



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 494

31st March 2022

The Bow-Legged Beagle

The Pack: Grasshopper (Hare), SMS, 10secs, fcuk, ET, BS, Frank, OTT, Sticky Rice, PJ Vindaloo, Victim

Sadly Grasshopper's father had died a few days before the run, but as she said, he would not have wanted her to cancel it; and she had set a run around his local area as a tribute.



She also put on one of his football shirts which she had given him as a birthday present.





The first check was found by a pillar box decorated in honour of Easter.



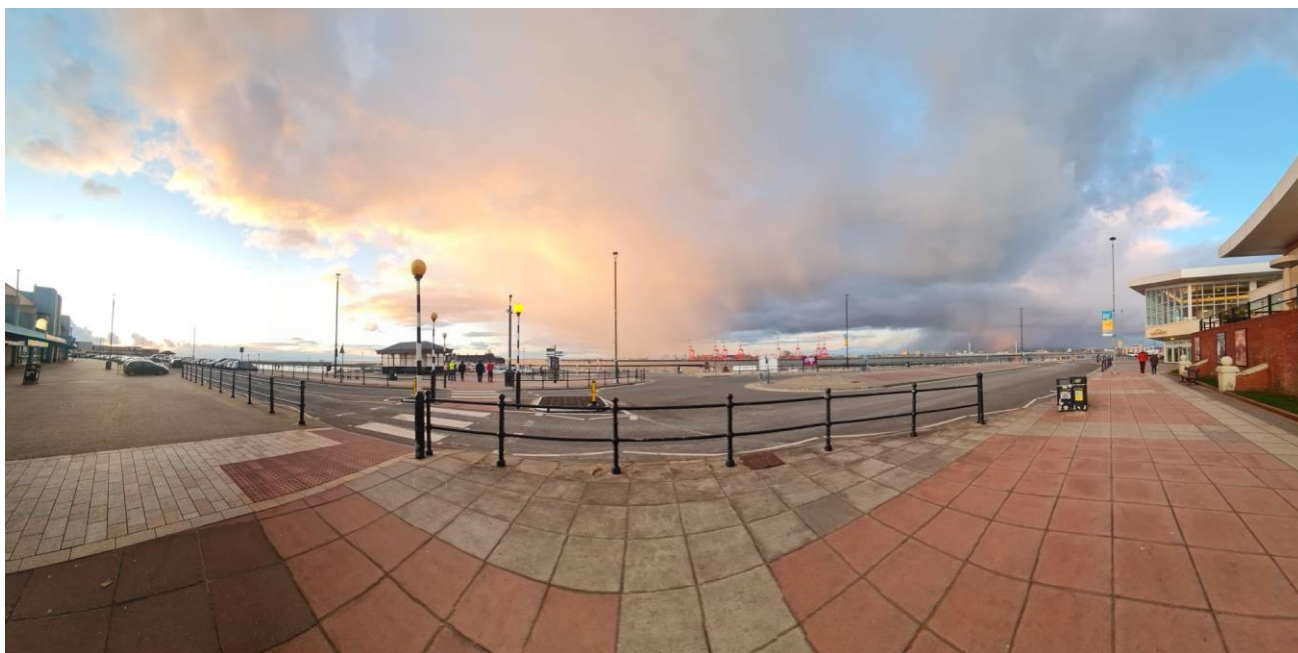
The neighbourhood has been brightened up with lots of street art...



...and our observant photographer spotted this old seadog...



...possibly keeping a weather eye on this approaching shower...



...not to mention the rain clouds in the distance ☹️



The threatening deluge soon broke over our heads as we rounded the boating lake. The hare's chalk markings were starting to get washed away but we found the PS by the mermaid (PS apparently standing for Photo Stop rather than Pub Stop or Pirate Stop; though we were promised at least one of those for later).

The trail then led up through the Tower Grounds and then back down to the prom. Further along there appeared to be a police roadblock. A number of police were surrounding a burly chap who was stripped to the waist. Everything was strangely calm and it wasn't clear what law he was breaking though it was certainly an odd way to dress on a freezing cold evening. It would later turn out that several hashers were wearing numerous layers and could easily have supplied any missing items of clothing.

The trail then entered Vale Park. 10secs started reminiscing to fcuk about a previous hash when he claimed Vale Park had contained numerous miniature grottos peopled by dolls and miniature carved wooden figures. Nothing of the kind was currently visible and fcuk started looking at 10secs strangely and imperceptibly edging away.



But then we turned a corner and there they were, in all their slightly spooky glory.



Frank was encouraged to mount the horse but refused to do more than get on its back.



This pose led to all sorts of comments along the lines of “is that a piece of artillery between your legs or are you just pleased to see me”. Apparently in porn films one can be described as “having wood” and that is literally true in this case, appropriately to Victim’s real name.









Eventually we emerged from the fairy domain and sought the onward trail.



The hare was doing a bit of front running at this point, heading in the direction of The Magazine.



This indeed proved to be the location of the beer stop, and the hare had had the forethought to book a couple of tables in a back room, and very generously treated us all to a drink so we could raise a glass in memory of her dad.





Not everyone had been present at the previous run where the Compo T-shirts had been distributed. Those who had were mostly wearing them, albeit under various other garments in view of the cold weather and being a bunch of exhibitionists had no hesitation in stripping off. The first surprise revelation was that 10secs' T-shirt was on back-to-front...



Here is ET showing how it should be done...



...and once again there was a surprising amount of argument about whether fcuk's T-shirt was or wasn't the same shade of red (or was it lilac or magenta) as the others.





Victim won the prize for numbers of layers...



10secs and fcuk practised their synchronised swimming routine...





As we came out of the Magazine we were accompanied by a chap carrying a motorised unicycle. He seemed quite keen to offer people a go on it, despite it having cost £2000 and having a top speed of 50mph. He gave us a demonstration himself which looked frankly terrifying but nevertheless Frank stepped up to have a try...



and then so did Grasshopper. Apparently you lean forwards to make it speed up...



...and lean backwards to make it slow down...



...and if you lean sideways, this is what happens...



Coming up to Seabank Road we found a Goth version of the New Brighton mermaid outside (I think) a tattoo parlour. BS asked where mermaids were to be found in nature and was quite disappointed to be told they were imaginary. We reassured her that perhaps if she believed in them enough they would come true (after all it had worked with the fairy grottos) but she kept saying "I still think they exist" for the rest of the evening.



Back on Victoria Road near the On Inn, OTT gave a poor little dog a bit of a fright...



We chose our tallest hashers to deliver a petition to the Prime Minister (or Helmet Number 1 as he was referred to in a nearby pub sign – the same one which had featured The Three Bellends before Matt Hancock got turfed out).



There were plenty of tables outside a nearby community supermarket so we set out the food there. OTT had once again laid on a sumptuous spread with delicious welsh cakes and brownies (so freshly baked she had been late for the hash through waiting for them to finish cooking). It was getting very cold so we decided to do the down downs in the pub. The On Inn was heaving and closing soon, so we retired to the nearby Perch Rock Hotel.



We commandeered another back room and got our drinks.



There was further comparison of the T-shirts – though it looked as if ET and fcuk had been replaced by cardboard cutouts... And after PJ Vindaloo's success in locating his dad last week, he was persuaded to reveal his secrets and showed us how to share our location on WhatsApp. He was also complaining that his dad had told him there was no chance of rain that evening, and advised that he should have asked the RA instead.

The RA then called the circle (as he later admitted, forgetting that he had been carrying the RA helmet and Compo bell with him all along). Down downs were awarded to:

Frank: for doing a Frankie Dettori and mounting his wooden steed in the racing position.

10 secs: his weird hallucinations of woodland creatures turned out to be real.

SMS: being the conscience of the pack in dissuading us from singing hash songs outside VR's window

Most of the hash for taking part in the Dry T Shirt competition

Victim for mounting a cannon - did he 'have wood'?

PJ Vindaloo: for IT support in the circle and for not consulting the RA regarding the weather

The hare: It was agreed to have been a great tribute to Grasshopper's dad Gorgeous George, Number 1 in a Manchester Shirt. MTH3 saluted his memory.



Frank had been busy with his iPad for some time...



...and the results were very impressive, though maybe exaggerating ET's biceps a touch... 😊

Another mad dash for the station then ensued for the train-bound contingent.