



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 599

30th May 2026

The Railway Hotel, Garswood

The Pack: Wigan Pier (Hare), Now and Then (Hare), fcuk, 10secs, ET, Cleo, Overdrive, Grutel, Noah

It always seems to be a lovely sunny evening when we head out in the Billinge direction and tonight was no exception.



We gathered in the large beer garden outside the pub, most of the pack having stepped off the train just over the road. There was a welcome appearance by Grutel, who was in fact the first to arrive.



fcuk was sporting an impressive new electric bike and demonstrated (with a slight echo of the Hugh Bonneville character in the "W1A" TV comedy) how with a little encouragement and dexterity it could be folded up for easy carrying. The Hares assured fcuk that the trail was as bike-friendly as possible and bike origami was unlikely to be required. Wigan Pier was complaining of an Achilles injury but bridled at the suggestion that she had left Now and Then to set the trail on his own. It was agreed that it was a joint effort but Now and Then insisted that he had been in control of the chalk.





We assembled outside on the, well, strangely-named Strange Road outside the pub. Overdrive had a go on fcuk's bike and shot off up said road at what looked like terrifying speed.

The instructions were simple, the trail was marked in chalk and sawdust and there would be a few checks and regroup.

Heading up Station Road, we crossed the main road...



...and then we were in open country, heading uphill into the setting sun.





At the top of the hill there was a tremendous view, to Winter Hill, Manchester and the Pennines in one direction, and the Clwyd Hills in the other. Jodrell Bank was clearly visible, and in the near distance the masts on Billinge Hill where we had been on Run 573 just over a year ago.

The trail led on, down into a wooded valley and up again on a network of green lanes, some with ancient cobbles.







Fcuk baulked at the thought of getting mud on his new mudguards at this point, and can just be seen setting off on a detour from which he was not to return until some time later...



Noah was almost always displaying his trail-calling skills as front-runner, as seen here.



The full moon was rising as the evening went on.



“Please tell us we’re on” begs ET

Shortly after this Wigan Pier decided to water the trail, forgetting that just ahead was a regroup (or a weegroup?) resulting in a captive audience. Shortly after this, as it happens, we were skirting the Water Works.



Further consultation was required as to whether the route was suitable for a shiny new bike...







Near here, 10 secs and ET also could not resist trying out the new bike – alarmingly powerful, especially going uphill (the bike, not 10secs or ET).

A final footpath brought us out on a country road. Overdrive saw the lights of a pub in the distance and headed that way, scenting the imminence of the On Inn; but unfortunately it was the wrong pub.

In fact the trail skirted a housing estate where the houses had lovely views across the fields; but Now and Then remarked that the fields were earmarked for building.



It was not long before the front runner, Noah yet again, found the On Inn sign, and indeed the Railway Hotel could be seen at the end of the road.



We decided to set out the food outside the disused cafe on the corner. WP and N&T were well equipped with lots of food and a folding table which was even more difficult to deploy than fcuk's bike, requiring the combined efforts of about four people to set up. But finally it was done and we all tucked in. At this point Cleo announced she could see a pink cat in the empty cafe. "Yes dear, of course you can", we all said – but indeed there was, plus, reportedly, an ordinary live one.

The food just kept coming, with popcorn, two quiches, sausages, pakoras, vine tomatoes, strawberries and more cheese than you could shake a stick at, or indeed a lovingly baked French baton. Oh and there were real china plates. We had to forgo the banoffee pie in the interests of getting through some down-downs before the last train.



The RA then called the circle, and invited comments on the run, which was described as having not enough grass, not enough sunshine, etc. Special mention was given to Now and Then for his exemplary chalk control. We tried to sing the Hashing song, leaving out rude words in deference to Noah, but this didn't leave anything very tuneful or comprehensible. The RA then invited us to denounce any misdemeanours and WP's trail watering at the "Weegroup" was recalled. Then Grutel was given a special mention as returnee; it was decided that the appropriate hash song was best left unsung. Finally the RA announced that it was time for a hash-naming ceremony and described Noah's commendably clear calling of the trail, which you could always hear...or hark to, in biblical parlance. You started to see what was coming. Indeed, he announced that Noah's hash named would be... Noah's Hark!



...and Noah was duly annointed with his Hash name.

We then headed into the pub without further ado, as time was marching on. As often happens, a pub quiz was taking place inside and there was a grave hush which we didn't want to disturb; so we gathered outside under the gazebo type thing. Grutel generously bought us all a drink in honour of his forthcoming birthday. People started drifting away depending on how nervous they were about catching the last train, and then finally the car-borne contingents headed off.