



15<sup>th</sup> July 2010  
Run Number 153  
West Kirby, 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Hilbre Island Run

**The Pack:** Snoozanne and Madhatter (Hares); ET, Sprog, Cleo, Tia Maria, Overdrive, OTT, Aunty Cyclone and his better half, AE, Compo and FCUK

First there was a hosepipe ban, then there was a week of heavy rain, then there was a storm forecast. Yes the scene was set for the annual Hilbre Island Run. As Compo put it:

It's a Thirstday week.

The tides are right.

Snoozanne and Mad Hatter are ready.

It must be time for the 3rd annual Hilbre run.

In the 'run up' emails were exchanged about who would go for a swim

Snoozanne: Anyone else taking their swim suit???

10" appeared to make a hasty exit at the very mention of cozzies:  
I won't make it myself, terrified of being unceremoniously forced to disport myself in a bathing costume... 10 secs

Tia Maria was very clear: As a hot blooded very Spanish (more than ever!!) person, I do not think I can go into English water...  
See you on Th TM

AE, too was firmly in the non-bathing camp:

As a sensible, clear thinking individual I am also not able to go in English water...at least not in West Kirby; AE

Here is CT's response to that:

If you are a "sensible, clear thinking individual" why are you Hashing? CT

And the Hare threw down her gauntlet once again

Snoozanne: I plan to disport...

Meanwhile on another planet, two blokes were talking about socks.....

FCUK: forget the swimsuit; give your sealskinz socks an outing!

Compo: Good plan.

I'll introduce them to the seals on Hilbre whilst I'm there.

Both of them turned up in these waterproof breathable socks, but we will see that the outcome for one was very different from the result for the other...

The pack were duly hashflashed



There was much debate about whether doing one flour arrow pointing to the beach constituted a 'hare', but this was soon abandoned as we headed for the open sand.



There were falls and injuries:



Tia Maria's arms fell off due to the cold....





But the pack were undaunted and arrived on the island via little and middle eye. Then something crazy happened, what I thought was bravado, turned into the Hibre Island chapter of the polar bears club



And then she was the first to take the plunge...



Meanwhile Compo tried to warm himself by the fireplace at the old lifeboat station





And FCUK, tried to warm himself by ingesting G&T



Everybody caught on to this. THANKS for DRINKS OTT



The rain which had stayed mainly on the plain, now came in across the island...

And we were soaked through, but hey, we were on our way back....



Then there was the matter of the BBQ we had promised ourselves.... Given the choice between chez Snoozanne and the beach most people demurred, but one lone voice said, beach and then the whole pack headed lemming-like to the sand, before calling it a day before getting there as the watery stuff started coming down from the sky again. Someone will write a theory of history one day about the effect of the lone (crazy) voice in history. Something along the lines of.... Then this bloke came along pulling a huge wooden horse and said, I have spent weeks carving a hole in it, how's about we all climb in and then surprise the Trojans..... She isn't called OTT for nothing folks....

Well, this time a semblance of sanity prevailed and we had a lovely indoor BBQ at Snoozanne's where FCUK admitted he had had his waterproof breathable socks which do not let water in but let perspiration out..... INSIDE OUT.....