



Run Number 535

12<sup>th</sup> October 2023

The Harker's Arms, Chester

**The Pack:** Victim (Hare), PJVindaloo (Hare), Snoozanne, BS, fcuk, OTT, Rambono, 10secs, ET, PA, SMS, Grasshopper



This evening saw the welcome return of SMS after a long absence, prompting Rambono to salute him as a Hash Virgin. 10secs was trussed up in his new chest lamp which had ET challenging him to a competitive display of beam power. Victim was wearing his heated jacket for the first time this autumn, though it was only turned up to a slow simmer.

After a quick explanation of the markings we were off, along the canal and over the bridge towards the shot tower. ET had a look inside and reported that it was full of shit, of the bird variety, wondering if it had formed perfectly spherical pellets during its descent of the tower.



A few twists and turns brought us out by the railway station, where there was a regroup whose artistry had even PA exclaiming in admiration.







There was some debate about whether the gap on one side was a defect or a crowning touch of genius.





The onwards trail was then found up the steps onto Hoole Way, over the railway bridge and then across the road.



Here a slightly insalubrious alleyway was found where it was unwise to look too closely at what was underfoot.











Eventually emerging onto Brook Lane, there was a climb up to the disused railway or “Chester Millenium Gateway” to give its official title.







A split was found, the left hand branch taking us over the main railway tracks and then down into Northgate Avenue. Shortly we were up on the ring road by the Northgate Arena. Crossing under a roundabout by the subway, we found ourselves at the start of Brook Street by the Stanley Arms. The tower of the Mill Hotel was now prominent ahead, showing that the On Inn could not be far away. Indeed a turn by the Union Vaults took us over the canal and then along the towpath back to the Harker's Arms. Here Victim had had the foresight to reserve a table under the heaters, and had got permission to consume our nibbles there, provided we bought drinks. So we duly deployed the various comestibles and set to. The slight problem of having no knife to cut the cheese was resolved when SMS borrowed one from the pub. Victim then regaled us all with a story of how his family (including a 9-year-old PJVindaloo) had been trapped on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor of a burning hotel in South Africa and only escaped thanks to their maid's suggestion of tying bedsheets

together. Everyone escaped unscathed except for a broken ankle and a damaged finger. The most impressive feat of the night was getting a refund from the hotel on account of not having had a proper night's sleep.

However shortly afterwards, disaster struck in the shape of the pub manageress who loomed over us asking what we were doing consuming our own food in their restaurant. When we protested that we had been given permission to eat our nibbles, she said those were no nibbles, that was a feast; and we were "having a larf". It was a tribute to Victim's catering, but still, we shovelled down the food as quickly as possible.



The RA then called the circle, and paid tribute to the hares' ingenuity in devising a run which showed us a different side of Chester – before being reminded of the need for irony and lambasting the total lack of interest or variety in the night's proceedings. Down-downs were then awarded to:

The Hares (special mention for the artistic markings).

SMS: returnee (or possibly Hash Virgin).

10secs and ET: showing off their light-power and envying it, respectively.



Snoozanne: because it's compulsory to give Snoozanne a down-down for some reason at every Hash.

We then had a quick rendition of "He's a hasher..." at low volume so as not to attract further attention from the manageress. There was then just time for another quick drink before we heading for the train or our cars.

NB see overleaf for trail.

21:56



NORMAL

HYBRID

SATELLITE

