



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 489

20th January 2021

The Old Harkers Arms, Chester

The Pack: Victim (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, fcuk, OTT, Sticky Rice, Eugene, PJ Vindaloo, SMS, Grasshopper, Auntiecyclone

The hare had already warned us that Welsh Water had made it almost impossible to get to the On Inn by blocking off the steps down to the canal from City Road and digging up the tow path outside the pub; though he hadn't prepared us for the smell of sewage which greeted us when we arrived. Nevertheless a good-sized pack had braved the cold and the access problems. Sticky Rice had said she would have to stay at home nursing Liam who had come down with COVID but by Thirstday he was testing negative and well enough to be left, so she came along with Eugene.



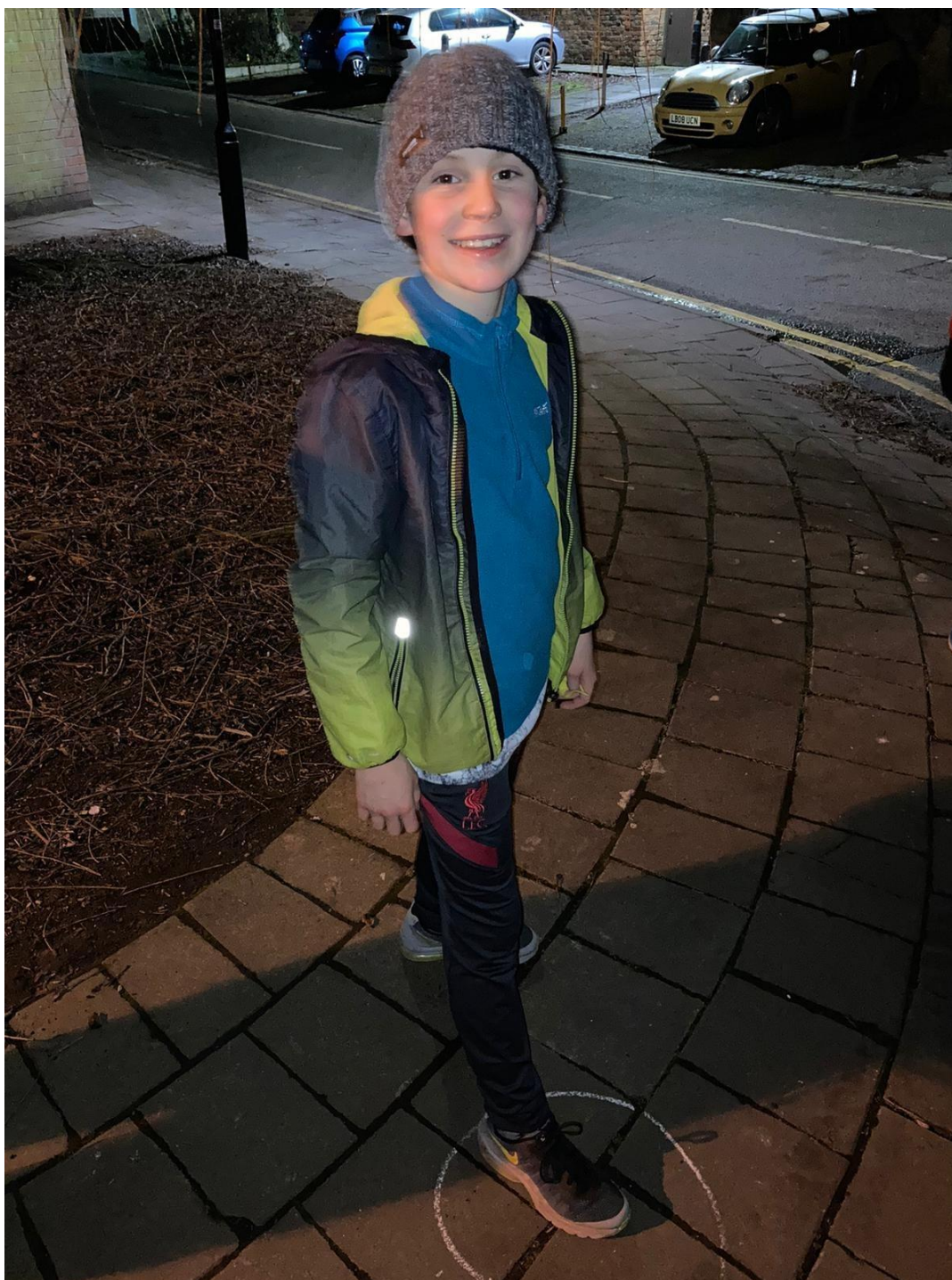
Most of the pics are very ably taken by Grasshopper with additional input from OTT, Sticky Rice and Victim

As we assembled outside the hare told us that it would be an easy trail to follow; if you found an arrow you were on. He told us he had planned a possible Beer Stop which was probably too close to the On Inn; but since fcuk would be doing the trail by bike and there were several bike-unfriendly sections, he proposed a halfway regroup at the Architect pub in case we had become separated by then. And then we were off; the trail was found along

the canal and then over the bridge by Waitrose; then past the shot-tower



and out on to City Road and back towards the canal, which we followed back towards the city centre. Some of the arrows were crystal clear but others had melted away in the damp air or been smudged out by passing feet.



Eugene started to reveal his excellent capacities as FRB, putting the rest of us to shame. It was also somewhere around here that the Hare asked if anyone had seen fcuk recently, and it was established that he hadn't been sighted since the start. Victim optimistically fastened his eyes on a lone cyclist approaching in the distance, but it was a false hope. We had to assume he would make contact if lost, and we continued, crossing the canal by the Lock-keeper pub.



A short way down Frodsham Street...



...past an appropriately named pub, we crossed through the city wall and through the cathedral precincts





to emerge through the gateway by the Town Hall.





Heading down Northgate Street we possibly gatecrashed a photoshoot for the Storyhouse Theatre.



A Hash Flash Mob maybe?...

The trail then took a tempting alleyway by the Dublin Packet.



Here Snoozanne suggested an impromptu regroup to admire the window giving a view down about 3 metres to the excavated Roman treasury. There was a treasure chest sitting on the foundations which had survived the last 2000 years remarkably well. Shortly after this a left turn...



brought us out on the upper deck of the Rows on Watergate Street, which we followed downhill...



The sign even gives instructions on what to say if you bang your head...





and then crossed.



Some backstreets brought us out on the dual carriageway, which we crossed to find ourselves by the Architect.



A cosy regroup seemed very tempting, especially as it transpired that there was still no word from fcuk. It was no surprise that there was plenty of outdoor seating, though actually it was remarkably well-heated; the first plan was to establish ourselves here, but once inside the pub...



...we found a large table about to be vacated.



Bar Nibbles

Roast beef, potatoes, gravy	£ 3.95
Fried fish, mushy peas, chips	£ 5.75
BBQ pork, chicken wings, mango salsa	£ 5.95
Crispy baby squid, onion rings, chips	£ 5.95
Steamed prawns, rice, vegetables	£ 4.95

Halloumi, potatoes, vegetables	£ 5.95
Chicken, potatoes, vegetables	£ 5.75
Beef, potatoes, vegetables	£ 5.95
Vegetarian, potatoes, vegetables	£ 5.95





Sticky Rice had been clear that it was Liam who had COVID, not Eugene, but you can't be too careful...

The hare generously bought everyone a drink. The fuck mystery deepened since it appeared that his phone was receiving Victim's messages but there was no reply. But eventually a familiar yellow-clad figure was seen approaching the pub. It turned out that there had been some "lock malfunction" outside the Harkers Arms, and moreover fuck had left his phone at home.



Fcuk enjoys a well earned half-pint of porter...



...but then finds a design flaw in his electrically heated face-mask

The reunited pack sallied forth again,



pausing for a bit of sacrilegious horseplay with the sacred garb of the GM. The trail went down to the City Walls alongside the Roodee racecourse and then across Grosvenor Road. The FRBs decided the onward trail must continue along the walls, but were summoned back by a shout from fcuk, whose shepherding abilities had been sorely missed on the first half of the run. They turned back, but no-one could recall whether or not Eugene was even further ahead so PJ Vindaloo nobly went off in search; unnecessarily as it turned out, since

Eugene was already with the main pack. The trail went round the Castle and down the steep steps of St Marys Hill to emerge by The Old Dee Bridge.





After following the river past the weir, the Hare claimed the trail would be found heading up through the Roman Gardens. Oh no it won't, said Snoozanne from her years of hashing experience, the gardens are closed at dusk. Both parties were equally adamant until an indisputably locked gate settled things in Snoozanne's favour. We had to continue along the river to the suspension bridge



where we were back on trail. A short distance further on



we found the original planned Beer Stop at the Boathouse, where we assembled for a photo opportunity.





Here it also turned out that Grasshopper had found some plasterboard in a skip and generously donated it to PJ Vindaloo as a fitting start to his hashing career; a slightly mixed blessing as it immediately demonstrated its marking capacities on his fleece.

From here we continued along Grosvenor Park Terrace, where the Hare had told us to look for markings on the wall...



...and there was certainly no shortage of them.

Then it was up Dee Lane where we found the On Inn just before the Boughton Road. Mad Hatter went off to get some chips



while the rest of headed round to City Road where Snoozanne's car was parked outside what was somewhat dismissively described as the old dosshouse, with half of the beer and the table. Here OTT deployed the food; once again she had done us proud.





There was a range of home-made sandwiches and once again the hot sausages in a flask. She craftily encouraged us to finish off the chicken nibbles before coyly revealing the home-made Nutella biscuits. These required far less coaxing than the chicken nibbles...



fcuk then donned his GM's helmet and gave a little tinkle on the Compo bell in deference to any dossers who might be trying to get some sleep;



and the circle was called to order.

Down downs were awarded to:

Mad Hatter: for a professional oversight in his capacity as surveyor, by describing a nearby building as derelict which was clearly a prime piece of real estate and probably surveyed by his own company.

Victim: for an excellent run, though criticised for lacking shiggy and having too many steps and no cycle lanes

Auntiecyclone: he had been heard musing about starting from “his” pub and lamenting missed opportunities to wallow in mud over the river.



10secs: for his failure to embark on a mercy dash to supply the previous hash with beer after his lateral flow test fiasco

fcuk: for being caught out by a lock malfunction without a phone, despite his SAS training as revealed last time. As he had commented earlier, he was The Architect of his own misfortunes

Eugene: for shaming us all by his FRB running; and

PJ Vindaloo: the MTH3 Heart of Gold award for his rescue mission in search of Eugene.



Grasshopper and PJ Vindaloo: The Carthief award for plasterboard salvage from skips. fcuk demonstrated the impressively thick arrows produced by this means, prompting comments that it was a pity Victim had not used this earlier.

OTT: was commended for the sandwiches and Nutella biscuits and also given the “junk in the trunk” award for calling her car “the butt-y wagon”

Some of the pack dispersed at this point; the rest of us headed round to the Harkers Arms, which was very quiet by this time, and warmed ourselves up before the drive home.