



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 516

19th January 2023

The Bridewell, Liverpool

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Snoozanne, fcuk, BS, Sticky Rice, PA, Cleo, Overdrive, Wigan Pier

The On Inn has had a long and chequered career, starting out as a Victorian prison. As we gathered before the run we spotted a pair of gold discs on the wall behind us; apparently Frankie Goes To Hollywood had used the building for rehearsals. After a few years as a gourmet restaurant it was now a pub specialising in sport and craft beers. Unfortunately it seemed that Wigan Pier was not going to make it, having seen the train pulling out just as she set foot on the station footbridge. BS had no sooner sat down than she was whipping off her shoe to take out the toe insert which was supposed to alleviate her foot problem but was seemed only to be exacerbating matters.



We sallied forth for the usual photo...



...and then 10secs explained the markings...



...having adopted the pose which never fails to get the attention of his students.



Moreover the run would not be complete without some trademark cancelled arrows. There were also the usual complications, involving a check where the onward route would quite likely be locked when we reached it. By now the audience was getting restless and treated his offer to answer questions with contempt, both reactions familiar from any number of his university lectures.

We set off, the trail heading up through the night-life area around Seel Street and Wood Street and past the bombed-out church. As the hare was crossing Rodney Street his phone rang and a panting female voice was heard. Not a free bonus from the phone-sex line, but Wigan Pier, who had dashed in by car and was now rushing up Duke Street to join the pack and in need of directions.



At first we decided to await her by the Suitcases, and of course posed for the obligatory photo. But then Snoozanne had the much better idea of an impromptu beer stop, and fcuk volunteered to go in search of WP on his bike and guide her in. The only drawback with the plan was that he had left his phone behind, so 10 secs accordingly lent him his.



Here they are debating what fcuk should do when the phone locked itself, the initial suggestion of ringing someone for the password being rejected after a little head scratching. Eventually the plan was for fcuk to give the phone a good shake every few seconds to keep it on.



Luckily the Blackburne Arms was very close to the onward trail anyway, and was a very acceptable place for a beer. Soon after we'd got drinks and sat down, fcuk and WP turned up. WP regaled us with an epic tale of dashing back from the station to commandeer her car from a bemused husband, then having conflicting suggestions from Satnav and Googlemaps on where to find the pub, and being plunged into darkness by a power failure just as she got out of her car. Then shortly after this photo was taken, an expansive gesture by Cleo sent a mini-tsunami of cider in the general direction of 10 secs. A fair amount of the cider, though not really enough from 10secs point of view, was mopped up by her hat on the way.

MEN



**TO THE LEFT
BECAUSE**

WOMEN



**ARE ALWAYS
RIGHT!**



The trail continued through the Georgian quarter...



...where the pack paused to admire some impeccably drawn circles...



...and then continued past the church where we had been invited to join the homeless at a soup kitchen some years ago...



...until finally we found the route into a posh housing development blocked by the locked gate, as half-expected. Nothing daunted, Snoozanne hopped across in no time, followed by two or three other hashers.



But Wigan Pier had immense difficulty despite encouragement on all sides to “get her leg over”.



Eventually she got herself stuck fast in a position akin to a fairy on top of a Christmas tree. She was very lucky that the ends of the railings were fairly blunt, and moreover as fcuk pointed out, the Liverpool Women's Hospital was just round the corner.

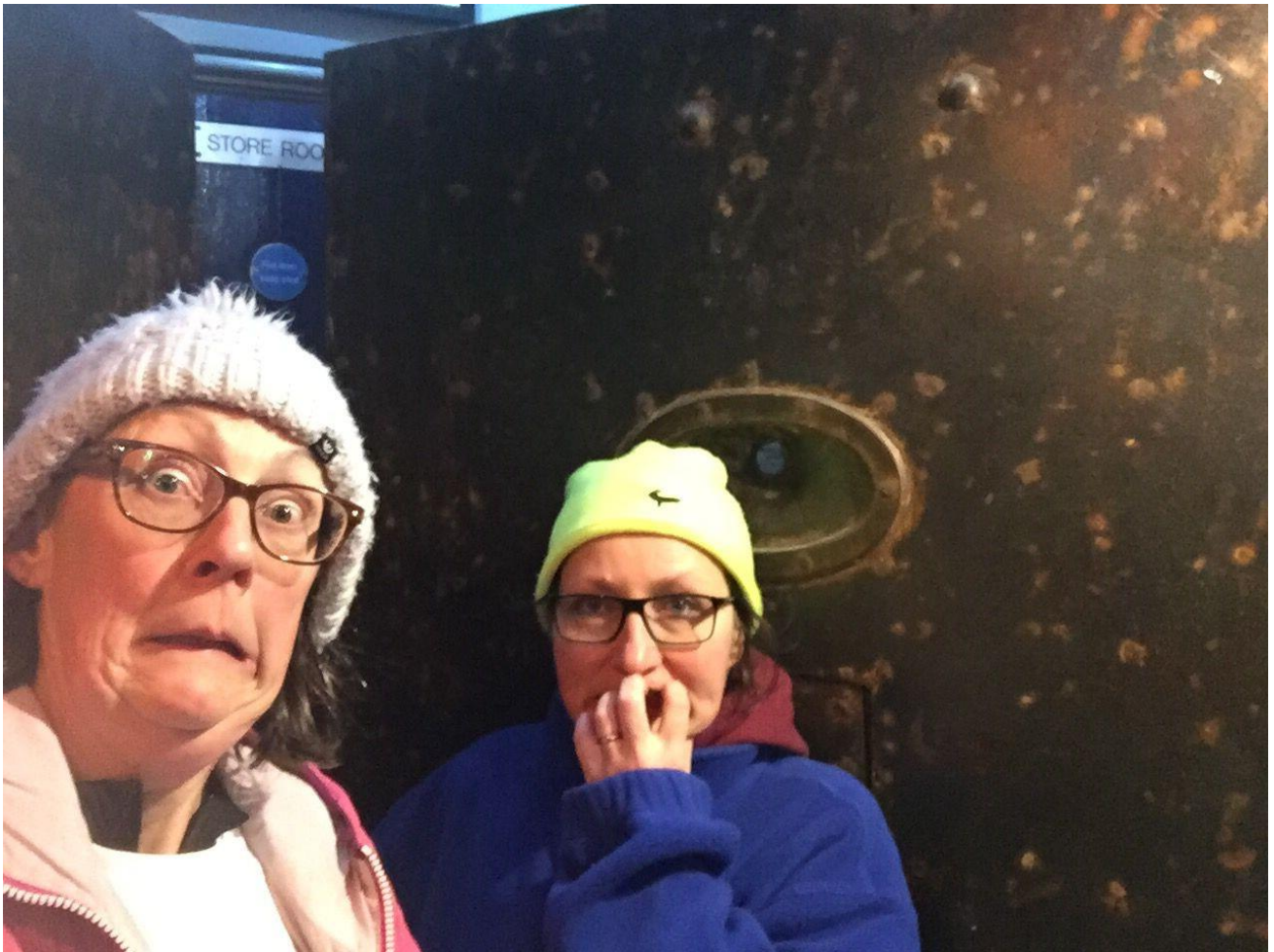
Fortunately once she was over along with the rest of the pack, there was no further locked gate on the far side of the little courtyard. We emerged into Upper Parliament Street, and decided to omit a short loop through Toxteth, instead continuing down past the cathedral to make a right by the old Cains Brewery. Back on trail at this point, the route led along Jamaica Street and through a little housing estate until all of a sudden...



...the On Inn sign was found with only 200m or so before the pub was reached.



The food was deployed on a bench in the little square outside, but due to the increasing cold we decided to postpone the down-downs until we were indoors.



Inside it was surprisingly busy and the cells were all full, though eventually one was vacated and we trooped in, accidentally ignoring a couple who had been queuing at a polite distance...



BS realised she had forgotten to drink the port she had brought along “to keep her warm”.



Down downs were awarded to

The hare

BS: For her sixth toe a la Marilyn Monroe; also for being an FRB despite her toe issues

PA: He had been calling the trail in a booming voice

Wigan Pier: both for her heroic dash beyond the call of duty to get here at all, and her exploits in impaling herself on the railings

Cleo: Watering the trail in the pub

fcuk had brought along some excerpts from the hash hymnal, intending that there should be no excuse not to sing a couple of different songs than usual. However the hash rebelled against the

idea of loudly recommending “whacking off” while surrounded at close quarters by couples having a romantic evening





