



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 487**

**9<sup>th</sup> December 2021**

**Bar 361 and Vindaloo, Woodchurch Road, Prenton (Christmas Run)**

**The Pack:** Sticky Rice (Hare), 10secs, fcuk, BS, Jane, OTT, AE, Overdrive, SF, SMS, Grasshopper, Victim, James

We more or less took over the Bar 361 by the time we had all gathered, despite a couple of late cancellations (ET having succumbed to COVID). We had a couple of new arrivals in the shape of Victim's son James and BS's friend from Belarus, Jane. Most people had obeyed the instructions to wear Santa hats, SMS also sporting a pair of elf ears.







Somewhat reluctantly we downed our drinks and sallied forth into the cold night where it was already starting to rain.





The hare explained the markings; there was a V sign, which meant you were on; an arrow, which meant you were....also on...and a circle





She then helpfully performed a little mime to illustrate the meaning of each symbol...I think at this point she is shading her eyes and scanning the horizon...



...before doing an inspired festive embellishment of the check sign.





Victim had a glowing symbol of his own which meant that he was also on, or at least his coat was. It was electrically heated and everyone queued up to place their hands on his chest and try to feel the warmth (we could feel nothing, it must have been well-insulated).



And then they were off, into the steadily increasing rain, which by the time we had made our way up Storeton Road into the Arno had reached epic proportions. Here fcuk and SF have been caught on film short-cutting across the rose gardens. We emerged back onto Storeton Road and then headed down to Holm Lane and into Duckpond Lane...





...where AE had the bittersweet experience of passing her own house but being unable to go inside to dry off and get warm. (Ironically this is actually the Alternative Entrance to AE's house...)

At the bottom of Duckpond Lane a playtime was ambitiously marked; but by this time it was in the middle of a river and we splashed past it. The trail then led back up to Holm Lane and crossed into the Holmlands estate.



The markings had survived remarkably well...





The hare actually seemed to be enjoying it...





Fcuk's wisdom in wearing two high-vis waterproofs one on top of the other was very apparent by now. At some point we must have passed the hare's house too, or pretty close to it; and then we



started heading back towards Prenton. Just before reaching Woodchurch Road a Beer Stop was indicated outside the Swan pub. We trooped inside and possibly because there was a quiz on, or more likely on account of our bedraggled appearance and motley attire, we were directed to an empty side room where there seemed no chance of ever getting served. Eventually we gave up, since it was by now pretty close to the time of the restaurant booking. There was a sign saying "Swan In and Stumble out" but we pretty much Swanned out as well. We made our way up Swan Hill towards Prenton centre, passing 10secs' boyhood home on the way; this must be a record for the number of hashers' homes passed in one evening. As OTT said, it now felt like it had stopped raining but on any other night one would have said it was pouring down. We trooped into the Vindaloo, sat down and started steaming gently.



This appears to show Sticky Rice squeezing the spare moisture off her hat into her glass. Or maybe it's a wine from Santa Barbara.





James had adopted a novel means of drying his hair...





Jane gave us all a chocolate coin specially for New Year (which is what it says in Russian apparently).











We all ordered our food, starting with popadoms...



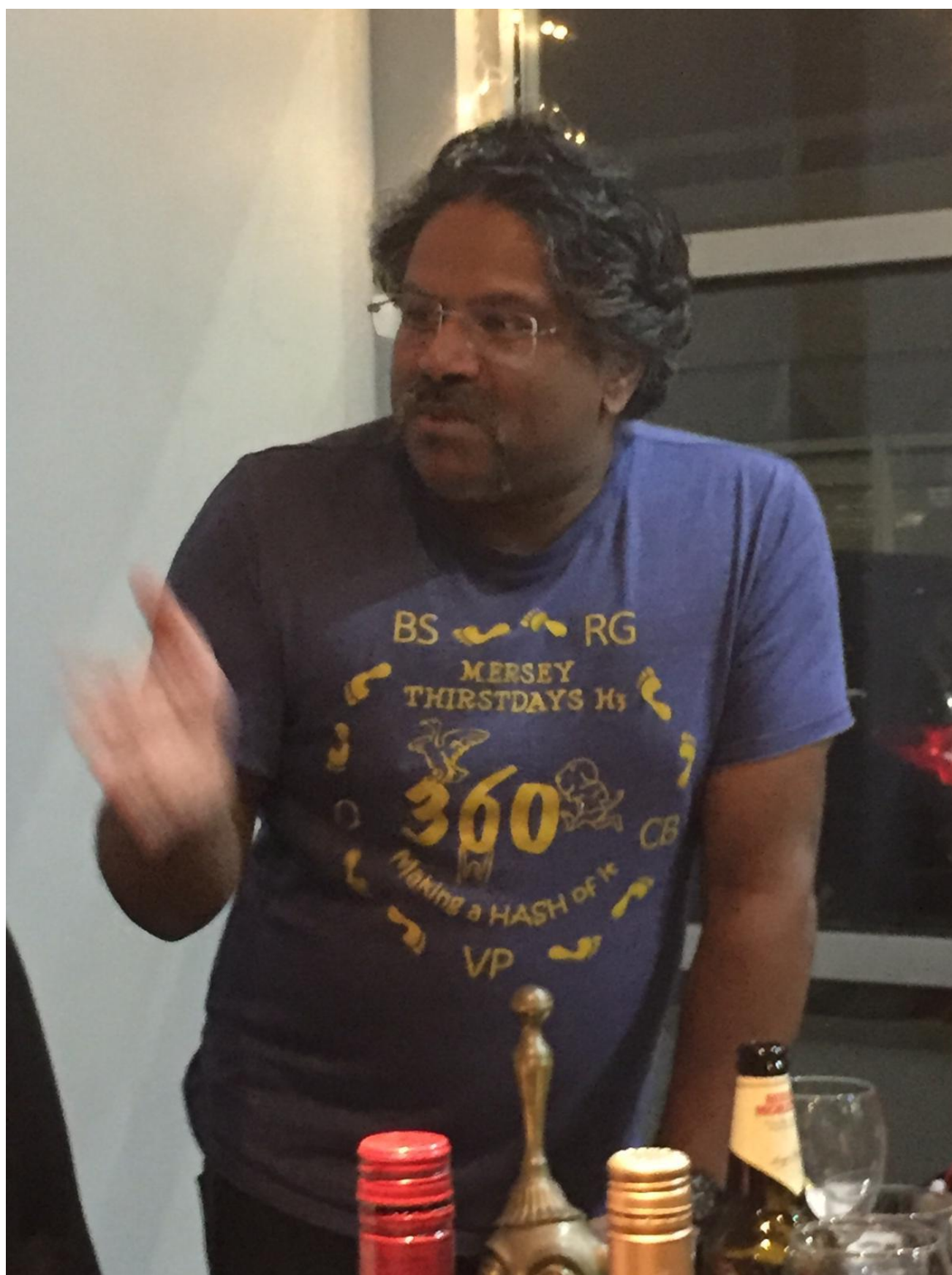
...and tucked into the main course.





At the end of the meal fcuk produced the Compo bell and called a "linear circle" as he put it, since we were all strung out along the table.







The first item on the agenda was the naming of James, who had been hashing for years without acquiring one. He was baptised PJ Vindaloo, apparently because he was wearing pyjamas. There was also a claim that this was, or sounded like, a Bollywood film star.



The traditional ceremony of crowning with a poppadum was duly performed.

Next fcuk proposed that we should have an interim GM while our current one was unavailable on most Thursday evenings. fcuk himself was elected to this post by popular acclamation.



Down downs were then awarded to:

Sticky Rice: for basically becoming permanent hash hare, setting two runs in quick succession.

10secs: for alcohol fulfilment activities, acceding to ever-more arcane requests for wine.

OTT, 10secs, PJ Vindaloo: various sartorial misdemeanours – OTT had thrown down the gauntlet (ie nearly lost a glove) in Bar361; 10 secs had lost a hat in Sainsbury's carpark; PJV had stepped into a huge puddle to demonstrate that his "breathable" shoes had an aqualung function and could breathe underwater. (It would later turn out that SR had left her gloves on the radiator where Grasshopper had collected them; for some reason she had also acquired SR's T-shirt...)





Jane was then introduced as a Hash Virgin and asked the standard three questions, naturally causing much ribald amusement when she admitted that BS had made her come. We left it to BS to explain to her why the intricacies of colloquial English made this so funny. She was also commended for bringing the chocolate coins.

At some point in the proceedings BS had a phone call from her mother. Fcuk said she would be forgiven this if she donated some chili oil. BS could be heard explaining this in Cantonese to her mother, giving us all an impression that we understood the language since the recurrence of the phrase "chili oil" made the gist pretty clear.