



Run Number 407

1st August 2019

The Three Stags, Spital

The Pack: Eccles (Hare), 10secs, ET, Carthief, Roy (aka Brookside), Overdrive, Cleo, Compo, OTT, Hansel, Snoozanne, Victim, Bimbo, Luna, Anticlimax

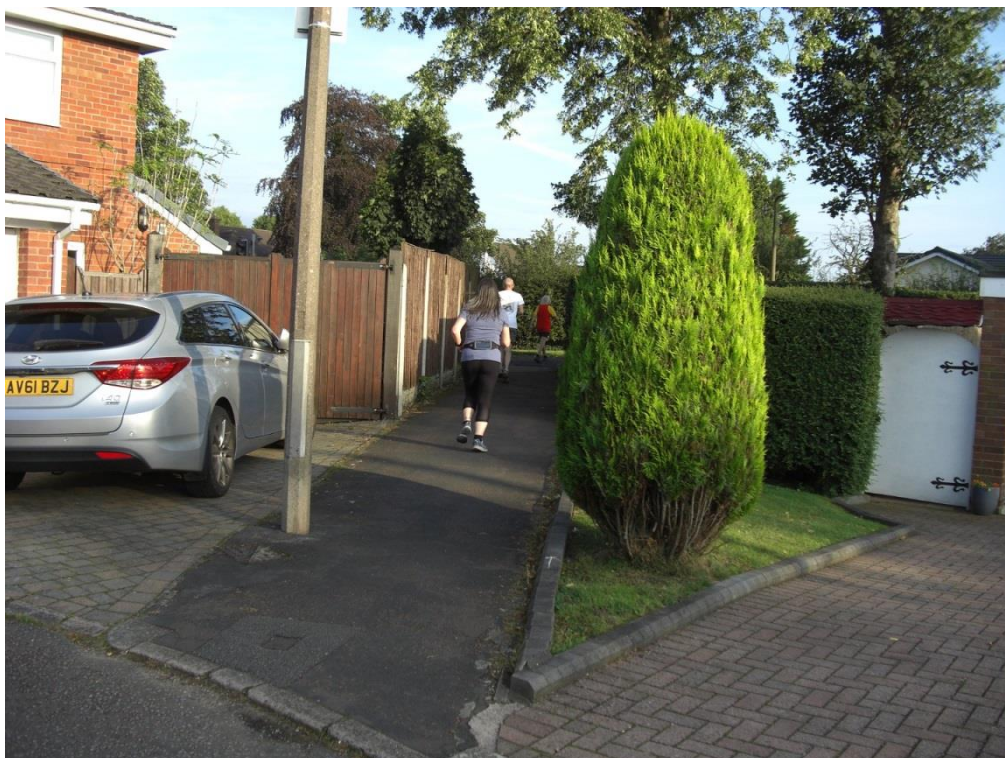
The usual suspects were gathering in the beer garden outside the Three Stags, when all of a sudden a new face appeared in our midst. Compo was clearly expecting her, and accosted her asking for her hash name. "It's Anticlimax" she replied. "Yes we know it's always a disappointment meeting Mersey Thirstdays for the first time. But just answer the question!" said 10 secs. (Actually he really said something even less funny than this, but he has exercised his editorial privilege to varnish the truth slightly.)



After the usual team photo, the hare explained the markings



though not comprehensively enough for our newcomer, it later transpired...

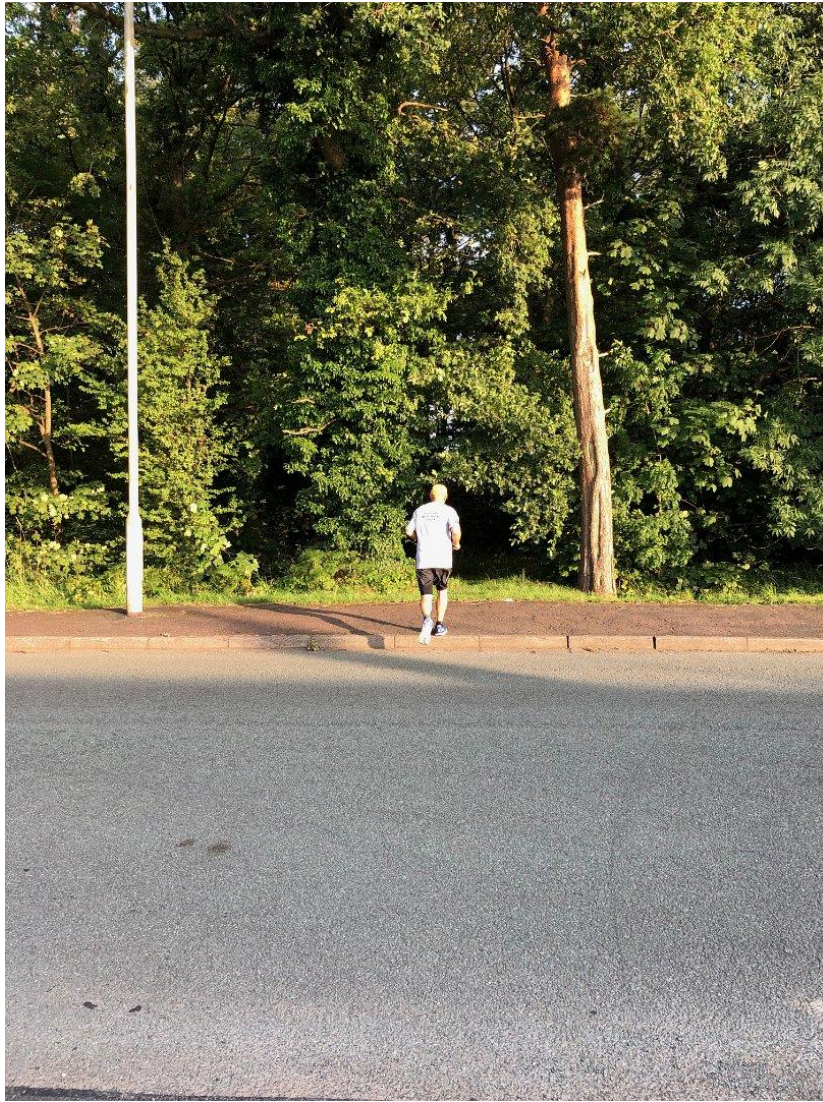


The trail led around the estate on the other side of Poulton Road...



...before crossing back over Poulton Road and down Dibbins Hey...





...before, with a certain (welcome, of course) inevitability entering Dibbinsdale. Nice to see it in daylight for once, in fact...

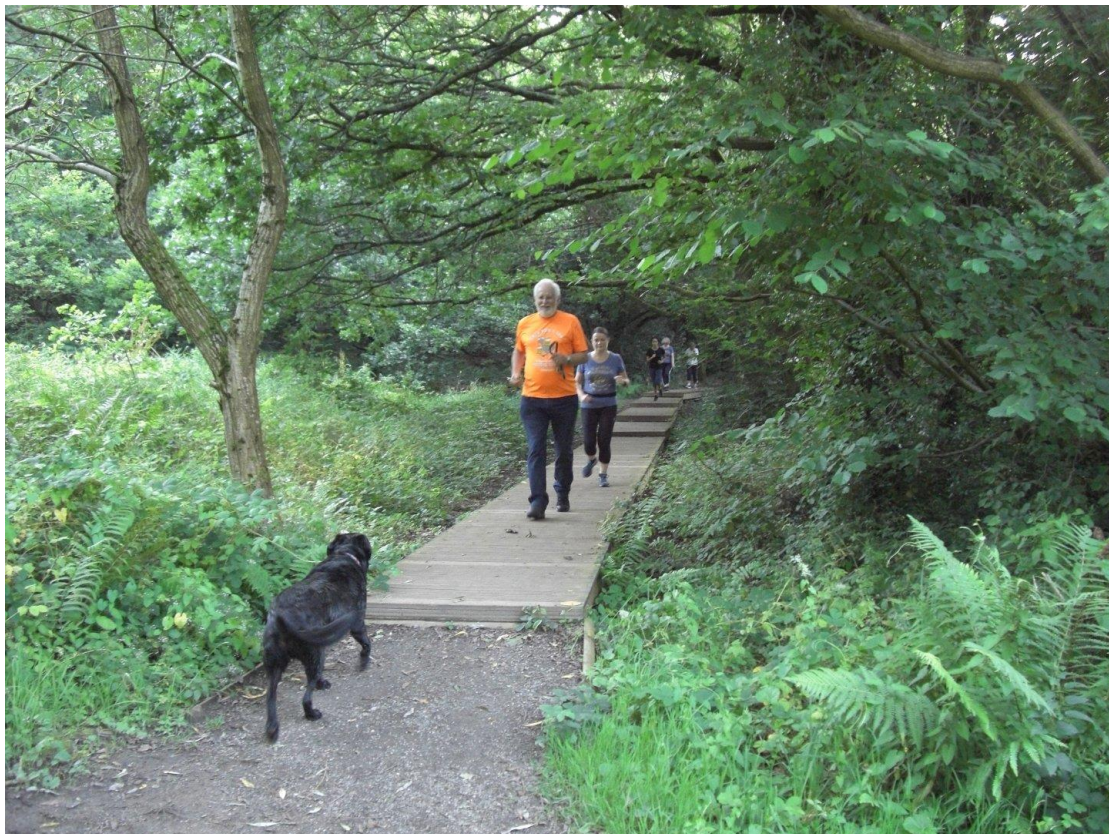
We scampered up and down the leafy tracks for some time...



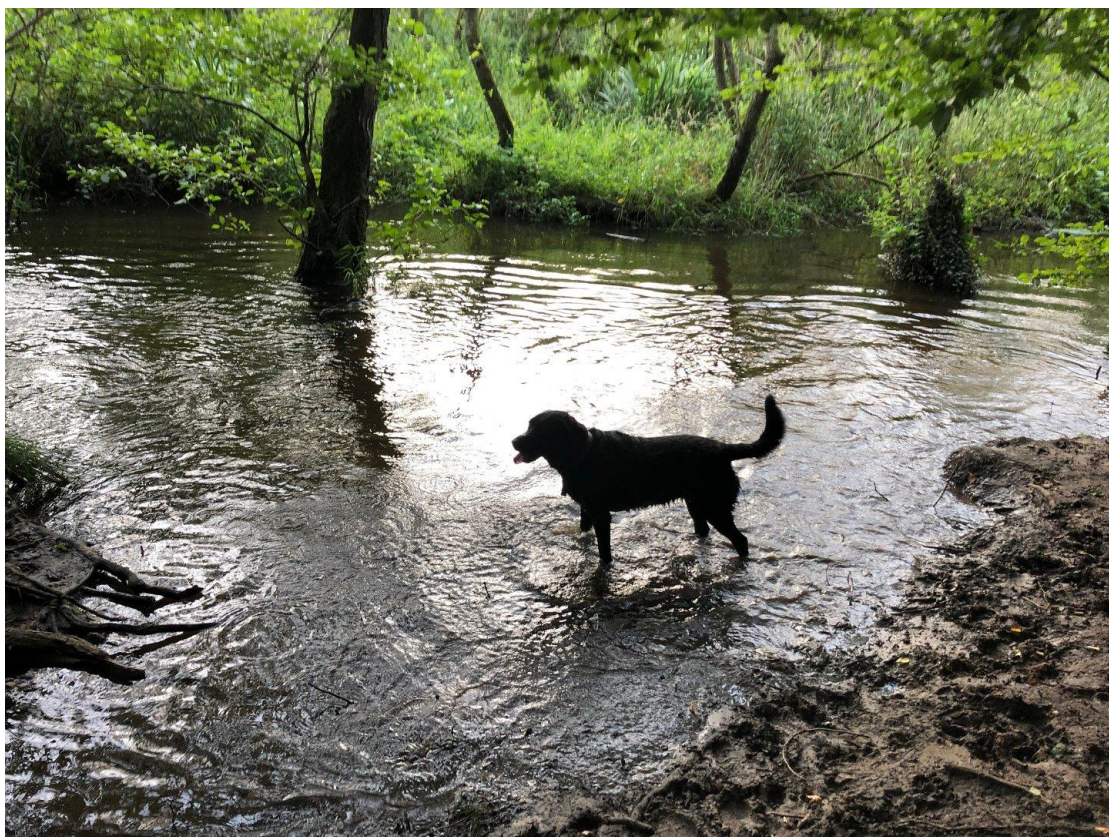
...before encountering (the first time in ages) a fish-hook (5) which caught Bimbo, VR, Snoozanne, Hansel and Roy.



We passed some informative boards...



...and crossed the wet patches on others.



Luna rarely passed up an opportunity to get wet, and his owners to then shout “shake!” as soon as he was in range of an unfortunate hasher...



ET had forgotten his “probing” multi-mega-pixel camera...



...so we were (almost) spared being shepherded into forming artistic arrangements.



We emerged from the country park near Spital Station and Chez Compo (which according to Carthief is in imminent danger of being submerged under rampaging Japanese knotweed).



It seemed too soon to head straight back up Spital Road to The Three Stags and every side road was thoroughly explored...



...watched gleefully by the Hare.



And in fact the On Inn was shortly discovered heading straight up the main road...



...and soon we were back enjoying our food outside the pub.





All the more so as we had two, yes two, home-made cakes; a coconut traybake from VR and a Swiss Roll from Eccles. Both were delicious and as can be seen their days were well and truly numbered.

Down-downs were awarded to:



Anticlimax: The newcomer, from the Paris hash. In answer to the usual question, it seemed that she had made herself come; but as someone inevitably commented, it had been an Anticlimax. But if memory serves, someone else had made her come in Paris.



10 secs: He was made to repeat his joke in case it was any funnier the second time. Apparently it wasn't.



Carthief: he had phoned to say he would be late but then arrived on time after all.

Victim and Bimbo: Returnees; apparently when it came to a choice between the Hash and Theatre in The Park, the latter had won.



Overdrive: had belied his name by coming by train.



The Hare: Everyone agreed it had been an excellent trail.



ET: had forgotten to bring his “probing camera” so we had to make do with an ordinary one.

VR, Snoozanne, Hansel, Bimbo, Roy: for taking part in the fish-hook.

Roy: now has a new hash name, Brookside. At the WCH3 hash on Sunday he had narrowly escaped rolling into a stream.



Snoozanne: for expounding in great detail the difference between flour arrows and chalk arrows (it seems flour arrows are drawn in flour and chalk arrows in chalk...who knew!) When asked if this was womansplaining, she said no, womansplaining is just talking sense.

Anticlimax: at this point she burst into a rousing rendition of "Ou est le papier" (to the tune of the Marseillaise) with sterling support from Overdrive.

Eccles: for her delicious cake. VR declined a down-down for her cake, saying nobly that it was just her job.



Compo then produced a luminous green sealskin hat to mark Cleo's 200th run. The hat was an uncanny match for her T-shirt. She was given a down-down to the tune of "Get a life, get a life...":

Finally just when we thought it was safe to go in the pub, Anticlimax called the Hare up again for markings that were insufficiently Parisian and failing to clear away all the nettles from the trail. *Then* we could go and get a drink; where she aroused the envy of all around by getting carded.



It was around then that the saga of the tea started. Apparently the tea was first supplied without a tea bag. When Snoozanne pointed out this fairly crucial omission to one of the staff, he walked off saying it wasn't his problem. It finally took a complaint to the manager to bring a tray with all the correct components. However by this time the water had gone cold. Another remonstrance brought some water at a reasonable temperature. Indeed Snoozanne was only restrained with some difficulty from a further complaint that it was now too hot to drink.