



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 45 22 March 2007: Neston Station

The Pack: Austin Powers, RTFuct, Snoozanne (Hare), Peter Pan, Bess, Carthief, Paul, Sarah, Long Paws.

The Hare was still setting the trail when the early arrivals turned up. Sarah announced that she had forgotten to bring a torch but she did have an electric carving knife in the boot. The mind boggles as to how she intended using it on the Hash. Bring it along at Thanksgiving for the turkey (Sarah that is a roasted bird and not some Hashing term for the slowest of the pack).

The Hare gave a quiet and much less pictorial demonstration of the trail than recent Hares had used, but that may have been partly due to the lack of virgins. Basically it was the usual rules except that **Snoozanne** had dipped her foot into the intricate world of Check backs and set one. She also advised the pack that there was one place where she had been concentrating on placing flour and had dipped her toe into water. It turned out that this "one place" was about 1150m long (according to my OS Explorer Map No. 266).

Off we went through the small but perfectly formed town of Neston, and down towards the coast. **Long Paws** had checked out a long falsie and when he arrived back at the Check found everyone had left and forgot to check out the direction shown on the check marking. At least that is his story, but this picture shows that he was just avoiding getting his shoes dirty.



Paul, our resident fence jumper and expert on local terrain from Chester to Crosby showed us a standpipe which was issuing water. He proceeded to drink out of it and on we ran into Snoozanne's "at one point"



A long while later it dawned on the pack that we had left **Long Paws** behind. His innate quietness and the use of an entirely dark coloured set of outer clothing may have contributed to the lack of awareness. Paul said that he had last seen **Long Paws** at the back of his mum's house. At this point we were about halfway across the Hare's "at one point there is water" alongside the marshes on the edge of the Dee and **Austin Powers** elected to go back and make sure that we had not suffered our first injury.

Austin Powers went back but forgot the route "wandered about in a field for 15 minutes" and finally gave up looking for **Long Paws**. He returned to the trail by crossing the "at one point" for the third time, but failing to find the trail much beyond the regroup. By asking the locals where the station was and not understanding "Are you in a urry" (mind you I did not understand what he was saying when he repeated it in the circle with an American accent) he eventually made his way to the station to find **Long Paws** waiting there.

The remainder carried on, but not before Sarah lost her shoe in the mud and had to hop back to retrieve it.

Lost shoe
retrieved



Across fields away from Neston, where even Paul said at a particular Check "This is the most likely route" turning back towards Neston but it was not to be, the trail still led away from Neston and a circle round the fields, coming out onto



and down to



Paul gleefully pointed out that it referred to the old station. Some more footpaths and roads were run, but not before Sarah was left behind and the Hare retraced her steps to find her (the pack was fast becoming half a pack with all the losses and searchers). On along the old railway line before the On Inn was sighted.

Snoozanne opened the bulging boot / trunk of her car and said that everything in it belonged to the Hash, except the obviously car related items. **Peter Pan** in his new car (where was the Down Down for that, (never mind there is always next week) proudly opened the boot and produced "The Table" which disappeared under the large variety of food. This included a jar of octopi which turned out to be whole octopi. **Austin Powers** and **Snoozanne** were quick to take advantage.

Austin Powers borrowed a hard hat, fulminating against whoever still had his, and called the circle to order and asked for sermons.

Carthief related the story of British railway engineers who had tested the windscreen (windshield **AP**) of their trains by firing dead chickens at it from air cannons obtained from the Americans. Unfortunately the chicken went straight through the glass, through the partition and halfway along the carriage. Requesting advice from the Americans, back came the short telegram "Defrost the chicken".

AP recounted his story of cycling into a parked car after several pints. **RTFuct** reckoned that he was a cycopath.

Peter Pan and **Long Paws** were welcomed back as Returnees.



Sarah for her lost shoe. **AP** asked how George Michael and Sarah's shoe are related.

Long Paws for getting lost.

The **Hare** for her efforts.



Retiring towards the Wetherspoons' pub a smart about turn was made when the noise of a local band could be heard from across the carpark. Instead we went to a smaller pub and stood amongst a pub quiz crowd whilst we discussed the summer extravaganza.