



## PORTO INVICTA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

### Run # 17 - 16<sup>th</sup> August 2025

#### Porto Invicta Hash Trash – Feira's Fruity Fandango

Santa Maria da Feira had just finished its medieval cosplay festival — knights, wenches, turkey legs, and questionable tights. Once the peasants stumbled home and the carpark reopened, the city was finally ready for something truly barbaric: **Porto Invicta Hash**.

At the castle's foot, a modest but dangerous pack assembled. Major Clanger and The Vampire brought decades of "experience" (mostly in finding trails that don't exist), while two fresh virgins, Just Isa & Just Sandra nervously awaited their fate. Presiding over this masterpiece of madness was our hare, Mark Sex who had already managed to confuse herself before we'd even left the carpark.



After a chalk talk that achieved nothing but puzzled looks, we were hurled into the woods. Straight away, chaos: the castle was encircled, the Quinta invaded, and Major Clanger conducted a forensic grotto search for trail that never bloody existed.



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Eventually, we stumbled out of the park and hit... the cemetery gates. Why? Because the hare had "second thoughts." Or maybe she just wanted us measuring up coffin sizes.



Improvising madly, the pack wriggled round the church — and there was Mark Sex herself, looking smug like this had been the plan all along. Then came a charge up through town, past the library, onto the shiny new *passadiço* by the Rio Caster, and a completely unnecessary scramble up the railway embankment. Did it make sense? Nope. Did our hare enjoy watching us suffer? Oh yes.

Over the quiet rails, past a chapel, and salvation appeared: the **pitstop**. A glorious hidden sack of beer and biscuits, guarded like pirate treasure. Virgins thought this was elegant. The rest of us knew it was just foreplay.







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But bliss was short-lived. A **closed check of doom** followed, with cruel check-backs that sent Swing Low bolting down some random road. (He still hasn't been spotted since. If anyone finds him, please return to Porto.) Meanwhile, the trail continued — no regrouping, no mercy, just the Porto Invicta way.

A ridge crossing rewarded us with a hedge of ripe blackberries that waylaid our virgins entirely. They were happily stuffing themselves until Mark Sex cracked the whip and marched them back onto trail. (Should virgins always be waylaid in a fruity hedgerow? Could be a fine new Porto Invicta tradition... Answers on a postcard...)



Then: forest detours, a tease of tarmac, more fruity temptations, and finally a **glorious hashy woodland run** featuring:

- A troll-guarded wobbly bridge.
- A humiliating duck-or-limbo challenge.
- And, at last, the grand *passadiço* sweeping us triumphantly to the **ON HOME**.





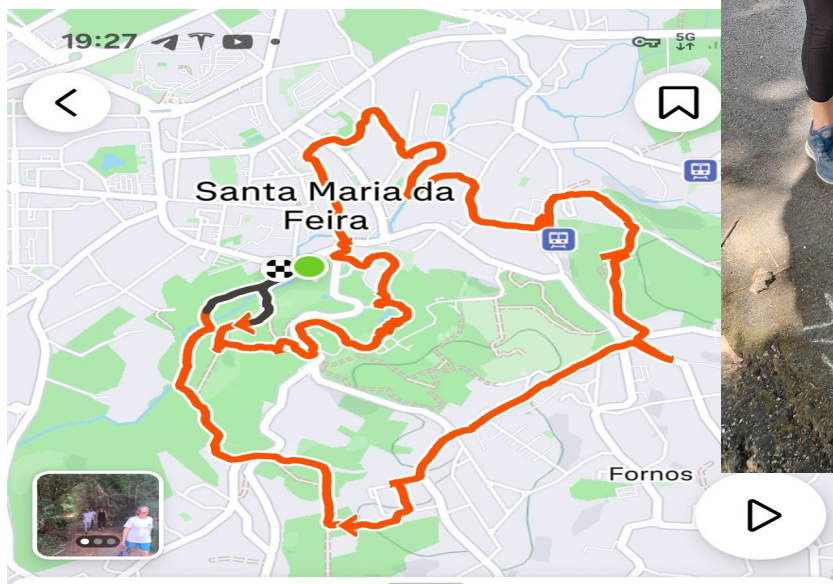


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The best part? Our local virgin — who's lived in Feira over 30 years — confessed she'd *never once* been led down those secret trails.

That's right: **Porto Invicta Hash corrupts, confuses, and conquers where history never dared.**

**All roads now lead to Porto Invicta Hash #18, August 30th - ON ON! 🍺**



**Hamish Low**

📍 Today at 2:37 PM · Santa Maria da Feira, Portugal

### Porto Invicta hash 17

Santa Maria da Feira by Mark Sex

Distance  
**8.40 km**

Moving Time  
**1:53:03**

Calories  
**452 Cal**

Elevation Gain  
**203 m**

Steps  
**9,654**

Avg Speed  
**4.5 km/h**