

“Circle up!” came the call for T2H3 Hash #602, and harriers and harriets (including the three runners, who arrived the latest) gathered for the hash pre-talk. The instructions were: yellow marks for runners, blue for walkers.. okay, that’s clear enough. One beer stop? Okay, but there should always be more. Wait, what was that? Are we looking for flour or flowers? Then what – turn at the bridge? Hmm this is different, but I’m sure we’ll figure it out.

As the group set off, walkers won the first points by spotting their blue mark and heading in the correct direction. Runners, what happened? You couldn’t see that faint, trampled mark, so you took a 50/50 chance and made the wrong choice?

Despite some diabolical false trails, walkers arrived first at the beer stop, notching up more points in their favour. Fifteen minutes later, the runners had still not arrived. The concerned RA ran through the checks: Yes, they were given a route map to use in an emergency. Yes, the location has been shared on the group chat. Yes, we’ve sent them a message as well. Let’s give them a bit longer before sending out a search party.

Is that them, running along the wrong side of the river? No, that’s a solo runner, wearing orange shoes. How on earth did you know, dear observant RA, that none of our runners were wearing orange shoes? When finally they arrived, they didn’t even look out of breath, and claimed they missed a turn or two. Or were they perhaps sipping lattes by the river..?

Setting off again, the scenic riverside stroll continued. Despite the wind, enough blossoms were clinging to the trees for some to appreciate the beauty and fragrance, taking multitudes of photos and getting further behind, whilst other frontrunning bastards charged ahead, bent on conquering the course.

Coming to the Tianjin Eye, where were the markings? Hapless latecomers found it tricky – but wait! There are some flowers. The hares said to look for flowers, right? What did flowers mean, again? The eventual decision was to just cross the bridge and keep on walking.

Those who crossed the bridge never saw another marking, whilst those who hung in there and kept going picked up the trail again. Phones began ringing hot, as the trail descended into chaos. The walking hare took a call enroute and got some back on track. Those who called a non-hare were led astray and may have some new ideas for their own future trail.

Although the process became rather like herding cats, eventually all reached “Home” even if some took their own way there, and the formalities commenced. Being friendly with the locals culminated in one brave soul joining the circle. The beer bitch and apprentice did an excellent job, keeping the beverages flowing, until suddenly it was time to close before the horror of a circle with no beer.

Traipsing down the road, group members found their caveperson roots in the opportunity to char meat over coals and sit in caves. Feeling replenished, it was on to Dublin bar, where they were treated to a free drink and a rose for the women. Stumbling home, here ends this scribe’s knowledge of T2H3 Hash #602: the Flowers & Bridges Hash