



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 543

1st February 2024

The Brewer's Arms, Upton, Chester

The Pack: Overdrive (Hare), Cleo (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, OTT, 10secs, ET, Victim



The hare told us that this run would feature what is now a rare return to “three and you’re on” markings, and that some false trails were marked with crosses. This caused a bit of a culture clash between MTH3 and WCH3 terminology, with Overdrive and OTT disputing (I think) whether a cross was a false or maybe vice versa.



The trail soon led off the main road into the suburban streets. Several hashers headed up a private drive thinking it looked like tempting cut-through; while there really was a cut-through from Damage Lane to Upton Lane, where the trail led up to The Wheatsheaf on the corner of Heath Lane. Apparently OTT used to live around here and her local knowledge

proved invaluable; as soon as she confidently set off in one direction it was a pretty safe bet to head the opposite way. 10 secs also seemed to have an unerring instinct for choosing the wrong option.



We then went down Gatesheath Drive to emerge at a row of shops which presumably represented the delights of downtown Upton. From here it was down Weston Grove to

emerge by some parkland on Wealstone Lane. The parkland looked tempting but in fact the trail was found along the lane and then into Neston Drive. Here OTT was sauntering across the road when a car lurched rather quickly round the corner. The driver leaned out to remark that it was a good job he had good brakes. As usual in such situations, the perfect rejoinders which would have really put him in his place only came to mind when the car had roared off into the distance. Perhaps just as well...



Soon after that we came to Bache Station and after a short detour up Upton Drive we crossed the main Liverpool Road to the outskirts of Countess of Chester Hospital. Here the trail was eventually found up a track leading along the edge of open fields.



It seemed to head into the countryside for ages but eventually a regroup was found at a fork. Two pack members are conspicuous by their absence in this photo, having taken advantage of the cover of darkness to water the trail

There had been some comments about the lack of shiggy but these were about to be silenced as the onward trail cut across the open fields. The path became a rutted track and then a ploughed field; the hare's insistence on bringing a torch was also explained. ET was very proud of his thrusting beam which could probably be seen from space; but it was indeed indispensable for picking out the little piles of sawdust which were our only guide across the furrows.





We can't say we weren't warned...





Luckily after the final stretch of gloopy mud, a short stretch of trackway led back to the main Liverpool Road.



Here the On Inn sign was found and indeed the pub itself was only about 200m away across the road.

The landlady had already said we could eat our food inside but we felt slightly uneasy since Cleo said she had brought lots of food and we were all liberally caked in shiggy. However, she insisted, and we didn't take much persuasion to troop inside. Cleo had indeed done us proud and had made a large container of guacamole and one of Liptauer which is a spicy Austrian dip based on quark. Both were delicious and had quite a kick. There was also smoked cheese and salami; and she had made some cake using leftover Christmas biscuits doused in three kinds of liqueur. Meanwhile, the Hare had promised us in advance that there would be a jukebox and this turned out to be some kind of app whereby one could go online and then choose five songs within any one period of an hour. This kept us

amused for some time, even though the songs were almost inaudible when finally played. Cleo, of course, chose "Walk like an Egyptian"...

But eventually we tore ourselves away for the Down Downs. Overdrive took on RA duties. After some discussion it was described as a run of two halves, one with too little concrete and one with too little shiggy, or possibly the other way round depending on the level of irony being deployed. Down downs were then awarded to:

The Hare

Cleo: for the excellent catering

Victim and Mad Hatter: watering the trail

OTT and 10secs: navigational problems in invariably choosing the wrong direction; OTT also for nearly picking a fight with a passing motorist

Snoozanne: For being too posh for the cider on offer

ET: The EcoWarrior award for being the only one to come by public transport (other hashers' claims of having carpooled or having not come all that far by car were dismissed)

We lingered a while longer discussing amongst other things rare vinyl records. But for some time past we had been the only people left in the pub and so it seemed best to head home and let the landlady close up.