



**Run Number 493**

**17<sup>th</sup> March 2022**

**The Rose and Crown, Bebington**

**The Pack:** 10secs (Hare), Snoozanne, fcuk, ET, BS, Sticky Rice, Overdrive, Victim, PJ Vindaloo, Richard, Frank

Snoozanne had already commented that the Rose and Crown was an odd choice of On Inn for St Patrick's Day, though as we gathered before the run it was clear that there were plenty of others prepared to celebrate the day here.

fcuk had brought along the Compo T-shirts which had been produced by Gladrags and these were all distributed and tried on. Most of them were claret coloured and in a silky, slinky kind of material; but hang on, why was fcuk's in a different colour and in a vest style rather than T-shirt? And why did Snoozanne think they had been knitted? These were mysteries yet to be satisfactorily resolved. Anyway, they were all reassuringly blingy, which would be a perfect excuse for never washing them in case the gold leaf came off.



We trooped outside for the team photo...





...and fcuk showed off his pecs in his new vest...





...though call me old-fashioned but I think even Charles Atlas would still have got sand kicked in his face if he'd been carrying a briefcase on the beach.



The hare then explained the markings. They were simplicity itself, he said, since there were only two of them.





But then he recalled the special mark to indicate that an arrow had been crossed out. And the two checkbacks. And then the checkbacks could also function as regroup.



By the time he'd finished the pavement outside the pub looked as if a witches coven had been having a night on the town.





For the first time in ages it was a lovely night for a run, and there was even a nearly full moon.





This shop sign...



...conjures up an intriguing image...

The trail led through alleyways between the houses towards Bebington station and then cut across the playing fields behind the Oval.





Here the first checkback led to a diversion through the trees and across the grass. Emerging onto Higher Bebington Road, Victim took a shortcut since he was still suffering the effect of his tumble on the previous hash.





**The crossed out arrow in action**

The rest of the pack followed the trail up the hill through Higher Bebington; finally emerging on the edge of Brackenwood Golf Course. Possibly the trail had been too urban since half the pack scrambled over the fence for no apparent reason and blundered around in the undergrowth for a while, presumably looking for more shiggy. But the actual trail headed back downhill towards Wirral Grammar School. This was where we'd been expecting to rendezvous with Victim, but he wasn't there; so fcuk was despatched on his bike to find PJ Vindaloo, who produced a tracking app on his phone and reported that his dad was a short way ahead.

The trail then led to Bebington Civic Centre.





Here Overdrive couldn't resist going to examine the car charging points which had been shrouded in foil last time we'd seen them (see Trash 485).



Skirting round the Civic Centre, the On Inn was found pointing to the pub just over the road.





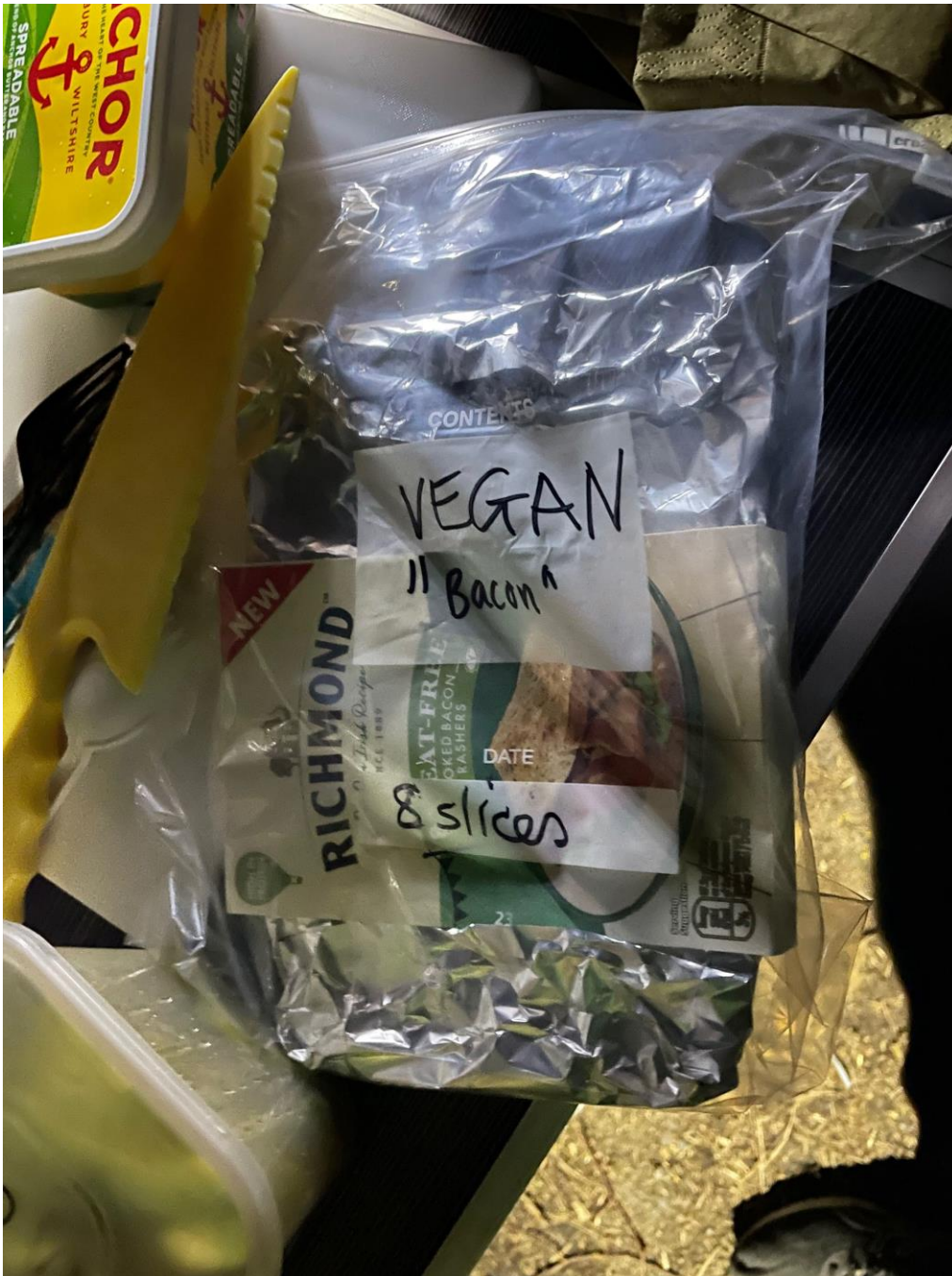


Unfortunately OTT had come down with COVID a few days previously, and Sticky Rice had kindly volunteered to step in as Hash Food. She had really done us proud with the ingredients for making our own sandwiches according to taste and vegetarian beliefs – a DIY BLT as someone commented. There was appropriately Irish soda bread and potato bread,...





...neatly labelled salad ingredients...



...and both "carnivorous" bacon and vegan bacon (or fakin' bacon as SR put it). The garlic tomatoes and avocado with lime were both delicious accompaniments for the bacon.







The RA then called the circle to order; sadly there was no Compo bell or RA hat since space had been required for the T-shirts. For the benefit of the newcomers he explained that comments would be invited on the run and hash tradition demanded that they be phrased ironically. As Snoozanne remarked, this was what we hashers called “funny”. The hare was then called up and commended for a run which had really shown the Highs and Lows of Bebington. When comments were invited, the run was duly described as having too much shiggy, too much variety of terrain, not enough checks, too clear arrows... The hash virgins were then treated to the usual catechism. When asked who made him come, Frank at first said something along the lines of “a gentleman never tells” but then revealed it was BS; while Richard was quite happy to point the finger at Victim. Frank was also given a special mention for showing us all up by doing post-run stretches.

Down-downs were also awarded to:

PJ Vindaloo: fcuk said we had all heard of “helicopter parents” but here we had a “helicopter son” who was able to track his father’s whereabouts whenever required. Someone commented that this was indispensable with a father so prone to mishaps...

Sticky Rice: fcuk said that hashers normally only have one hash name but he had heard SR addressing Overdrive as “Chesterboy”. SR said that this was due to a lapse of memory as a consequence of COVID brainfog. It sounded like a member of a male dance troupe like the Chippendales or was it Chesterfields.

ET: he had talked about exploring a “dark back passage”



Finally we joined in a round of applause for SR's excellent food; and then retired to the pub for a drink.









At around 10.15 we all went our several ways, some of us having to run the final 100 metres or so at a faster speed than ever attained on the hash in order to catch the train.