



21st July 2016

Run Number 323 A.K.A. "The run that nearly didn't happen..."

Bridge Inn, Bolton Road, Port Sunlight

Wigan Pier, Carthief (Hare), FCUK, Mad Hatter, Cleopatra, Overdrive, Victim, Snoozanne, Compo

So, we're all set, the Hare Razor has done his job, everything's planned. Then disaster! Outrage! The designated hare discovers to his horror that he is in fact going to be away on holiday this week. Much discussion as to whether this was in any way permissible under the Hash Constitution followed, before it was conceded that we'd have to let **10 Seconds** go on his holiday after all...

Much mis-communication ensued, resulting in false hopes, double-booked volunteers and the frankly insane suggestion that we move the Hash to "another day" before rescue arrived in the form of **Carthief** volunteering to set a live run. MTH3 was saved!



The understandably diminished pack assembled in the grounds of the pub, having first ascertained that a good supply of hand-pumped beer was on tap at the bar. More on that later...

**Carthief** set off with a head-start, while the pack attempted to convene for a Hash Flash. **FCUK** sent a text message saying he "wouldn't get there until 8:30". We thought about waiting, but realised this might not be fair on the Hare. Nice idea, though.



Photographic duties completed, we realised that **Wigan Peer Pier** had gone for a wee and had missed the group photo. The pack was now back together and at this point, the lack of Destructions became apparent and we initially searched in vain for the trail...

Of course, we needn't have worried: despite being a live trail, the marking was excellent and we eventually found the way.



Next, we managed to lose **Victim**. At first we figured “Ah, he’ll be OK” before we remembered that he’d earned his hash name by being held up at gunpoint...

Panic over, he emerged unscathed and after a more few twists and turns through the pretty terraces of Port Sunlight, we emerged via a sneaky pathway into Bebington. We passed a group of swearsome teenagers, prompting the observation from **Snoozanne**: “I thought Port Sunlight was supposed to be posh!”

A sneaky switch to flour (on a live hare!!) took the pack through Mayer Park, before we wound our way past the familiar Bebington Aldi car park, location of many previous MTH3 circles



Onward back over the A41, we picked up the Wirral Circular Trail, admiring the view of Liverpool on the way.



The trail led us, somewhat inevitably, up onto the Port Sunlight River Park.



After such a tough climb {ahem}, some of the pack felt a well-earned rest was in order.



**Compo** took the opportunity to confirm the whereabouts of **FCUK** and directions were duly given in the hope that he might find us by following the trail in reverse.

The pack regrouped and posed for the traditional photo...



The pack eventually set off down the hill, pausing only to marvel at the novel materials used in constructing an imitation wooden sign and completely ignoring the Regroup that the hare had marked.



However, the Regroup proved prescient, as just around the corner we met **FCUK** coming the other way on his bike. Our cunning plan had worked!



We snuck along the grotty pathway by **Carthief's** alleged place of work and crossed the A41 again. The On In could not be far away...

Sure enough, we were soon back to the On In, **Compo** having spotted it from some distance away and taken a short cut to get there as quickly as possible.

**Cleopatra** emerged with the usual excellent array of delights for Hash Food – but the lack of a Hash Table posed a problem. Quick-thinking **Wigan Pier** dashed back to her car and returned with a band-new groundsheet that was swiftly christened by the pack.



It was only once the pack had settled in to their repast that **Cleopatra** asked if anyone had noticed anything unusual about the food. Following a worried exchange of glances, the pack conceded that it hadn't. Cleopatra gladly announced that food was vegetarian – and no-one had noticed!

This might have been because Hash Food specialist **Mad Hatter** had in the meantime wandered off "to see his brother's new car".

Next up was a brief circle for Down Downs. After all, the circle was only offering “Sir Galahad” discount lager, whereas the pub has Spitfire and Abbot Ale on tap...

Down Downs were awarded as follows:

- Carthief for stepping into the Hare’s shoes at short notice
- Cleo Hash Snitch (advising the RA of Pitstoppers)
- Wigan Pier, Victim Pitstoppers
- Compo for his frontrunning. He blamed it on the Eggs Benedict that he had had for breakfast
- Snoozanne for catching nearly all the falsies
- Mad Hatter, FCUK. Part time Hashers (One left early, one joined late)
- Carthief for phoning FCUK during the run.
- Compo, Victim shortcutters
- Carthief Hare



All that remained was to retire to the pub for the serious matter of draught ale. Drought ale, more like! Alas, the Spitfire was “off”. **Compo** opted for the Abbot, only to find that that was the last pint. “Oh well, I’ll have a Staropramen then”, said **Overdrive**. No joy! That had run out too!!

Of course, when the going gets tough, the tough drink Newcastle Brown Ale, so that’s what we went for. Meanwhile, Compo discovered his pint was off. To cap it all, the barman refused to give a refund, because he “wasn’t authorised”.

We drank up, leaving behind a great trail and possibly the most useless pub in the whole of the Wirral...