



Run Number 420

16th January 2020

The Grosvenor Arms, Handbridge, Chester

The Pack: Victim (Hare), Compo, Overdrive, Cleo, Muff Diver, Bimbo, 10secs, Dropped'Em, Grutel, Anticyclone, Brookside, SMS

A couple of returnees made a welcome return at this run, namely Bimbo putting in a reappearance from London and DroppedEm who had finally resurfaced after being ejected from The Little Owl on the Gluwein Run.

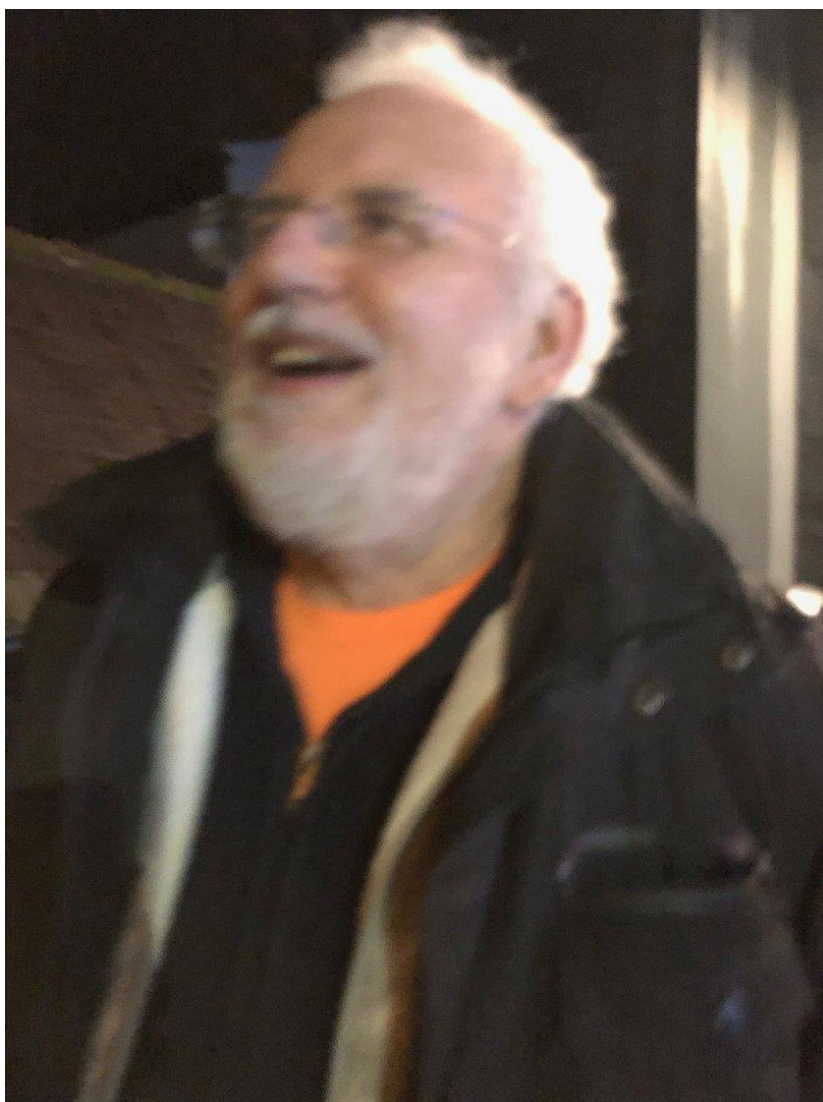


The Hash concentrate their psychic energies...



...and summon up an astonishingly lifelike doppelganger of Hash Flash

The On Inn being some distance away from the station and the last train being inconveniently early, several hashers had decided to come by car. Most of them were exchanging WhatsApp messages around 6.45 about being stuck on the motorway; the only exceptions being Cleo and Overdrive who were living up to the latter's name and had come by car despite living about 5 minutes away. The last latecomer, SMS, shot into the pub at about 7.10 as everyone else was getting up to go, with the immortal words "I need a Hash Slash".

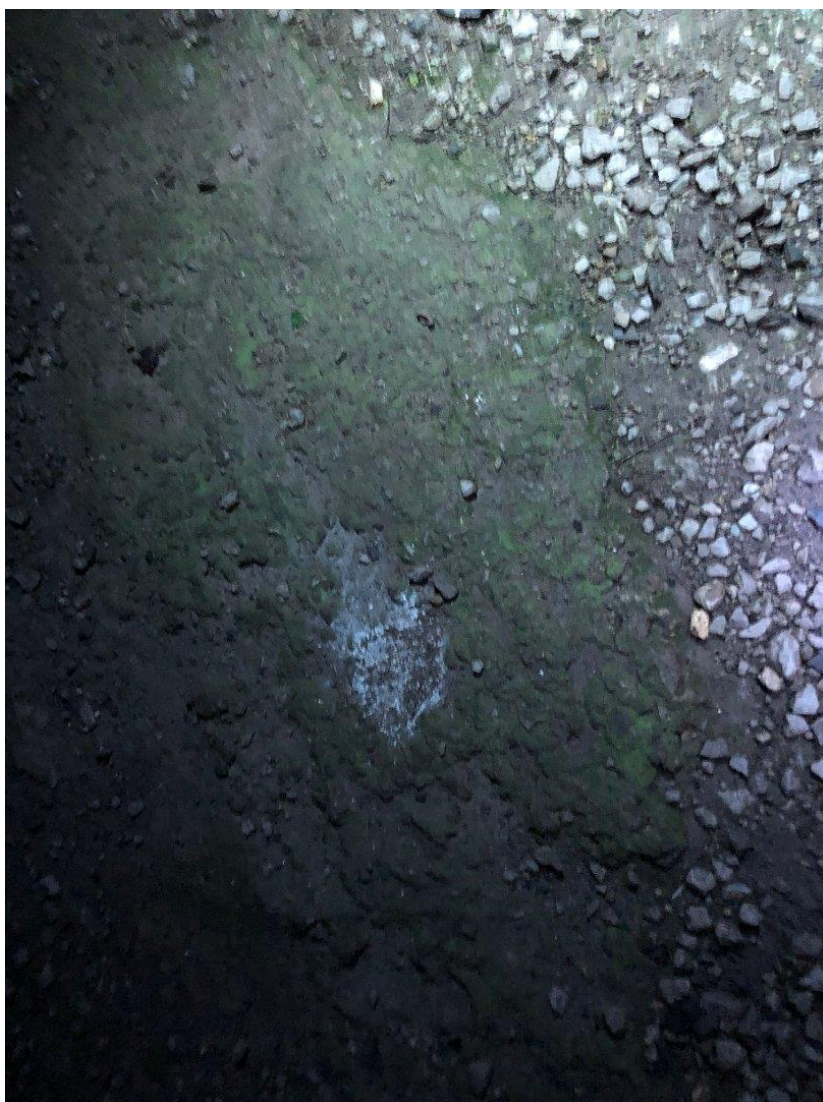


After the Hash Slash and Hash Flash had both been dealt with, the Hare explained the markings. There weren't any. It had rained hard during the afternoon and they had all been washed away. There were going to be lots of regroupings where he would give us broad hints as to the route to follow.

The trail headed up Handbridge and then down to the river side. Remarks were heard along the trail about how nice it was to dispense with all these complications of checks and shouts of "On on", and just be told where to go...



It certainly was pretty wet...



...though the trail had survived in odd places...



...especially where protected by a kindly motorist.



The Hare certainly deserved full marks for the geometrical accuracy of his checks...



Soon we came up onto Grosvenor Road. Here DroppedEm appeared to know the trail better than the Hare, having followed it earlier that afternoon. With his help we found the right exit from the nearby roundabout and made our way past the Catholic High School and Cheshire College to emerge on Eaton Road near the Water Tower. Crossing and going down Pinfold Lane, we appeared to be heading for the water meadows (well named and the scene of Breast Stroke's christening) but the trail headed left through the housing estate.



Here a Play Time was found and as usual various hashers were inspired to risk life and limb doing something both dangerous and faintly silly.

Shortly afterwards Victim casually asked if a Beer Stop would be to anyone's taste.



Almost immediately we were all piling into the Carlton Tavern, a very pleasant backstreet local. Apparently this had been the haunt of the neighbourhood riffraff before they had been persuaded to decamp to the nearby Red Lion and then after that tonight's On Inn. Though apparently according to the Hare their disreputable behaviour was mostly a question of drinking a few beers and staying out quite late. Victim generously bought a large round and it was all too soon that we were chivvied back out into the cold night air.



The trail headed down to the river again and crossed by the suspension bridge; then up to the amphitheatre and on to the walls and back down to Bridge Gate. Here the hare told us that we were supposed to find the On Inn, and soon we were gathering outside the pub; but where was the front runner, one Bimbo? It turned out that she was such a confirmed returnee that she had forgotten about the Down Downs and gone straight to the pub bar. She was dragged out, clutching a pint and asking "What happens now?"

Hash Food had plundered the Co-op across the road for our food. Probably they had driven there and back from the pub. After eating our fill, the circle was called and Down downs were awarded to:



The Hare: he produced a sodden and illegible map in explanation of his occasional uncertainty as to the route.

Bimbo: returnee and attempting to miss out the down-downs.

Overdrive and Cleo: justifying Overdrive's name by driving the 500m or so from their house to the On Inn.

Compo: the Donald Trump award for earlier insisting to Hansel in the face of several witnesses to the contrary that this week's On Inn was called the Handbridge Inn.

DroppedEm: for finally reappearing after his sudden disappearance from the Little Owl before Christmas.

SMS: for his Hash Slash

The Hare: for proposing a Beer Stop and Brookside: for agreeing to it with particular alacrity.

We then retired to the pub. In a postscript to the story, it turned out next day that a section of the Walls had collapsed overnight.



Though it probably wasn't the section that a dozen hashers had gallumphed past shortly before. Well we would say that wouldn't we...