



9<sup>th</sup> June 2016

Run Number 320

Sheridans, Wallasey

**The Pack:** VR (Hare), Overdrive, Victim, Cleo, Cykr, Compo, OTT, 10secs, Hansel, fcuk



We gathered in Sheridans which is the sister pub of the Hare's "own" Clarence and therefore we had high hopes of the beer quality which were not disappointed.

After posing for the usual photo, and being assured there would be a pub stop en route, the trail was discovered heading down Lycett Road, along Beaufort Drive and then under the railway



and onto the playing fields. There had been considerable rain since the hare had set the trail, and though the checks were often still small but perfectly formed,







some of the markings were getting a little the worse for wear. A certain amount of faith and inspired guesswork was necessary as the trail led through undergrowth, briefly out onto Cross Lane and then back into the network of trails in the nature reserve by the motorway.





**OTT often has the feeling of being haunted by an unseen presence**



The hare had created some special interactive checks





**Forensic analysis detects some minute traces of flour**





Eventually a bridge led over a stagnant stream and into the waste ground under the motorway



Then over the railway, across the Wallacre Recreation Ground and back to civilisation



where no-one, including the hare, was able to spot the check nestling unobtrusively a little distance away.

Over Breck Road a path led up to the eponymous Breck, which the Hare informed us was an old quarry where the rock was obtained to build the nearby church.



A kind of rocky tor stood in the middle of a grassy area and a couple of pack members could not resist the challenge.

Continuing via Marlowe Road to the junction with Torrington Road, we found that the Hare had arranged a visit to a road whose name had fond associations...





...though this did not deter Compo from answering the call of nature by the side of a garage over the road.



Shortly we found the “Pub Stop” sign which was very enigmatic since no pub was visible, just what appeared to be a row of shops shut for the night. Compo and 10 secs discovered the secret which was a shop cunningly converted to a small and yes perfectly formed pub. They were instructed by the Hare to keep the secret but Compo nearly gave the game away by standing in front and gazing fondly at the premises.



Once inside we were very impressed. There was a wide range of beers and indeed ciders, a number of which were sampled with the help of the Hare who earned our gratitude by standing around. Sorry that should read “standing a round”. We discussed possibilities and logistics for using this venue as a future ON INN.

Thence it was down Rullerton Road and across Wallasey Road to Belvidere Road then across the cricket pitch, up to Claremount Road and across to Broadway. Here a path led down to Village Road. The Hare had informed us that she had not managed to set an On Inn for some reason (or perhaps this was just an excuse for forgetting where it was) but Sheridans was now in plain sight and we gratefully rushed towards it.

Here we found a splendid spread waiting with cream cheese and cucumber sandwiches amongst other delights.







However the hash beer provision (some kind of fruit/alcohol combo which apparently students drink by the gallon) didn't go down quite so well...





We were joined by VR's taxi driver...

The circle was called and down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare (special mention for excessive use of flour and failure to spot her own checks)

Compo (desecration of the hallowed precincts of Eric Road)

10 secs and Cykr:

Fcuk: Failure to distinguish between "fruit" and "beer"

Finally we repaired to the pub where the room was bedecked with flags ready for the Euro games, so several minutes were passed identifying them all with learned comments about their origins.