



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 589

5th November 2025

Sir Henry Segrave, Southport

The Pack: Peter Pong (Hare), BS, fcuk, OTT, 10secs, ET, PA, Overdrive, OTT, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, Adrian



A good-sized party had made the trek out to Southport, and their numbers were swelled by the addition of local resident Adrian; ET's real actual twin, which put 10secs quite in the shade. One of our female hashers came back from a trip to the loo to report that it was all kicking off in there. A lady had locked herself in the lavatory and was proposing to take up

residence for the night. Wigan Pier went off to investigate, appearing some time later from a surprising direction having taken the wrong exit from the toilet in the confusion.



The Hare explained the markings, telling us that we were operating on Cardiff Rules and there would be some LPs, which meant that the Last Person to arrive at the check was responsible for finding the onward trail. Basically a regroup with a bit of gratuitous humiliation thrown in.



And then we were off...



...running along the wide boulevard of Lord Street, apparently the model for the Champs Elysees according to many Southport residents. Though possibly not many French ones.

The trail was profusely marked with large blobs of flour and plentiful checks...



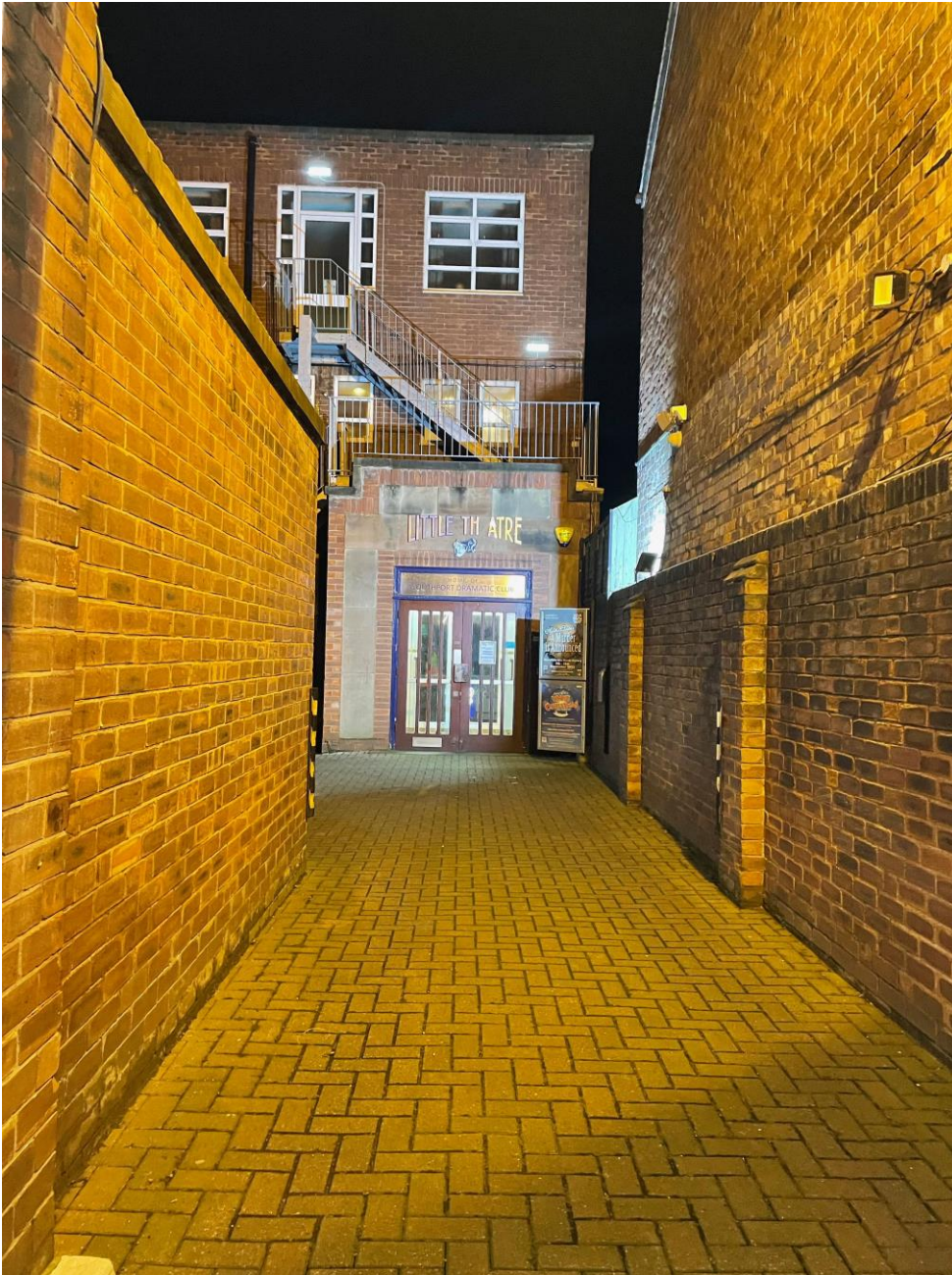
The first LP was found and ET was the Last Person to arrive.



On a hint from the Hare he headed towards the imposing Atkinson Theatre.



The first thing to cross our path was, weirdly enough, a knitted Spitfire. It was surprisingly realistic and not as floppy as you might have expected. Though would a Woollington bomber have been more appropriate...or a woolly jumper-jet?



The trail led up an alleyway...



...then straight back to the main road.





Around this time 10secs took on the mantle of Last Person which he was to retain for the rest of the evening, and promptly disgraced himself by missing this turning...



...into Hesketh Park, the location for the local Park Run.





The trail wound through the park for some time, passing a small observatory which apparently is sometimes open to the public...



...and even without a telescope we were able to make our own astronomical observations, of what was we were told was a Beaver's Moon.



At some point we probably passed Hesketh Park's famous Rose Garden but it was less impressive in the dark.



Finally we emerged from the park and started heading back towards the town centre. Once again 10secs was Last Person and marched confidently off towards the sea taking most of the pack with him. Meanwhile the Hare had equally confidently taken a short-cut towards where the pack was supposed to be going. It was to be some time before they met again.

But eventually they were reunited and the trail was found heading across the dunes towards the lake where there was a check.



The FRB using an improvised snorkel



The trail led round the lake to The Lakeside Inn, the smallest pub in Britain or so it said. It was so small that most of the drinkers were standing outside, more or less obscuring the Last Person sign. They were heard shouting encouragement and insults as Overdrive and 10secs, who had brought up the rear in tandem, set off in search of markings.



The trail continued along the lake to this hotel car-park.



At this point we were quite close to the On Inn and the FRBs unhesitatingly headed inland towards Lord Street. But the Hare had other ideas and the trail crossed the suspension bridge.



There was a point near here where half the pack were prevented from joining the other half by the fence and a miniature railway line.



We then headed back over the bridge...



...our confident swagger and craggy good looks surely recalling films like *The Magnificent Seven*...though less complimentary suggestions included *ET*, *Aliens*, *The Lost Boys*, or *The Good The Bad and The Ugly*.



Soon we were back where the Hare had parked his car near the On Inn, and the food was quickly deployed, the Hare putting an upturned desk to good use. He had brought a large supply of “drivers’ beer” at only 2.6% and 25p a bottle.



The RA then called the circle to order, and said he would open with some “hornithologically” themed sermons. First, in deference to OTT’s ManU heroes, he reminded us of ERic Cantona’s famous remark about seagulls following trawlers, and asked

“Why does a seagull fly over the sea” “ Because if it flew over the bay, it would be a bagel (“bay-gull”).

Continuing the theme, he announced the entrants in a shortest joke competition.

“Beakless budgie succeeds”

“Budgie, going cheap”

When the groans had subsided, he invited comments on the run. It was described as having too much shiggy, not enough seagulls, not being sufficiently well-marked...the “Southport Flour Show” as 10 secs interrupted at this point. Somewhat maintaining the hornythological theme, there were ponderings about the meaning of Beaver Moon, mostly unrepeatable, “just one dam thing on top of another” as it was said. Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare

Wigan Pier: for getting lost on the way out of the loo. Someone suggested the new hash name “Alternative Exit”...

OTT: she had apparently visited her aunt on the way and sent her to sleep in the course of her conversation.

Adrian: a virgin to MTH3 though not to hashing; apparently his twin brother had made him come, provoking comments about incest.

Now and Then: was perversely proud of having watered the trail.

10 secs: For always being Last Person

There was plenty of time before last trains etc so a sizeable contingent headed back to the pub. They made the mistake of rearranging the furniture in front of a fire exit and were mildly reprov'd by a staff member—apparently the same one who was earlier being told at great length to f*** off by the lady who wanted to stay in the toilet all f***ing night, so it was probably a pleasant interlude for him.