, and headed off along SMS's original route. Given that he still hadn't arrived, presumably there had been further navigational issues... Anyway, at least this time no Hash Slash was required by SMS so we were soon outside for the photo.





The Hare had promised us super new markings as used by his home Hash, but as he explained them they sounded suspiciously like our own. Except that there would be no regroup since he couldn't spell the word (??)



There were some strange symbols and this one is still a mystery.

Anyway, the trail took us back to the station and under the railway, where there was some bemusement since markings seemed to have magically appeared since we got off the train. It then led with some inevitability towards the beach and the Gormley statues; then along the prom and back over the dunes. Here it was impossible to overlook SMS finally having his Hash Slash since although he retired to a discreet distance, his headtorch cast a glaring spotlight on the whole operation. As we neared the neighbourhood of Blundellsands town centre, Compo assured us that we were within striking distance of Stamps. Indeed at this point we found an enigmatic marking saying "BC" or possibly "PC". It turned out that this was roughly speaking the native dialect for ON INN, standing for "Beer Check".



Shortly we were filing into Stamps. As guests of MD and family we were allowed to consume the food on the premises; Cleo, fcuk and Peter Pong went back to Peter Pong's car outside the Pigeon to collect it, and soon we were having our down downs in great comfort in an upstairs room which we had completely to ourselves.



Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare: there were complaints of too few regroup...

Hash Virgins: Sausage Pusher, Bonus Waker, Hand Job, Just Chris, Just Erin.

Compo nominated SMS and 10secs for a down down on account of the earlier navigational issues. There was considerable puzzlement and protestations of innocence from 10secs until it turned out that Compo had confused 10secs and fcuk; an understandable mistake and one that's happened before, indeed led to Grasshopper acquiring her name.

Compo:for the aforesaid mistaken identity

Peter Pong, Tranny Granny, Grutel: Returnees

There was also an attempt to nominate MD for not wearing appropriate apparel, but he stripped off his fleece to reveal a hash T-shirt. He then retaliated by nominating Cleo for apparently nearly knocking down an old lady early on in the trail. She failed to see the funny side, by all accounts. And Cleo had form in this regard – she later admitted to having some kind of encounter on the train involving an old lady and her (Cleo's) bike. It was probably a different old lady, at least.

As the Wirral/Chester bound contingent headed for the train, leaving the Liverpool contingent in the pub, there was a frantic flurry of WhatsApps when SMS discovered he had left his hat and gloves in the pub.



The receipt of this photo on WhatsApp caused bittersweet emotions. Good to know that the clothes had been found but SMS was heard to remark that he would never feel the same way about those gloves again after seeing ET wearing them.