



20th August 2015

Run Number 299

Hilbre Island Run and BBQ

The Pack Snoozanne and Mad Hatter (Hares), 10secs, VR, Cleo, Overdrive, Carthief, ET, Wigan Pier

This was the traditional annual Hilbre Island run set by Snoozanne and Mad Hatter. As your scribe cycled into West Kirby, he observed Snoozanne and Mad Hatter proceeding in their camper van along Meols Drive. With a cheery wave they turned off down the wrong road... Navigational issues continued with a phone call from Overdrive (in the car with Cleo, and with Carthief at the wheel) to say that the satnav had capriciously taken them to Wallasey and they would consequently be late. But finally we were all gathered in the correct spot and there followed some discussion of appropriate footwear and some bad cases of sock envy with complaints that the newer 100-run hash issue sealskin socks looked fancier than earlier ones.



The pack were told by Snoozanne that the sole instruction was that there were no instructions and after assembling for the obligatory photo



we were on our way. We headed first for Little Eye



ET approaching Little Eye

where after a tentative move by the FRBs to proceed onward to Middle Eye, we were chastised by Snoozanne for running through a regroup and summoned back. It appeared there were some instructions after all; but it was hard to complain since one of the instructions turned out to be to drink prosecco (apparently one of the last bottles left in the country) in anticipation of the 300th anniversary of the hash.



Mad Hatter bestows an affectionate glance on the prosecco

The instructions were followed to the letter.



Mad Hatter then turned back for the shore to prepare the barbecue



while the rest of the pack ambled across to Hilbre via Middle Eye





and engaged in the traditional activities such as bird spotting (we identified cormorants, oystercatchers, tern and those funny little grey birds you always see on beaches) and seal spotting



which did finally produce the desired results.



There was also the obligatory clambering around on the rocks.



We then made our way back to the shore where Mad Hatter already had some sausages on the go. However the cooking process was slow (they don't make sausages like they used to—full of gobbets of fat to drip into the flames) and so we had the circle while we waited.

Down downs were awarded to:

The hares (Mad Hatter and Snoozanne)

Car Thief, Overdrive and Cleo (Slavish reliance on satnav resulting in diversion to Wallasey)

Snoozanne (Issuing instructions after promising there wouldn't be any)

Wigan Pier (for complaining that the beach was wetter than it had been two years ago)

Overdrive and Cleo (risking marital discord in the course of the design process for the Run 300 T-shirt)

Overdrive (Hashy Birthday for today)

10" (for incurring wet feet by failing to wear the Run 100 sealskin socks on the one run they would have been useful)

Mad Hatter (for non standard footwear more appropriate to an NFU outing than a Hash—see photos)

10" (for introducing ET into the list of participants in early editions of the Run 298 Trash, after mistaking himself for ET in the Hash Flash)

Even after all these down downs there was a lingering doubt about the readiness of the sausages



but Snoozanne gamely tried one and pronounced it warm almost all the way through, so we all tucked in—and in fact they were delicious. But it was clearly going to be some time before the beefburgers and veggie grub were ready



and so we flouted convention by having the dessert course first.



Snoozanne prepares the scones (or is it pronounced scons?)

Finally all the food was consumed and the flames dowsed and we struck camp; another very enjoyable summer outing—and only the lightest sprinkling of rain...