



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 410

12th September 2019

Hard Times and Misery/The Flute

The Pack: VR (Hare), ET, 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Eccles, AE, SMS, Overdrive, Cleo, BS, Sick Fucker, Sausage Wallet, Pussyfoot

VR had been planning a run based around Hard Times and Misery for some time, but fate seemed to have been against it. This little pop-up pub is incredibly hard to find even if you think you know where it is; and closes at 9pm, hence the need for a 2nd venue for the On Inn. As we gathered in the tiny upstairs room, our numbers were swelled by the welcome return of AE plus three virgin (to us) hashers, namely Sausage Wallet, Pussyfoot and Sick Fucker (who suggested those of a maidenly disposition could refer to him as SF). After a mostly pleasant dry day, the heavens had opened around 6.30 and when The Hare arrived she went into great detail about how exactly how soaked she and all her clothing were—apparently if everything is wet, you almost look dry. She had also had a nightmare laying the trail, being accosted by vagrants and prevented by the torrential rain from completing the trail which would have involved a visit to a local microbrewery which she had persuaded to open especially for us. The final blow was that everyone had come by train and hence there was no convenient car to stow Hash Beer and Hash Food, or indeed Sausage Wallet's enormous bag. It was decided that a handpicked detachment of dedicated hashers would convey the supplies and luggage to 10secs office, not too far away.

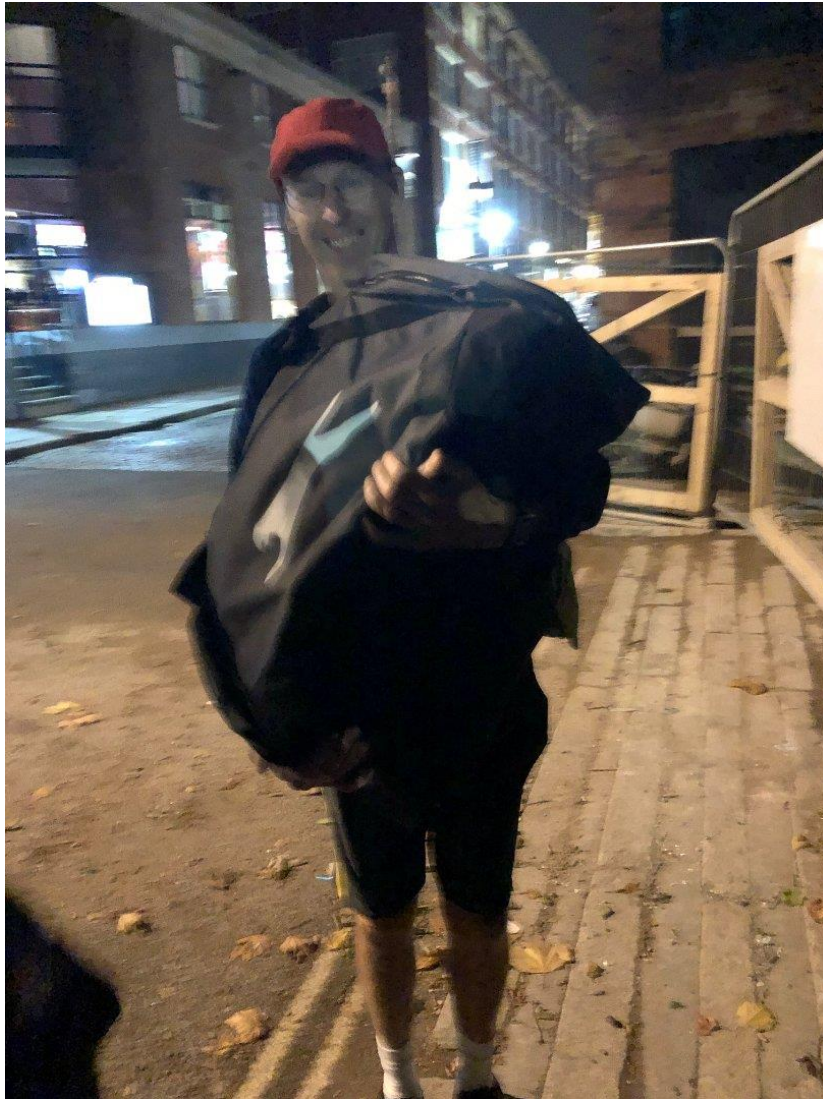


So after the team photo, 10secs, ET and Overdrive set off towards the university while the main body of the pack followed the trail. The rendezvous after depositing the gear was delayed somewhat due to a technical hitch in interpreting Google Maps, (ie holding the phone the wrong way up) but eventually contact was made and we were all reunited. The trail had been fairly comprehensively removed by the torrential rain, but a few fragments remained and with helpful hints from the hare (such as striding off in the right direction) we managed to stay on track.





The trail took us through some fairly insalubrious areas in Kensington, the only excuse for visiting which being that they were on the way to the brewery which was now not on the itinerary. Though as frequently happens, it turned out to be one of Mad Hatter's haunts in his youth and he waxed lyrical on the topic of the neighbourhood's vanished pubs, some of whose signs could still be seen above what are now convenience stores and offices. The later trail was somewhat edited to take account of the missing brewery visit and to avoid the hobo jungle where VR had been accosted. Nevertheless we had had a good run round by the time a detachment peeled off towards London Road to retrieve the food and drink etc.



Once again ET insisted on carrying Sausage Wallet's huge bag, carrying it in his arms and saying it encouraged him to walk faster by constantly threatening to topple forwards.

Once more reunited, the pack set up the food and drink on the pedestrian walkway near Hard Times and Misery. Mad Hatter had already produced a couple of bags of chips; and Eccles had made a delicious carrot cake which hadn't suffered too much from being dropped and trampled on by 10secs on the way back from his office.

The circle was convened, and down-downs were awarded to:



The newcomers: Sausage Wallet, Pussyfoot and SF. They had all made themselves come, apparently.





Returns: AE

The Hare: VR

Stepping into the breach stowagewise: 10 secs

Hash cake provision: Eccles

Some of our visitors professed to be aghast at our limited repertoire of songs and how few of the words we could remember. Finally we retreated to The Flute and made substantial inroads on their supply of Doom Bar.