



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 351

20th July 2017

The Norton Arms, Runcorn

The Pack: fcuk (Hare), Carthief, 10secs, Compo, Victim, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Wigan Pier, Cleo, Tagi, Gill

Some difficulties were experienced navigating to the pub, half the exits from the notorious Runcorn Expressway being closed off due to work on the new bridge. As 10 secs, Snoozanne and Mad Hatter prepared to do a U-turn they spied a familiar figure about to do the same on the other side of the road—Wigan Pier. Enjoining her to follow them, it was only a mere handful of desperate manoeuvres and vehement arguments later when they spotted a familiar group of characters sitting outside a pub in the sunshine and screeched to a halt. Suddenly it all seemed worthwhile. The pub looked inviting though there was a faint smell of hash lingering outside. And we hadn't even started running yet.

The hare explained that some of the trail was marked in bow-ties of toilet paper attached to bushes (which led to some more jokes about privet hedges). He also commented that toilet paper was less convenient to carry around a trail than flour due to its bulkiness, whereupon Snoozanne remarked that conversely flour was much less effective in the toilet.



The trail led up to the castle ruins on top of Halton Hill where there were excellent views and fcuK gave a brief lecture on the history of the castle,

explaining that the castle had for some time been used as a jail before being converted to a pub. “Aah, from cells to cellars” quipped Compo.



A long long checkback took us down Holt Hill and then back up again and across the parkland; the hare adopting Hansel’s ruse of encouragingly running along the false trails...



We passed the Runcorn Ski Centre which Cleo went to investigate but it seemed unlikely that it would be supplanting the Tyrol in her affections.



Mad Hatter despairs of finding his way back to the pub



A VP offered a view of the iconic water tower



Eventually we found ourselves on the busway which encircles Halton, though buses seemed in short supply at this time of the evening.



A short detour led us to the foot of the water tower—or, to give it its proper title according to its website, the largest tromboned pressure relief device in the UK. This somehow evokes the idea of gigantic farting noises echoing around the Cheshire countryside. Anyway the latin inscription around the top stated that the water was brought 80 miles from the Severn and there was much discussion of whether that was feasible or sensible.



After following Norton Lane for a while we found ourselves in Town Park where the trail was marked in the toilet paper described earlier by the hare (as can be seen to the left of Cleo). Norton Lane led into Main Street and since this was the address of the pub, a welcome beer began to be anticipated. But the hare still had some twists and turns in store, including a trip round the Millenium Park which actually involved passing quite close by the pub—where indeed Victim could be seen gleefully brandishing a beer, having performed one of his celebrated short cuts.





The “millenium knight” in the park was enlisted as a hasher though whether he will be back for his free run remains to be seen. Maybe this was enough for one knight, boom boom...

We found a handy circle already constructed in the park just outside the pub and set up the food and drink there. Down downs were awarded to:



Carthief: who had apparently made some potentially derogatory Spanish reference in Tagi's absence



Returnees: Wigan Pier, 10 secs and fcuk

Victim: for shortcutting par excellence—as WP observed, he was always at the front despite moving slower than anyone else...

The hare: there were comments about lack of shiggy



The Virgin: Gill from Liverpool, apparently Breast Stroke had made her come (but made her come on her own...)

The mosquitoes were by now out in force and we retired to the pub which by now was surprisingly almost empty.