



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

28th February 2013

Run Number 232

Chester,

The Pack: Hansel (Hare), OTT (Hare), ET, Compo, Chico, Jennifer, FCUK, 10", Aunty Cyclone, Cleopatra, .Posh Frock, Snoozanne.



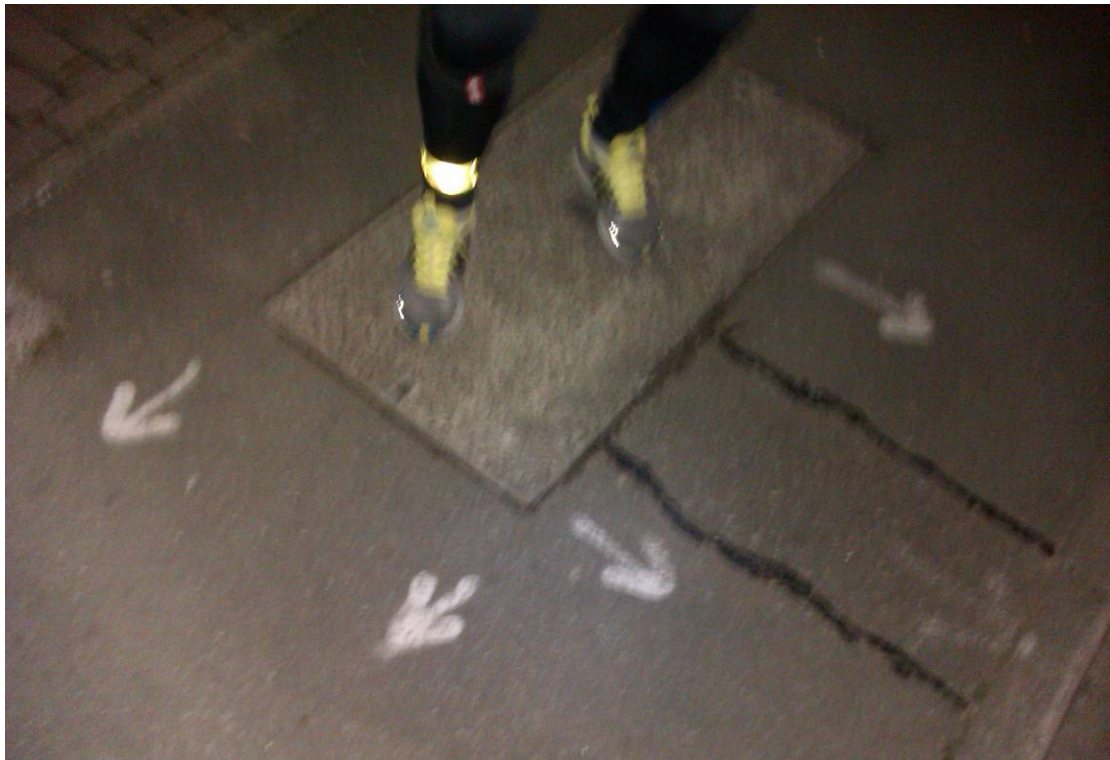
End of Hash Flash

The starting point was to be the pub 'Ye Old Cottage Inn', Sadly our group did not fulfil the stringent clothing requirements for this establishment to achieve service. No sporting attire was to be tolerated. A disappointed pack retired to a lesser bar a few blocks away for the required lubrication.

No drivers had followed OTT's explicit details (to her dismay), as to how to locate the convenient carpark which was not only handy but was free. This confusion did delay the start slightly as all the cars were scattered around Chester city centre. The train is much easier.

There was a megapixel malfunction. Images are not up to the usual standard. Imagery has been supplemented by my artistic interpretations of the evening's proceedings, The hash camera was left switched on in ET's pocket on video mode - no power left for flash or focusing. Most of the photos were taken with mobile phone.



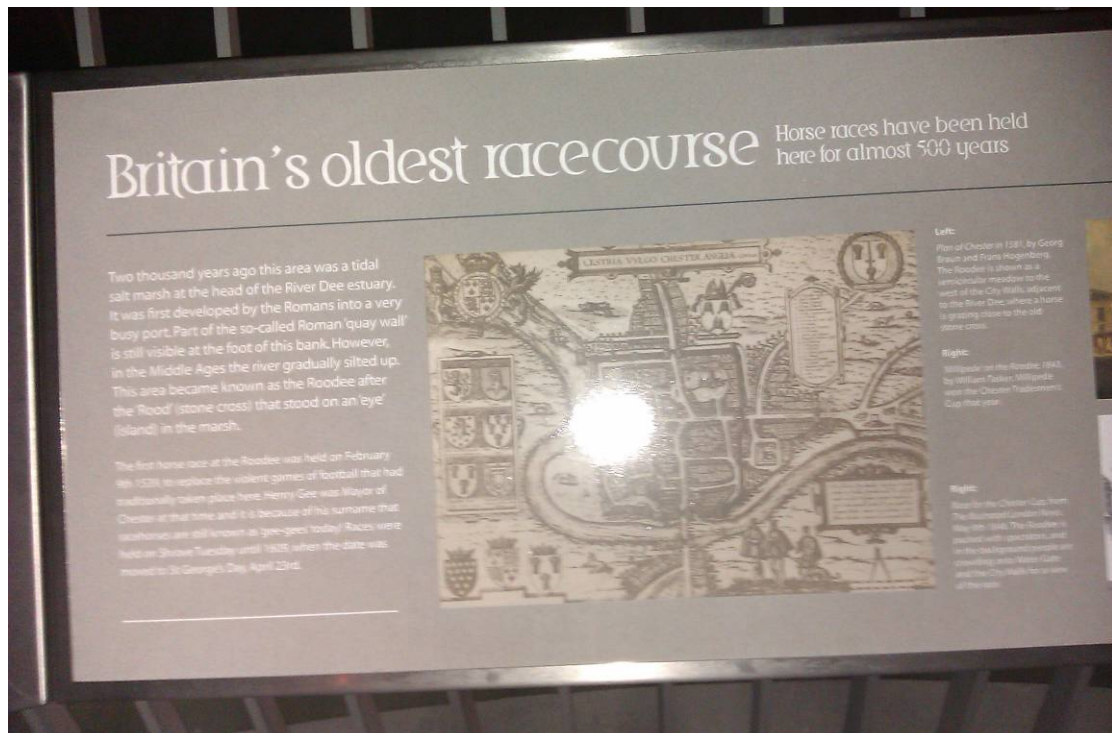


Which way next

After we set off the canals were soon found as we headed off the main roads in search of quieter areas. Torches were not essential but beneficial on a few occasions when going down back alleys and up the steps to the walls.

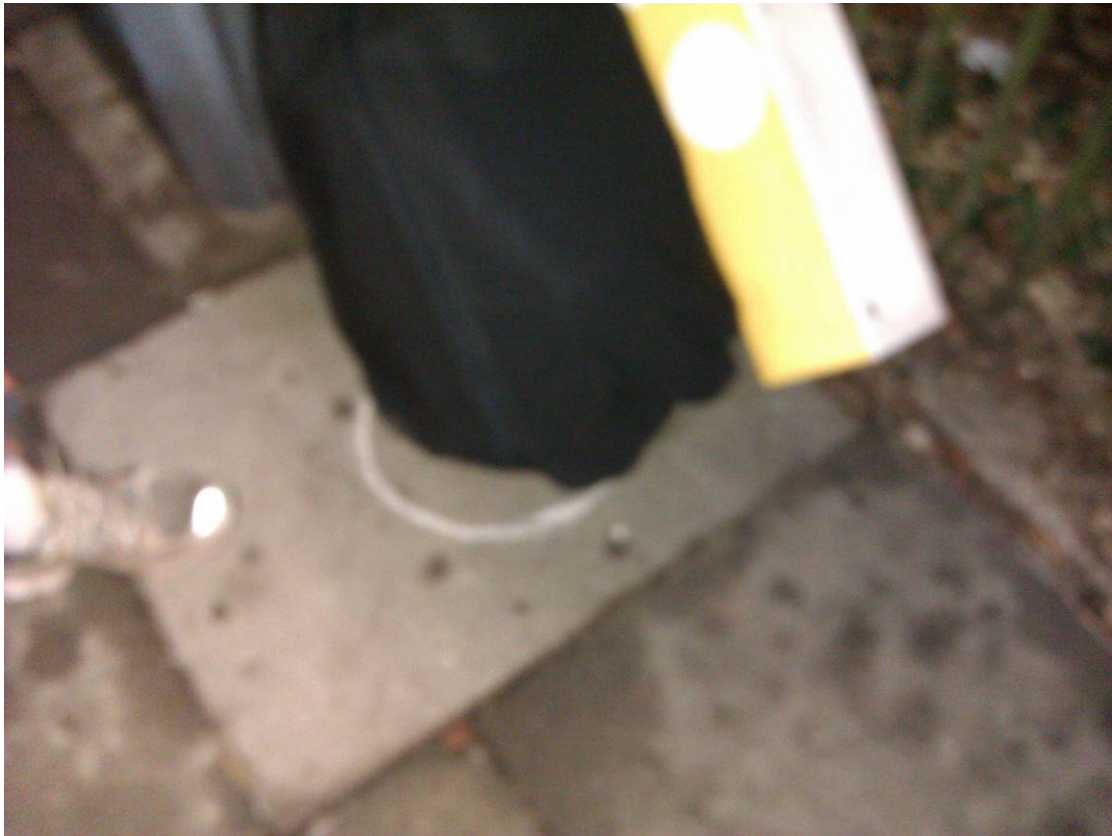
Torches were supplied to the lucky few by Chico.

Ran along The Dee and then up around the periphery of Chester Racecourse to Nuns Road which overlooked the Roodee - Had a lot of smart hotels and apartments.



Oldest racecourse, Over 500 years.

It was disappointing that rubbish had been put on one of the checks which was probably the reason why most of the pack had ignored it.



Obscured check.

Across the Dee on the main Wrexham Road before doubling back through Curzon Park to the river path and on to the Minerva's Shrine in Edgars field. Minerva is the roman god of wisdom so she was in good company on this occasion. The shrine sits along the old roman road heading south out of town.



Returned over the suspension bridge. Grosvenor Park was closed so there was no chance of an ice cream. A pub stop was proposed but not actioned,



The hash continued up though the less salubrious area of east end before returning to the start point.



Found Chico's theme park but no time to dawdle

The pack surrounded the trough when the victuals were produced. Welsh cakes were supplied and Welsh flags displayed to signify impending St David's day.

It was probably too cold to drink alcohol during the chill of the evening so proceedings moved briskly.

The hares, returnees, ET for camera malfunction, Snoozanne for not initially finding car park were summoned for down downs . Hymn sheets were produced so we had a more expansive selection of bawdy tunes to choose from. A choir master is still required - Roll on the AGM .

Retired to the Union Vaults for a few reflective drinks and to warm up prior to

travelling home in our respective modes of transport.



Welsh commandments



Warming up in the Union Vaults