



Run Number 448

3rd September 2020

New Brighton – Bubbles World of Fun

The Pack: VR (Hare), Compo, SMS, Grasshopper, Cleopatra, Overdrive, OTT, Eccles, Snoozanne, Hansel, ET, Mad Hatter



Eight cars and one train were required to transport the pack to Bubbles 'World of Play' – the start venue for tonight's run. Expectation for an extra special playtime were dashed once it was realised that the facility had obviously been closed for a while. It appeared the centre's main target group was the under 12's so imagine our group would have had a ball.



Mr Bubbles will have to wait until our next visit

Ongoing covid restrictions meant a pub start/stop was not going to be feasible.

VR had advised that 2/3 of the trail had been set before work with the remaining 2/3 in the evening. It was thought that a longer run would be encountered.

The remnants of summer were slipping through our hands. Cool breeze and more subdued evening lighting. We would be finishing in the dark this evening.

I was surprised to find The RNLI station in Marine Park which was over 250m from the nearest water.



Instructions were issued to the indifferent group. It was explained that there was no significance to the various coloured chalks used to mark the trail.

Prodigious markings let the pack on the intended route. Running along the sand dunes dog walkers were startled by our sudden jovial appearance whose inquisitive looks required an explanation. Explaining the basis of hashing causing more bemusement.



Snoozeanne's bossiness was also commented on by other passers by.

Confusion was encountered with an Overdrive impersonator. Probably not physically similar but was adorned with identical clothing, in the same colours. Think most of us had a cheery chat with him as he passed, as most runners do which should have been the giveaway. Hansel insisted on pursuing this imposter under this misapprehension for longer than he would have wished. Not always easier to follow than to lead.



Not the lookalike but looked like the lookalike – I think.

On completion we shared the car park with the local 'Petrol Heads' who had congregated to establish whose engine had the throatiest roar with the best standing starts. Looking at the age of the cars, which were certainly older than their drivers, I believe that any of our 8 hashers cars would have given them a scare in a drag race.

Spread of sausages, veggi quiche, falafels, cheese, rolls, crisps, dips, tomatoes provided. There were moans about the absence of pork pies.

Beer was limited. Compo was given priority for the stock as had recently celebrated a birthday. Down Downs were awarded for:-

Overdrive for impersonation.

Snoozanne for being bossy.

Cleopatra for being Austrian – responsible for the spread of Covid.

SMS for having Austrian parentage – responsible for the spread of Covid.

VR for Haring

Lack of any post circle drinking potential meant that our group melted away by 10 o'clock. Think maybe for a nightcap in the safety of our own homes.

Compo's hash shirt unveiled on rather undulating terrain.

