



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 572

27th March 2025

The Little Taproom, Aigburth

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, OTT, 10secs, PA, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, Cleo, Overdrive

The Hare had discovered a new (to us) pop-up pub for the On Inn, with an excellent range of real ales and craft beers and a very jovial landlord who was happy for us to leave stuff behind the bar while on the run. Fur Knickers made a brief appearance to return the Hash Shit but did not stay, still suffering from the lurgy after several weeks.



We sallied out for the photo but as we were posing outside, Wigan Pier erupted through the door shouting in very broadest Lancashire "I were 'avin' a wee, I thought you'd gone without me!"



“Would we ‘eck as like” we said (or that’s how my own Lancashire ancestors would have put it) and squeezed her into the photo.



The hare shepherded over the main road where there was a check, though the Hare clearly needed a lesson from PA in drawing a perfect circle; apparently a top tip is to draw four dots first.



The Hare then issued our instructions; apparently there was a lot of park running and he was keen to stress there would be ample opportunities for watering the trail.



The trail headed down a side street towards Sefton Park but by this time we had lost half the pack who had accompanied Mad Hatter and Snoozanne on a visit to their old camper van which had found a new home nearby. Some of us had fond memories of drinking soup in it on rainy hashes long ago.

The trail led into the park and along the lake for a while, ...



... before cutting across the stream. As usual anyone met along the way was accompanied by clouds of fragrant heady-smelling smoke.



Somewhere along here 10secs found a newt crossing the path, and Mad Hatter picked it up and released it into the undergrowth away from the trampling feet of the pack.



While this rescue operation was taking place the rest of the pack was taking a well-earned rest further on.





A left turn which was clearly a bit of an afterthought took us out of the park and onto Ullet Road. After what seemed a long straight run a check was found...



...and most of the pack took the inviting turn up a side street. After a few hundred metres it dawned on us that the Hare was not with us and simultaneously fcuk was discerned in the distance cycling past on Ullet Road. We retraced our steps - no sign of the Hare or fcuk but finally we found a side turn in the other direction, leading to a Play Time sign by a now deserted playground. We carried on. Emerging onto Croxteth Drive, the sounds of merriment and music were heard over the road in the park. The trail headed in this direction but surely it wasn't just ET and fcuk making all this noise. Increasingly the ground was decorated with indications of people having had a bit too much fun and maybe having taken the Hare's advice on watering the trail. Finally we found the rest of the pack mingling with what seemed to be some kind of huge open-air student party. Figures were reeling around all over the place – luckily none of them were pack members. Reunited, we carried on and emerged onto Mossley Hill Drive where things were much quieter.



The Hare told us that there was plenty more park if we wanted it. We were all ready to continue, so we plunged back into the darkness.



When we reached the Palm House it was blazing with coloured lights but as we congratulated ourselves on seeing the place illuminated for once, they all went out; it looked like they were shutting up for the night. We emerged briefly onto the road again before heading back into the darkness, finally following the lake back to the main entrance. The Hare went to collect the food from his mother's nearby flat while the rest of us headed for the main road and the On Inn. Here it turned out that the Hare had cleverly negotiated the use of the back room for our food and down downs; and made egg and cheese sandwiches to avoid spilling food in the premises. We all gratefully tucked in.

The RA then called the circle to order and opened proceedings with a job-themed sermon:

"I had a job drilling holes for water but I didn't last long – it was well boring."

"After spending six hours learning basic semaphore, I was flagging."

He then invited comments on the run, and it was described as not having enough parkland, too many checks, too bright, not enough drug smoking etc

Down downs were awarded to:



The Hare: fcuk deployed the historic bedpans in honour of the Hare's insistence on trail-watering possibilities; the Hare's achievement in losing most of the pack was also mentioned. The RA's assurances that the bedpan had been washed since last being used sounded slightly unconvincing.



The RA then announced he was going to “wring the neck of the chicken” which sounded like some kind of weird euphemism until he brought out the hash shit and proceeded to tie on the afore-mentioned bird.



The Hash Shit was then bestowed upon Wigan Pier for her descent into the vernacular under the stress of being abandoned. FK had added a few more decorations on a Parisian theme.

The RA then drew attention to the fact that two discoveries had been made on the trail. Down-downs were accordingly awarded to:

Mad Hatter: for finding the long-lost camper van

10secs: for finding the newt (he then recounted a newt joke: A man goes into a bar with his his pet newt. The barman says "That's a nice newt, what's he called?" The man replies "He's called Tiny". The barman asks him why, and he replies "Because he's my newt".



The RA then finished by drawing attention to the efforts he had made on behalf of the hash, potentially attracting ridicule by cycling through Liverpool with what looked like a large fin on his back.