



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 519

2nd March 2023

The Old Fort, Prescott Street, Liverpool

The Pack: PA (Hare), fcuk (Remote Hare Support), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, ET, BS, Victim, Karim, Overdrive, Cleo, Johann

This was PA's maiden voyage as Hare and we had been told that fcuk would be providing remote support, which conjured up an image of him hunched over a screen in his office manipulating a joystick. He had also said the pub was popular with patients from the Royal Liverpool Hospital just over the road. There were certainly several very friendly customers around the bar but there was nothing obviously wrong with them that a couple of days drying out wouldn't fix. The pub had unusually large windows and apparently had been chosen as the only pub in the area which one could see into. It then transpired that no-one had had the public-spiritedness to come by car, Snoozanne in particular being convinced that Victim would be driving and very disappointed to see him turn up on foot; so we divided the food amongst various rucksacks.



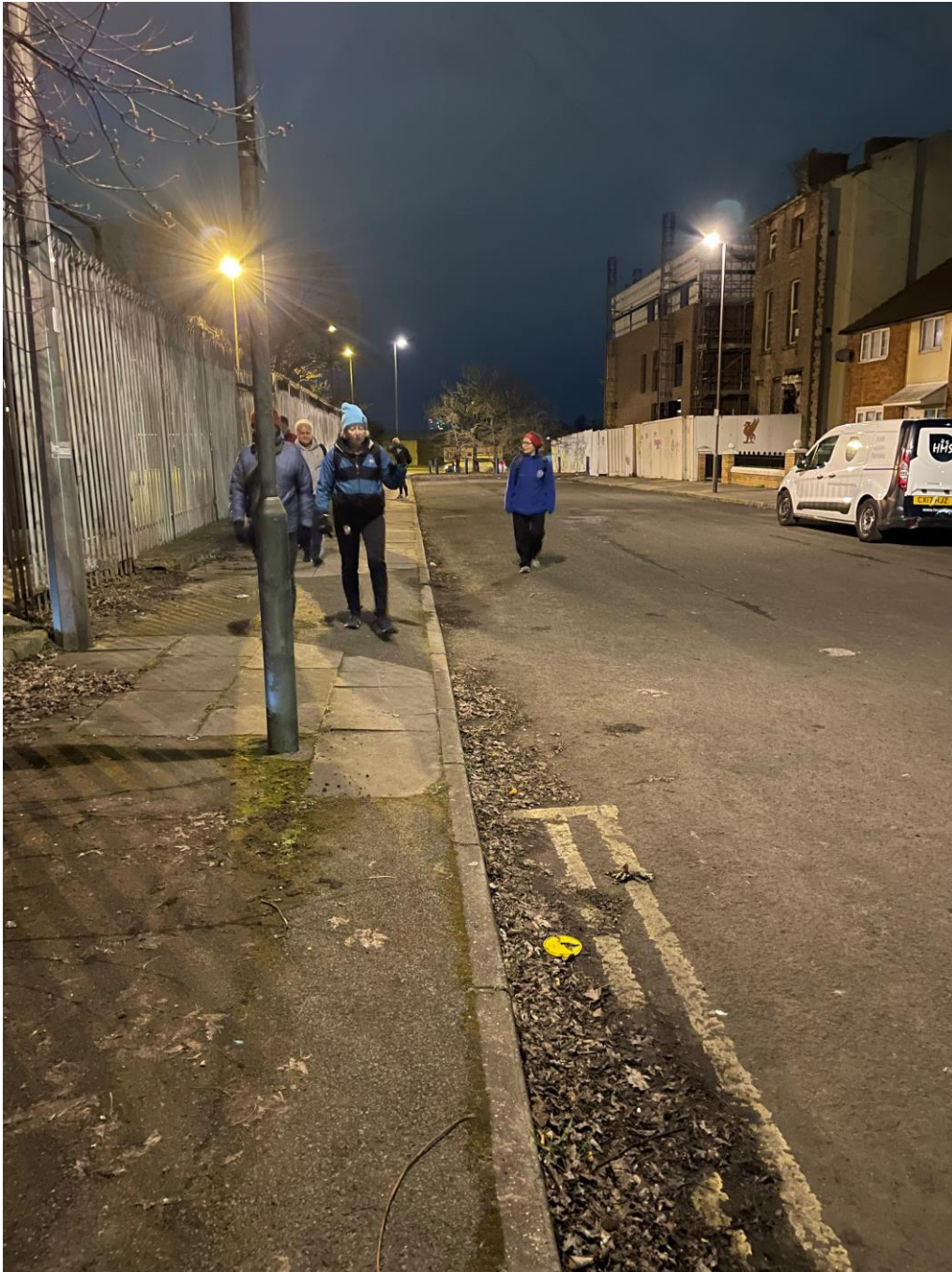
One of the friendly customers was more than happy to take a photo, after which he made a feint of running away with the phone. At least we assumed it was a feint...



PA then gave us our instructions; there would be several regroupings and a checkback.
The trail was then found heading up Prescott Street and turning left along the dual carriageway.



However, very soon the checkback was found and the trail was discovered heading into Kensington. It was all copiously well-marked as seen here.





Emerging onto West Derby Road, a regroup was found.



The trail led into the Liverpool Necropolis. Mad Hatter explained that it had become so full of burials that it had polluted the water supply, whereupon it had been taken out of use and the headstones removed but leaving the residents undisturbed; which seemed an odd way of ensuring public health.



Shortly after this we passed the impressive shape of the water tower





and then found another regroup as we emerged onto Breck Road. Here we gave a delivery man a momentary frisson that his pizzas were about to be hijacked.



A check near the North Liverpool Academy took us into Everton Park. The trail led up and down along the crest of the hill. As usual there was a line of cars parked on the hilltop, all with a couple of occupants presumably admiring the view. As I passed, a window wound down and the passenger asked if I had a dog. At least that's what I thought he said; an odd question, but I suppose he was just being friendly.



Shortly another regroup was found, which had prevented Johann from disappearing into the distance...



We then inspected Prince Rupert's Tower, actually more prosaically a lockup and much smaller than appears on the Everton badge.



At one point a ghostly Liverpool supporter seemed about to desecrate the hallowed precincts.



As we headed down College Street a puzzling marking was found...doubly so since the onward trail in fact did appear to be as indicated by the arrow.



We found ourselves on Shaw Street and shortly crossing the main A580. It was clear that we would soon be back at the pub. fcuk told us to make a point of admiring the On Inn which was a work of art.



We did our best, though there might have been a slight sense of anticlimax...



Though there was another work of art nearby. Apparently it's not what it seems but is by a street artist called Dotmaster.



Back at the Old Fort, we set out the goodies on a nearby wall. Some valiant but fairly unsuccessful efforts were made to eat cheese with the chopsticks which PA had provided.



fcuk had brought the RA paraphernalia and called the circle to order. Down-downs were awarded to:

Victim: As we waited outside the pub for the photo to be taken, Victim was observed (through the aforesaid enormous windows) to emerge from the toilet, pass the obvious door we had all come out by, and use another door round the far corner – an “Alternative Exit”, one might say.

Snoozanne: fcuk invited us to detail Snoozanne’s most salient qualities. The word curmudgeonly was suggested by someone, possibly even Snoozanne herself. But fcuk told us we should be most struck by her optimism, in being convinced that someone must turn up in a car. This somehow led to someone bringing up the old joke about the father of a family of balloons reprimanding his son for an accident with a pin: “You’ve let me down, you’ve let your mother down, but most of all you’ve let yourself down...”

The hare: PA was commended for his efforts as Virgin Hare. We needed no instruction on irony now and the trail was described as far too badly marked etc

Johann: He had exemplified the Hash motto by clearly having a running problem; but turning this to good effect by using his surplus energy in running backwards and forwards to make sure no-one gets left behind.

fcuk had brought some appropriate song sheets so there was no excuse for not singing lustily along.

Finally we returned to the On Inn, now almost deserted. Nevertheless it took ages to serve everyone; not for the first time, the beer had run out and a barrel (or was it two?) had to be changed.