



14th April 2016

Run Number 316

The Edinburgh, Wavertree, Liverpool

The Pack: fcuk, Carthief (Co-hares), Compo, Overdrive, Cleo, 10secs, Max, ET,UTT, Wigan Pier

The pack convened in the cosy surroundings of the Edinburgh. There was some brief consternation and checking of watches when Wigan Pier arrived 10 minutes **before** 7pm. We gathered outside for the photo



and an explanation of the markings; the first co-hare was treating us to markings in luminous chalk of various colours, and there were going to be

some of the renowned Chico Hooks (a triangle indicating that the front-runner should stand on one leg until the whole pack has passed). After unaccountably failing to persuade a couple of passing runners to join us we were off;



down to Wavertree High Street



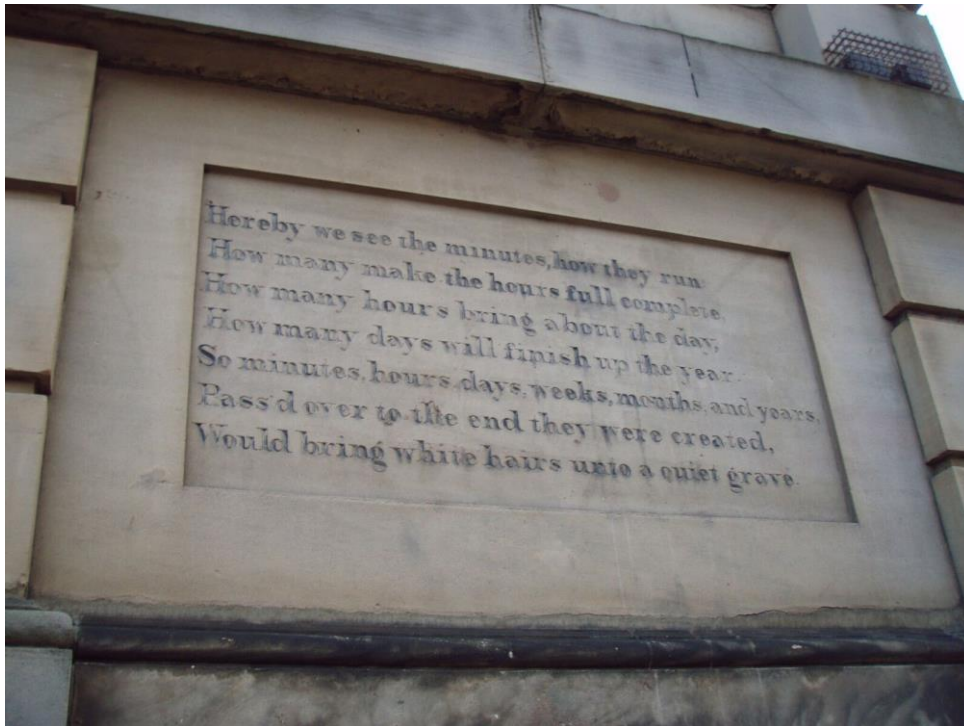
CT encounters the first Chico Hook

and briefly into Wavertree Playground



Compo experiencing the usual difficulty with gaps in fences

before pausing at the Picton Clock Tower and contemplating its sage reflections on the transience of human existence.



Then over the road to similarly contemplate the old lock-up.





The next section of housing estate provided many opportunities for false trails and the pack spread out

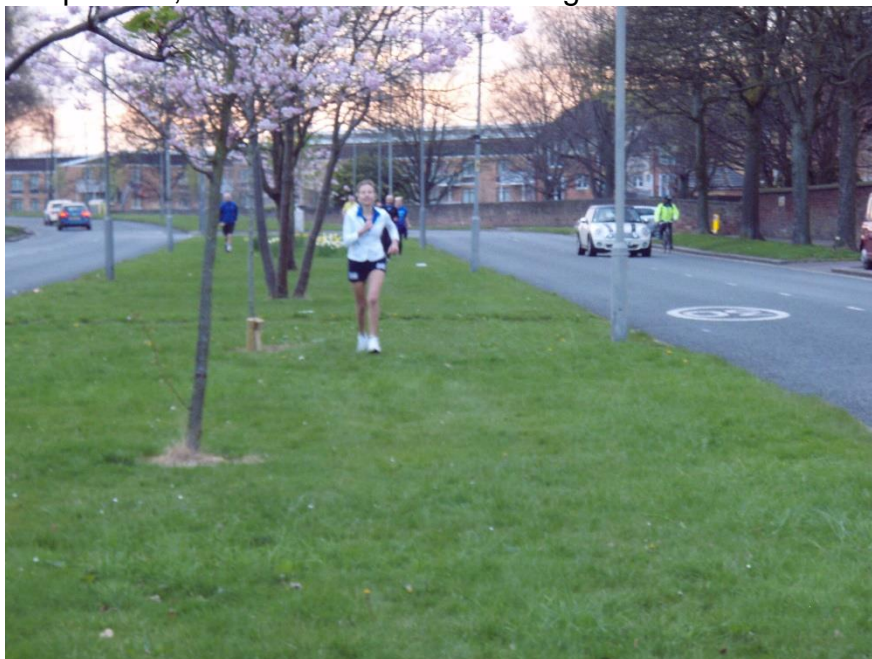


with fcuk cycling behind bellowing and pointing.



Fcuk explaining how to spot a circle...

Despite this, we located the trail heading down the central reservation





The Chico Hook was not always treated in the spirit intended

and up to Childwall Fiveways. A cunning diversion up an alleyway led us back around to Queensway where we found CT had secreted his car, a sign that the changeover of hares was about to take place (and could there be a planned beer-stop?...) Fcuk's last instruction as hare was to look above ground for the check. After a couple of misidentifications of round road signs, someone spotted a tree trunk which had somehow contrived to possess a round hole about 2 feet in diameter and 8 feet above ground.



This was unmistakably the check. 10secs' climbing instincts were awakened and he couldn't resist climbing up and through; the wisdom of this suddenly seeming less obvious on the way down.



UTT then scrambled up, and retreated back the same way; CT selflessly proffering his head as a handy perch for her descent.



It then transpired that there was a handy ladder in CTs boot; and this being fetched, both fcuk and CT made the through trip.





Someone always has to be different...

Our Health and Safety Officer then vetoed further ascents; and unfortunately it had by then become too late for the potential beer stop, so we continued on with CT's section of the trail. We were soon in Wavertree Garden Suburb, a development of somewhat rustic-looking houses in a leafy setting somewhat reminiscent of Port Sunlight.



The ne plus ultra of Chico Hook etiquette

The hare had left us to drive back to the On-Inn and there were points at which there was some uncertainty as to the correct route; though we were reassured at one point when the Hare materialised ahead of us as if by magic to point us in the right direction. Indeed it was not long before we were back in the neighbourhood of the pub where we deployed the food and drink.

Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hares

Wigan Pier (for arriving early and also wearing earrings and losing one)



Wigan Pier before suffering earring loss...



...and after.

CT (for gallantry...beyond the call of booty, as some said)—CT insisting at this point on recreating the incident in question...



CT recovering after a taxing evening of damsel support duty

The night was getting chilly by this time and the idea of a swift retreat to the pub seemed more appealing than seeking further nominations. We found ourselves huddled in a corner of the bar since a tense crowd was watching the exciting end of the Liverpool-Borussia Dortmund game.



Fcuk overjoyed by the Liverpool victory?...