



**9th February 2012  
Run Number 198**

**West Kirby**

**Hare: Mad Hatter**

**Pack: FCUK, OTT, Compo, ET, Snoozanne**

**It was pouring before, during and after the run.**

**The hardy pack gathered in the car park near the station on MH's home patch,  
huddling together for warmth...**



**No, we didn't set the public park behind us alight to provide much-needed  
warmth...**



**Now, the hash flash asked the assembled pack to draw closer, so future  
generations could see the expressions on their faces and get a better idea of  
the weather conditions. OTT's face and Mad Hatter's jacket tell it all.**

Those of you who have run with MH, will know that his superior local knowledge and large family both sides of the water mean that he can frequently disappear during a run. This will be either to get chips or to have a good old natter in the front room his auntie/brother/cousin who lives down the lane along which which we are running. This time, however, as hare, he stayed with us to treat us to a *tour de force* (French for 'forced yomp' perhaps?) of his back yard.

I never knew that West Kirby had so many open back alleys (is that rude?). I am sure that we ran down them all, well marked in trail chalk that has long since washed downriver.



A sodden ET struggles to find some loose change for the ON INN

The down downs and circle have also faded into the 'missed' of time!

We retired to that forgotten pub on the green near the start and sat down in the warm to think of summer.