

The weather forecast was dicey for T2H3 Hash #584. The hares knew they'd drawn a tough day, but we all know that the hash must go on. Calling on all available knowledge and resources, they marked the trail with both flour and chalk, in a bid to outsmart both the weather gods and the street cleaners. Alas, it was to no avail as bemused and befuddled harriers and harriettes claimed whole portions of the trail bore no markings.

The day was significant for lost hashers, with our distinguished guest from Xiamen not so "Speedy" to the start due to encountering traffic issues. Not to worry though, he soon caught up. Next, the walkers missed a turn on the first leg and stumbled onto the runners' trail. After a lovely sojourn along the river, they realised something was amiss and turned back, to find the hares and the runners enjoying a cold beverage and a very luxurious pee stop. On the second leg, it was the two female runners who lost their way, after the gentlemanly males sprinted off into the sunset and left them to fend for themselves.

A beer stop debate ensued over whether the use of a trolley for transporting beer was ingenious or cheating. The hares' response was to keep topping up the beer and snacks so that complainers were too busy enjoying themselves to remember their arguments. Ultimately, the trolley was deemed necessary to transport the two large watermelons purchased as bribery at the second beer stop. New rule for future hares: consumption of watermelon was deemed a hash crime by the day's powers-that-be.

Two Virgins held their own at the two beer stops, with one proving exceptionally eagle eyed in spotting the small piles of ~~vomit~~ chalk that marked the trail.

It was touch and go for the toilet seat, with numerous complaints about markings and getting lost. Redeeming features were the appealing architectural environment, two beer stops with cold beer, and the fact that the rain avoided the hashing trail. Super organised hares were both commended and ridiculed for cumming equipped with insect repellent, in case of mosquito attack, and (unfathomably) anaesthetic spray, in case of broken bones on this very arduous flat city trail.

By the smallest of margins, the hares escaped stronger punishment and accepted a down-down and a warning. The GM RA also somehow escaped punishment for forgetting it was her responsibility to wind up the excessively long beer stops and call On On. As the circle closed and the group moved on to the restaurant and then the Trolley Bar, the night becomes hazy and here ends this scribe/hare's knowledge of T2H3 Hash #584: The Day of the Lost. On On!