



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 498

26th May 2022

The Ship, Handbridge, Chester

The Pack: Auntieyclone (Hare), Snoozanne, Overdrive, Cleo, Victim, 10secs, ET, OTT, Grasshopper, SMS

While most of the pack gathered in The Ship, 10secs was gathering in The Handbridge just up the road until a suspicious lack of other hashers prompted him to check the website and then dash in panic down the road. Meanwhile in the correct pub, Auntieyclone had had the foresight to book a table where we downed a swift half before sallying forth for our instructions.



Hash trash missed most of these due to a trip to the loo, but when he emerged AC seemed to be explaining with the aid of an intricate diagram that two arrows was on but three blobs might be followed by a falsie.



A team photo was taken, and then the trail was found heading up Eaton Road where a right turn past the Cheshire College campus...



...took us down to the Duke's Drive



and the roundabout on Grosvenor Road.



Here the hare invited us to admire his signage...



It was a little hard to decipher...



...though he had also chalked it on the lamppost – M for Muster, apparently the local Cheshire hash dialect for a regroup. SMS speculated that we might have to stand at attention for a kit inspection.

We then crossed the road...



...to a check where the trail ducked over the wall and down into the undergrowth. Here it turned out that at least one crucial marking had been carefully scuffed out.



Nevertheless we found the trail heading towards the river where it turned right and along to a check where it went up past the cemetery.



On the road to nowhere...



Here on the wall we found the hare's trademark circle enclosing a number indicating the number of possible onward directions; the trail went up Brown's Lane...



...through a small housing estate and then back down to the river.



Here we were surprisingly back at the On Inn



where there was a Playtime stop at the adjacent playground; but there were a number of children already selfishly enjoying the facilities and parents who would probably have remonstrated if we'd elbowed them aside.





A couple of us nevertheless braved possible disapproving looks and had a go...



...while the rest of us inspected the mosaic-covered boulder nearby

Continuing past the pub and over the bridge...



...it took some time to find the onward trail. A cross was found just through the gate in the Walls, which would later prove significant; but nothing more for some time until the trail was found going up to the wall and then straight down again, then steeply up St Mary's Hill



where the hare recounted that when setting the trail earlier on his bike, he would have dismounted except that pride forbade it since someone was watching. At the top a crossroads was encountered where the hare told us there was a check but then ruefully had to admit that even he could neither find it nor remember where it was. At least he remembered that the trail led down Castle Street back to Lower Bridge Street.



Here we all turned uphill



since the gate leading back to the bridge was only 100m downhill; but eventually a sneaky left turn was discovered half way to the gate, which explained the cross preventing us from taking this direction shortly before. A happy feeling of anticipation started to spread through some of us at the thought that this was the way to the celebrated Albion pub, and Victim confirmed that the hare had mentioned this as a beer stop.



Indeed the hare once again insisted that we paused in our headlong stampede into the pub to admire the marking which confirmed this. Once inside, the hare generously bought us a round.



There were still relics of the former landlord's curmudgeonly spirit and purist approach to real ales. Indeed one of the pack asked the barman if the above brew was actually available. This was inviting the terse but accurate reply "Piss off" but in fact he answered quite politely.



Continuing, we turned into Pepper Street.



Here the hare found a useful item which meant he need never again need worry about being unable to find the check.



The trail led past the amphitheatre, then downhill past St John's church to emerge by the suspension bridge. Crossing this we initially turned upriver, but then in view of the time decided to make a beeline back to the On Inn. This caused some logistical problems because by this time Victim was doing a "short-cut" via his house where the hashfood was stored in his car, and was not expected back to the On Inn for a while.



Incoming hash cash doing her first shakedown

It was some time before he reappeared at the On Inn where we had colonised a bench over the road from the pub and deployed the drinks which Snoozanne had brought from the hash beer stock. AC had done an excellent job in his joint role of hare/hashfood as decreed by the new mismanagement structure, and there was plenty of good grub.



The new requirement to bring one's own drinks receptacle produced a range of containers from the utilitarian to the rather flashy.

Overdrive took on the RA role and DownDowns were awarded to:

The Hare: not enough shiggy and special mention for being unable to find his own markings.

10secs: for starting off at the wrong pub

SMS and Grasshopper: Returnees

ET: for leaving the songsheets behind at the previous hash but one and then forgetting to collect them from Snoozanne at the next hash after that.

By this time it was getting quite late and there was a general decision not to go back to the On Inn.

Victim: for driving the 200m or so from his house to the On Inn (ignoring his defence that not doing so would have left the hash foodless).