



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 526**

**8<sup>th</sup> June 2023**

**The Ship Inn, Chester**

**Hare:** Anticyclone

**The Pack:** FCUK, OTT, PJ Vindaloo, Victim, Snoozanne, MH, Karim, Overdrive, Richard + Bobbie (Hound)

Anticyclone had promised that the run he had in mind would be “really quite short. Yes, really”, so we arrived anticipating it could be a bit shorter than his usual 3-hour half marathon through the bogs and swamps of Chester’s Meadows. Several hashers had cried off – PA had a sore toe, Wigan Pier had some car issue involving an MOT, or lack of it, whilst both the Hash Scribe and his deputy came up with lame excuses about hiking in Wales and captaining a losing team at tennis. Chat GPT & Overdrive came up with a quote from Henry IV which Snoozanne presumed was a preview of the Hash, but may have been intended as a description of the hare: *“that trunk of humours, that bolting-bunch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Maningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years”*.

Thus prepared the pack gathered for a pre-run beer in the front window of the On Inn, where Bobby (Hound) was offered some kind of martini cocktail by the barman but turned up his nose at it. The pack then regrouped outside for the usual hash flash.





The trail headed across Edgar's field, towards River Lane, then through a redundant gateway where the Council had recently removed the accompanying fence, and where PJ Vindaloo as a child had once been bitten on the head by a possibly rabid horse. (He may be the apple of my eye, but he does resemble a fruit, maybe the horse was also half-blind), up onto the ridge above the old quarries where it took quite a while to find the onward trail along Overleigh Rd.

Here Richard was found to be issuing orders next to a check at the entrance to Overleigh Old Cemetery, in a manner reminiscent of a WW1 commanding officer giving orders to the troops: "You go, I'll just wait and call...". This distracted the pack's attention away from a poster announcing Victim's latest Cemetery tour:

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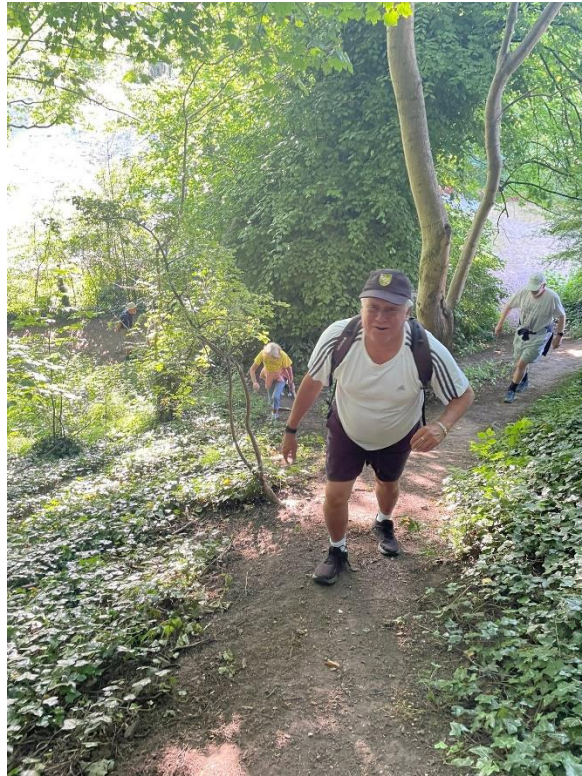




The trail went back down towards the river, near to “Nowhere”



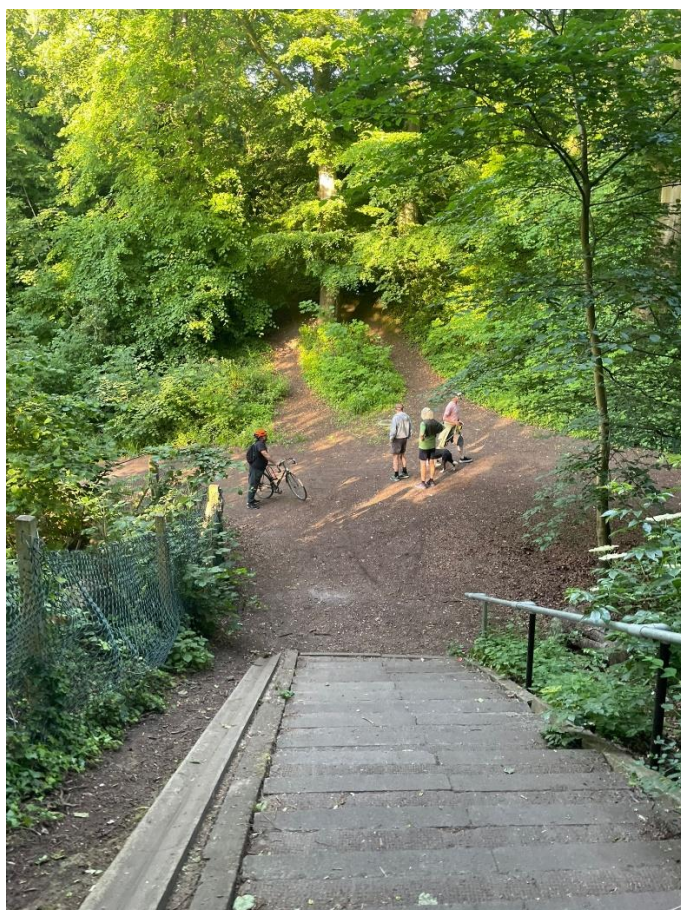
...then under the Grosvenor bridge.



A check sent the pack scrambling up a 45 degree slope towards the road causing OTT to almost give up in despair







From the check the pack could be heard heading up the Dingle towards the Overleigh Roundabout



By this point in the run FCUK was probably wishing he'd left his bike at home.





OTT and Victim arrived at the Overleigh Roundabout several minutes before the rest of the pack showed up and insisted on having a group photo.







Passing the Cheshire College South and West campus the pack arrived at Handbridge's version of life after death, a narrow alleyway leading to an open space , with some sheltered living bungalows beyond. Oh to see out one's days in Handbridge's Paradise, but could the hare offer thirsty hashers heaven on earth...?



According to the marks on the wall this was the site of a regroup, but the Hare was nowhere to be seen.



Eventually he appeared lugging a coolbox







....which turned out to contain several very welcome bottles of Pimms, served with a 5-a-day ration of strawberries, lime, cucumber and various other nourishing fruits.



By Richard Lydon - 2023.06.08 20:15





A check led across the road to what some hashers recalled was the site of the “Compo Gap”, but the hole in the fence through which Compo could not pass appeared to have been repaired.







A check at the far end of the suspension bridge led to some confusion with the hare desperately trying to recall Snoozanne and Victim from further along the Groves, where Snoozanne had (prematurely) found the onward trail . Whilst the pack obediently wandered off in the direction of the cathedral, your scribe waited for them to catch up several minutes later outside Hickory's Smokehouse, the scene of a late lunch with FCUK's friends two week's earlier which had caused him to fall asleep later that afternoon and miss the hash that evening altogether.





Back under a weeping willow opposite the Ship Inn, hash food was devoured. FCUK called the circle to order and should probably have awarded himself a down down for dislexically welcoming everybody to Hash number 265!

Down downs were awarded to:

- Victim, for allowing FCUK's friends to lead him astray, causing him to miss the previous hash.
- Victim and P J Vindaloo for driving a couple of hundred yards to the hash from their house in nearby Overleigh Rd.
- Anticyclone for being the hare and raising MH3 to the level of a "Posh hash" with Pimms en route.

FCUK hadn't brought the Compo bell, but he did have a cycle horn which made a loud squeaking noise. Before starting his oration, he passed it to OTT and asked her whether she was feeling horny. Pouring a liberal helping of Bushmills whiskey from what looked suspiciously like a hospital specimen bottle, Overdrive suggested and it was agreed that that henceforth Richard would be known as General Melchett (perpetual GM), for showing outstanding WW1-style leadership in staying put and 'waiting for the call' at the entrance to the cemetery, and FCUK proceeded, in the absence of any flour, sawdust or other suitable commodity, to sprinkle him with magical wasabi pea dust, before leaving early to catch the last Transport for Wales train to Liverpool South Parkway. Karim also left for the station, while the rump of the pack drank the On Inn dry of Golden ale.