



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 411

26th September 2019

The Mount Inn, Chester

The Pack: Cleo and Overdrive (Hares), ET, 10secs, VR, SF, CT, fcuk, Eccles, Victim, Compo, OTT, Hansel.

Victim had already tantalised us with some lovely photos of the sunset from the terrace behind the On Inn, though as we gathered there the weather didn't look quite so propitious.



Pausing outside for the team photo, the hares explained the markings, tempting us with a (only potential, they said) playtime and beer stop.



Then we were off, and the trail was found heading down towards the river. Then heading upwards through a housing estate we found ourselves in Caldly Valley Park where some of us had fond memories of being forced by UTT to make animal noises and look for a mate. Crossing the Caldly Valley Road we traversed another newish estate where the street names caused some amusement; imagining an estate agent trying to talk up the location of a house in Adder Hill, and finding



Eventually we emerged back onto the main Caldby Valley Road near the Sainsbury's superstore. Crossing the road again, the front runners found an alley between the houses which seemed strangely familiar; and indeed up the alley was the Playtime sign and a zipwire which had entertained us on a previous hash. There was time for several goes on the zipwire before the rest of the pack appeared; it seemed the hare had got even himself confused and briefly taken the pack in the wrong direction.



There was still time for plenty of fun on the various amusements.



Continuing on our way, we were soon on the main road into Chester from which it was only a short way back to the On Inn. Hopes of the potential beer stop seemed to be receding. But lo and behold, after a short deviation across the road we found ourselves confronted by



At first sight it looked like a rather generic sports pub, but there was an interesting range of beers



and we were able to instal ourselves round what looked like a boardroom table.



Here fcuk is blissfully unaware that some form of apparition is manifesting itself in front of him – the ghost of some kind of malevolent cartoon animal? As is the case with psychic visitations, it is only revealed on photographic film...



Out once more into the night, we soon found the On Inn sign.



It looked a bit funny upside down...



...but once light dawned, fcuk was very glad to see it...

We set up the food and drink in the now-traditional location on top of the air-quality meter by the main road; there were comments that the machine might not be calibrated for fumes of camembert or red-pepper hummus.





VR had done us proud with a delicious coffee and walnut gateau; and Eccles demonstrated her cake management skills by a masterly division into 15 slices.

The circle was convened; fcuk had advised us in advance that the hash hymnal had been uploaded to the website, and we were recommended now to bring it up on our phones so that we could vary our repertoire of songs to sing with the down-downs.

Down-downs, now appropriately accompanied, were awarded to:

Victim: for his sundown photos.

SF: freeloading (having his second, free run).

Victim again: for turning up late despite living closest to the On Inn.

ET: apparently to repeated shouts of “Are we on trail?” from fcuk, he just kept replying “One”...“One”...“One”...

Hansel: Not announcing a checkback until everyone else had arrived.

Hansel again: Shouts of “closer...yes!...closer”, accompanied by a graphic and maybe optimistic illustration of length with his hands (while OTT was parking...)

VR: called for a ferry at the ferry request stop on the waterside, to be answered by the appearance of a rowing boat.

Eccles: cake critiquing and tessellation

Cleo: for completing the Shine Night Walk Half Marathon.

Overdrive for getting lost on his own trail.

The Hares:

ET: for shouting “Where’s the hare?” only to find him at his elbow.

CT: for improving our vocabulary by informing us that “fetch” can mean the distance travelled by a wave over open water.

Hansel: for cleverly buying a torch which came with a free helmet attached. (Just kidding, it was fcuk’s...)

Finally we headed back to the pub. A pub quiz was in full swing and we were forced out onto the terrace where it wasn’t anything like so warm now we no longer running or stuffing ourselves. Luckily the quiz was soon over and we were able to find a table indoors for the last few minutes.