



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

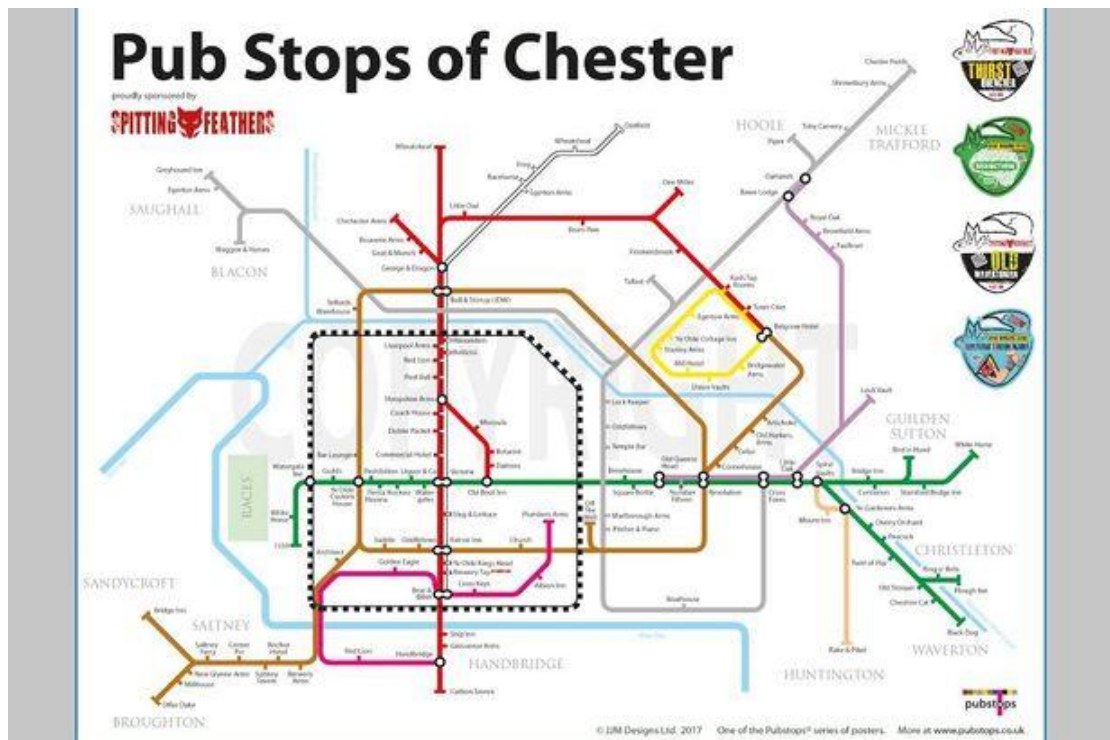
27th April 2017

Run Number 344

The Mount, Chester

The Pack: Victim (Hare), 10secs, Compo, Carthief, Overdrive, Cleo, Breast Stroke, OTT, Hansel, fcuk, Tagi, Cykr, Jess.

Our Hare had a cunning plan which was to do a circuit of the “Tube-style” pub map of Chester, with a check outside each one.



We were starting at The Mount—we had been here last winter, see Trash 330, but the hare had promised that this time would be able to enjoy the marvellous view over the Dee from the beer-garden. However it proved too chilly to do more than dash outside for a quick team photo.



We were joined by a first-time hasher, Tagi, a Girl From La Mancha who has come to do a research project with fcuk. Hansel did his utmost to ensure it would also be her last time hashing by treating us to an indecorous display which consisted of lifting his legs in the air and vigorously jiggling the pendulous bits of flesh with his hands. Even seasoned hashers blanched in shock.

Meanwhile Compo had a message from fcuk to inform us that he was on the way by car but would not arrive until 7.20. This was not the first time fcuk had failed to reach The Mount on time, see again Trash 330. Once again we delayed the start until 7.20 but this time had to leave without fcuk.



Either a fat lampost or a thin hasher...



The trail was found crossing the main Boughton Road and heading past the first of many pubs towards the canal.



The trail led along the canal past Waitrose where the first of several items of “fake news” had suggested fcuk might be parking in order to join us more speedily.



It was not to be; but we gathered outside the Harkers Arms to wait. Eventually a day-glo speck was seen approaching in the distance and in due course resolved itself into fcuk plus an indeterminate retinue of fellow-travellers. The hare advised the pack to carry on while he waited for the rearguard to catch up. Accordingly we continued along the canal...



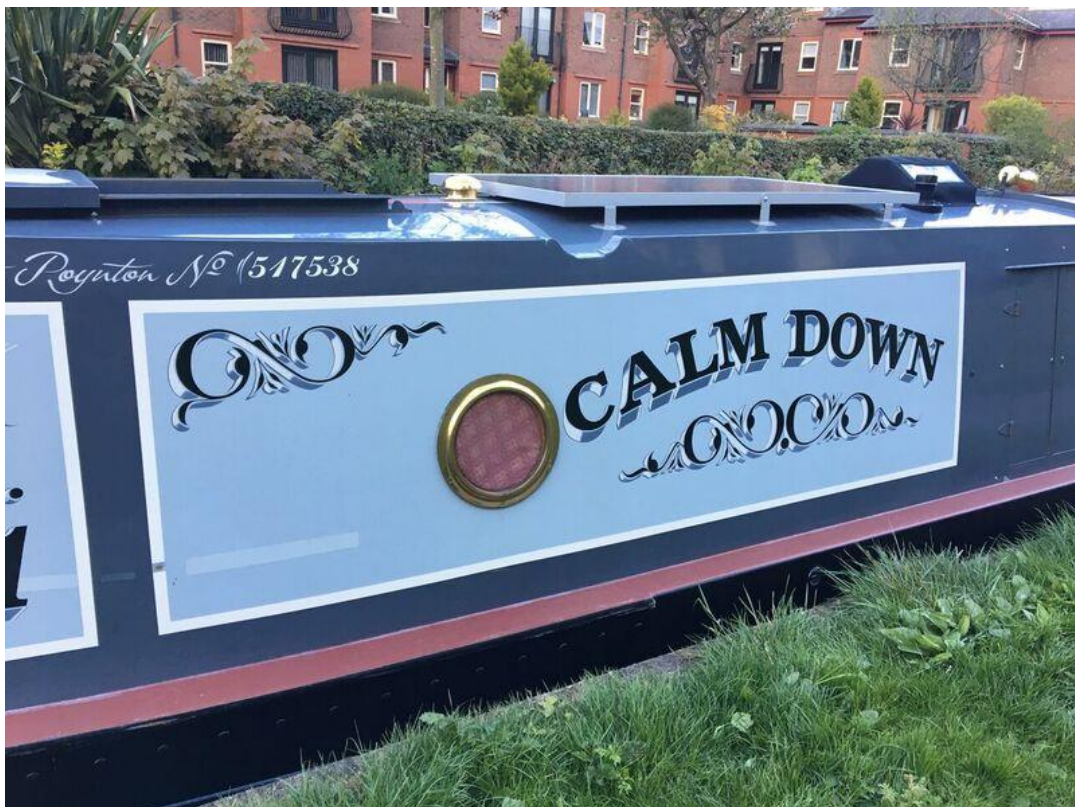
...emerging onto the road to pass the Mill and the Union Vaults (scene of a pubstop on some previous hash(es))



...and continuing to the big roundabout by the A56. Here a story was recounted of Compo and Carthief being ejected from the Stanley Arms for being improperly dressed. Some of the pack thought the trail would inevitably be drawn to the large number of pubs on Brook Street



...but in fact it ducked under the roundabout and down to the canal again at the Lock Keeper where we finally met up with fcuk, who proved to be accompanied by Breast Stroke, cykr and his friend Jess.



....and carry on hashing?



Then it was along the canal again, past the city walls



...and then up and under them into Water Tower Street.

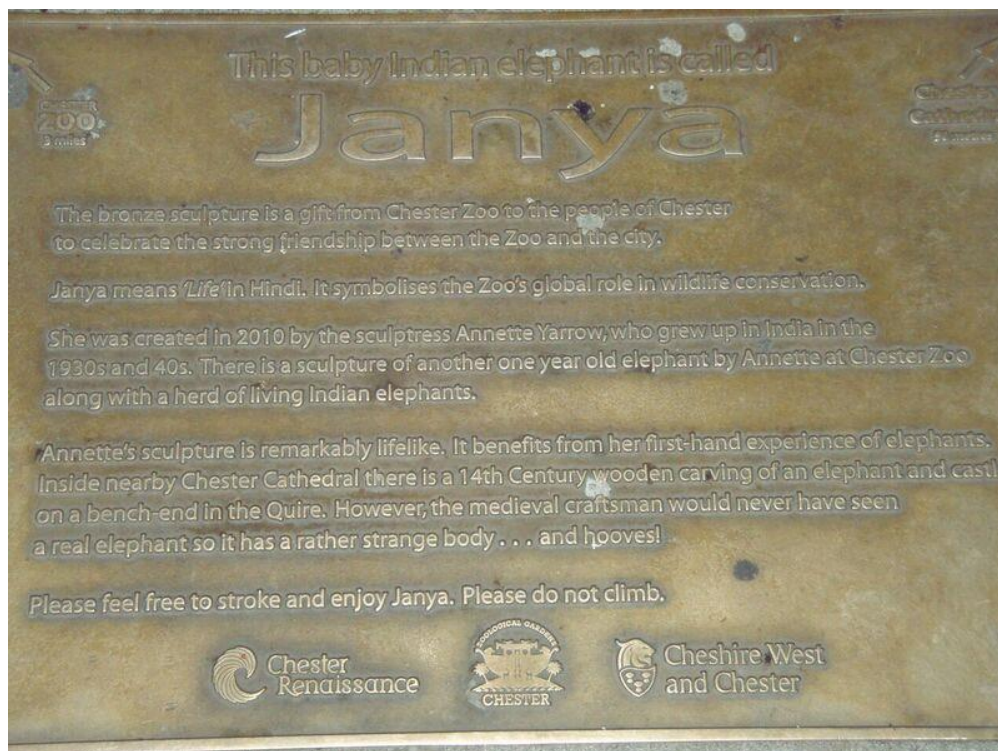


This soon brought us on to Northgate Street where there were plenty of pubs to choose from.





The plaque records that the elephant was a present from Chester Zoo.



The plaque encourages passers by to “stroke and enjoy Janya” so Tagi is showing commendable restraint in merely fondling her ear.

There inevitably followed some fiddly bits up and down from the Rows, ending up heading down Watergate Street and across the bypass.



The Watergate Inn was the scene of a pubstop on some long-ago hash—if memory serves, it was a welcome respite on a cold, maybe wet, winter's night. Sadly it now looks closed, hopefully only temporarily.



The trail was now found heading along the racecourse to The Architect, apparently part of the burgeoning Brunning and Price empire.



The strange poses may have been the unwelcome result of the photographer chiding us for not showing enough enthusiasm







We continued past the Castle and down to the Handbridge where several herons had adopted statuesque poses by the weir.



Over the bridge the trail led down Greenway Street along the parkland by the river, and eventually up to Overleigh Road

where there was a regroup outside a house. The Hare is quite given to adopting proprietorial poses outside other people's houses



...this is Ken Dodd's, for instance



But in this case it proved to be his own. Just to confirm this, his dog Luna bounded out and seemed fascinated by the Liver Bird on Compo's T-shirt.



“Just one word from me and she does exactly what she wants...”

For some time there had been increasingly vociferous calls for a beerstop in one of the tempting pubs along the way. These had all been stoutly resisted by the hare. It now turned out that he had planned to stop at The Red Lion, hard by his house.



But IT WAS CLOSED!! As so often happens to pubs chosen by the hash as beer stops... I suppose we should be thankful that it had not burned down...



The trail led past the Water Tower and down to Appleyards Lane, then by St Georges Crescent and Victoria Crescent to the suspension bridge. Over the bridge, another piece of fake news had informed us that Hansel and OTT (who had taken a shortcut) were to be found in the Boathouse. But it was not to be, and our last chance of a beerstop evaporated. No need to be downcast however, for the lights of The Mount could soon be seen beckoning down the river. Climbing up Dee Lane back to the Boughton Road, we soon found the On Inn.



We gathered for down-downs at the usual little patch of grass near the cemetery on Boughton Road. Once again Cleo had excelled herself, bringing home-made vol-au-vents as well as the usual snacks. The circle was convened and down-downs were awarded to:

The Latecomer: fcuk (apparently his car had made him come later than expected—something to do with engine vibration, or lack of it, one assumes).

Shortcutters: Hansel, OTT.

Hansel: for the fat-pulling display.

Compo: spreading fake news regarding the whereabouts of fcuk.

The Newcomers: Tagi (she told us that fcuk had made her come).

Jess (and likewise cykr had made her come).

Overdrive: for apparently being unable to distinguish Hansel from Compo and getting their names mixed up.

The Hare: there were complaints that it was a criminal waste to pass so many pubs without visiting a single one. Comments were passed on his loss of half the pack on the way round. Overdrive also told us that he would have known about the run without any announcement since there had been reports on Facebook of a strange man depositing white powder around Chester, not for the first time causing consternation among local dog lovers

Cleo: for breaking her vegetarian vows by swallowing a fly.

Finally we retired to the pub where Luna was concealed under a table from where she kept emerging to lick people's faces.