



Run Number 393

10th October 2019

The Neptune Brewery/The Great Moghul, Maghull

The Pack: VR/fcuk (Hares), ET, 10secs, SMS, Jo, SF, Wigan Pier, Carthief

The hares had persuaded the owner of the Neptune Brewery in Maghull to open just for us. Since he could not be expected to stay open until we returned from the run, the On Inn was chosen to be The Great Moghul, which had the advantage of being adjacent to the station. Carthief nobly offered to solve the resulting logistical problems by transporting bags and people in all directions before the run.



Sadly half the pack, including vital members such as hashfood, succumbed to a lurgy on the day of the hash, so the resolute ones who showed up felt

honour bound to drink twice as much beer in compensation. Luckily this was no hardship, there being two beers on draught, a selection of keg beers and some cans in the fridge, with names linked by an aquatic theme. Jo and 10secs had planned to catch the same train; or at least 10secs had planned to catch the same train as Jo, but the protracted exchange of text messages had left Jo with the impression she was travelling with fcuk. In the event Jo caught a later train anyway; when she arrived it was generally agreed that her confusion was understandable – both hashers called Ian, and if you squinted hard there was actually an uncanny resemblance. Which must make ET an Evil Triplet...Wigan Pier had been keeping us apprised of progress by phone; it turned out that she had been doing this with a bag of fresh dog-poo in the other hand, which led to comments that it was a good way of keeping warm and advice not to get the two hands mixed up.



Finally when CT had returned from his mercy mission to Maghull Station, we assembled outside to receive our instructions. Apparently some portions were marked in chalk, some in flour, some in both; and as often on VR's runs, we were enjoined to look both high and low. And there would be some checkbacks, regroup, a beer stop and a wimps/rambos split. Finally there would be a section later on where we would have to follow some mysterious instructions to the letter.



The trail shortly led into Jubilee Woods where we blundered around in the darkness for some time...





At one point we found some rather attractive mushrooms (shaggy inkcaps?)



A shaggy inkcap. You can't say the trash isn't both entertaining AND instructive...

but apparently we completely the missed the Jubilee Woods Owl, a famous and rather enormous wooden sculpture.



We also found the promised Wimps/Rambos split. 10 secs led the way on the Rambos option, keeping morale high with stirring motivational cries along the lines of "You'll probably be fine"



Quite soon we arrived at the Beer Stop sign,



which proved to mark the Maghull Cask Café, doubling as a coffee shop during the day.



Rather spookily the owner of the Neptune Brewery had somehow got wind of our plans and was awaiting us at the bar. The hares generously bought the pack a beer from the large selection (including of course some of the wares from the Neptune Brewery).



At this point the hares' secret plan was revealed. Fcuk produced a length of rope from his rucksack, and we were told to line up along the rope and put

one hand on it. At every third arrow along the trail, the leader was to go to the rear end of the rope while everyone else shuffled one place forward.









It actually worked surprisingly well; though there was a tendency for this particular convoy to move at the speed of its fastest ship, which resulted in a fair amount of puffing and panting. Combined with the fact that it had started raining, there was widespread relief when we spotted the chippy which had been marked down as our source of hash food.



The hares had also taken a lot of trouble with the On Inn sign...



Large quantities of chips were soon obtained and set up on a convenient box.



When the circle was convened, once again we were exhorted to bring up the Hash Hymnal on our phones.

Down downs were awarded to:



The Hares:special mention was made of the rope trick, and Car Thief introduced VR as “the lasso set the run”.



Jo: for her perspicacity in distinguishing fcuk and 10secs



and in honour of this was christened "Grasshopper" (a Kung Fu reference)



ET: for yet again forgetting his probing lens.



Wigan Pier: for the dog-poo phone call.



10secs: for his less-than-inspirational exhortations on the Rambo trail.

As we prepared to head for the pub, Wigan Pier announced that she planned to make a swift exit. It was not to be, however, for she discovered that her electronic car key wouldn't work, possibly succumbing to the damp. Her despair can be imagined...it was late and a long way home. The pack then showed an astonishing and quite exemplary level of teamwork and resourcefulness. Well, after all we had just organised a piss-up in a brewery, so were ready for a further challenge. A trip to the ladies to dry off the key under the hand drier failed to work. 10 secs remembered just in time that weeing on the doorhandle was only a remedy for ice rather than damp. But fcuk then suggested taking out the battery to dry it individually, and found the magic thingy to press to make the key come apart. This then disclosed, lo and behold, an actual physical key. Unfortunately there was no obvious place to insert it on the driver's side. Grasshopper then recalled that sometimes the keyhole was on the passenger side. A look at the handle on this side indeed revealed a tiny picture of a key. We were onto something!...With a bit of twisting from 10secs, the door handle came apart to reveal a keyhole, and abracadabra we were in the car. A grateful Wigan Pier plus dog were soon on

their way, and the rest of us headed for the pub to enjoy a well-earned drink. As frequently happens, a pub quiz was in full swing. We were subjected to unfriendly stares from the quizmaster who suspected us of making facetious comments on the questions. Well OK, perhaps we were... Anyway, it was not long before the train-travellers had to head for the station to catch their train.

As a postscript, it was later revealed that the hares were not the first around here to use the rope idea, though obviously previous attempts were far more rudimentary.

