



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

3 November 2011 Run Number 189, Lingdale Road, West Kirby

Ah, great timing, the rain started as the pack assembled: 10 Secs, OTT, Cleo, Overdrive, FCUK, Compo (armed with his prelube for comfort) and the hares Madhatter and Snoozanne.



Gentle at first, we soon had driving squalls as we criss-crossed the waterfront around the edge of the marine lake.

Soon we looked like this:



A half-hearted offer by the hares to run only part of the trail was roundly rejected (well, that's what I'm saying, goodness knows what we were thinking) and we pressed on. As we had a trail of two-halves. 50% each for each hare, we had the curious effect of occasionally being led astray by the one hare herself.... thus inadvertently increasing the hashing effect. Marvellous, just as nature had intended.

We headed inland and also along the western part of the peninsula with the rain abating somewhat. These guys really knew their back alleys, the sign of a misspent youth in these parts?



Here they are looking very shifty on a street corner. Would you buy a 'line of chalk' from these guys?



We passed Dr Who's Tardis which had just lifted off from a local housing estate



Actually the trail had lasted amazingly well. The Hares had probably used 'strong' flour (anyone spot the 'baking joke' there?). Half-baked you say....anyway here's the proof is in the pudding!



Here is FCUK contemplating his functioning sealskin socks (right way round this time boyo?)



And compo (earlier) putting a brave face on a sodden fleece which had increased the poor guy's bodyweight by 20% or so he claimed....



After a while we reached a lovely viewpoint over the Dee estuary. We lost Madhatter for a moment. It is always a bit disconcerting when 50% of your insurance policy goes missing. However, here he is emerging through the gloom



Then it was onwards and upwards from the shore to the nearest hill. Madhatter and FCUK became SCBs as they took the low road and Cleo courageously took to them there hills following the pack who put some altitude between them and the street. We all met up again at the monument with the lights of Talacre and North Wales in the distance.



OTT quietly contemplates her Walian home...



Oh why did I come out tonight?

Then we ran to the war memorial with a couple of deft falsies thrown in, the one I liked best was where the trail was on a tiny path set above the road to the right. Here we are all arrived. We were rapidly drying out.



Lovely view again and proof of the ascent



The falsie at the top was a real bugger, meanwhile the bugger in question had bugged off to do something in his van... all was to be revealed. We finally found the trail and headed downwards, along the slippery stones, back into suburbia. Then there were some glorious leg-stretchers on our way down before we crossed the railway tracks and magically enough (to a non local like the sub-cribe) emerged into West Kirby streets now full of puddles.

The lights were on in the van. We knew the Hares had the beer, but they also had.... warm vegetable soup. No picture of it but it was green and chunky. DELICIOUS and just the thing.

Not quite content and in a rather unorthodox way we headed to the beach for a post-prandial circle.

Our sins had already been largely washed clean by the rain, so we concentrated on supping up and celebrating bonfire night with four rockets. It wasn't rocket science, but Overdrive demonstrated his engineering genius by realizing the crazy idea of lighting a firework whose fuse had broken, with.... an upside down sparkler. Then we attempted to spell out MTH3 with the sparklers



getting...." * * C M " !!!!! Oh well...Thanks to the hares for a lovely run. Look at the difference in our countenances from the grim start to the smiles at the end.



ON ON INN to Weatherspoons round the corner!