



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 600

16th April 2026

The Augustus John, Liverpool

The Pack: Mad Hatter and Snoozanne (Hares), Austin Powers, RTFuct, BS, fcuk, OTT, 10secs, ET, PA, Grasshopper, Cleo, Sprog, Wigan Pier, Now and Then

Excitement was mounting as the time for our 600th run drew near, with founder members Austin Powers and RTFuct winging their way from Germany and Australia. But as the afternoon progressed the ether started to crackle with messages about “major disruption” on various railways. AP’s initial relief to be sitting on a train at the airport evaporated when it was then cancelled. But miraculously things slowly started to improve and most of the pack was gathered in the AJ by 19.15 or so, with the exception of OTT and RTFuct who would have to join us en route. We were delighted to see Sprog make a welcome reappearance after many years – he reminded us that his first run had been Run 100 and he was now on run number 96, so hopefully he will now waste no time in completing his century. Meanwhile ET had brought the new Hash T-shirts designed by PA, which we all immediately donned. The Hash Shit had been brought along and fcuk did a bit of nipping and tucking and then invested AP with the sacred robe.



Outside we pressganged a passer-by into taking some photos.



As usual we didn't know which way to turn..

Actually I now realise we're still pointing the same way but I'm not going to let reality get in the way of a good caption... It also should be pointed out that AP has a rubber chicken between his legs...which is not meant in a disparaging way but simply to clarify any misleading appearances in the photo.

Snoozanne explained the markings; it seemed that three blobs was on, except when it wasn't, and anyway the blobs might be arrows. One thing we definitely understood was that there would be a beer-stop supported by Hash Cash. And there would be several regroupings. Then we headed off, just in time to evade the police...though just possibly they were more interested in the gang of youths who were smoking dope and trying to photobomb us.

The regroupings started appearing immediately. The first one was outside the Maths Department which was AP's (and indeed 10secs) place of work in those legendary days when the hash was founded, though unaccountably there was no blue plaque to mark the spot.



The next was on Abercrombie Square outside the Archaeology Department where RTFuct had worked.

Coming out onto Catharine Street we realised that we were approaching Peter Kavanagh's, site of several early On-Inns. Check out Run 14 for an early version of the Hash Shit, even then with a rubber chicken attached; and Run 112 for the occasion when Snoozanne hid someone's hi-vis jacket...inaugurating our long tradition of scaring off virgin hashers. This seemed like the perfect place to revisit...and indeed the Beer Stop sign was soon found.



Soon we were all indoors out of the rain and supplied with a drink; and we managed to intimidate most of the previous occupants of the back room into leaving...



...except for one remaining couple who were actually friendly enough to take some photos.
On leaving the pub the front-runners straggled off towards Upper Parliament Street...



...but they were summoned back to where a large blue arrow had mysteriously appeared near the pub. Not the last time this would happen...the arrow pointed us down Huskisson Street to emerge on Hope Street overlooking the Anglican Cathedral. Here we milled about for a bit; the rain had now been falling for some time and a check had disappeared. But a hint from the Hares took us to the right and down Upper Duke Street to the cathedral entrance. A suspiciously fresh arrow was found leading down into the St James Gardens; and then we were summoned back to find some more of the mysterious blue arrows which we had unaccountably missed before. These took us past the Huskisson Memorial to the chalybeate spring. In the darkness it was only the presence of a few frogs which alerted us to the fact that the scummy surface ahead was a pool and not some mossy flagstones. As we stood there, a light was descried moving through the dark trees in the distance; slowly it resolved into the approach of two shadowy figures, one bearing aloft a torch.



And lo, it was RTFuct, her armour shining with an elven glow and accompanied by fcuk and his trusty two-wheeled chariot.



It was indeed quite a mystical moment, like something out of Tolkien or Monty Python and the Holy Grail. RTFuct told us tales of her perilous journey from the Land's End by the path which mortals do call the M5. We headed out of the cathedral precincts and on down Upper Duke Street to the entrance to Chinatown where there was another regroup, finally joined by OTT.



Here of course there were many memories, of Christmas meals over the road in Yuet Ben's, and (wasn't it?) Chilli Chilli's where we went after the Hash de Mersey (Run 66/67).
The trail then headed down Duke Street and then up Colquitt Street...



...to a regroup at Bold Street.



The barber shop across the road had once been the Soul Cafe which was owned by Mad Hatter, who had also run a radio station from a room upstairs.



...and here it is, with Mad Hatter.

At this point BS revealed that prior to this, the very same premises had been her family's restaurant The China Garden...



....and just to prove it, here's some pictures inside and outside the China Garden; BS's brother is now 47!

We then turned the corner into Bold Street. The Hares had told us that the initial plan to eat in the Baltic Market had been abandoned as too far away, and they had chosen somewhere closer and with a later closing time. The Hares were very enigmatic about the exact location, but now we were very close to the American Pizza Slice where some of us had spent the voucher we had won at a pub quiz (see Run 365). This seemed to fit the bill, but we swept past it onto Renshaw Street. Every other suggestion - Cosmo's in Liverpool One? The Sultan's Palace (assuming they had forgotten the exclusion order on 10secs)? Kimo's on Mount Pleasant? - was met with the reply that we should be lowering our expectations from these venues.



The RA was resorting to ever-more ingenious tactics to lure birds to the sacrifice; though the sacrifices did not appear to have been pleasing in the sight of the gods that night in any case.

As we continued down Renshaw Street and crossed Brownlow Hill, Sprog had a light-bulb moment and announced that we must be going to the Wetherspoon's on Lime Street Station; and so it was. Inside, we moved a couple of tables together and ordered food and drinks.



Then, after an apology to AP for having stolen his accoutrements, the RA donned the famous helmet, rang the Compo Bell and kicked off the ceremonies with some sermons.

“I used to live hand to mouth. Do you know what changed my life?” “Cutlery”

“I hate funerals – I’m not a mourning person.”

“A thesaurus is great. There’s no other word for it.”



Comments were invited on the run, and the RA recalled that AP had pointed out a Schrodinger marking on Catherine Street, which could be either a check or an arrow depending on who was observing it. The Hares were thanked for the run and for providing the drinks at Peter Kavanagh's. The mystic blue arrows were also recalled.



The returnees were then given an especial welcome.

Sprog - on 96 runs - with his first appearance for 7 years! He says he only likes run numbers with two noughts in them.

AP - a MTH3 co-founder, whose programming skills allowed Merseythirstdayshash.com to run an AR (Augmented Reality) hash during a Covid-19 lock down.

RT-Fuct - co-foundress and wizardess of Oz who had driven nine hours from Lands End Cornwall to be with us. The RA commented that she will be forever etched in his memory as the woman who made him come again (and again to MTH3). This was her first time back for 20 years!!

The RA also mentioned that OTT and Snoozanne were the only founding Hashers who were still regularly hashing with MTH3.



The RA moreover revealed that RTFuct came bearing gifts – two extra brand-new Run 1 T-shirts for Snoozanne and a bottle of Nooky Australian port to assist with the Compo drinks. 10 secs was excited and touched to hear AP reveal that there was also a special gift in store for him, but it turned out to be the Hash Shit that was dumped in his lap.



The RA then reminded us of the history and ethos of MTH3; starting on 11 May 2006, so now 600 runs and almost twenty years later, with a unique commitment to diversity in every sense, age, ethnicity, regional affiliation: welcoming Wirralites, Evertonians, South Enders, Cestrians, the Lancashire Regiment, North Walians, Metrosexuals etc

He went on to mention the almost full set of illustrated trashes across the years and our hash haberdashery enhanced by our resident artist in the shape of PA.

He finished with an exhortation to Roll On on MTH3 which we all heartily seconded.



Finally AP was given a chance to don once more the RA helmet. By this time it was 11pm or so and people were heading off in search of trains...not far to go thanks to the choice of On Inn...