



T2H3 Run #622 hadn't even started when co-hare Just Lee deserted Shadow Max in favour of the Beijing big smoke, leaving him carrying all the chalk and the beer. Thankfully, Blanket Bummer has more beer love than sense, and stepped into the breach to perform admirably as stand-in co-hare.



Although the morning was dry but overcast, rain started just in time to complicate things and a live hare hash was decided upon. Umbrellas up and toes wet (except for Maliboss with her cute and sensible galoshes), the group found the first mark and splashed off down the street. No onward mark was found, and still within sight of the gathering point a trail check was needed. Let's blame the only virgin on the trail, Just Paul, because why not?



After some time, with still no idea how we got lost, the trail was picked up again. Passing magnificent scenery, there were enough tempting photo opportunities to ensure the Hash Flash was left behind. Passing leafy lanes punctuated by impressive gates, picturesque manicured parks, strangely phallic statues and even a Cinderella carriage, the trail was engaging, enticing, entertaining and eventful.

The prize for worst pee stop ever was locked in when Always Dripping was spotted stumbling out of the pungent ladies' room, in full retch and gag. She must be wishing she had used Twin Peaks' technique of ducking into a nearby alley, thereby ensuring a constant supply of fresh air. Always Dripping looked much happier after the Minyuan beer stop and a significantly better class of toilet.



The devilish hares then devised a cunning form of torture by allowing the group to catch up to the co-hare, only to inform them that it was not a beer stop. Parched harriers and harriets wailed and moaned to see no heavenly beer nectar and no onward markings leading them on to the blissful brews. Blanket Bummer eventually grew tired of the complaining and set off, chalk in hand, to mark the next leg of the trail. The decisively drawn markings gave no hint that he really didn't know where he was going.



On eventual successful navigation of the escalators to reach the 4th floor restaurant and home of the slothful, seated indoor circle, the group was reunited with Tweety Pie, who had taken the children and completed the hash in her own style. This scribe will not be commenting on the alternate hash, soft options, or sneaky transport. This scribe will, however, denounce darling Maliboss for inability to spot a trail mark right under her feet, but ability to spot a great deal and indulge in some Tianjin shopping.



Although at first it seemed the toilet seat would be going to a new home, the hares were eventually commended on a trail that just barely made the grade. There may have been festivities, there may have been skirts, there was certainly loud singing, and here ends this scribe's knowledge of T2H3 hash #622: the Splash Hash.

