



**Run Number 440**

**9<sup>th</sup> July 2020**

**The Pack:** Snoozeanne, Mad Hatter (Hares), Compo, ET, Sticky Rice, Gill, Cleo, VR, Grasshopper, Two Dicks, Dropt'em, SMS, Victim, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, Eccles, BS + two dogs



After a break of 18 weeks it was time to reconvene for the first tentative steps back to the real world of hashing. A wet cold evening from March was replaced with the summer pilgrimage to Hilbre Island. Lovely to see the pack not within a computer screen. Hugs and kisses were not encouraged or the usual more intimate groupings for the hash flash.



*New look for public transport*

Only ET, BS and Gill had risked traveling by train. Most had chosen to use cars to clog up Lingdale Road with hash traffic. BS was also spotted wearing sealskin socks to which she is not entitled.



*Race over the sands but were beaten by the photographer*

Tides timetables had been checked – 25 had been stranded a few weeks earlier and had to amuse themselves for six hours, without any bars/restaurant - not an appetising proposition; but they had ventured over when the island was officially closed because of covid19 so the RNLI did not feel particularly sympathetic.

Even though the day was cloudy we were only exposed to a little drizzle.

The route was predictable - Little Eye, Middle Eye Hilbre Island then back, no further elaboration necessary. The route was appropriate for the current climate of social distancing.

The pack spread as soon as the run commenced. One hasher was even observed running but it appeared was chasing a dog.



*Man's best friend?*

Once on Middle Eye it was decided to involve other hashers who were not able to attend via zoom settings – namely fcuk, Carthief, 10” and Austin Powers. fcuk remotely conducted proceedings which included the presentation of the celebratory green jackets for the ‘No lifers’ for managing to participate in over 300 runs. Worries about getting a signal on Middle Eye were unfounded. It was suggested to provide your own provision for this drink stop. Gin and Tonic not provided for the masses on this occasion.



*Smart new jackets - with tricky zips*



*Zoom meeting in progress*

Onto the main island as the fine rain reached its zenith for the evening. Usual clamber around the lifeboat station. The station was built 1839'ish and closed 1939. It was taken over by the RAF in the war to distract bombers from Liverpool.



*Not a particularly welcoming sign near the lifeboat station*

Once back there was a disappointing 'Lack of barbecue'. This was apparent to the more observant as 'The Firestarter' - Madhatter had remained amidst the hash for the entire run. Hashers were instructed to bring own food/drink.

The sun made an appearance under the clouds prior to sinking into the Irish Sea which encouraged many to dig out their phones to record this lasting image of the day.

The circle was called.

#### Down Downs awarded

- Returnees Gill, BS and Sticky Rice.
- ET for his luminous outfit
- Dropt'em: For being FRB. Claimed to have waited (and timed the wait) for 24 min for the remnants of pack to return.



*Warm feel to the end of the day*



*Source of warmth*