



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 484**

**29<sup>th</sup> October 2021**

**Thomas Rigby's, Dale Street, Liverpool**

**The Pack:** 10secs (Hare), SMS, Grasshopper, SF, Wigan Pier, fcuk, Ruth, ET, Cleo, Overdrive



SMS and Grasshopper had nobly offered to bring their car and provide hash food and hash beer this evening. They were the first to arrive, Grasshopper clutching a sliced loaf which she had just bought to replace the French sticks which had sadly gone from part baked to completely burnt in a moment of inattention. Wigan Pier was next to arrive, despite having

messed to say her train was delayed.



When ET turned up he was wearing this coat which provoked various comments along the lines of "Was he a dangerous Liaison Officer"; it looked as if the council were trying to control every aspect of human activity, but it turned out to date back to Liverpool's year as Capital of Culture.

Going even further above and beyond the call of duty, SMS and Grasshopper carted all the bags off to their car while the rest of us finished our drinks.









When they returned we assembled outside the pub. Although the threatened torrential rain had not materialised, there had been a fair amount of drizzle. The hare remarked that describing his markings might consequently be a bit futile, since by this time they might not exist any more; but with luck the pack might find some of his famous crossed-out arrows and also this time some ready-crossed out checks, a result of some monumental dithers while setting the run. The pack were more interested in the talk of a possible beerstop, though once again the “possible” sounded a bit too hypothetical.

It did take a bit of hinting to find the start of the trail, but after that there were enough markings visible to follow the route; oddly the checks seemed to have lasted better than the arrows.



Someone should be charged for abandoning a skip here...





Unbeknownst to anyone before this evening, least of all the hare, it was the River of Light event around the waterfront area this week and with uncanny prescience it turned out he had set the trail to follow a fair proportion of the same route. Consequently the markings were either scuffed out or hidden by hordes of people but at least the pack had something to look at while they were getting lost.









The rare moments when the trail strayed away from the River of Light didn't work out too well; who'd have thought this tempting passageway would be closed at night?... Luckily there was (more or less) a way around through the adjacent carpark, though it was closed off by a low barrier. Though not low enough as 10secs was the first to find as he tried to hop gracefully over it and nearly came crashing to the ground.





Here ET is seen endangering his status as liaison officer; or is he parking his suspension as advised by the notice?







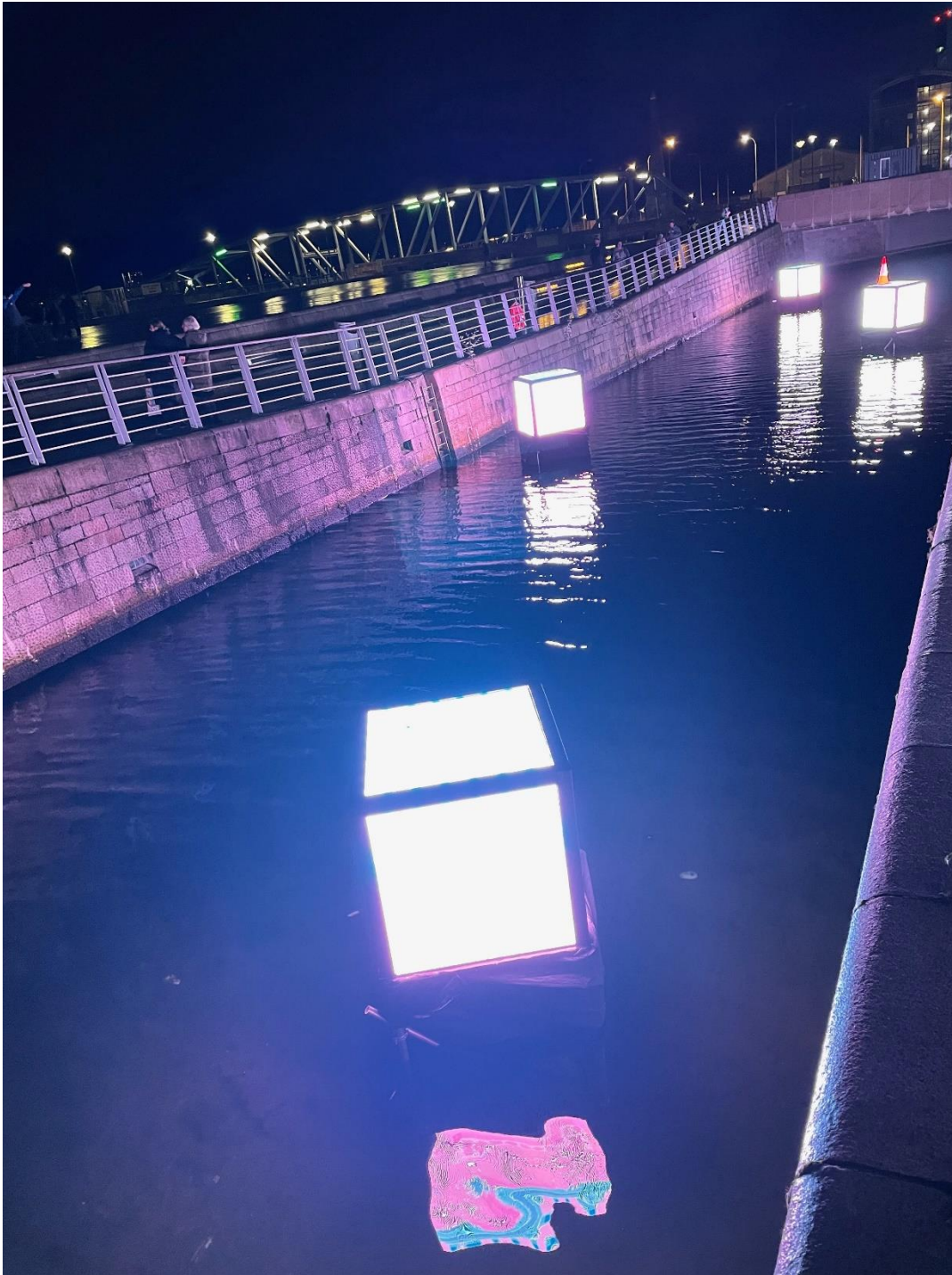
Near here was spotted the Pig and Whistle, scene of On Inns and Beer Stops on previous hashes. Not for the first time Ruth was discovered around here to have run off into the distance, leading to some temporary paternal concern until she came running back again.





The trail then led through the graveyard St Nicholas Church. “Why is it called the Siemens Church?” asked Cleo, seeing no obvious connection with the German electrical company or indeed the SI unit of conductivity. At least that’s what I think she said though others appeared to hear a different word... Wigan Pier (I think it was) then drew our attention to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Liver bird which decorated a gable end of a building over the churchyard. Apparently (with a bit of googling ) it is older than the famous ones and one of its wings went missing in 2014.

A bit of hinting was required to locate the onward trail here; but eventually the pack found its way down to the Pierhead area.



Here there were lots more of the illuminated sculptures...





...and some tempting vans selling icecreams, hotdogs and all the usual fairground stuff.



There was even a light show in the sky...





The trail went along the Pierhead to the Albert Dock and then ducked behind the Tate Liverpool buildings via a hidden gateway.



The chalk check had been washed away here, but there a huge one in stone to make up for it (or was it a helipad as fcuk suggested?)







The route then led up past the M&S Arena and to a regroup on the far side. Here ET was the last to arrive and was accused of having been indulging in some dangerous liasons on the way. The trail then led towards the Dock gates into Wapping. Here sagacious pack members started to scent a beer stop at the Baltic Fleet; but in fact a couple of turns brought us to the Love Lane Brewery. This was perfect for a COVID-secure beer stop – spacious, almost empty, table service, and most importantly excellent beer. There was a Kolsch for Cleo – apparently should only be served in 20cl glasses because it goes flat almost immediately. fcuk was delighted with a strong porter; no doubt a common occurrence in this dockside area over the centuries. We spent a bit too long relaxing here and when we emerged it seemed a good idea to speed things up. A few clues put the pack on track...





...to Upper Pitt Street and along to Duke Street and the junction with Hanover Street. Here it was agreed best to head pretty directly to the On Inn. We decided to set up the food near SMS and Grasshopper's car. By this time it was raining more persistently but luckily there was the entrance to an underground carpark nearby which provided shelter...



...and a handy shelf for the food. As fcuk said, it was more of a dais and would perhaps have been more appropriate for the Seven Dwarves to have a picnic. At any rate it was real "Street Food" since it was pretty well on the street.

SMS and Grasshopper had done a great job with the food and even proudly produced a jar of cornichons. The vegetarian sausage rolls were agreed to be better than the "real" thing. Sadly Wigan Pier missed all this since by this time she had had to go for her train.







Cleo then produced her chef d'oeuvre, a special enormous Halloween cheesecake in the form of a witches' cauldron, with chocolate biscuit crumbs forming the base and sides and worms wriggling on top.





Cleo had thoughtfully provided plates and spoons as well.

fcuk then rang the Comp bell to open the circle. Down downs were awarded to:



The hare: for the Cheshire Cat/Alice in Wonderland style markings which may or may not have been there. Overdrive mentioned 'theoretical' / imaginary numbers, and someone else suggested they were like Schrodinger's cat. fcuk pointed out that Lewis Carroll was a mathematics don. Also mentioned were the chalk arrows and checks drawn and then crossed out.

ET: for his Liaison Officer jacket; and he was late for an RG by the Arena, so nominated for a dangerous liaison



SMS and Grasshopper: for extraordinary services to both stashing the bags and 'hash Street food' via 'Kerbside delivery' in a dry place on a dampish evening – which helped the Circle go on longer to nominate....:

Cleo: for the huge deep jelly worm decorated Cheese cake delivered with plates and spoons!

Ruth: for being an "FR", as someone can vouch for her not being a B\*stard

SF: for accusing the RA of an Sin during the run, without being able to remember it in any detail

RA: then fessed up that he had said "this lady's not for turning" (not allowed in Liverpool apparently) with reference to Cleo disappearing into the distance ...

By this time it was 10.30 and only a hard core of ET, SF and 10secs retired to the pub – deciding to go to the Lion as probably quieter.