



Run Number 127, 30 July 2009
Starting at the Cheshire Cheese Pub, Wallasey Village

The Pack: Compo, Overdrive, Sprog, Snoozanne, Cleopatra, Madhatter, Shiteloaf, Aging Porn Star, Slot Machine, Alternative Entrance. **The Co-Hares:** 10 seconds, fcuk & Cyril the Viking

When 10" told me the area he had chosen for our run, I was intrigued and told him

>I've often driven past this area looked down at the bridges (footbridges right?) and thought that it would be great to have a hash down there<

He replied...

Yes there's a surprisingly intricate network of paths through the marshy wasteland around the railway/motorway/dual carriageway/rivers. It reminds me of JG Ballard or Ian Sinclair if you know any of their novels... *Concrete Island* or *London Orbital*.

So here we had it; MTH3 meets a bit of science fiction.

Many years into the future, after Armageddon, nature will slowly begin to reclaim the debris of the 21st century. One of the few groups to thrive in this dystopia are a curious heterogeneous tribe who navigate their way through the wastelands by means of arrows, blobs and other strange symbols scratched into the earth. They communicate to each other by means of a repeated single syllable cry 'ON' which although they seem blissfully unaware of it, is probably a reference to the activation of a form of energy known as electricity in the distant past. They have a primitive form of religion which involves chanting and the imbibing of intoxicating liquor.

Little did we know that 10"'s part of the trail would lead back in time and not forward. The meteorological conditions were good at the off. Here is our first MTH3 rainbow!

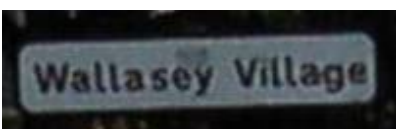


The pack gathered at the Cheshire Cheese for the customary hash flash.



I

I am taking the photo from the first check, out in the middle of a traffic island in



The pack were whizzing every which way at the start which was a five-way check. They soon had the right trail sniffed out and headed down to the check on



I must apologize for Madhatter; he was feeling peckish and bit the corner off my photograph. Soon we had passed into the network of walkways and footbridges over the marshland with the railway on one side and the M56 roaring above.



Then we had an aerial regroup above Bidston station.



There were runners galore on these runways. I was distributing MTH3 business cards all over the place. Once we had crossed the bridge and bid Bidston station farewell (for now), the regulars knew that Bidston Hill was beckoning. Now in recent times we have had the infamous 'sidecar' hash (Run Number 75) when Carless whisper and fcuk took on a CT trail by ourselves. Would he give us the nod at the five way from the Tesco, just near here. Would he hell....Then we have had the son et lumière spectacular of run number 107 with the BBQ afterwards. What is it about Bidston and here we are again on run number 127. What is it about Bidston and the MTH3 number seven?

We chugged up the hill and into the woods. Suddenly 10" was gesturing for us to stop and look at a rock.



All the terrain here is covered with flat rock surfaces, but after more finger stabbing, the Pack gradually made out....



A sun goddess – well that's what he persuaded us all that it was anyway....

Then we were enveloped by an awful stench. No one said anything, but I'm sure that all of us just hoped that we would carry on running until we would emerge out of the miasma at the top. Hang on, 10" was beckoning again. What would it be this time? Some wit made a comment about a Viking cesspit... But no, he had brought us up here to see a warrior carved into the rock.



Can't you see it? I am sure it is behind these ferns.



This is when someone made a comment about him bringing us up here to see his childhood imaginary friend. He didn't object and soon the friend had a name – Cyril the Viking. He is the inspiration for this trail and has been included as honorary co-hare.

That wretched pong lined my nostrils for the next half an hour...

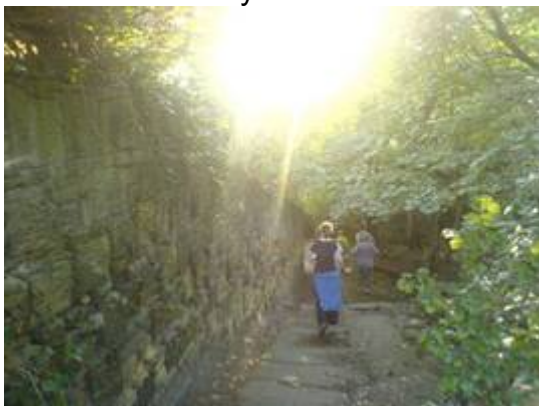
Finally we got to the top and to the eerie deserted old site of the Proudman Oceanographic Laboratory. Study the ocean from the top of a hill, but several bods quipped on about the moon and the tides. I think it is a secret nuclear missile launch pad myself or a prime-ministerial terrestrial escape vehicle ejector... Science fiction again?



We took the winding paths down, but our historian for the day had one more surprise to show us. A Viking horse, clearly refreshed and embellished by Wirralites in the recent past, but visible nonetheless. I believed him, thousands wouldn't, but I did.



We made our way further down



and emerged into suburban civilization (or is that a contradiction in terms...?)



Now you may think I have led a sheltered existence, but I only thought that mobile shops did the rounds in very rural areas, but the residents of this street could get their fags and booze from here.



The bisexual markings gave it away...



I must have been tiring because the effort below is the only photo I have of the beautiful wetland landscape which formed my part of the trail.



It was a glorious evening, so unlike the wet weather that we had had all week.

There was a long run in via Cross Lane and Leasowe Road. I didn't get pictures of scandalous shortcutting by Cleopatra and APS and also of Sprog's surprise at running onto a CB2 after the on in had been called. I had to have a bit of fun with the Pack before I led them back. The last trick was bit of wall walking before a dismount and on onto the Cheshire Cheese.



The circle soon formed around a classy picnic table. Inspired by her Beatles run extravaganza, Snoozanne did cheese for starters, main course and pudding. It included: baguette and Brie, cheesecake among many many other things.

The MTH3 virgin, Aging Porn Star (you are welcome) and returnees of all forms were toasted as were the co-hares (mead had been provided for Cyril the Viking)



I was inspired to spread around a little bit of the joy of the spread and offered a passing Labrador a piece of cheesecake that the other hashers were urging me to throw up in the air and catch in my mouth. This piece was the size of a tennis ball, the Labrador managed it easily.



The image of Cyril was sourced here. Yes, Cyril is a Wirral Viking.

<http://www.wirral-education.org.uk/OnlineGames/history/FunNameGenerator.asp>

(accessed 13th August 2009)

THANKS TO CLEO FOR USE OF HER CAMERA AND FOR GETTING THE
PHOTOS TO ME.