



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 476**

**22<sup>nd</sup> July 2021**

**Derby Pool, Wallasey (The Harvester)**

**Hares:** SMS and Grasshopper

**The Pack:** Alternative Entrance, Sticky Rice, FCUK, Victim, SF, Gladrags, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Cleo, Overdrive.



The pack gathered outside the Harvester and with some difficulty persuaded a waiter to

supply pre-run drinks (as we were sitting at a table near the entrance hidden from the area where they were serving). Gladrags explained that she and SMS had divided up the run between them and each had laid half. As SMS had previously enquired how long runs were meant to be, we wondered if the fact he hadn't arrived back in time for the start of the run meant that it was going to be a long one.



Wigan Pier had brought her very well behaved dog along to enjoy the fun.





The run got off to a slow start as the arrow indicating the direction of travel was well hidden underneath a parked car.

To begin with the checks were the usual circle, but they gradually became more and more elaborate.



The occasional regroup allowed the slower members to catch up with the FRBs.

This could be the first hash in the history of MH3 where a check was decorated with a knitted tea cosy



The hares had taken care to highlight piles of dogshit along Leasowe Road with a graphic representation of a nose.



On reaching the turning towards the gun emplacement car park SMS was spotted looking for somewhere to park.



The pack headed on across a field with park benches

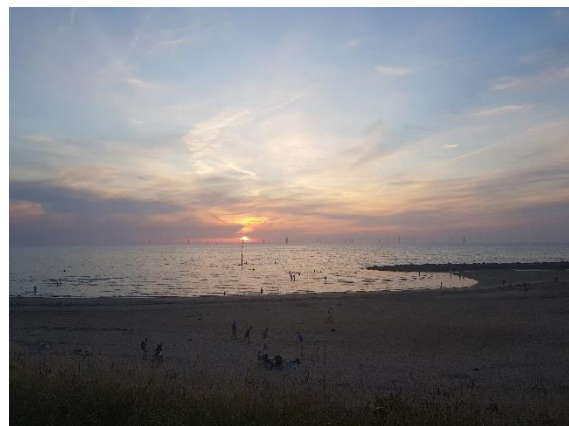


This turned out to be the venue for a welcome birthday beer stop, marked BBS (celebrating SMS's birthday) complete with paper hats and other trappings.





The pack then headed towards Leasowe Road and disappeared off into a housing estate somewhere in the direction of Leasowe station. Victim and Grasshopper took a massive short cut for a couple of miles along Leasowe Road then crossed the golf course to reach the embankment. Here there was a choice of routes – through some woods fringing the golf course, or straight along the embankment, watching as the sun began to disappear over the horizon.





Back at the On Inn FCUK took on the role of RA and awarded various down downs to the hares for a memorable run, Victim for short cutting, and several others for various infractions



Gladrags produced some ingeniously designed facemasks which had a convenient hole for drinking through, with matching headbands





Grasshopper was spotted putting the fear of death into unsuspecting passers-by .



A libation was poured to launch the Compo bell, which was named Sir Compo and the carrier of the bell (the RA )... was the Componologist. FCUK gave the following maritime related sermons:

**Small change**

A thirsty sailor runs from his boat to the nearest bar and shouts to the bartender, "Give me twenty shots of your best scotch, quick!" The bartender pours out the shots, and the sailor

drinks them as fast as he can. The bartender is very impressed and exclaims, "Wow. I never saw anybody drink that fast." The sailor replies, "Well, you'd drink that fast too, if you had what I have." The bartender says, "Oh my God! What is it? What do you have?" "Fifty pence!" replied the sailor.

### Driving me nuts!

An 'ol salt swaggers into a bar. He has a ship's wheel stuffed into the front of his trousers. The bartender says, "Hey, you've got a ship's wheel in your trousers!" The 'ol salt says, "Aye mate and it's driving me nuts!"



After the Compo bell got its first ding dong, Claire contributed a verse (which Compo would have loved reciting) to the Wotsap chat.



In what may be a hash record, it was now 1115 and too late to adjourn to the Harvester for a post-run beer, so the pack went their separate ways.