



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
357	Luas Station	Laughanstown Dublin Mountains	26 June 2011	Maurice/Jeremy	Vivien

We'd all been instructed by GOM the previous evening, to catch the Green Line Luas train to Loughinstown, and having bought return tickets, were optimistically hoping we would be returning to Dublin later in the day. GOM was laying the trail and we were relieved to see that he had recruited Jeremy to help him. I say relieved, because many of GOM's previous attempts at laying hash trails have resulted in the poor runners completing trails that were far longer than the estimated lengths of 5 miles, so Jeremy's stabilising presence reassured us that this was to be well planned and a well laid trail. How wrong can you be - but more of that later.

On arrival at Loughinstown station we looked around expectantly hoping to see GOM or Jeremy waiting for us. Not a soul was to be seen, and a moment of panic set in with the realisation that either we had got off at the wrong station or else it was some kind of practical joke. Fortunately Fiona, who obviously had more faith in her husband than we did, found a large arrow which looked very much like a Hash arrow. We decided to follow its direction and found more flour marks; at this point we made the decision to start running and walking the trail, wondering if the Hares had made a late start after their heavy drinking session the night before, and feeling sure we could catch them up somewhere en route.

The trail took us up past the ruins of Pucks Castle to a high peak called Carrickgollogan Hill, with stunning 360° views taking in the Wicklow Mountains and Dublin Bay glistening in the brilliant sunshine. We asked ourselves how many days in the year would one be fortunate enough to see this view in sunlight in this island where it seems to rain most of the time. How GOM managed to organise the weather we'll never know, but we gave him credit for this, because from here on things deteriorated!

We then came to a granite tower which turned out to be Ballcorus Chimney, possibly a ventilation flue for the lead mine.

The five runners were not at their best, it has to be said, because their level of fitness does not usually require them to complete two hashes on two consecutive days, and the Saturday Hash had reduced at least four of them to a slow plod. Fortunately Colin explored and eliminated all the false trails for us but even he showed signs of struggling as Vivien managed to maintain the lead for at least 10 yards!

The route seemed to go on forever and we blamed our slow progress on our general lack of stamina. It wasn't until we checked John's Garmin at the end we realised we'd actually run a total of 9 miles. How could this be, when the efficient Jeremy had laid most of the trail? When we found the two hares, they confessed that there had been a map-reading error. According to Jeremy (who insisted he was entirely blameless in this episode), GOM had misread the map for the second half of the route, and instead of a five mile hash, we'd been forced into a nine mile test of endurance. Whether this was GOM's idea of a little joke or a genuine error, we'll never know. Fiona had been asked to wait for the walkers at a suitable point and redirect them back the way they had come, to avoid the disaster that would have resulted if they'd missed their flights due to having to complete a longer than anticipated walk.

Brian who had struggled back with the rest of the runners was oblivious to the bright red colour one of his shoes had turned, until it was pointed out to him. When he was persuaded to remove his shoe for the entertainment of everyone, we were impressed to see the end of his toe was missing, and his double socks were dripping with blood. What an exciting end to a memorable Hash!

Nevertheless we forgive you GOM for putting us through such pain, because the weekend in Dublin was brilliant!