



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 513

15th December 2022

The Ship and Mitre, and Cosmo's, Liverpool (Christmas Run)

The Pack: Mad Hatter and Snoozanne (Hares), 10secs, fcuk, ET, BS, OTT, Sticky Rice, Victim, Wigan Pier, PA

It was easy to find the pack in the Ship and Mitre since despite the approaching festive season we were the only customers to be wearing Santa hats. Apologies were received from PJVindaloo, who was still installing something or other and meanwhile Victim had commandeered the family car; also from SMS and Grasshopper who had fallen foul of train issues, with Merseyrail having both the strike and the freezing weather to blame cancellations on.



We left the warmth of the pub and braved the cold outside for instructions from the hare. There were to be a couple of regroupings which we had to be sure not to miss, or we would also miss important further directions.



The trail was then found heading across to the cobbles outside the museum; very well marked in case of damage from tramping feet.



Here we found a regroup where the hares directed us through the Christmas market, since it would have been impossible to lay any markings.



Indeed at a regroup on the far side we were met by a security guard. It seemed that the suspicious behaviour of the so-called “santa-hat gang” had already been reported to headquarters, and descriptions of Snoozanne and Mad Hatter had been passed to Interpol. Luckily were able to reassure him that we were a bunch of harmless lunatics and the snipers in the surrounding buildings were stood down.



Shortly afterwards we found a PS. Snoozanne tried to convince us that it referred to the Private Shop behind us, but we had already noted that we were outside the Lion Tavern and it would have taken considerable force to prevent us from heading inside once the photo had been taken.



In fact Snoozanne planned to make this the venue for Compo's memorial drink, funded by the bequest he had made to the hash; a fitting location since it was one of his favourite pubs.





We all raised a glass to Compo. OTT even had a Compo-style sermon at the ready, but time was marching on with the restaurant booked at 8.00, and the hares shepherded us outside.



Outside another couple of photos were taken...



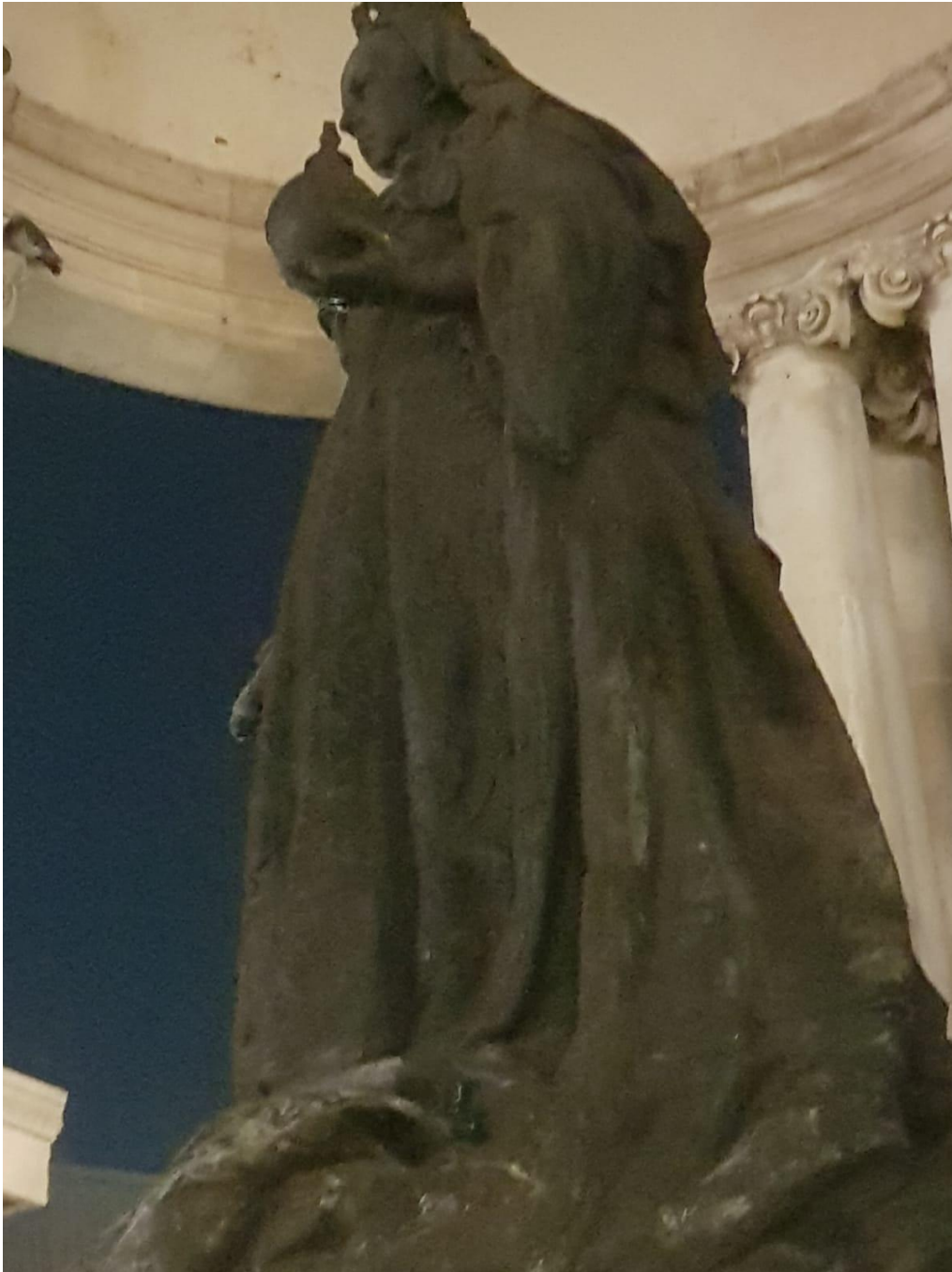
...eventually showing both the pack and the pub sign.



A short run/stroll brought us to the Victoria monument, where there was a regroup.



Here fcuk revealed some little-known local history.



It had always been noted that the statue was rather suggestive viewed from certain angles (this being one of them, in fact). For this or other reasons the monument was unpopular and during the Second World War the students of the School of Architecture suggested putting a large sign on the canopy saying "Hitler Bomb Here". History does not record whether this was done or not, but anyway the whole surrounding area was flattened in the blitz leaving the monument unscathed.



This was the regroup where Snoozanne gave us our final instructions for getting to Cosmo's restaurant, since we knew from experience that hashers leaving markings in Liverpool One were liable to attract unwelcome attention from security. At some point fcuk peeled off on his bike to avoid the steps down at the end of the upper terrace.



If you think this place looks empty you should see the next-door “Bar Hümbug”.



A photograph was taken while we waited...and waited...and waited for fcuk to reappear. We waved our arms and shouted at several bemused yellow-clad Deliveroo cyclists, all to no avail. Search parties were despatched, phone calls made. Eventually fcuk came into view, from a totally unexpected direction, and we trooped into the restaurant. After filing up a flight of stairs we emerged into an enormous room and were directed to our table.







There was an enormous variety of food available and we only had until 9.30, so time was of the essence. Though as usual at all-you-can-eat buffets, it's almost impossible to fit in more than five or six platefuls anyway. The closing time seemed quite relaxed and it was about 9.40 when we emerged.



A small party of die-hards made it back to the Ship and Mitre for a final night-cap.



ET seemed to regard it as a point of honour to demonstrate that his deluxe pom-pom was bigger and fluffier than anyone else's.