



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 538

23rd November 2023

The Bow-Legged Beagle, New Brighton

The Pack: SMS (Hare), Grasshopper (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, 10secs, ET, Cleo, Victim

Competing weather forecasts had been circulated earlier, one of which indicated that we might start our run in the rain; but the RA had taken a chance on not sacrificing any seagulls, and anyway the rain had been and gone by the time we were gathering. The Bow-Legged Beagle has large windows all round but they were completely fogged up as one approached so not a thing was visible inside. Once through the door, it took a few seconds to make out the table of hashers through the fog. Snoozanne shortly arrived with Mad Hatter and sat down by a somewhat overfriendly dog and its owners. fcuk displayed the T-shirt he had selected from Compo's collection to adorn the Hash Shite which ET was expected to bring this evening. This one was an inaugural T-shirt from SMEG. Snoozanne proudly pulled aside her fleece to reveal that she was coincidentally wearing another SMEG T-shirt. The adjacent dog-owners seemed happy to accept our explanation that SMEG stood for South Monmouthshire and East Gwent. ET and Grasshopper were next to show up. ET confessed that he had not in fact brought the Hash Shite because it was not smart enough or not the right weather for it or something. Grasshopper told us that due to the earlier heavy rain, they had decided to do a live Hare and at that moment SMS was out setting the trail. No-one else seemed likely to show up, so we headed outside. At this point ET disappeared, not with the usual excuse of going to the loo but because he had to make a phone call - phoning home perhaps?

Outside we took the usual photo...







...and Grasshopper explained the markings, and told us that all being well there would be a Beer Stop. Then we were off.



Victoria Road now has more street art than ever...this one more uplifting than renaming the pub as The Three Bellends as was done during COVID.

We all felt sure that the trail would take us down pretty quickly down to the sea-front - apparently even Grasshopper, who you might have thought would have known better. It was surprising that we got confused so quickly, since the trail was very well marked with large arrows and the hare had sensibly included lots of checks to slow us down. In fact after flirting with an approach to the promenade, the trail headed off up the steep hill towards the Church of Sts Peter and Paul and St Philomena, or the "Dome of Home" as Grasshopper told us it's known. ET had been streaking out in front but then seemed to get lost and search parties had to be sent out to find him.



On the far side of the church, the trail led us round all four sides of a square by which time we were quite disorientated. We came along Mount Road and then left into Mount Pleasant and started heading downhill towards the river, though with lots of twists and turns.



It was possibly around this time that some signs of indecision on the part of the Hare were observed. Eventually we found ourselves (I think) near one of the entrances to Vale Park (the park with all the weird dolls and carvings – see Trash Number 494 for instance). This seemed tempting (especially if, as we had guessed by now, the Beer Stop was The Magazine on the other side of the Park) but no arrows were found and conversely arrows were found in the other direction, so off we headed this way. A vehicle barred our path glittering with lights and accompanied by a hulking figure and a smaller companion with a glowing green head. This turned out to be a woman with a dog in a luminous collar who had got out of her mobility scooter to scrape up the dogpoo. The dog itself made a beeline for Snoozanne, quite alarmingly since the lead was invisible in the darkness. Meanwhile the trail seemed to be heading straight back to the On Inn, and anyway, soon we had lost it. The Hare and Victim had already disappeared, and we soon realised that we also lost ET

(again). Time was marching on and so some frantic phoning and Whatsapping ensued, which also involved Victim starting a general phone chat involving Austin Powers among others. The Hares and Victim turned out to be already in The Magazine, and we were summoned there forthwith. It was easy to head straight down to the promenade and along to Magazine Lane, so the bulk of the pack were in the pub 5mins later; but it was a while before ET turned up, having managed to follow the homeward trail most of the way back to the On Inn. In fact it turned out that SMS had texted Grasshopper to tell her that the trail intersected itself near Vale Park and she must watch out that no-one took the wrong direction here. But she didn't see this text and in any case we had become split up by this point. Anyway there was time for everyone to have a drink...





no

...and indeed time for Snoozanne to wish Austin Powers a Happy Thanksgiving with this picture of a turkey which adorns her living room (not all the time, one hopes...). We then decided to make straight for the On Inn and started back along the promenade. It was a windy night and the tide was well up with waves crashing up and occasionally onto the promenade. We passed the site of the Black Pearl, which is now a mere hulk, a sad decline from its former glory as observed in Runs 359 and 343 and no doubt others. Apparently health and safety concerns now prevent it from being rebuilt. Soon we were at the end of Victoria Road and then back to the On Inn.

Snoozanne and Mad Hatter had thoughtfully brought their table again, and we set this up in the little market-place on Victoria Road. They had also gone on ahead from the Magazine and bought some chips, so we tucked in to a very tasty spread.

The RA then called the circle to order. He commented on the fact that no seagulls had been harmed in the organising of the run, and also deplored ET's neglect to bring the Hash Shite. He then awarded down downs to:

The hares: we had forgotten our sense of irony and actually praised the plentiful checks and well-drawn arrows, before remembering to be sarcastic about the trail crossing itself.

ET: for phoning home, then starting the run as FRB and finally getting himself lost. fcuk quoted from Napoleon, to the effect that from the sublime to the ridicule is but one step.

Snoozanne: for attracting all the neighbourhood dogs.

By this time the Bow-Legged Beagle was going to be closed, and there was some discussion of going to dance the night away in Tallulah's, apparently a local legend of a night-club where there was a jazz-band playing. This somehow led to a discussion of the exact definition of Northern Soul, with Mad Hatter and SMS arguing over whether it was different musically from traditional Soul. Mad Hatter went over and poked his head in the door, but came back saying that you had to enter right by the band and the assembled cool cats had looked at him in a funny way. So we decided against this, and instead a reduced contingent went round the corner to the Perch Rock. There were several large rooms each of which offered a choice of slightly unwelcome company like some bizarre form of speed dating. Grasshopper went in one of them and came back to report that it contained the woman and dog from the Bow-Legged Beagle, who had berated her (the woman, not the dog) for ignoring something she had said earlier. Meanwhile the other room which the rest of us had chosen contained a drunken man in shorts who seemed to be an expert on whatever we were talking about, whether it be running, cycling or waterproof clothing.

Finally, below is the Hares' trail map with a magnified diagram of the trail intersection...no wonder we got confused...

