



Run Number 584

28th August 2025

The Red Lion, Moore

The Pack: Grutel (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, 10secs, Overdrive, Cleo, Wigan Pier, Now and Then



We gathered at the Red Lion for a swift half after negotiating a narrow country lane and an even narrower hump-backed bridge over the Bridgewater Canal. In the absence of Victim, Wigan Pier proved to have the deputy Hare-Razor role at her fingertips, with a faultless memory of who had said they might possibly set a run and exactly where and when. There was also a discussion of the parlous state of the Hash coffers, with speculation that Hash milestones might have to be celebrated with the award of just one sealskin sock. Wigan Pier was outraged to discover that her and fcuk's T-shirt featured the same Iron Man design despite marking different anniversaries. The design also inspired some suggestions as to the uses of just one sock.



The Hare explained the markings; three was on and the checks would often be vertical. There would be several "Holding Checks" which apparently was Brunei hash parlance for a regroup.



We soon found what was meant by a vertical check. The onward trail was found along a lane heading up to a railway bridge.



Bridges over railways and canals would be a recurring feature of the trail.





We were also never far from the Daresbury tower which used to contain a van de Graaff generator used for nuclear research. The countryside around here was rapidly being covered with lots of little boxes...



This bridge was (I think) over the canal...



....which we ended up following for a while. Climbing up onto a bridge we were treated to some fiendish misdirection by the Hare, who was very unwilling that any of us should miss the delights of a checkback...



But eventually we found ourselves on a path heading uphill to a belt of woodland, Daresbury Firs. The trail snaked around through the trees before heading down to the main A56...



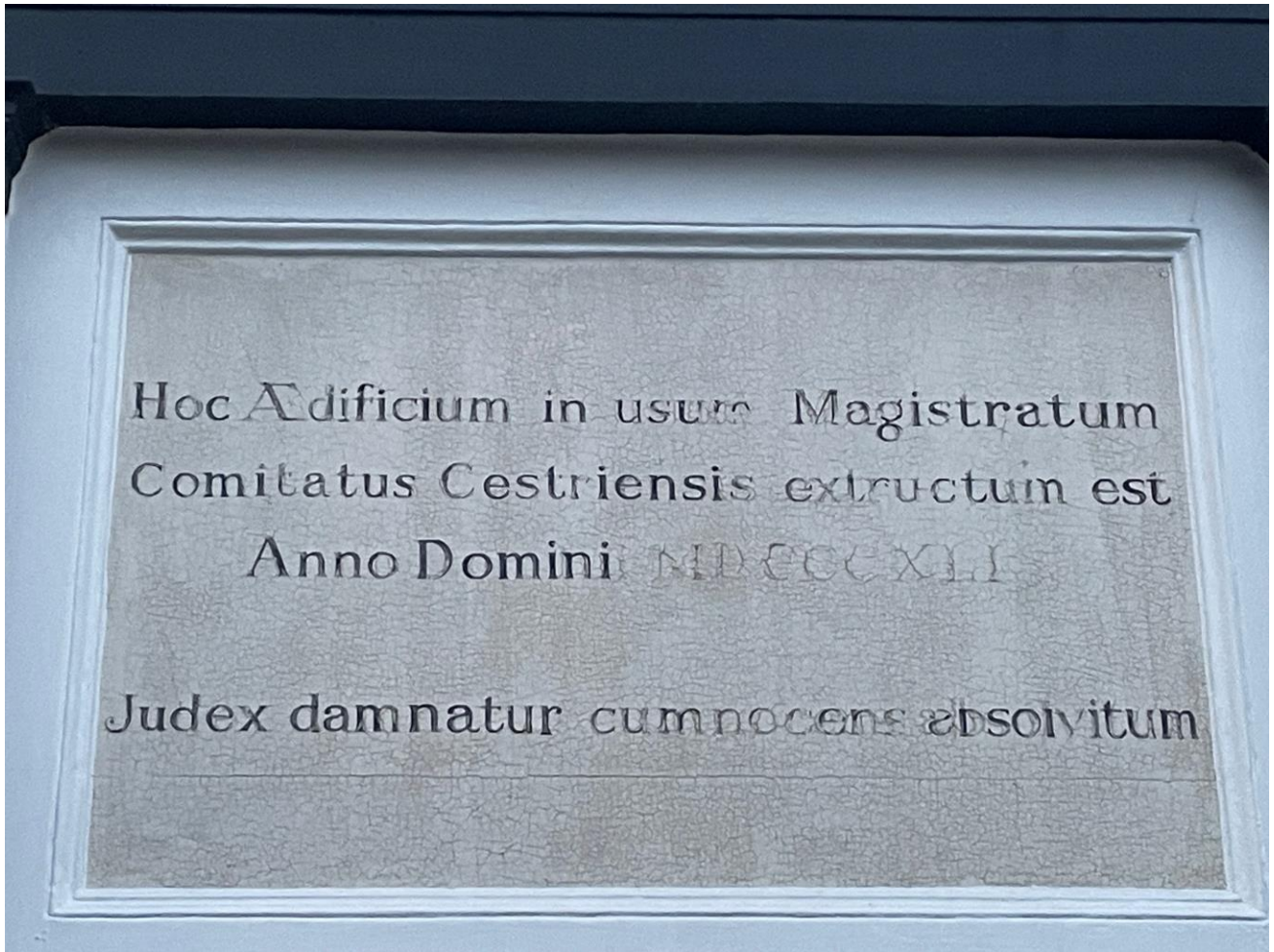
and across into Daresbury village.



The trail headed to the village centre, where the church was once in the charge of Lewis Carroll's father...



...but, more importantly, there is an excellent pub, the Ring o' Bells. Though there seemed to be a couple of spectres at the feast.



Next door was a building (now part of the pub) which we eventually figured out to be an outpost of Chester Magistrates Court. But our school Latin was defeated by the last sentence – eventually Google-translate told us it meant “The judge is condemned if the guilty go free”



Heading on, we found ourselves crossing the A56 again, this time on a Pegasus crossing a bit of a misnomer since a winged horse probably wouldn't bother waiting for the lights to change. Apparently these are only found in the UK and Peru.

The trail led down a lane and into the Daresbury Science Park, emerging onto the main road into Runcorn. Crossing this we found ourselves on overgrown path with squeals from those in shorts as they encountered brambles and nettles.



But it was then out of the frying pan and into the fire as the path entered a field of maize. At first it was relatively easy as the path followed the “grain” (boom - boom)...



...but then an arrow instructed us to start cutting across the rows of corn. The field seemed to stretch on to infinity and it was surprisingly difficult to keep a straight course in the gathering dusk.



But eventually we emerged into the open, by a sign-post which showed that despite appearances we had been following a footpath.



Soon we were back at the canal again, and things started to look familiar. Indeed the next bridge was the railway bridge which we had encountered at the start. But now there was an extra marking to indicate the homeward trail, artfully added by the hare after we'd passed through the first time.



Soon the On Inn was found, and by this time we were back in the village, Moore. Or less.



Moving swiftly on...we decided no-one would notice if we had our down-downs in the beer-garden. The eatables were unpacked – several kinds of hummous and meat-balls and a pack of Baby-Bels – a pity OTT wasn't there to try them again... At one point the barmaid appeared and we thought we were about to be evicted, but she had only come to warn us that last orders were being called – though it was only about 9.30. As a final crowning touch, Snoozanne produced a cake which she announced had been made with two dicks... Unfortunately she paused slightly here and the pause was immediately filled with helpless sniggering from Cleo and questions of why she couldn't use a wooden spoon like everyone else. When Snoozanne was able to carry on, she clarified that it was Two Dicks' home-grown apples which had been used. There may or may not have been questions about whether it also contained nuts. Anyway, despite all the potential hygiene issues, it was a delicious cake.

The RA then called the circle (or rectangle) to order. As he told us, since coming by car he had been able to bring all the accoutrements though he refrained from blowing the horn. He kicked off proceedings with a couple of sermons on the theme of words:

I like to imagine the guy who invented the umbrella was going to call it the “brella”. But he hesitated.

A thesaurus is great. There’s no other word for it.

The RA then commended the run as a perfect recreation of a Warrington Wednesdays hash. Comments were invited, and the run was described as not having enough shiggy and not enough beer-stops (possibly we all need another lesson in irony). The maize was described as not thick enough (that’s more like it), also as a-maizing, etc. The RA singled out the detailed markings, with two markings on each false trail, for particular praise.

Down-downs were awarded to:

Wigan Pier: for conscientious hare-raising (she was treated to a drink out of the toilet bowl)

Now and Then: watering the trail

Grutel: for poetry - when fcuk described the pines as “smelling of piss”, Grutel responded by saying the scent was “resinous”

10secs: for chivalry – rescuing Wigan Pier from the clutches of the maize

Snoozanne: for the cake

Overdrive: for the Latin instilled during his posh education

The Hare then recited a long grace all in Latin; apparently this was the penalty for arriving late for dinner at Caius College.

Since by this time the pub was closed, we headed our separate ways.