

Mersey Thirstdays HHH HASH TRASH #73

THIRSTDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 2007

The Queens Arms, Admiral Street, Liverpool — For the second week in a row the MTH3 has ventured into the wilds of Toxteth in search of undiscovered pubs and urban shiggy. The Hare, Austin Powers, shamelessly chose the Queen's Arms because it is close to his house and he is that lazy. At 6PM as he returned to the pub after a leisurely two hours setting trail he noticed the keenest of this night's hashers already waiting at the start. Ian B. was preparing for his pre-hash *warm-up run*, and Austin made a mental note about what the evening's first down-down might be.

At 6:58PM only four hashers were gathered outside the pub and it looked like it might be a slim turn-out. Then someone went in the pub to use the loo and reported that six more hashers were doing twenty-ounce curls to warm up at the bar.

So in attendance we had:

Austin Powers
Carless Whisper
Sticky Fingers
Lilo Lil
Compo
Leakey Tool
Scamp
Ian 1
Ian 2
Ian 3

An amusing exchange occurred as three returners introduced or re-introduced themselves to each other and discovered all of them were named 'Ian'.

The trail began with a check in front of the pub and several false trail which gave Ian J. and Compo some early exercise. Then on-on toward the main gate of tempting Princes Park, but not in. Instead, the trail led up Devonshire before a check-back directed the pack into an unobtrusive footpath entrance to the park.

In Princes Park a set of devious checks led the pack to the island in the lake, which was almost accessible with dry feet. The pack followed the trail over the island, with one of the Ians slipping and falling on his ass in the mud, something that only the stand-in RA saw. Unfortunately the stand-in RA forgot to make a mental down-down note about it, but the offender knows who he is he knows who he is.

On terra firma again, the flour led around the lake and then out the south-west gate of Princes

Park and on-on toward Sefton Park. In Sefton Park the pack encountered a Check-Back 3, but somehow a portion of the pack, including several who earn their living teaching mathematics and science to impressionable youths, were unable to count to three without a total screw-up. More down-down fodder was mentally noted.

Eventually the pack found the correct nettle-choked path down to a cave. Passing through to the other side the pack found themselves at a check on the shores of the Sefton Park lake. Compo chased down a long falsie, and managed to entice most of the rest of the pack to follow him by hiding in the bushes when he saw the 'X'.

From this point on the true trail became very tough to follow as some bastard had cleaned up almost all of Austin Powers' flour in the park in the two hours since he had set the trail. He was left protesting "I swear there was a *lot* of flour all over here — see look there is a trace of it here!" The pack seemed unconvinced and Austin noticed that it is somewhat less fun to verbally direct the pack to venture into the nastiest shiggy and splash across the river than it would have been to have them follow flour that way by themselves.

The Shorts Shrift

Not long after that the pack left the park and ventured onto Aigburth Road. There they discovered the much-anticipated Pub Stop at the brand-new Fulwood Arms Pub. Unfortunately the manager discovered that we were all wearing sweaty running shorts — a fashion faux pas after 6PM, apparently.

Perhaps the manager underestimated the power of Google searches to root through all of the MTH3's Hash Trashes and associate the words "Fulwood Arms" with the words "unwelcoming" and "not-so-friendly". And perhaps he did not realize the eternal thirst of the MTH3, and their quest for welcoming places to drink before and after and during their weekly runs, but he refused the MTH3 admission, a move that will no doubt cost him thousands of pounds in beer sales to thirsty hashers over the years, perhaps spelling doom for his business venture.

The hash instead retreated a few yards back to the very friendly and welcoming ***Blenheim Lakeside Hotel***. It is the second time the Mersey Thirstdays Hash has had a pub stop at the very friendly ***Blenheim Lakeside Hotel***, and we keep coming back to drink lots of beer at the extremely pleasant and very welcoming ***Blenheim Lakeside Hotel***, because let's face it, they are so doggone friendly and welcoming at the ***Blenheim Lakeside Hotel*** just off of Aigburth Road at the edge of Sefton Park.

The Magical Mystery Tour

Full of beer the pack ran down 'Ancaster Road' (did an 'L' fall off the sign?) and crossed the railway at a footbridge. At a check on Riverside Drive, the tracks and trails of Otterspool and the Festival Gardens tempted them, but Compo found the correct trail leading toward St Michaels.

The pack neared the comforting sights and sounds of Toxteth again: the litter-strewn pavements, the young ones calling, "Hey mate, whatter youse doin'?" A sneaky back-passage behind Somerfield brought them to Park Road within sight of the ON INN. But it was at that point that Ian B. and Lilo Lil decided to navigate by using the Force, rather than the flour, and embarked on a two-mile (no exaggeration) wander around Toxteth and Dingle, before arriving at the finish 15 minutes after the rest of the hash, and somehow from the opposite direction.

The pack gathered for more beer and some vintage sausage rolls accidentally left unrefrigerated since run 72, along with some fresher fare provided by Lilo Lil.

Compo dusted off an old sermon, much to the delight of the pack. Then the returners were shamed for their absences, the scientists shamed for their math failings, the wanderers were noted for their navigational failings, and the hare was recognized for an all-around shitty trail.

Finally the pack retired into the also very friendly and welcoming Queens Arms (the pub, not the monarch, though she may be friendly, as far as we know.)

Unfortunately, our regular Hash Flash is still on a tropical holiday and for the second week in a row, no one remembered to bring a camera, so you will just have to remember (if you were there) or imagine (if you were not) how scenic and spectacular Run #73 was.

Substitute Hash Scribe: Austin Powers

