

Run Number 123, 25th June 2009, Hilbre Island

Starting from the beach end of Lingdale Road and ending on the beach

Hares: Snoozanne and Madhatter

The Pack (take a deep breath): 10", FCUK, Cleopatra, Sprog, OTT, Hansel, AE and a comely group of MTH3 virgins: Wigan Pier, Dave the Rave, Cellita, Sodomy (Dave's son), Julianne (Dave's daughter), Alex (Dave's daughter's friend); Rowena and Lorna, and Red Ken, Minder, Lusharse and Two Dicks.

Although I am not sure whether this is geometrically possible, what we had here was a circular point-to-run; absolutely useless as an introduction to trail-based hashing, but absolutely brilliant for lazing on a summer afternoon, in (mid-)summertime....

If a hash gets these sort of numbers, even milling around at the start becomes a spectacle in itself and attracts onlookers. It so happens that one of those who came out of his house to have a look, bringing his lady wife along to see us, had owned one of the handful of houses on Hilbre island and grew up there.



There was no faffing around explaining the legend to the trail in chalk and the FRBs AND the Hares were soon figures in the distance.



There was a point for all of us, reached sooner or later, depending on how careful each of us was, where we decided to go with the flow and accept wet trainers. It was a scandal that we didn't get a single bit of whingeing about this....



the EYES have it....

Looking one way (SRB). Can you see the FRBs already on 'Little Eye'?



Looking the other (FRB perspective on the world this time)



Soon we were all on 'Little Eye', then it was off to 'Middle Eye' with 'Big Eye' in our sights (so to speak).





Maybe I missed it, but 'Middle Eye' was a streak of muddy rocks more like riverbed than anything else. No one went ar*se over t*t, though we were certainly dirtier after it.



Interesting views of nature though....



Sprog and 10", ever the FRBs, had to be called back onto the mudslide after whizzing along the flats as if they were attempting the land speed record.

Snoozanne had it all organized. A true criminal mastermind, she plotted the lawbreaking, knew the score and got other people to do her dirty work for her.



OTT was one of her alcohol mules, there are rumours that Madhatter was carrying a can of beer deep in his loins, but I cannot confirm this.

Well here we are on the big 'l'



and soon an FRB reached Land's End at our destination.



Or maybe it was Another Place (again)

It was funny, how both the seals and Sprog were enticing us – lemming like – closer and closer to the cliff's edge.



Maybe this was their cunning plan to get rid of 21 of those human vermin in revenge for global warming.



On the way back we had a sneaky drinks and peanut stop, in between the time that the Wardens led two groups down to the shore



Snoozanne produced a host and passed along; hang on, she's not the RA?



BIG EYE ROCKS!!!!!!!!!!



Why is Dave the Rave's daughter-in-law embracing his legs....?



With a spectacular sunset opening up behind us,





we decided that it was time to make tracks

and head back

to DRY SAND/LAND!
In the event, all those who we counted out were counted back in and the circle was duly opened.





The hares were thanked

OTT had changed into stylish beachwear, including a non-matching pair of sandals. Sprog our good-value RA stand-in officiated most efficiently in subsequent Down-Downs, calling up the following miscreants (the list is his):

Short Cutters: 10 Secs, Wigan Pier, Dave the Rave, Cellita, and Cleopatra

Bickering in the Circle: Wigan Pier, Sodomy

Bar Stewards: Val and Snoozanne (for serving drinkies on Hilbre)

Sermon: Dave the Rave (concerning Cellita's rejection of "Paul's" advances by text message)

A phone rang; it was a call from the RA in Canada, there was no need to check on the proceedings, now was there...? But this is typical of MTH3 attention to detail.



Madhatter our Hash Chips, finally found what he was looking for The potatoes I mean.

MANY THANKS TO SPROG AND TO AE FOR ADDITIONAL PICS