



26th May 2016

Run Number 319

The West Kirby Tap, West Kirby

The Pack: 10 secs (Hare), Overdrive, Cleo, Compo, Snoozanne, UTT, ET, CT, fcuk, Cykr, Victim

The pack gathered in the congenial surroundings of the West Kirby Tap. We were joined by a new recruit, who was soon regaling us with a bloodcurdling tale of how he had acquired his hash name "Victim", namely being held up at gunpoint while crossing a rubbish dump in Mexico City. It seemed best to save the stories of our own hash names for another time—one can have too much excitement after all. Anyway, news then reached us that fcuk and Cykr were running late but their arrival was imminent, so we went outside to await them.



Anticipation mounts as fcuk and Cykr's arrival time approaches



And can it be?...Yes, here they are!

The traditional group photo was finally taken





and the Hare explained the markings, including his trademark runic symbol for an ex-arrow, and the “ER” sign which indicated an escape route (and not, as some wag suggested, a “By Royal Appointment” sign). And then they were off; around the back of West Kirby Concourse and then along Carpenters Lane, one of many rustic little alleyways in West Kirby.



Some proceeded at a relatively sedate pace



And some couldn't curb their enthusiasm

The trail then led into Ashton Park, avoiding the obvious temptations of the Wirral Way; past the lake





If cute ducks are your thing, there are lots more of these on Hash Flash...

...to a regroup



where we stood in silent contemplation of a shrine in honour of one of our own members.



It was then up Church Road where a checkback led up another Echo Lane, another rural byway; then along Village Road and Wetstone Lane and out onto the sylvan expanses of Caldry Hill.



A spontaneous regroup was declared at a bench enjoying a magnificent view over towards Wales and a lively debate ensued as to the aesthetic merits of windfarms.



Hash Flash was in her element, and this is probably the place to note that the Hash Flash (the webpage not the person) contains a series of very fine photos of the sunset.



Sunset (plus windfarm)





There was also an intrusion of current politics as it was noticed that the Vote Leave EU referendum campaign had left its mark on the signpost.



The pack showed little inclination to leave the viewpoint but were eventually persuaded it was time to go. The onward trail was found...



and we shortly emerged on Thorsway, where there was an official regroup now surplus to requirements.



At this point the pack displayed the immense breadth of its knowledge and interests, and its tendency to argue endlessly over trivia, with an erudite discussion on the meaning of a house name in Greek. For the record, the best guess seems to be that it is meant to read ``Axiothea'' (though if anything it says Achiothea); apparently she was a female student of Plato who attended his lectures dressed as a man.

The trail then led across the hill to Fleck Lane, where another checkback led to Boundary Lane and out to Caldby Road. Here it was into the woods again, crossing Grammar School Lane and emerging in the Newton housing estate on Covertside; then along Ennisdale Drive, up Gleggsdale through a ginnel to emerge on Black Horse Hill. Here there was the promised ``ER'' sign but no-one availed themselves of the shortcut opportunity. The path led along the side of the erstwhile Black Horse pub, itself now in the throes of one of its frequent image changes (to a Viking-themed establishment, it would appear). Shortly we emerged on Grange Hill. The countryside beyond was bathed in glorious evening sunshine in an idyllic contrast to the grey clouds beyond.



It was of course inevitable that the trail would end up at the War Memorial.



Here yet more sunset photos were taken...





Finally it was down from the hill and down Claremont Road to Darmonds Green.



Someone had left a clue to the trail...



Hash Flash was unable to resist taking photos of any cool cats encountered along the way, and here she has found three at once...

The trail then led down Redhouse Lane, across Orrysdale Road, the railway line and Graham Road onto Meols Drive where the On Inn was found. The food and down-downs were set up on the corner of Dee Lane and Banks Road. The new Hash Food had laid on an impressive inaugural spread including home-made egg mayonnaise.





Indeed, a passing stranger was tempted to join in....



Fcuk and Cleo toast the Austrian election result

On convening the circle, Compo preached a sermon on the topic of an Irish mathematician who was asked to depict the numbers 9, 99 and 100 in pictures. To cut a long story short, the final result was 3 pictures of a dirty tree and a turd.

Down-downs were duly awarded to:

The Hare for a “decent run” and a liberal interpretation of the concept of “Industrial Action” .

Fcuk and cykr: inability to read train timetables

Fcuk and Cleo: For singlehandedly swinging the result of the Austrian election

The whole pack: for failures in “calling”

Cykr: for being conscious and able to stand upright despite finishing his exams that very day.

UTT: for convincing the Border Agency that her knowledge of cricket and the offside rule justified the award of a visa.

Newcomer: Victim

Returnees: Mad Hatter and ET

The new RA (Snoozanne) awarded herself a down-down for her successfully discharging her new responsibilities weather-wise by arranging a fine evening.

Finally we retired to the pub where discussion covered amongst other things the nuances of the English language.