



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 505

25th August 2022

The Mason's Arms, Billinge

The Pack: Wigan Pier (Hare), 10secs, ET, OTT, Grutel, Peter Pong, SMS, Grasshopper, Victim, PJ Vindaloo, Now and Then, George

It was a lovely sunny evening as we gathered in the beer garden behind the Mason's Arms, looking out over the fields and woods.





There was a strange collection of statuettes on the roof behind the pub, apparently dating to when the pub was called The White Lion or something similar.





The hare explained the markings and reassured us that no flour had been harmed in the making of the trail. Or at least it was only old flour...the rest of the trail was marked in chalk and the occasional ribbon tied round a branch, a previous trial using toilet paper having shown that this took ages to disappear.



The trail led almost immediately out into the country, past some farm buildings where a punk rock band seemed incongruously to be practising in a barn. Corn fields stretched out idyllically in all directions.



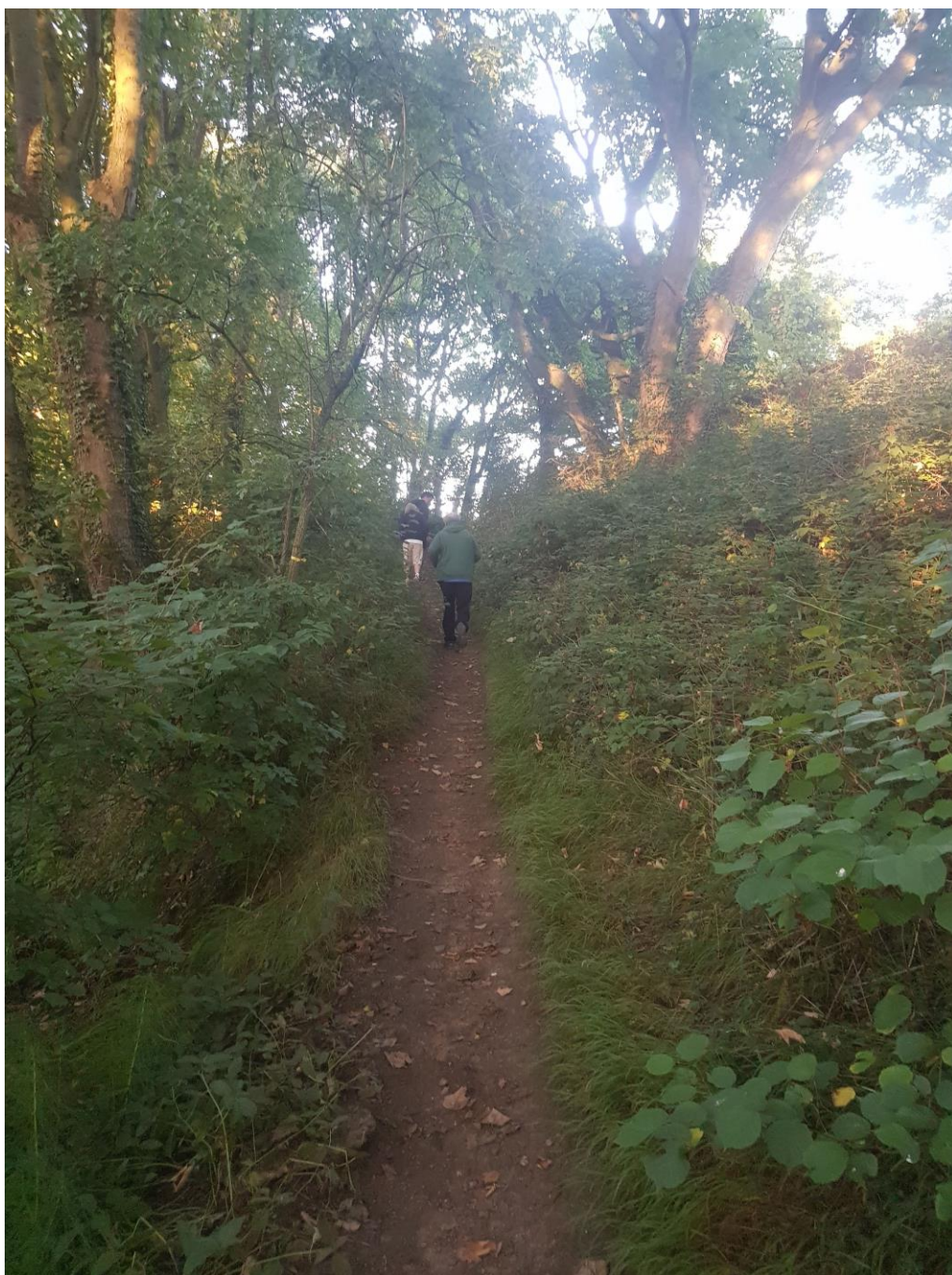








Occasionally the pieces of ribbon were discovered.



The trail crossed a wooded valley with a stream (the Goyt?) and then out into further fields.



The hare had used lots of chalk where possible to compensate for the lack of flour.



The trail crossed a railway and turned right along a belt of woodland. The photo shows a rare moment when George was not yelping piercingly; the Hare saying plaintively "he never usually does this"... George is the dog, by the way.



At the end of the woods there was a check where the trail crossed the railway, under it this time and into more woods.







Eventually we found ourselves by a large lake which was apparently an artificial mill pond, the Carr Mill Dam,...







...created by damming the Goyt which we soon found again...



...and crossed over.



The path continued to skirt the lake. The hare had creatively avoided using flour by marking the wooden edge of the path in chalk.







Eventually we found a bridge crossing the further reaches of the lake.









Grutel bemoaned the activities of the local vandals in covering the bridge with graffiti, whereupon the hare pointed out that this was actually her own handiwork signalling a regroup and a viewpoint.



Over the bridge there was a lane which we all tramped mindlessly along thinking it would lead pretty directly to the On Inn (since the hare had told us that she was worried about the run being too short). It turned out that there was still more in store since we'd all missed a check where the trail led back over the fields. Shortly after that we offered a choice between a further loop and a quick return to the On Inn. The prospect of the famous Wigan pies led us to select the shorter option pretty unanimously.



Shortly we were entering the village where we found the On Inn sign; but we detoured into the Hare's daughter's back garden which was conveniently across the road from the pub. Here indeed we found an array of drinks and more importantly still, the Hare's famous portable oven which was crammed with pies and extra vegetarian food for ET since the cheese pie had somehow lost its structural integrity (but apparently tasted none the worse for that). The hare explained that the oven would also work as a fridge if desired; also that the manufacturer of the pies eaten by the hash on previous occasions had now ceased trading so an alternative source had been found – which seemed equally good.





Here indeed is the oven... As an aside, later on, as ET and 10secs headed to their cars, ET informed 10 secs that there had been a dead bird just behind him all the time they had been eating but he didn't want to spoil his enjoyment by telling him. The yellow object visible by 10secs' shoulder proved on closer inspection to be a toy which did indeed look like a dead bird...



Eventually when there were no pies left, we decided that it was time to call the circle and we established that SMS was the deputy RA. Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare: especially for the excellent pies

Grutel (I think) for confusing trail markings with graffiti

Peter Pong: returnee

George: Continuous barking

By this time it was too late to go to the pub, so we furtively retrieved our cars (which had been left all night in the pub carpark on the strength of a swift half several hours ago) and headed home.