



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run 583 Hilbre Island - 14th Aug 2025

The Pack: Snoozeanne (Hare), Madhatter (Hare), ET, Now &Then, Wigan Pier, Two Dicks. Piss Artist, Breaststroke, OTT, Grasshopper. SMS, Bailey (Dog). Rambono.



The vanguard



A familiar route

The intended ambitious early start time of 6.00 PM was not achieved as a result of multiple late arrivals and a shortage of cars to stow away hash clobber - additional food, drinks and equipment were brought on this occasion for the post hash BBQ.

On instruction the group soon spread out and splashed their way towards Little Eye.

Appropriate footwear needed careful consideration. Smug sealskin sock wearers were persistent in detailing their advantageous properties over other options - barefoot, aqua shoes or normal socks all resulted in cuts and soggy cold feet.



Only left our footprints on Hilbre

Grasshopper and SMS arrived late and followed the pack over the sands.

The usual drinks party was scheduled on Middle Eye. The chosen Gin & Tonic Sherpas brought the required drinks – sadly no ice was provided on this occasion. There was concern expressed by all with the snacks consumed by Bailey by all, except her owner. Madhatter and BS turned back at this time to 'Fire Up' the barbecues.



Gorgeous day

Various birds were spotted as well as seals observed. Our ignorance on bird recognition was obvious - even with the assistance of binoculars.



Seal Watching



Drinks Party on Middle Eye

Fortunately/Unfortunately? Nobody managed a fall. A pair of footy boots or running spikes would have assisted in gaining purchase on the glutinous mud – this was especially tricky close to the islands. Bailey demonstrated that 4 legs provided more stability than 2 legs.

It was a gorgeous evening – The RA had done well. The sun was seen sinking gradually into the Irish Sea towards the end of another perfect summer's day.



Recovery

On our return burgers were already sizzling with smoke bellowing from the improvised kitchen. The veggie stuff remained locked in cars until the last of the hashers had returned.



Almost Ready – Five more minutes.

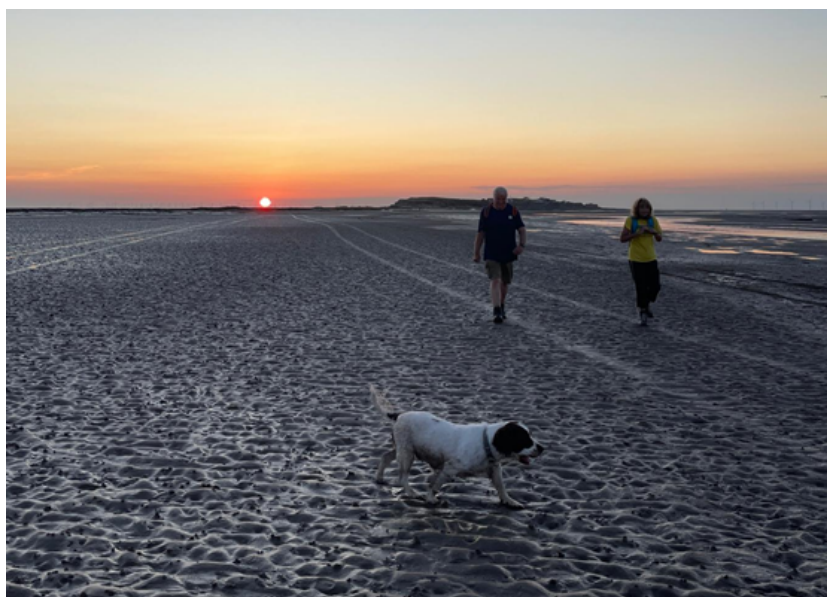
Train timetables were consulted to decide how much time could be had BBQ'ing.

Footwear was changed, by those who had remembered to bring dry stuff. It was impressive how much sand a pair of wet trainers can retain. Some Hashers had shown initiative by sloshing feet in the few puddles towards the end of the run.

A special Returnee DD was awarded to Shiteloaf – who had travelled from Dubai to attend this hash. A new bedpan had been located from some unknown source as a receptacle for his drink.

Returnees, Two Dicks, Grasshopper and SMS and the Hares were also invited to partake.

There was no pub visit after the hash – there was a 'Party Train' to catch for Liverpool, with 7 hashers making this journey. The train also included a number of younger folk celebrating their A level results who may have been surprised by the amount of sand we had managed to bring on board.



End of a perfect day.