



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 529

20th July 2023

The Freshfield, Freshfield

The Pack: Peter Pong (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, Overdrive, Cleo, PA, Sticky Rice, Victim, Rambono, ET, fcuk, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, George

A large pack had made the trek out to Freshfield, encouraged by a lovely evening after a long spell of unsettled weather.



As we gathered, fcuk was observed to give ET a small package, saying it was a belated (or possibly early) Christmas present. The hare then delivered his instructions but I missed most of this while in the loo. Someone had noticed that there was a micropub by Freshfield station but it closed at 9, so there was a groundswell of support for a relatively speedy start in the hopes of having time for a beerstop.







The trail was very meticulously marked, with a blob of flour under what seemed like every tree and lamp-post. We followed the railway line for a while before crossing it and heading over the golf links. A club house was visible in the distance, looking exactly like the one at Hoylake where the Open was in progress at that moment. Possibly for that reason, the course appeared deserted apart from us.



As we entered the woodland on the far side of the course, the first of several “last person checks” was found. These were more honoured in the breach than the observance, the front runners inevitably being unable to restrain themselves from doing a bit more front running while they waited.





George did a lot of scampering around and yelping, which Wigan Pier told us was an expression of his herding instinct in trying to keep the pack together. And it worked, because anyone who had temporarily mislaid the pack was able to follow the sound of frantic barking drifting through the trees.



The trail meandered through the woodland towards the beach, and gradually became sandier. It also became somewhat overgrown in places, but unfortunately Rambono was no longer equipped with a machete.



As Snoozanne said, with the sun filtering through the trees and the scent of pine floating on the evening air, one could have been in Provence...



After her triumphant performance in the Chester Mystery Plays, Cleo was already auditioning for the part of Zacchaeus in the next one.



The trail had skirted the edge of the beach for some time...



...and eventually a path down seemed to beckon





....but in fact the Hare soon appeared and summoned us back. The trail led back into the woods...







...and out again...





The check on this hilltop held us all up for quite a while; the hare had spoiled us with his profusion of markings, but this time it was 100m away and hidden by a dip in the path. The hare hinted that if we got lost from now on we should look for cars, and indeed we soon emerged in the National Trust carpark.



You wait all day for a hasher and then ten come along at once...

From there the trail led straight down the road to the station and indeed there was plenty of time for a beer stop at "The Beer Station". On the plus side there were lots of good beers...



...and also plenty of seating; on the down side, the Cascade beer immediately ran out after producing only one pint, which 10secs selflessly awarded to ET.



The Hare was congratulated on the impeccable calligraphy of his On Inn sign.



Back at the Freshfield, the Hare swiftly deployed an extensible food server which proved to be his son's student table with the legs removed. It worked fine except for a tendency to try to catapult food into the carpark when too much weight was applied. Everyone was especially impressed by the Black Pudding and Mustard crisps which apparently were handcrafted on the farm next-door to the Hare's abode. Wigan Pier in particular was very excited by this appearance of local delicacies. The Pie-flavoured version is now eagerly awaited.

The RA then called the circle to order and first of all invited comments on the trail. There were complaints that there was not enough sand and too many squirrels. The RA also accused the Hare of subcontracting the striking out of the checks and thereby resulting in premature exannulation. Down downs were awarded to the Hare, followed by :

Sticky Rice: A comment by ET that PA+ET were on the same train had led to SR asking whether a PAET was "having dad for dinner". We all puzzled over this enigmatic statement for a while. Then she had emerged from the loo to find the pack had disappeared, and got lost almost before leaving the carpark. She also got the award for best-dressed hasher, sporting a very summery flowery T-shirt.

Now and Then: Returnee, also for sending the pack in the wrong direction after confusing white slime and flour. The RA pondered whether his name referred to the fact that he only occasionally found the correct trail.

WP: for excessive enthusiasm over the Lancashire-themed crisps

ET; for depriving his earthly twin of the last remaining pint of Cascade bitter

10secs: for being arithmetically challenged in being unable to add one to 528 (see the last trash).

Victim: In accusing 10secs, also got the sum wrong.

Some of us then retired to the Freshfield for a drink, though the Chester contingent decided to head off straight away. In the pub ET remembered the package from fcuk and proceeded to investigate. It seemed to contain a small stainless steel object looking like three small pipes joined together. fcuk appeared to suggest it was some kind of atomiser for use in the bathroom, which left us none the wiser, though ET appeared to understand the purpose of the thing. Someone suggested it was for washing his potatoes, which sounded like some kind of euphemism.

It was a longish journey back for everyone so fairly soon we were all on our way home.