



Run Number 397

14th March 2019

The Bow-Legged Beagle, New Brighton

The Pack: Andy and Jo (Hares), ET, 10secs, VR, Mad Hatter, Compo, fcuk, Eccles, Carthief, Cleo, Overdrive



We were promised the rare treat of a couple of virgin hares, as well as a return visit to this newish micropub. As we gathered outside for the hash instructions,...

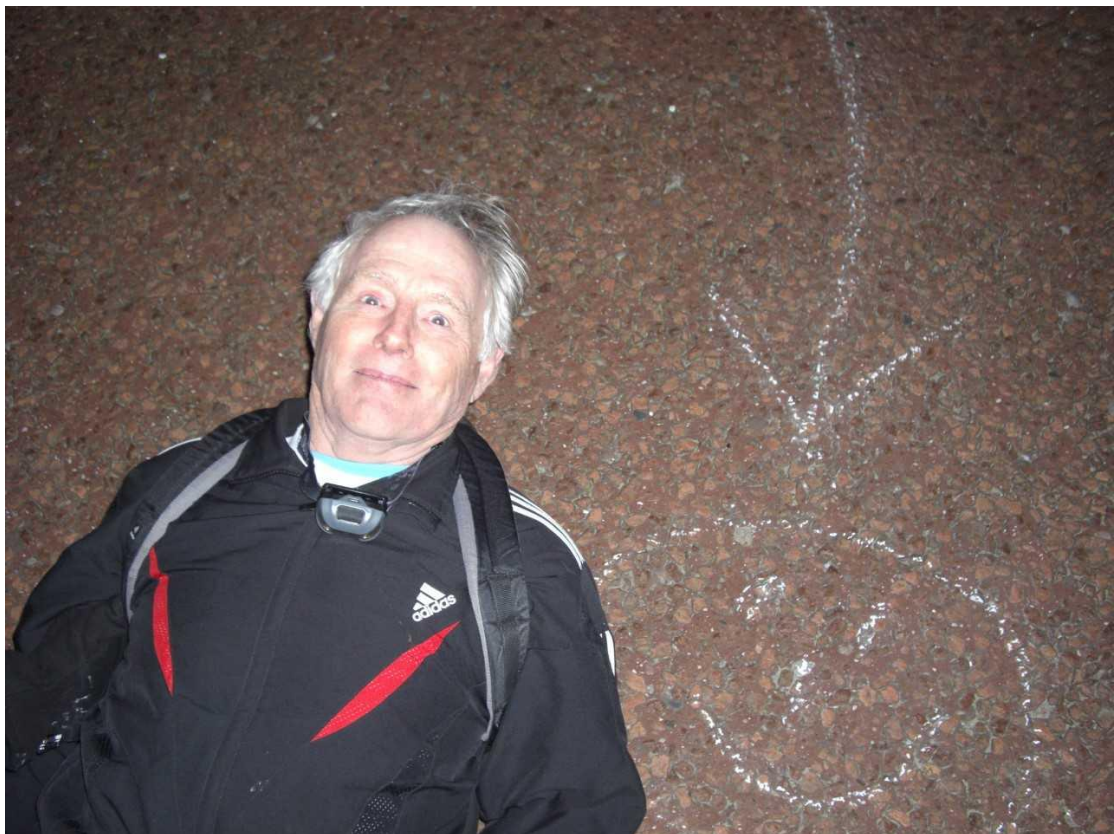


...it appeared that everything had gone well with setting the trail except that the chalk had “gone over a cliff edge” halfway round. Hope was expressed that the trail had not gone the same way...but it appeared that the remainder of the trail was there but marked in flour.

Then we were off, and the trail was found heading down towards the seafront...



...and then along past the Floral Pavilion. Andy showed distinct traits of wiliness in accompanying front runners along false trails.



CT becomes one with the trail (CT is the one on the left)



After a diversion inland we were back heading along the river as far as Vale Park, where we headed uphill through the park.



It was here that the chalk gave way to the flour, in copious quantities.



As someone said, the checks were quite likely visible from space. Indeed the markings were even joined up by continuous dribbles of flour (flour incontinence as fcuk remarked). Crossing Seabank Road, we passed the iconic St Peter and St Paul's church on top of the hill and then dropped down towards the station...



...where the hares had cleverly placed the On Inn after the train users had already gathered in the pub. Back at the pub, we set out our food and drink on Mad Hatter's table at a spot where the "No alcohol" signs were barely visible, and tucked in. Cleo's supplies were soon supplemented by chips from across the road.



The circle was then called together and Down-Downs were awarded to:

The hares: It was agreed that this had been an excellent inaugural trail. Special mention was made of the floury incontinence, which evoked the exclamation "Squeeze my sack". It was quickly decided that this would make an appropriate hash name for Andy and he was summarily baptised, appropriately enough in flour.



The abbreviation SMS was noted (an example of sexting?). Jo however rejected the name of “Sack Squeezer”, probably wisely.

ET was then called out by fcuk for greeting Eccles on arrival at the pub with “You’re looking windswept” to which she had retorted that the studied casualness of her hairstyle was actually the result of careful grooming. It then transpired that it was in fact 10 secs who had made this remark (though he claimed that his Earthly Twin had made him do it). 10secs was awarded the down down, plus fcuk for false accusation.



We then retired to the pub, where there was an immense array of beers in bottles, cans and on draught.



Special mention must be made of the various rich, syrupy stouts such as the Creme Bearlee which were widely enjoyed. The only drawback was the 10pm closing time, so we were cast out into the street all too soon.