



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 590**

**20<sup>th</sup> November 2025**

**The Bouverie, Chester**

**The Pack:** PJVindaloo (Hare), Victim (Hare), Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, fcuk, OTT, 10secs, Cleo

Tonight's run was billed as a House-Warming celebration for PJVindaloo (though it turned out that he had moved into his current abode two years ago). We met at the Bouverie which was a student pub and PJ's local – either or both of which might have accounted for the pub apparently having been drunk more or less dry the previous night. Victim had set the run and PJ was going to lead us round the trail while Victim went straight to PJ's house to see to the garlic bread, which had only just been discovered to need baking rather than just warming up. Cleo had brought an apple crumble cake, which was surprisingly large and encased in a plastic container with a carrying handle. Victim said he would take charge of it and showed every sign of planning to saunter off twirling it around by the handle which she had just told him was very fragile, saying he had plenty of experience with these things and what could possibly go wrong. Cleo was clearly starting to feel that carrying the cake around the whole trail herself might be safer, until Victim was persuaded to promise careful handling.





We had some instructions from the hare and then we were off. The trail headed along Bouverie Street and then started heading down towards the river. There were places where even PJ seemed to have trouble locating the onwards trail, though this was probably due to leaves having covered the arrows...





...and so this seemed a little unkind...



...or maybe not...

Eventually we came out on Sealand Road, and crossed over to the riverside path...

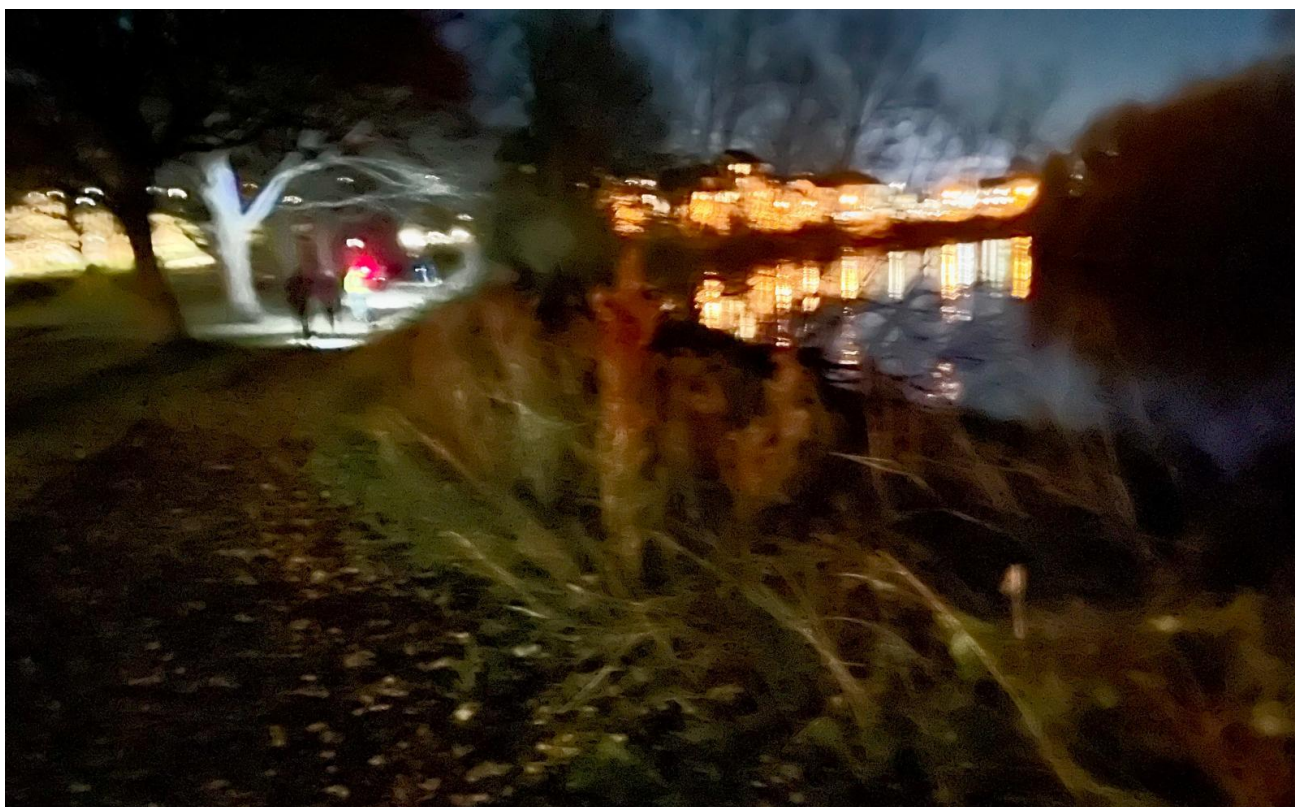






...where there were mixed signals about our location...





The trail here was thoroughly hidden by leaves...





...but eventually we recrossed Sealand Road and into the canal basin. We crossed Tower Road and blundered around the park near the Water Tower, eventually finding the trail heading uphill...



...and eventually mounting up to the wall walk. We crossed the footbridge over the Inner Ring Road and then headed up Water Tower Street...





...eventually emerging onto Northgate Street by a cunning little cut-through. We went through the North Gate and headed down along George Street by the canal. We passed very close to the site of a gluhwein stop from years gone by (Run 542 in fact); but the real point of taking this route was to pass the house which PJ might have bought if it had not had some minor defect like being about to fall into the canal or something. We crossed the Inner Ring Road again and headed up Victoria Road and then Northgate Avenue. Here again the arrows seemed to peter out but Cleo started to feel on familiar territory and pronounced that the trail had to continue in the same direction until it hit the Northgate Ponds and the Chester Millenium Greenway – i.e. the disused railway. And lo and behold, it really did, though only to cross the Greenway onto Brook Lane.



We followed this along...







...until it hit Liverpool Road.







Here we went down the intriguingly named Prince Rupert's Trench...







...and after a couple more twists and turns arrived at chez PJ.





It seems that PJ never enters his house without trying to confuse the casual visitor by turning around the signs outside.



Nevertheless, soon we were in the warmth of PJ's abode and being plied with food and drink; in particular, the gluhwein and the now-baked garlic bread;





followed shortly after by the excellent cake, which proved to be an excellent combination of soft fruit in the bottom layer with a crunchy top.



OTT had brought a house-warming gift to present to PJ...she apologised for not having been able to find a sealskin tablecloth...





...and in fact the parcel proved to be a T-towel...



...depicting plants with (authentic) rude names. According to Google the Family Jewels Milkweed has seed pods resembling testicles which can be used for dried floral arrangements. Possibly a comma would help in that sentence.

The RA then called the circle and commented that the saga of the garlic bread called to mind Levi-Strauss's anthropological classic "The Raw and the Cooked". He also mentioned overhearing the hares trying to get their alibi straight in assigning blame for the disappearance of the trail under the wrong sort of leaves. A couple of slightly dodgy remarks about father-son relations were made..."Incest in Cestrians" another anthropological topic maybe? He praised the Hares for a trail in Chester which managed to avoid the well-known areas and then invited comments on the run and there were complaints of too many walls, too many arrows, and too much grass. Down-downs wwere awarded to the Hares, but by this time a train followed by some marking was beckoning,



and the RA beat a hasty retreat, without any further misdemeanours being singled out for opprobrium.