



4th February 2016

Run Number 311

Old Harkers Arms, Chester

The Pack: Anticyclone (Hare), Compo, Overdrive, Cleo, Carthief, 10secs, Snoozanne, fcuk, VR, Hansel, OTT, Under the Table (UTT)

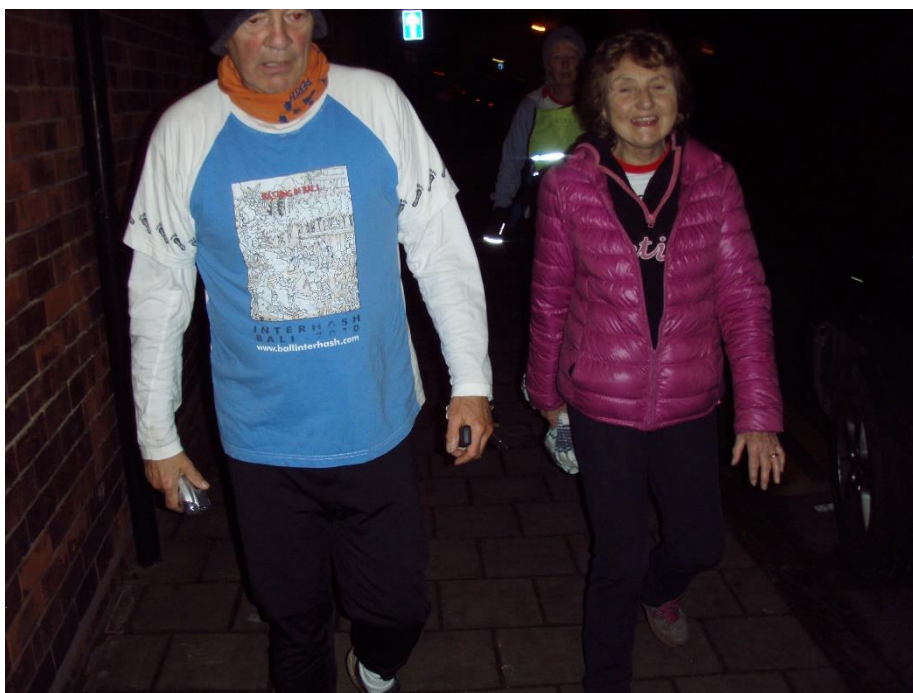
The pack gathered in the familiar and welcome surroundings of the Old Harkers Arms. We were joined by a newcomer from the Ukraine, Under the Table, whose mother turned out to be another OTT (in this case standing for Over The Table).



Under the Table's footwear excited some comment as being more appropriate to the frozen Russian steppes than to a relatively balmy Chester.



The trail started with a cunning loop around the Harkers Arms which fooled some of the pack who interpreted the second part of the loop, spotted on their way from the station, as the first part.



Some of the pack were having more fun than others...

The trail then led past St Johns church and down to the suspension bridge and over the river. At the entrance to Chester Meadows the hare confessed that he had intended to take the trail through the meadows but had been deterred by a minor matter of some floodwater. The trail therefore looped around via Meadows Lane and to a sign for "Paradise".



This turned out to be very apt since AC had thoughtfully parked his car here, laden with flasks of gluhwein and luxury mince pies.



The pack tucked in gratefully.



ET then queried whether “paradise” should be spelt ending with “dice” which somehow led to a discussion on the phrase “the die is cast” in English and Latin and whether the phrase had been spoken by Caesar on crossing the

Rubicon. The conversation led via the meaning of “possum” to CT’s remark “*Semper in excreta sumus solum profundum variat*”. This was shortly to prove quite prescient. Continuing the trail, 3 members of the pack did a sneaky shortcut to the Old Dee Bridge avoiding a diversion along the river. But the gravity of this offence was as nothing to what then ensued. Half the pack followed CT over the bridge



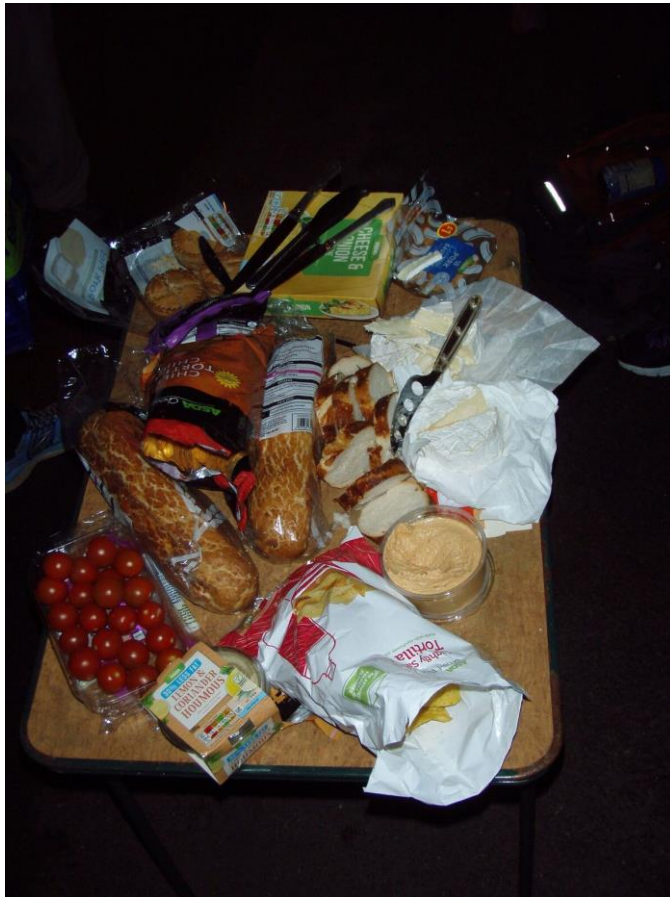
where the trail was found heading up Bridge Street and up onto the Rows (and back down again, and back up again...).



A cross check?...

However it gradually dawned on them that the hare was nowhere to be seen, nor were the rest of the pack. They quelled their mounting anxiety with the recollection that the hare had mentioned driving part of the way back to the

On Inn, and nothing daunted returned via the Walls and the canal to the On Inn. Here they waited...and waited....and set up the food conveniently under the canal bridge...and waited some more, restraining themselves with some difficulty from tucking in. It was some time until the remainder of the pack limped into view, having completed a fairly major extra loop along the river westwards and back.



A table laden with food soon restored everyone's spirits and consoled the shortcutters for missing the delights of the extra loop.



Down downs were awarded to:

The hare;

UTT: for being disappointed to find that Auntie Cyclone was not in fact an old woman

Auntiecyclone (again) for wimping out of the shiggy by the river

Returnees: VR, Auntiecyclone (again)

Shortcutters: almost everyone

CT then prompted someone else to “remember” that it was his birthday whereupon he was awarded a “spontaneous” downdown

Newcomers: UTT

Since the hare had announced he was going to be setting the run while singing along to “Shooting pigeons in the park” by Tom Lehrer (a reference to incidents which may eventually be reported on in earlier trashes, if that makes sense), Overdrive treated us to a tinny rendition of the song on his i-phone before we decided we were too cold and retired to the pub.