



Run Number 496

28th April 2022

The Wheatsheaf, Overpool

The Pack: Victim (Hare), Snoozanne, 10secs, fcuk, ET, BS, SF, Sticky Rice, Frank, PJ Vindaloo, Pete from Croatia, Non-stop, Simply Red, Christmas Spirit

A weblink had been circulated beforehand, saying that though the On Inn had seen off some stiff competition to win the title of Cheshire's Worst Wetherspoons, the sticky carpets were outweighed by the buzz of lively conversation from the locals. As we gathered in the pub we couldn't avoid being subjected to the lively conversation of one of the locals, who accused us of being variously weirdos and eco-warriors. We were joined by some visitors from Oslo, Simply Red and Non-stop, and also Non-stop's mother Christmas Spirit, from Heswall. The latter came into the pub after the other two and announced that she had just locked her car keys in the boot. It seemed the curse of MTH3 had struck again. Luckily the problem was swiftly solved by Non-stop's sister agreeing to bring the spare keys along after the run.



We gathered outside for the photo and then the Hare explained the markings; he had adopted one of 10secs trademark double arrows which basically symbolised a cockup.



The double arrow was found quite early in the run, but enclosed in a check which caused some pause for thought and an involuntary regroup to await instructions from the Hare. It was in fact to be regarded just as a check but Snoozanne deduced logically that the onward route must be along the original arrow. Annoyingly, despite a false trail in another direction, she was right.



After a short stretch of main road...



...we were in Rivacre Park surrounded by carpets of bluebells.



As someone said, the trail was quite three-dimensional, zig-zagging up and down a network of steep valleys.



Our visitors were clearly used to a faster hash than ours and the frequent checks and regroupings were the only thing stopping them from disappearing over the horizon.





The hare had forgotten to tell us that the off-road section of trail was marked using some of his huge stocks of mail-order sawdust, which caused a bit of confusion on first entering the park. Here it looks as if he's tried to dispose of some of it in an old tree trunk.



This looks as if someone has been watering the trail but in fact there was a long section where some malicious person had gone to some trouble to erase all the markings.



After emerging from the woodland a playtime sign was found...

Rossmore Play Area



All persons use this facility at their own risk
The facility and its equipment must be used for its intended purpose only



Cheshire West
and Chester



Please report any issues by calling 0300 123 8 123



This is a
no smoking area



In the interests of safety please do not bring
dogs, glass or alcohol into this area



Please help us to
keep this play area
clean, tidy and safe

Unless one of the intended purposes of this play area was to provide entertainment for a bunch of mostly middle-aged hashers, we were not really obeying these instructions.





Some people seemed to be having far too much fun, and possibly the wrong kind of fun, for a children's playground.



As we approached the On Inn, fcuk took a shortcut to the nearby chippy to buy some Hash chips. By the time we were all back and congregating just outside the carpark, it was not long before he appeared with the food. We made pretty short work of this and then fcuk donned the RA helmet, rang the Compo bell and called the circle. It also transpired that ET had produced copies of selections from the MTH3 hymnal which were distributed in handy plastic wallets. After reminding us of the need for irony and indeed explaining what the word meant since of course we had all forgotten since last time (see what I did there 😊), the RA invited comments on the run. We duly complained about the lack of shiggy, the excessive explanation about the sawdust, etc. A down-down was then awarded to the Hare, despite his protest that the run had been set entirely by Bimbo who was therefore responsible for any shortcomings. The Hash Virgins were then questioned about their names, place of origin and who had made them come. In Simply Red's case it was Non-stop

and in her own case it was the perennial favourite, that pernicious internet. It was also impossible not to ask where her name had come from; it turned out that it related to some pile-up while cross-country skiing. Down-downs were also awarded to:

Nonstop: for managing to short-cut and front-run at the same time, thereby being an FRSCB.

The Hare for an attempted discreet trail watering (history does not record whether it was the discretion or the watering which was attempted)

ET for inadvertently witnessing said trail watering (or willy-nilly seeing the peeing, as fcuk described it)

ET again for going beyond the call of duty as Choirmaster (putting a marker down for AGM maybe)

Snoozanne then suggested that Frank be given the hash name Piss Artist and this was duly agreed. A further generous helping of Victim's sawdust was used in the christening ceremony. As fcuk later remarked, we can also refer to him as the Piss Artist formerly known as Frank.



The three hours allowed in the carpark was now almost up and the car drivers were apparently obliged to drive out of the carpark and back in again in order to reset the clock if they wanted to return to the pub for a final drink.



We were relieved to find that the earlier friendly local had departed but the woman just visible at the back of this picture now wouldn't leave us alone; first of all coming up to ask us what we'd been up to, and later returning to say she couldn't help overhearing that some of us were from Norway; or maybe it was Sweden? and by a miraculous coincidence she herself had once been to Norway; or maybe it was Sweden?... Note that the hymn sheets in their plastic wallets are now on the pub table, having been left on the carpark wall by ET and brought in by Snoozanne. ET will later depart having forgotten all about them...