



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 95, 5th June 2008  
The Mead, Woolton, Suburban Liverpool

The Pack: Compo, FCUK, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Cleopatra, Overdrive, Lilo Lil (Hare)

This was a memorable hash for me as GM because it was back to where it all began in September 2007, I could muse on how much had changed... Back then I was an unfit virgin who did not know too much about what was going on AND NOW: I am the unfit GM and Hashscribe for the day, who does not know all that much more about what is going on. Nostalgia is definitely not what it used to be!

Forget the upcoming Nash Hash in Switzerland, this was an MTH3 'swish hash' with most of the pack arriving in their cars. Mind you, our favourite newcomers Overdrive and Cleopatra nearly didn't make it as they were looking for a pub called 'the Mead. Perfectly plausible, but ah no, that wily Lilo Lil had set them a pre-hash check in her directions for to the run. Compo should have got a down down for having a personalized number plate (there are others among MTH3ers...), but I saw it too late.

Anyway, there had been an almighty downpour at 5pm earlier that evening and I spared a thought for Lilo and, more importantly for our trail. In the event, parts of it were so wonderfully 'overengineered' by the hare that they could have been spotted from the air by a helicopter without heatseeking equipment. As you will hear, though, other parts had suffered water damage and had changed state.

The pack were duly flashed at:



and again



As you can see twelve runners is not a bad turn out for MTH3. So the hashers and their *Doppelgaenger* headed to the start, where Lilo Lil explained the markings. We have had all sorts of markings at the runs recently and some of the most aesthetically pleasing were Cupsucker's 'Beijing markings', this evening it was the turn of the Spanish markings because Lilo was still on CET. We had:



The cross as the check and



there were to be several regroupings on this run to keep the pack together. Lilo told also told us that she hadn't marked the false trails; it was about finding those blobs, arrows and checks.

So by 7:10 we were off at the off, which was a four way check. My memory served me correctly and the beginning of this run was the same as the end of my first (the last one held at the Mead) and I went down the slightly concealed driveway through the grounds of a school getting ahead of the rest of the pack for the first and last time.

Overdrive went into neutral for a moment as he was the first to catch up with me on Woolton Hill Road.



The Woolton checks on this hash *à l'espagnole* had really got rained on and had transmogrified into Spanish omelettes.



It was a glorious evening and the sun was slow roasting them. If I wanted a snack later, I would just have to get a burger flipper from Lilo Lil's house and run the trail again. We went round and down through Woolton including a woodland path. Here's a *Blair Witch* style photograph for you:



Then we ran past 'The Copse' and 'Horny Lane'.....



Well, that's what those street signs would have been graffiti-ed to in any other part of the city.

At an unofficial regroup, Compo looked as if he was about to introduce Lilo Lil to a new thumb tip massage technique he had learnt in Sri Lanka. This was not the only magic his digits were to perform on this evening's hash.



Meanwhile Mad Hatter found the trail leading into Calderstones Park. There is no photo of that because he was way ahead of me! I did get there in time to see Cleopatra striking a regal pose as she reviewed the sign (or is she about to do that blowing-your-nose-when-running-thing...you know, that throwing gesture thing done by hardcore sportspeople who don't believe in tissues).



Next, we took a quick peek at the eponymous Neolithic standing stones. Stones behind bars in a dilapidated greenhouse, I don't know, get us some 08 bling.



We were soon near the rose garden where some awkward horse had tantalizingly dropped rich fertilizer only yards away from the needy blooms. I know we have retired the hash shit, but I hope that it does not return in this form. This would be one place to which I would **not** be returning with my burger flipper.



Anyway it was Cleopatra who had the nous to spot Lilo's crafty trail. Once again, it was not on the well-travelled roads, but on a discreet byway beside the roses.



Calderstones Park and the green route which we were about to take had given Lilo many an opportunity to set her 'overengineered' chunky checks.



The park also saw that chameleon Compo merging into the natural environment again (see the trash for run numbers and 89 and 90). Here he let his funky fingers do the talking:



Here we are at one of the regroupings; we did manage to get going again before Snoozanne dropped off. Welcome back co-GM!



Then it was into...



and through the woods to Allerton Towers park (with Mad Hatter's 'on on' echoing through the trees like Tarzan calls). There are no pyramids in Allerton Towers, so Cleopatra (and the hare) posed in front of some nineteenth-century Italianate ruins.



It was near this point that we lost Mad Hatter, or rather the Hatter lost us after trying to second guess the trail and attempting to head us off at the main road on the other side of the park. There was 'a whole lot of RU-ing going on' and we thought we had lost him. Guidance was laid by Compo:



BTW this reads 'PUB STOP, BEER' and not 'PS beer'

and we were about to call it all off for a drink at the Derby Arms, when we saw a yellow speck approaching fast out of the middle distance. Was it a rubber duck, was it a Beatles's submarine? No it was a Hatter Madder than Mad. So we all then had a quick half in this nice and friendly pub.



After that it felt as if we were heading back, but there was another surprise in store for me when we turned a corner in a part of built-up Woolton:



The Institute? Was it the headquarters of a little-known French cultural delegation, a training school for chefs or football managers? No, these whitewashed outbuildings were, amongst other things, the global nerve centre of no less than five organizations:



...Chicken George Worldwide Ltd. I thought Chicken George was the guy in the poultry suit who followed Bush senior around everywhere during the 1992 election campaign. Surreal; totally surreal.

Naturally on such a scenic and swish run there was bound to be one less than salubrious place. This was Mill Stile aka 'Stalag L25':



The pack were soon at Reynolds Park, within sniffing distance of the on in. Perhaps I was anticipating the wonderful spread at Lilo Lil's house (there were to



be sandwiches, dips, pizza, puffs and all manner of drinks, thank you o' Biermeisterin supreme), or perhaps I was delirious from exhaustion, but I am sure that in this suburban park, I saw a massive chicken perched on top of a tree. I am certain that no one would believe me so I took a picture of my friend Chicken George to prove it:

