



4th August 2016

Run Number 324

The Bear's Paw, Bache, Chester

The Pack: Cleo (Hare), Overdrive (Hare), Compo, OTT, UTT, Victim, Bimbo, Carthief, 10secs, Hansel, fcuk, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Auntieyclone

The pack gathered on a warm sunny evening outside the Bear's Paw. We were joined by two newcomers; both, it would transpire, with a pressing need for toilet stops along the way.





When fcuk arrived it transpired that he had prevailed upon UTT to part with her T-shirt, which he was now proudly sporting.



Naturally everyone was highly relieved that she had thought to bring some spare clothing.



The pack gathered for the usual Hash Flash and then we were off; initially through the nearby housing estate and crossing Brook Lane onto Kingsway





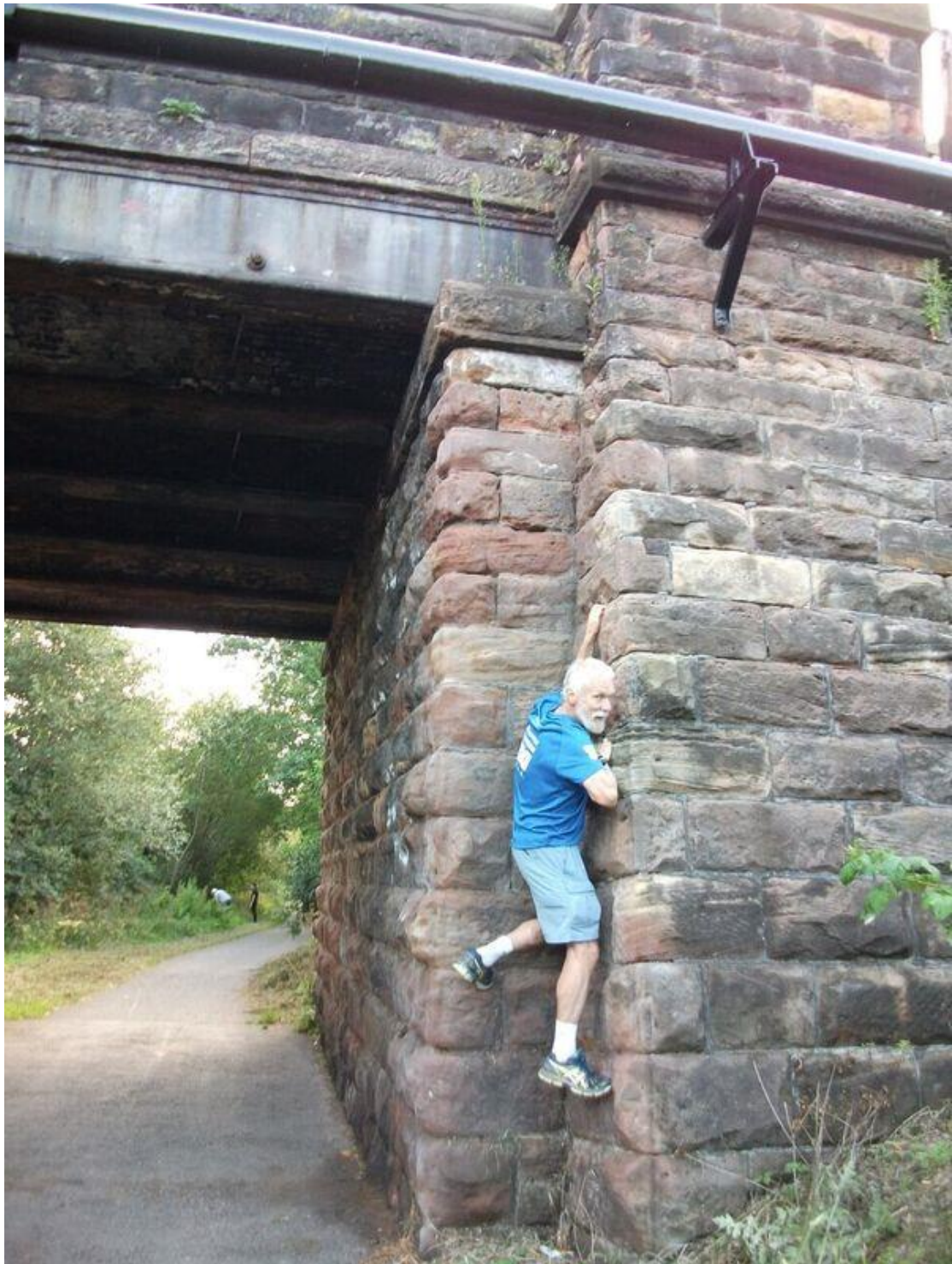
It was never made clear why UTT had rejected the usual mode of hash locomotion



And then right onto Newton Lane. Eventually we came to a check by the disused railway



Which it seemed almost inevitable that the trail would follow...



Though nevertheless no stone was left unturned in searching for the onward trail.... (literally, as we see in the background...)

But it was eventually discovered simply continuing along Newton Lane, and crossing the A56 onto Hamilton Street.

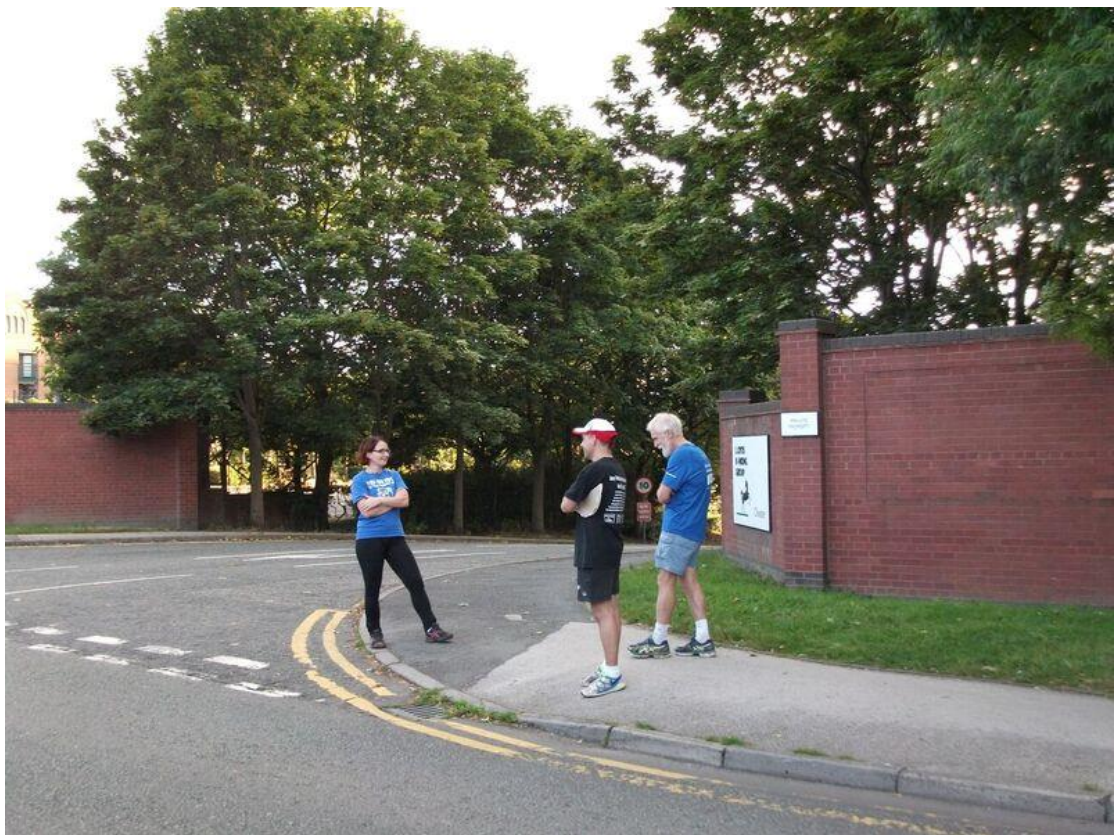




Again a sneaky check fooled the pack into a prolonged search of the adjacent park, which at least gave a chance for at least one toilet stop...



but the trail just continued along Crawfords Walk and into Westminster Road



where a check was found. Here OTT deployed her local knowledge and counselled against the immediate right turn saying that it was just a dead end.

At least one pack member actually believed her... After several minutes of fruitless searching elsewhere, along the tempting nearby canal and other directions, the trail was of course discovered heading immediately right...





This brought us to an old locomotive shed near the station where there was a regroup, prolonged somewhat while Bimbo visited a station toilet. On her return she claimed that the trail could not possibly head towards the station since she would have seen it. The trail was then discovered with a certain inevitability heading towards the station.



Some confusion ensued at a check by the Stanley Arms where the onwards trail and a false trail were close enough to convince the FRBs that they had found an X along the correct trail...



Once again some pack members went to great lengths to find alternatives...

Others gently harangued the hares...





while there were clearly some who did not appreciate the gravity of the situation...

The trail then went up George Street parallel to the canal cutting and city walls



before crossing Northgate Street and heading down Garden Lane.



Here the very welcome beer stop was located and was agreed to be an excellent new drinking venue. The hares generously bought a round and it was quite difficult to persuade everyone to leave when the time came. Indeed Auntieyclone was later found to have been hiding in the toilets when everyone else finally left.



“Look at me, I’m flying...” announces one pack member after the beer stop



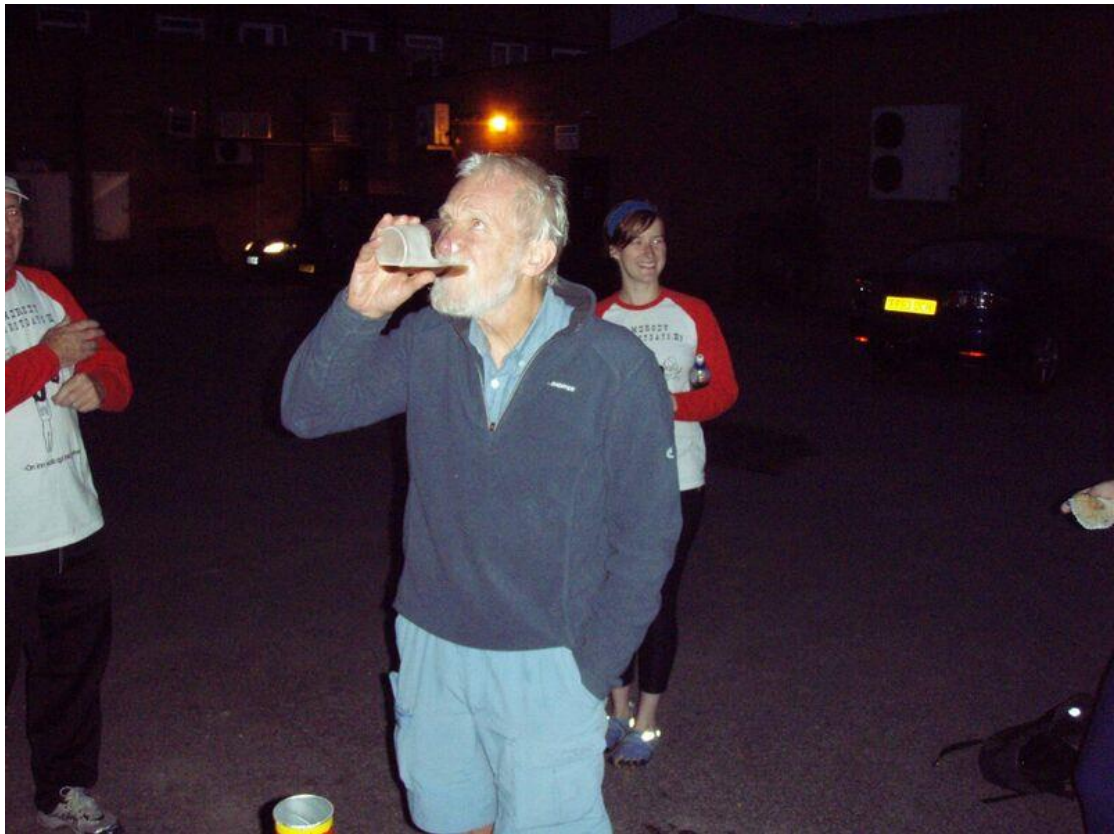
Probably best not to enquire fcuk's reason for drawing attention to this sign...

Afterwards the trail headed up to the A540 and crossed Liverpool Road and then meandered along Northgate Avenue to Brook Lane. However a portion of the pack convinced themselves that they knew better and headed down Liverpool Road. Luckily owing to some kind of herd instinct the pack coalesced again on Brook Lane and the reunited pack headed down Dicksons Lane where the On Inn was soon discovered.



Finally back at the Bear's Paw we found a sumptuous spread awaiting us, including home-made muffins. The announcement that there were not enough to go round induced some hasty scoffing of the first course...though not without a pause to discuss why "muff" was a rude word but "muffin" wasn't...

The circle was then convened and down-downs were awarded to:



UTT for cycling the trail and Auntiecyclone for belying his name by only cycling *to* the trail...



"The historians" (Overdrive, Carthief and fcuk) for their efforts in recalling (or quite possibly inventing) hashes from days long gone for the Hash Trash

“The pedant” (Overdrive) for insisting that there was no such thing as a train station (apparently it’s a “railway station”—though he couldn’t produce a satisfactory explanation of why a bus station was therefore not called a “road-which-buses-drive-along station”)



Auntieyclone and Hansel for shortcutting after the pub stop; also 10secs for credulity in trusting in OTT’s local knowledge.



Bimbo for her “hash crash” resulting in an injured ankle; also fcuk for being in UTT’s words “the first man in the UK to persuade me to strip in the street” (she would not be drawn on the question of whether this was a more common occurrence elsewhere in the world).



The hares (Verdict: not enough shiggy; also a special mention for the food)



UTT for her slow cycling

