



**WILBY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

17<sup>th</sup> September 2015

Run Number 301

Little Owl, Bache

**The Pack:** OTT and Hansel (Hares), Carthief, VR, 10secs, Sticky Rice, Cleo, Overdrive, ET, Carthief



The pack gathered for a swift half in the pub before proceeding to the carpark for a briefing by the hares (whom I shall refer to as Hare1 and Hare2).



Hare1 related in hushed tones how as he set the trail in chalk he had become aware of chalk arrows pointing in the same direction—which sounded rather mystical until he revealed that he had drawn them himself on a previous run. We were also told that we would follow part of the trail twice. The trail led quickly to a pleasant jog along the canal towpath in the evening sunshine. Hare1 enjoyed the run so much that he was often to be observed bounding along at the front of the pack, even along false trails...



**Spot the front-running hare...**

A diversion followed along the disused railway. In conversation later on the Hares told us of the strange ways in which Welsh letters mutate so that a c becomes a g and so on. Something similar seemed to have happened to many of the so-called “f”s marking false trails, causing some occasional flummoxment...



**A rare glimpse of Hare1 actually staying at the check**

The disused railway took us to Parkgate Road; and then the trail went down Cheyney Road and back to the canal. At the canal basin there was an impromptu regroup



where a new block of apartments was the occasion for musings on the passage of time and the transience of our physical surroundings. We also got thoroughly confused over the whereabouts of the ongoing trail with the FRBs ploughing on regardless despite repeated reminders from hare1 that we had just passed a **BACK** check... The trail was eventually found along the canal out to Tower Road from where we ran through the park by the Water Tower and out to New Crane Street. A tempting diversion along the walls by the Roodee Racecourse proved a chimera and in fact the trail led up Water Street and across the ring road into the town centre to a check at the central Cross. The ongoing trail was sneakily concealed along the Rows on Watergate Street



and eventually cut across to Northgate Street where (some of us never learn) it again failed to lead up on to the walls. Some consternation was caused by the sight of Hare1 heading back to the town centre; as it transpired, to assist Hare2 in the search for a lost scarf. Continuing north out of town, once again Hare1 was inordinately delighted to lead us astray crossing the big underpass by St Oswalds Way.



**10" is happy to oblige the hare by crossing the underpass twice...**

The trail took us along Victoria Road to Brook Lane by the Gym (and very close to Overdrive and Cleo's abode) where Hare2 and Sticky Rice disappeared to take a short cut to the On Inn. Overdrive confidently led us off down Brook Lane saying the trail "had to be this way". Hare1 accompanied the pack for quite some distance in this direction before pointedly (and gleefully) emphasizing the fact that no markings had been spotted since we left the Gym. In fact the trail led down to the disused railway in order to fulfil the prophecy made earlier by the hares that we would find ourselves repeating part of the route. We then quite speedily found the



and the pub followed soon after. VR produced plenty of food (having evidently expected a small army) including a box of delicious home-made flapjacks. Down-downs were awarded as followed:

The hares

Hare1 for front-running

Hare2 for not following the whole trail (on the flimsy pretext of a shoulder injury for which she was taking, if I heard correctly, portico-steroids—is this what they mean by a gateway drug?..)

Hare2 again for losing her scarf

Hare2 yet again, accused of having dyed her Run300 shirt pink by over-enthusiastic washing (though it turned out to be a custom made intentionally pink T-shirt.

Hare1 again for claiming that he never washed his hash T-shirts.

VR and ET for services to feeding the pack (ET's risotto and VR's flapjack, in particular)

It was then realized that there were still several down-down drinks still unawarded and a request was made for more down-downs. CT announced that he had planned to give himself one, whereat VR asked "Yes, but what about the down-down?" and was overcome by a fit of helpless chortling. The additional down-downs were duly awarded:

VR: laughing at her own joke

CT: for not giving himself one

Cleo: pouring too many drinks

We then retired to the pub where the beer was quite acceptable but the barman earned a black mark by querying the need to top up our glasses to the pint mark and then calling time at 10pm.