



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 472**

**10<sup>th</sup> June 2021**

**The John Brodie, Allerton**

**The Pack:** ET (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, SF, OTT, Wigan Pier, 10secs, fcuk

The hare had to do some quick thinking before setting the trail on Thursday afternoon, discovering that the designated On Inn (The Rose of Mossley) was closed, and selected the tried and tested John Brodie a little up the road.



We were a little late setting off after joining in a fruitless search for the nose-piece of fcuk's glasses, which had fallen off in the pub car park. Once on our way, we soon found ourselves heading into Calderstones Park.



Some of the pack were late at the next regroup as it transpired they were looking for one of OTT's earrings which she had felt drop off a short while ago.



Notice here that fcuk has a new serious-looking mountain bike.





It was remarked that the hare had carefully crafted the run to avoid all the park's attractions listed on the notice board – the 5000 year old Neolithic chambered tomb, the 1000 year old oak, etc. Though as he pointed out, we had seen them all before on previous runs.

The hare told us that we had seen the last of Calderstones Park which gave a broad hint as to where to look for the ongoing trail...



...over the road heading up the track towards Allerton Park Golf Course.



...though it was reassuring that there were unlikely to be any balls actually whizzing past our ears.





We turned down the drive, recognising that this went to the posh clubhouse where we had a beer stop on some earlier run.



An impromptu regroup was declared at the entrance to the Golf Course.



The arrow seemed to point directly across the road at a large posh house. There was some speculation that this might be the abode of Lilo Lil who apparently had lived in some style in this very area.



OTT gets in touch with her inner child...







But in fact the trail led on into a slightly more downbeat area. Here the chance of a beer stop at the Storrsdale pub was gratefully accepted. An unexpected shower sent us inside from the beer garden.



The pub was welcoming and had at least one good beer despite its somewhat unprepossessing appearance from the outside.





**A passing local offered to take a photograph.**

Wigan Pier emerged from the pub somewhat flustered and said she thought she might accidentally have visited the gents' toilets. Apparently the first tell-tale sign was a raised toilet seat; other signals such as a pungent smell, porcelain urinals and bearded individuals standing around had not registered. But it was pointed out that she had brought back a trophy from this foray to forbidden places in the form of a piece of toilet paper adhering to her trainers.

It seemed that by this time we were not far from the On Inn and the food question was raised. On account of his local knowledge and possession of a bike, fcuk was deputed to go in search of hash chips.



**fcuk returns from his mercy dash**



We had scarcely got back to the John Brodie when fcuk came into view bearing the three portions of chips, which were all consumed pretty smartly.

Fcuk then called the circle. Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare: there were complaints of the lack of shiggy

Fcuk and OTT: losing stuff

Wigan Pier: finding stuff, namely the toilet paper she had brought back from her visit to the gents.

10secs: for flagrant front-running



Finally fcuk delivered another couple of nautical sermons (text follows later). We then retired to the John Brodie where there was no trouble finding a table and pretending we were two adjacent parties of 6 and 1.

### **The one about the ship's magician and the captain's parrot:**

A magician was working on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. The audience would be different each week, so the magician allowed himself to do the same tricks over and over again. There was only one problem: The captain's parrot **saw** the shows each week and began to understand how the magician did every trick. Once he understood, he started shouting in the middle of the show:

“Look, it’s not the same hat.”

“Look, he is hiding the flowers under the table.”



“Look, why are **all** the cards the Ace of Spades ?”

The magician was furious but couldn’t do anything; it was, after all, the **captain’s** parrot.

One day the ship had an accident and sank. The magician found himself adrift on a piece of wood in the middle of the ocean with the parrot, of course. They stared at each other with hate, but did not utter a word. This went on for a day, then another day, and another.

After a week the parrot said: “OK, I give up. What’d you do with the ship?”

**What do sailors use to blow their noses?**

Anchor-chiefs.