

Welcoming virgins, a guest from Qingdao, and Maddie, thought to be the first dog on the hash, the group gathered at the agreed meeting point: a subway station conveniently within view of the lazy hares' home. The hares gave their spiel, complete with reassurances of two beer stops in a straightforward trail. With a key group member who shall not be named conspicuously late, the group set off, leaving her to catch up.

The RA was immediately in trouble, for calling Never Shuts Up the co-hare. He was informed without delay that she was the hare and that Blanket Bummer was the co-hare, thank you very much! This was proven when, on more than one occasion, Blanket Bummer led the pack straight past a turn. Let's call it a calculated and cunning ploy on his behalf, to sharpen the group's observation skills.

The lone runner from Qingdao had barely disappeared from view when we were ordered to stop. The hares declared this spot to be a mystery (unmarked) beer stop. Although a beer is never to be turned down, surely this was not a legal manoeuvre on their part? Poor Qingdao runner had no way of knowing and continued on, in thirst and ignorance.

Onward through seldom travelled parts of town, the view of the stadium frontage was grand and the nearby playground was appealing. It was so appealing that eventually a hare dropped back to round up the stray playgrounders and shepherd them on to what's really important: the real beer stop. Although this was clearly marked, it was every harrier and harriet's worst nightmare: a shop with no beer. Travesty! Shame! Thankfully, it was quickly rectified by moving on to the next shop. Cold beverages were passed around and received with relish. The hares relished it so much that when the On On! call came, they declared that another ten minutes were required.

An extended ten minutes later, participants strolled through peaceful parkland, along a meandering river in the embrace of Tianjin's only urban hill. Leaving the park, the chalk suddenly stopped. The lone runner, our guest from Qingdao, was feeling unwelcome as he traversed back and forth looking for the next mark. Finally opting to wait for the plodding locals to catch up and assist paid off, and he was on his way once again when they spotted surprise flour to mark an off-road section of trail.

At the home circle, cute and cuddly Maddie turned from Mogwai to Gremlin in response to the RA's welcome/punishment. This prompted some group members to ask how foster Mum Just Nicci managed to flip that switch. She declined to give up the secret, Spermbank retained his fingers, and the merriment continued.

Surprisingly, the trail was deemed a good one, and unsurprisingly the hares were staggering a little on departing. Dreaming of tortillas and tequila, the group reconvened for frivolity and fiesta at Trolley Bar. Happy Cinco de Mayo!