



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 564

21st November 2024

The Bow-Legged Beagle, New Brighton

The Pack: SMS (Hare), Grasshopper (Hare), fcuk, OTT, 10secs, ET, PA, Cleo

It was forecast to be a freezing-cold night and there was a possibility of wintry showers due to the RA's ill-advised substitution of bird-sacrifice by Hail Marys. We were glad to see PA since he had been poised to evacuate when there was a catastrophic leak in the flat above him.



SMS had gone on ahead to set a live trail and the instructions were reassuringly simple – one was on and that was it. The trail was found heading down towards the seafront but then turning along Wellington Road and up Atherton Street. There were plenty of checks to keep us guessing. We passed the big domed church and turned down St Georges Mount, soon crossing the main Seabank Road.



PA felt a strange affinity with amphibious creatures after his experiences with flooded apartments.

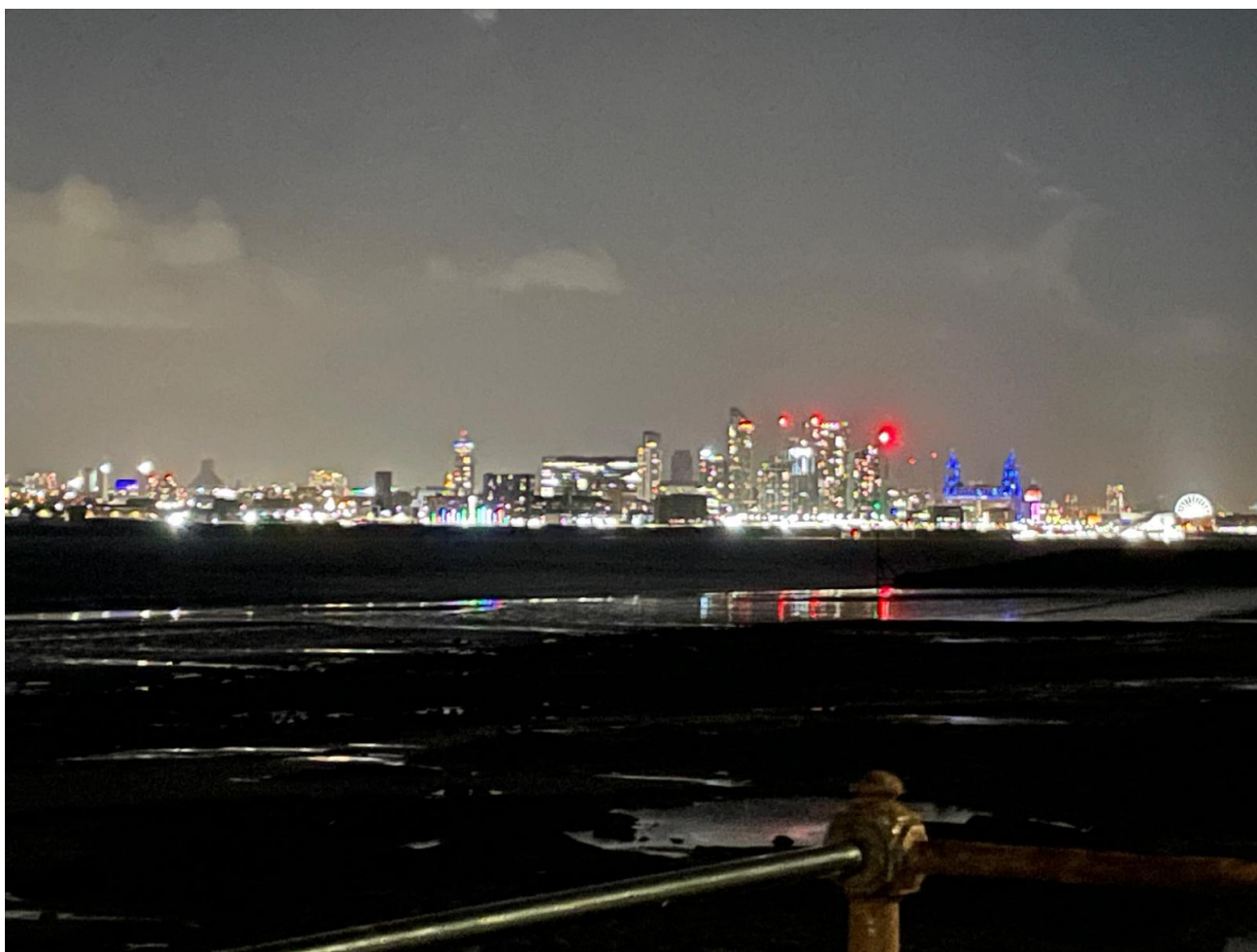
The trail skirted Vale Park and headed towards The Magazine where a Beer Stop sign was found, and inside SMS was ensconced ready to buy us all a drink.



After luxuriating in the warmth for a while, there was a move to declare the On Inn to be right here; but after reflecting that the food, station and cars were still some distance away we regretfully decided to continue. SMS was given a 5 minute start and then we followed.



Grasshopper contemplates the meaning of a cigarette end and lolly stick in a circle



The trail led down to the promenade...





....and along for some time before heading up Dalmorton Road and then down Grosvenor Road back to Victoria Road. Here it was observed that the pack had separated into a male half and a female half and it was some time before the female half was seen approaching from an unexpected direction and deep in conversation.





The murals are very impressive – the figure almost seems to leap out at you...



The little marketplace where we usually set up the food was bereft of the usual tables so we crossed the street to a bench which we hoped might be sheltered from the wind.



It wasn't.

But to compensate there was excellent food, including chips and some posh Brie which Grasshopper had been obliged to buy since the usual cheap stuff had run out. Also Cleo had made some tropical muffins with papaya, coconut and a dash of rum, to evoke the thought of warmer climes.

We then took refuge in the pub, which was still very crowded. We had a short circle where the RA invited comments on the run, which was described as not having enough checks, being too warm etc. Down downs were awarded to:

The Hares

The female half of the pack: for getting lost

PA: FRB – he was also invested with the Hash Shit.

At some point in the proceedings someone appeared and rather surreally told us how he was setting up a mushroom farm somewhere in New Brighton.