



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 609

10th September 2026

Rhubarb, Lark Lane, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, 10secs, PA, Seth, Ross

10secs decided quite early on that it was “all about him”, cluttering up the WhatsApp group with panicky minute-by-minute progress reports and then replying to messages intended for the Hare with cheery boasts about being in the bar already. Soon the rest of the pack arrived, with the exception of PA who was still in transit; it was a select bunch but numbers were augmented by a couple of fresh faces, Seth and Ross – newly graduated UoL students who had been recommended to try hashing by Seth’s mother, herself an ex-hasher.



After the usual photograph we headed off, up a long back alley (Little Parkfield Road). Around this time we received a message from PA saying he had arrived. fcuk shaded his eyes with his hands to look off into the distance back down the alley, not noticing that PA was already trotting past us.

Then on we went. The newcomers were (of course) almost always in front, but more surprisingly were quickly showing a flair for finding the trail and calling it out. We came out on Ullett Road by Princes Park and it was no surprise to find the trail shortly entering the park. The trail showed definite signs of being set from a bike, with long distances between chalk marks and a reluctance to cross patches of grass leading to some odd detours...which PA was observed treating with sublime indifference.

Suddenly we came across an unexpected regroup by a bridge over to an island on the lake.



It led to a group of truncated columns, many of which were topped with quotations from speeches...



...by Nelson Mandela. It was surprising and slightly shaming that none of us (except presumably the Hare) knew about this memorial.



Soon we came out on Aigburth Drive and then turned along Croxteth Drive around Sefton Park. The pack became a bit strung out along the alleyways through the park and there were a few regroupings to wait for people to catch up. There was yet another incident when we were looking into the distance for PA only to realise he was almost at our elbows.





We passed the big greenhouse, commenting that it seemed a bit insulting to use this term but struggling to remember the real name of Palm House; and recalling another hash on a dark night when the bright lights in the Palm House had suddenly and somewhat spookily been turned off as we passed (see Trash Number 572).

We then briefly emerged onto Mossley Hill Drive. Here there were heard some odd sounds floating through the trees. 10 secs contemptuously described it as noise but Ross and Seth (who it turns out have degrees in music) identified it as something more melodic (but why was someone playing a tuba in the undergrowth?)... We then headed back into the park, circling the lake and then crossing Aigburth Drive and heading up Livingston Drive. Here we found ET's car replete with food. The table was speedily deployed and we tucked in to the excellent food. Things were enlivened by Snoozanne chomping into a tomato under the impression it was a red grape and immediately spitting it out; luckily it just missed embedding itself in the guacamole.



Here is PA's evocative rendition of the scene around the food table, with fcuk explaining hash traditions for the benefit of the newcomers.

We decided to have the down-downs back in the On-Inn; we headed back to Rhubarb and soon we were sitting round a table with our drinks. The RA opened proceeding by inviting comments on the run. It was described as having too many markings, too much shiggy...Then down-downs were awarded to:

PA: short-cutting

fcuk: for being oblivious to The Invisible Man, i.e. PA

10secs: for making it all about him; also for being cloth-eared/tone-deaf

Snoozanne: The Wrath of Grapes, i.e. the incident with the tomato.

The Hash Virgins, Seth and Ross, were then invited to introduce themselves. At this point or possibly earlier it transpired that Seth is in a band which also features 14 trombones...was it one of them (or even all of them) who were serenading us earlier?...

Your scribe left around now, with the tempting offer of a lift back with Mad Hatter and Snoozanne, but the carousing may well have continued into the small hours...

Ross (I think) was on Strava, see the next page. We had done a reasonably creditable 6.8km or so, but still I suspect that not a lot of kudos will have been awarded.

