



## ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

13<sup>th</sup> October 2016

Run Number 330

The Mount, Chester

**The Pack:** Victim (Hare), UTT (Hare), Carthief, Auntiecyclone, cykr, Overdrive, Cleo, 10secs, fcuk, ET, Chris, Alastair, Bravefart

The pack gathered in the Mount; unfortunately by this time the celebrated view over the Dee was shrouded in gloom. As 7pm approached there was a desperate appeal from fcuk who was stuck on a train. CT nobly set forth on a mercy dash to collect him from the station when the train finally arrived. The start was consequently slightly delayed but by 7.20 we were off, after the customary team photo.





**By the time the run started excitement had reached fever pitch**

The trail led down to the river by Sandy Lane, where a playground was discovered where we found a check round a tall pole which we were warned might spring to life as a fountain.



**The pole is on the left**

The trail led along Sandy Lane then ducked back up the hill. Here there was a regroup where Victim sat on a garden wall in such a proprietorial fashion that spirits rose in hope that this was his house and there might be a beer stop.



It was not to be, however, and on we went, through Boughton Heath to the parkland around the Caldy Valley.





The trail was sometimes elusive but everyone retained their usual good humour



The meaning of this symbol was explained when UTT produced as if by magic a box of Ferrero Rocher Chocolates.



"You are spoiling us, Madame Hare" fcuk naturally said. But not completely, since it became apparent that we had to earn our chocolate by making animal noises. Sheer greed led to some inspired performances with fcuk's funky gibbon, Auntiecyclone's oinks and Bravefart's froglike "ribbit" being especially worthy of note.

When the chocolate supply was exhausted, on we went, shortly to find another stop





Where it speedily transpired that the “G” stood for “game”. The ritual humiliations were not yet over. Some members of the pack were blindfolded and some made to stand at a distance and try to attract the first group with appropriate mating calls. After our Health and Safety officer had moved the starting point away from an accident waiting to happen in the shape of a large deep lake, the game went quite well and produced some unlikely pairings.



**ET presumably listening out for a trunk call**

On we went again and shortly found another distraction in the form of a "Jungle Gym".





The temptation to scramble over it was irresistible for many pack members and while UTT was reclining on the netting, Carthief embarked on an impromptu continuation of the animal mating game from underneath. There were no calls to identify the animal concerned, but a camel was suggested since a hump seemed to be involved; though luckily the netting prevented anything too amorous.



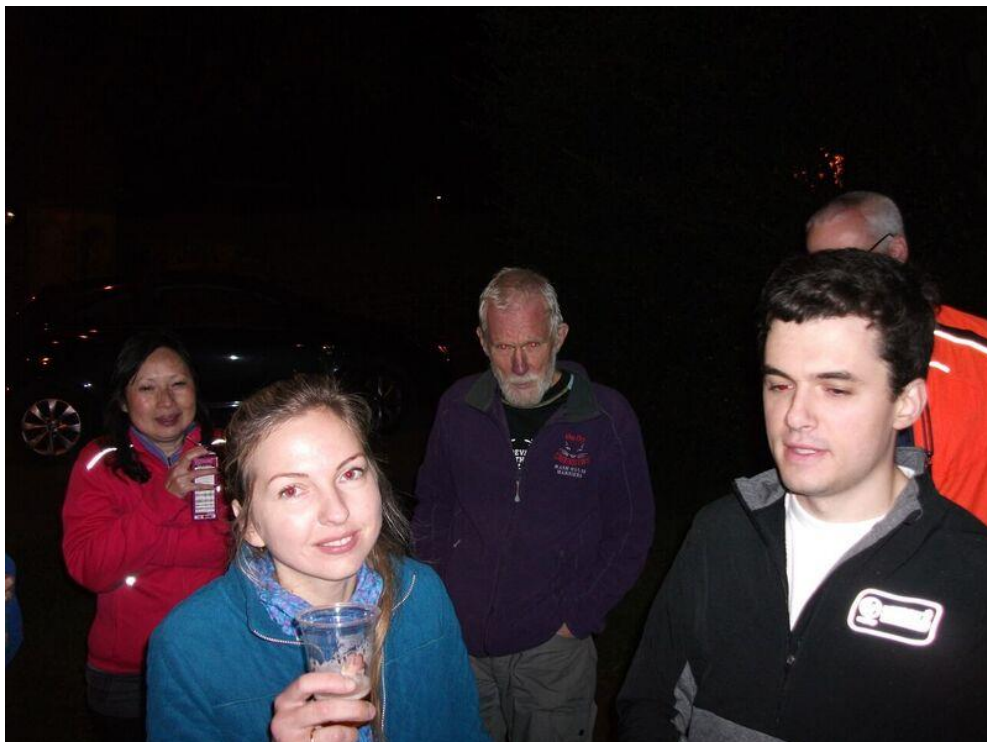
There was one final playtime where a tempting zipwire lured some of the pack; it proved rather faster than the one on a previous hash and there was a series of falsetto squeaks each time it hit the buffers.

At this point it was approaching 9pm and it was decided to curtail the run and head back to the On Inn in view of the early time of the last train back to Liverpool.





Arrived back at the pub, the nearby graveyard was vetoed as a venue for the circle despite the flat-topped grave slabs, which would have been handy for deploying the food. We eventually found a patch of grass where there was a large metal box full of broadband equipment which would serve just as well. The box started vibrating excitedly as we placed the food on it—someone somewhere was probably downloading a large quantity of porn.



The circle was declared open and down-downs were awarded to:

The hares

fcuk: for wantonly allowing himself to be delayed on the train

Auntieyclone, fcuk and Bravefart: Animal noises

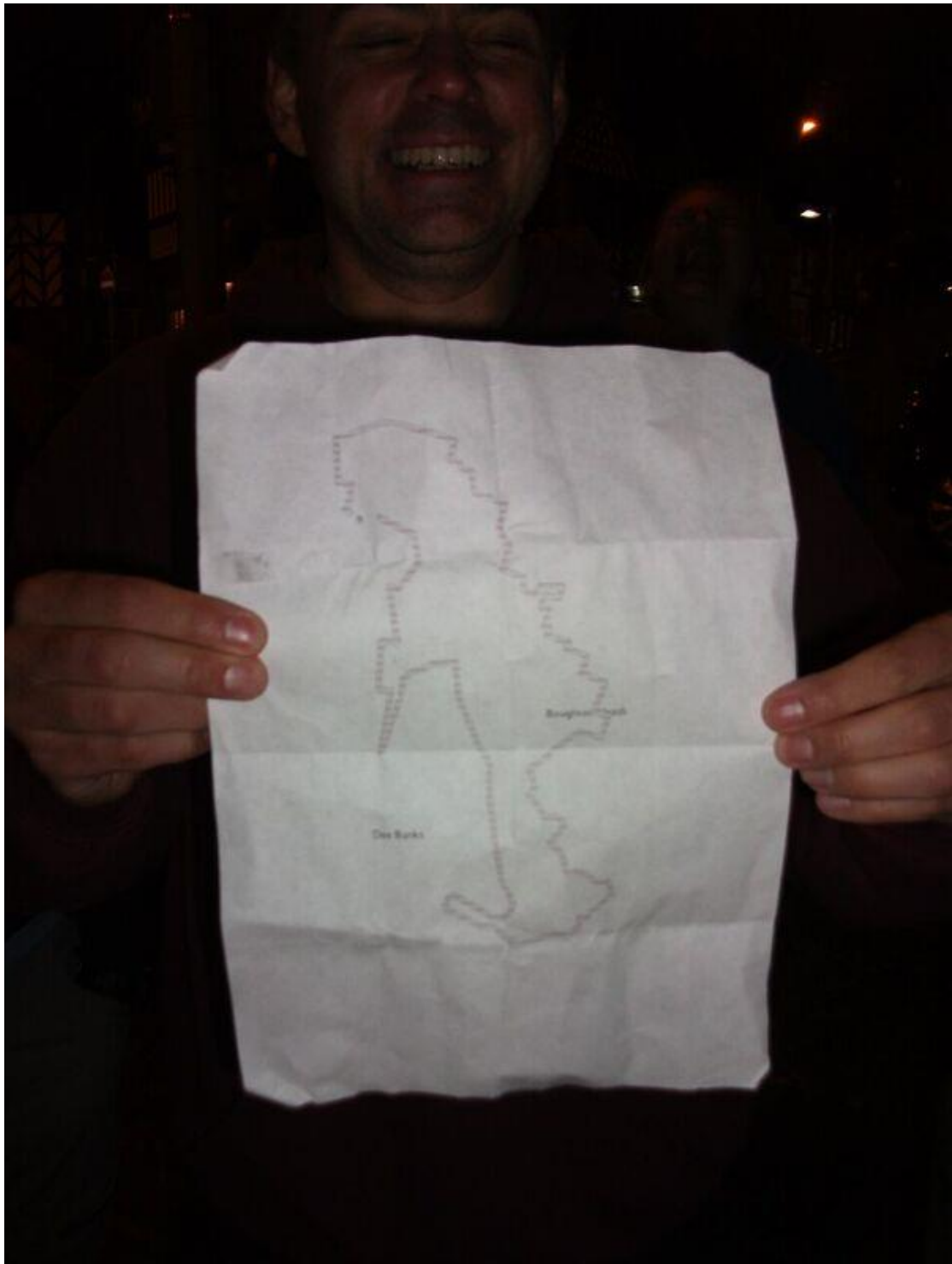


Newcomer: Bravefart (who explained that UTT had made him come)

CT, UTT: The silent mating game

The hares again: For pathetic planning; evidence was adduced in the form of a trail with no actual map to show where it went. Some squabbling ensued as to whether Victim was more to blame for producing it or UTT for printing it out and bringing it along despite its manifest uselessness.





**The "map"**

Returnee: Alastair (who had eventually come back for his free beer)

Finally we retired to the pub where a quiz was in full swing so we clustered round the pool table until a table was vacated where Victim regaled us with lurid stories of hangings, lepers and plagues associated with the locality.