



Run Number 382

16th August 2018

The Railway Inn, Bebington

The Pack: AE (Hare), 10secs, Compo, Carthief, ET, Cleo, Overdrive, fcuk, Sticky Rice, Hansel, OTT, Eccles, BS, Balls-in-Chains



The original hare (10 secs) had been obliged to pull out and AE, still back from Portugal on vacation, generously stepped in at very short notice; and set the trail without even getting lost and having to phone a friend on the way round.



Hash Flash went beyond the call of duty, halting oncoming traffic in order to get the perfect photo.



Instructions were given, the use of the flour demonstrated and we set off.



Heading up towards New Ferry, signs of the gas explosion a couple of years ago were still only too evident.



Sticky Rice has a rare talent for finding painted rocks in public parks—unless she brings them secreted about her person...



The trail led down to the Mersey shore and the newly-tarmacked Wirral Circular Trail.



Here we had the obligatory pause to gaze at the ruins of the isolation hospital and speculate on the nature of the horrible tropical diseases.



You wait all day for a bus and then two come at once...





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The trail then led under the by-pass; on the other side AE had some cheery waves and shouts from some residents who had constructed a little garden and sitting area out of the public lawn opposite their houses; they'd been intrigued by her wanderings earlier.





Crossing the New Chester Road we entered Port Sunlight. Here we found a check whose enormous size clearly entranced some members of the pack.



Shortly after this we lost some of the pack who had found a later section of trail while checking. During the hare's absence on a mission to find the lost sheep, some hashers took advantage of the lull to rest their weary limbs.



Part of the rest of the trail leading past the Lady Lever Art Gallery consequently afflicted some of the pack with a haunting sense of déjà vu. In due course we arrived at the promised pub stop (though if I understood him correctly, Balls in Chains interpreted this as an onwards arrow, being unfamiliar with Our Ways).

Here the Hare very generously treated us all to a beer.



Something for the weekend, sir?

For some reason there was a barber's chair and mirror, and Hansel couldn't resist showing off his tonsorial skills.



Lurching onwards, we headed towards the Bowling Green. Here there was one of the hare's trademark enigmatic checks and there was speculation that the trail led across the green where a match was in full swing (those words possibly falsely implying some level of frenetic activity which was not actually visible).



In fact the trail was eventually found doubling back into the wooded valley and then out across Mayer Park.



Emerging into Bebington Village, the On Inn was soon found.



The Hare (there were the usual comments of too much shiggy and too many hills...)

The Hare that never was (10 secs) for shirking his duties



The Hare that nearly was (CT) for failing to co-hare despite landing AE with the job in the first place.

CT: for vowing (according to fcuk) to get the word "flagrant" into every hash from now on...or was it "fragrant"? Anyway, here is the evidence that he has succeeded...



Sticky Rice: for failing to locate the Railway Inn from the station, despite the clue being in the name.



Compo, Sticky Rice and Balls in Chains: for sitting down on the trail.

Also at around this point a consensus emerged that Balls in Chains would henceforth be known as BiC; the pack being unable to resist a good (or even bad) acronym.

Returnees: fcuk, BS



BiC: he was observed sampling a white substance to see if it was flour, and discovering to his horror that it was seagull shit. It's somewhat unclear how he was so certain of the species of bird involved, unless this was a common occurrence for him...



BS, 10 secs: BS had observed to 10secs that his bum looked like a geisha's. It turned out that this was not a reference to his pert buttocks but to his bum bag.



Personally I fail to see the resemblance... An online search for "geisha" throws up several surprising and interesting images, but nothing looking much like a bum bag...



OTT, Compo: BiC called them out for not calling the trail ahead of him.



Overdrive, Compo, ET, Cleo: "Hash Pash"—exchanging kisses at a kissing gate.



CT: called out by BiC for not kissing him at a kissing gate—though at first showing some reluctance to confess to the crime...



but later accepting responsibility.



Overdrive: called out by BiC for not performing his RA duties sufficiently rigorously.

At this point BiC was wrestled to the ground before he could make any of the other accusations which were seething inside him, and we retired to the pub.