



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 501

30th June 2022

The Stork, Birkenhead

The Pack: Sticky Rice (Hare), 10secs, fcuk, ET, OTT, AE, Wigan Pier, Victim

fcuk was the first to arrive at the pub and sent a WhatsApp announcing he was in the beer garden...



...which had a very colourful floral border. He also said there was loud music with the option of dancing. He had omitted to mention that inside the pub, the music was augmented by a live performer who was producing the most appalling racket imaginable. It became very clear why fcuk was out in the beer garden...

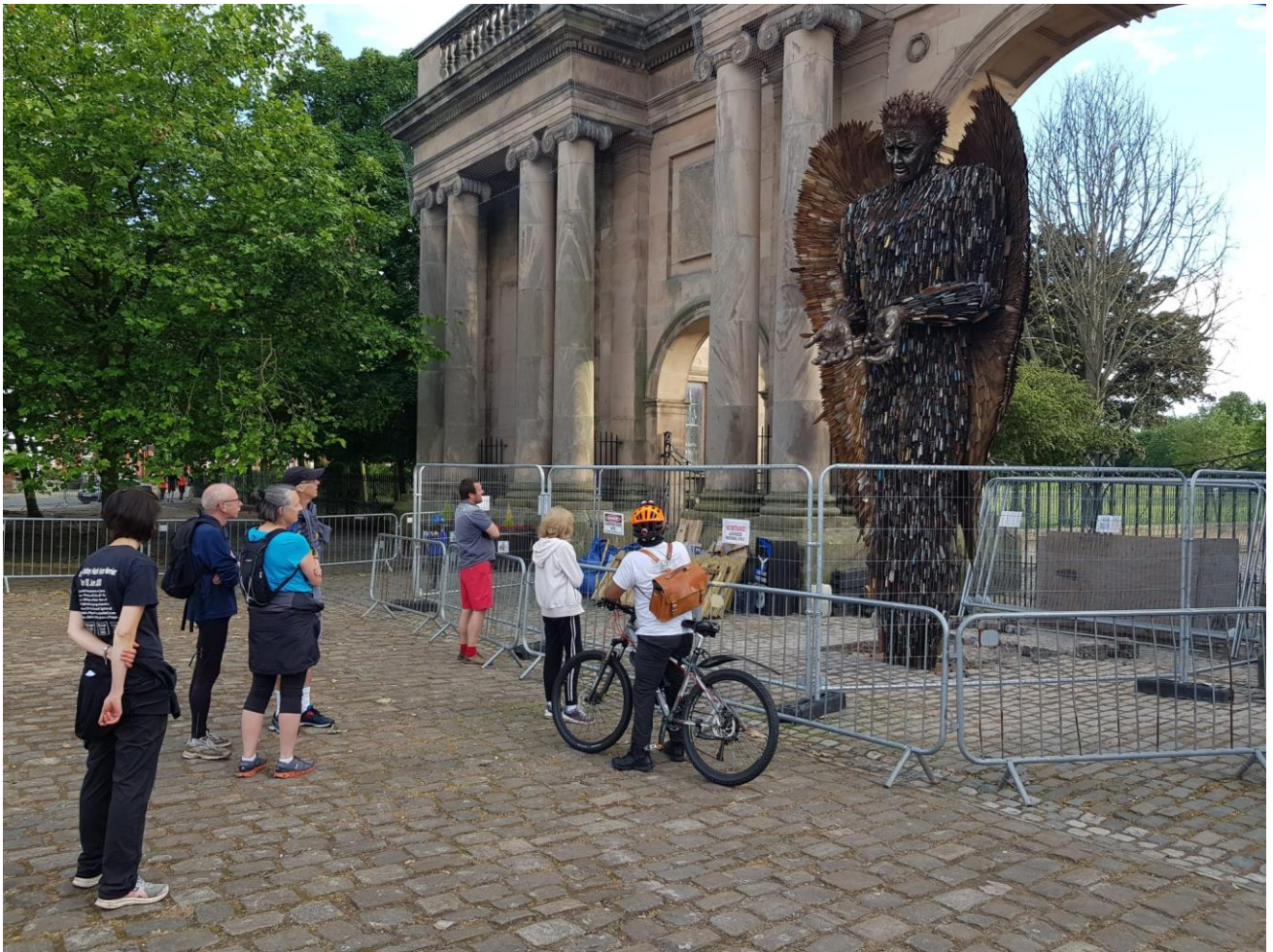


Wigan Pier proudly displayed her newly painted nails, prompting fcuk to show off his own immaculate manicure.



Outside the pub SR mimed the shape of the checks and arrows, possibly as a graphic illustration of the fact that most of them might be invisible due to the heavy showers since she had set the trail. And then we were off; the first arrow (or chevron as fcuk described it) was indeed quite hard to see and in fact that was the last we saw for quite some time. But SR indicated the route past Conway Park station and then along Conway Street until she announced there was an invisible check near the gates to Birkenhead Park. Here we paused to admire the Knife Angel sculpture,







before deciding unanimously that the trail must head into the park. By this time the park looked really lovely in the evening sunshine.







Somewhere around the lakes...



...we were astonished to see the markings starting to appear again and from then on they alternated between being quite clear and quite invisible.





At this point the hare suggested we make a slight detour to play on “the plastic rocks”.





Someone complained that they were not actually plastic, they were in fact rock or at least concrete; but the hare explained that in Northern Ireland parlance plastic just means anything fake.



Climbers have to be on the lookout for useful crevices...





These stumps had for some reason been carefully left out of the cricket pitch.

We then made our way across the main park, crossed Ashville Road into the northern section and declared an impromptu regroup as we emerged into Claughton. Here the hare caught us up by doing a sneaky short-cut through a health centre. She explained that Victim was doing an officially sanctioned shortcut but would be rejoining us shortly. The trail headed back into the park where the Hare expected us to encounter Victim but he was nowhere to be seen. However we had shared location with him on WhatsApp and fcuk was despatched on his bike to the point where he appeared to be in the main park; but he returned a few minutes later having failed to spot him. By this time WhatsApp seemed to show him still further away and we decided he was heading back to the On Inn, which later turned out to be the case. So we continued on the trail, passing Park Station and then over the Duke Street bridge.





Here again the scene was very attractive with the sun sparkling on the blue waters. Over the bridge the trail turned right along the Dock Road and passed a long building site where Peel Holdings announced they were building 500 new houses.







Another right turn took us back over another couple of bridges...



...and past this tower – see later for further discussion...



Next was the old Docks Entrance to the Queensway Mersey Tunnel;



fcuk went off to investigate, reporting that it was surprisingly free of graffiti. From here it was a short distance back to the On Inn. Luckily the minstrel had stopped his serenading by now.



Victim had already sent this picture, so it was no surprise to find him already ensconced in the pub. SR had already negotiated with the landlady to set aside a room aside for our food; but as she brought in a couple of rucksacks groaning with Hash Food, we were puzzled to see the landlady also emerge with a couple of trays of sandwiches and pies, which appeared to be on the house. This was nice of her but hardly necessary since SR had excelled herself this time, with several Tupperware containers replete with delicious salads, homemade and indeed partly homegrown.



10secs embarked on a reminiscence of quiz matches played in this room in days of yore, when the other side room had been reserved for meetings of "The Sons of the Desert". When he asked if anyone could guess who this was, ET pointed to the fireplace and said a clue might be found there.



Indeed there was an unsettling statuette depicting Oliver Hardy, The Sons of the Desert being the local Laurel and Hardy appreciation society, to which ET said one of his friends belonged. Goodness knows what they get up to in their meetings, though presumably there is no end to the fine messes one can get into.

fcuk then took on the mantle of RA to the great relief of SR who seemed to think it might be now one of her jobs as Hare. The bell was given a soft tinkle in case it was interpreted as the signal for last orders. fcuk started by referring to the bolts of lightning which had struck just before the start of the run, with the news that SMS, Grasshopper and Snoozanne had all had to drop out at the last minute; not to mention Cleo and OD who were enjoying a beer in Tallinn. Down downs were then awarded to:

The Hare: the RA mentioned the postmodern chevron arrows and the alternation of real and imaginary markings. The trail was described as too short and having too many markings

10secs: for showing off on the plastic rocks

fcuk: for his display of cheek at the same time

Victim: for flagrant shortcutting; he revealed in the spirit of further offences being taken into consideration that he had very nearly caught a train from Birkenhead Park to Conway Park on the way back.

SR: for shortcutting through the health centre

fcuk: for attempting a short cut through the tunnel

For some reason the conversation afterwards turned to the tower seen by the waterfront in an earlier photo. There were various speculations that it was a lighthouse or a clocktower or a chimney or a huge signpost, and emotions ran high with everyone stoutly defending their own theory. But according to Wikipedia it's a Hydraulic Tower which provided power for the operation of lock gates around the docks, and was designed in the shape of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. So there!

By this time last orders really was being rung, and the remaining hashers were the ones who had come by train so they headed off to Hamilton Square and Conway Park.