



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 515

5th January 2023

The Kingsman, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, 10secs, fcuk, BS, Sticky Rice, Wigan Pier, PA, Matt, Karim



This was ET's traditional New Year run, with a change of venue due to strike action affecting mainline trains. We were joined by Karim, a hasher recently relocated to Liverpool, and Matt, who had also been on the joint WCH3/MTH3 hash the previous week. ET explained his markings, and we now more or less understood his explanation about them being on the left hand side of the road. In any case it was now raining and ET was fearful for their continuing visibility so was well-supplied with flour and chalk for any live-haring which might be required. For some reason he was very insistent that the run started outside the chippy over the road. From here the trail led along the side of the Aigburth cricket ground before a sneaky checkback brought us to a path cutting through to Beechwood Road and then back up to the Aigburth Road. Here the trail turned along the main road, by now the markings indeed a little hard to discern.



Eventually a left turn took us up into the streets of Garston, in the general neighbourhood of the Masonic Pub. In fact eventually we were following a route familiar from fcuk's Run 479, which started taking us down towards the Garston Docks area; but ET decided that in view of the time and the weather forecast we should do a short cut. So we did a shorter loop than planned, cutting back up to the main road along a footpath. Here ET announced that he would do a live hare in order to return us to the planned route, and disappeared round the corner. After a decent interval we followed, along a loop of disused railway (called The Avenue apparently) round to Highbank Drive. fcuk commented that in an odd twist of fate we were now following a stretch of Run 479 which he had decided to abandon on that occasion due to pressure of time. As the FRBs waited on Highbank Drive for the stragglers to catch up, Karim showed his true hash spirit, announcing that he could only see 8 people and there should be 9. At first we thought he had forgotten to include ET but then we realised that indeed Sticky Rice was not visible. PA said she had told him that she had to deposit something, the first time watering the trail had ever been described so euphemistically.

Luckily she materialised in the darkness behind us shortly afterwards. Around this time the rain, which had eased off to the point of being hardly noticeable, suddenly returned with a vengeance. Even ET's recent flour marks, despite being very generous, were getting washed away if not submerged in the huge puddles which were now appearing. Luckily fcuk knew the rough direction to take, but for a while as we emerged from Garston Park we lost the trail completely. Eventually it was found heading up Garston Old Road and in due course a left turn brought us back down to the main road where the On Inn was pretty much in sight, and soon we rejoined ET by his car. By this time the rain was easing off but we were all soaked to the skin and decided to wolf down the food while fcuk went through the official proceedings at the same time. ET had brought his mahogany table and cheeseboard but we were in no condition to appreciate them as they deserved. But there were several kinds of cheese, vegetarian sausages and scotch eggs plus salami for the determined carnivores. ET was very apologetic about his plums which apparently were not as succulent as they should have been. (Look, I just tell it as it happens...)



Down downs were awarded to:

Karim: for his caring attitude in making sure no-one was left behind

PA: for his innovative terminology

Sticky Rice: for "leaving a deposit" on the trail

The Hash Virgins (Karim and Matt): Karim told us that his wife had made him come, with some help from the internet (the old story...). Matt said that it was a cute woman in Tokyo.

Returnees: Frank and BS (apparently the Christmas run didn't count since it was "just a pub-crawl"...though if you start taking that attitude...)

The hare: the trail being described (of course) as far too dry; the RA engaging in for some honest self-criticism for failure to arrange for better weather conditions.

We then hastily went in the pub for a warm-up but received a chillier-than-expected welcome, to be told that last orders would be in 10 minutes (though it was only 9.30) and it was too late for any hot drinks. And 10secs was admonished for blinding the manager with his head torch. Anyway we were able to sit steaming gently with our drinks but indeed last orders were shortly rung and it was time to head home.