



18th August 2016

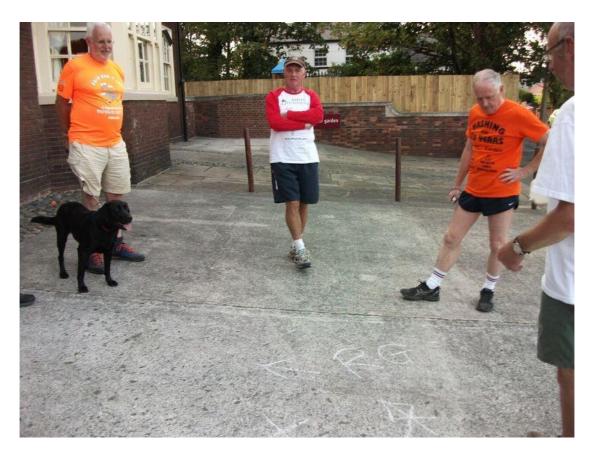
Run Number 326

The Farmers Arms, Moreton

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Cleo, Compo, UTT, Victim, Luna, Carthief, , Mad Hatter, Alastair



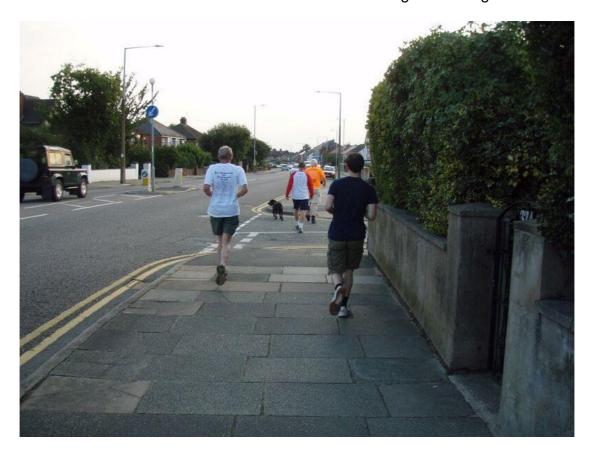
The pack gathered outside the pub, valiantly disguising their disappointment that beer in the pub was apparently Off. The strange sign "Outdoor Department" seemed appropriate in the circumstances.



The hare explained various arcane markings which had been necessitated by the discovery that various features on the A-Z map didn't exist in reality.



After a few minutes of rambling explanation the pack voted with its feet and scattered in various directions while the hare was still gesticulating.

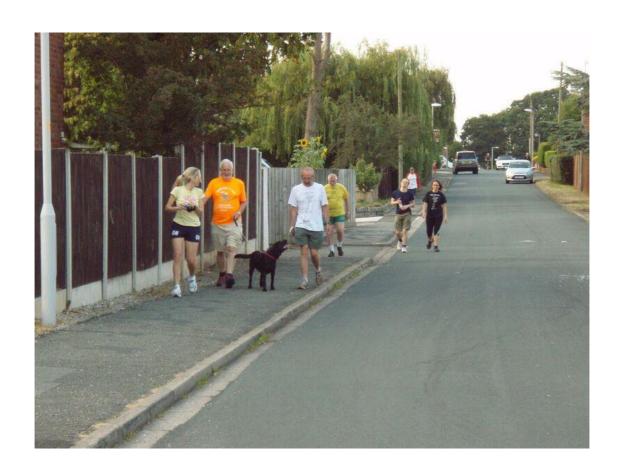


It took some time to find the onward trail as the pack stoutly insisted on disappearing in the wrong direction, but eventually with a few hints the trail was found, eventually emerging on the Hoylake Road.





Here Cleo found herself some unsuitable footwear...



Then it was along Cobham Road into leafy suburbia.

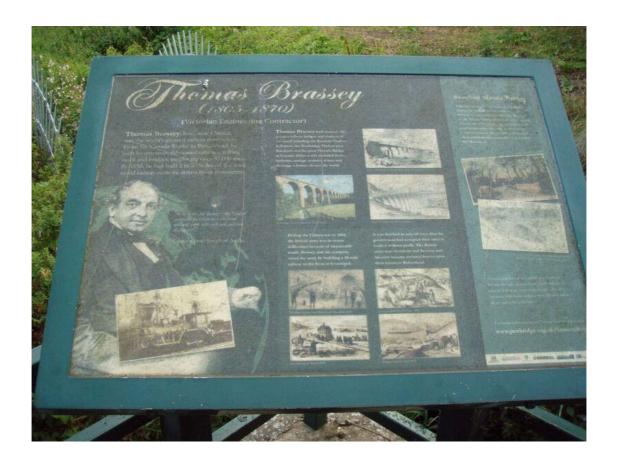


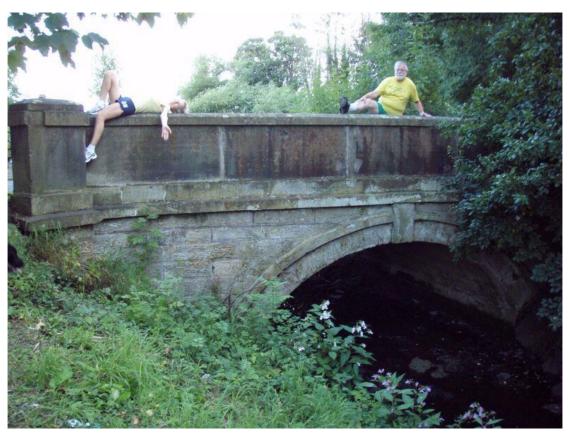
After cutting across country alongside the Arrowe Brook, the hash congregated at a Hash View





Where there was a plaque celebrating the fact that the adjacent bridge was the first to be designed by Thomas Brassey. There was general agreement that it was not bad for a first attempt, as proved by the fact that it was still there.





One member of the pack could not resist a shamelessly provocative display. But UTT sensibly ignored him and had a bit of a lie-down on the parapet.



 \ldots and coincidentally the nearby Saughall Hotel is now apparently recruiting for \emph{all} positions.

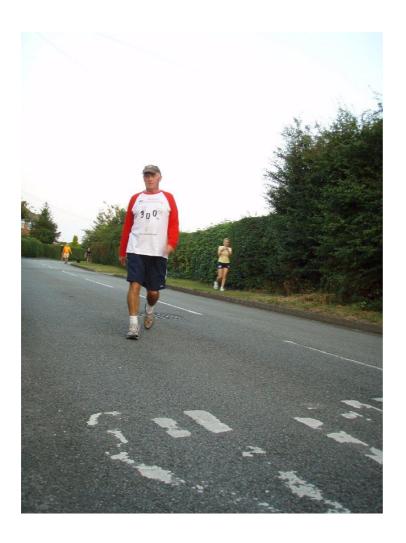


We passed some well-tended gardens with suspicious residents.



The pace was just too much for one pack member...

The trail then passed along Garden Hey Road with a sneaky diversion into Birchfield, where the above photo shows Carthief in flagrante sitting on a check.



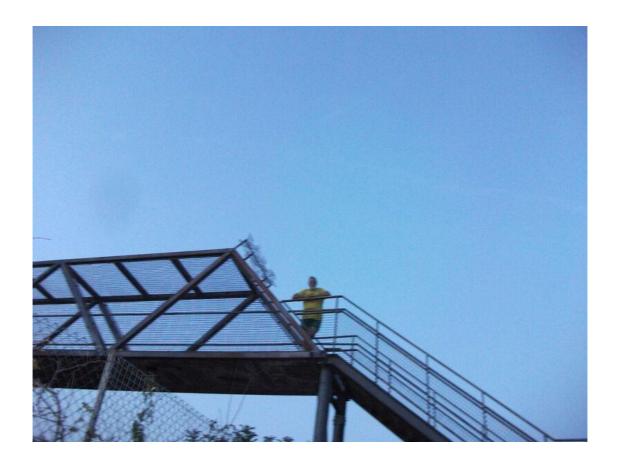
The next check also caused some flummoxment but eventually the trail was followed out onto Saughall Road and to the traffic lights back at Hoylake Road.



Over the road a checkback led to Broster Road and then along a grassy track by the Arrowe Brook.



A couple of bird-themed roads (Tern Way, Curlew Way) led to a patch of grass and then a railway bridge.

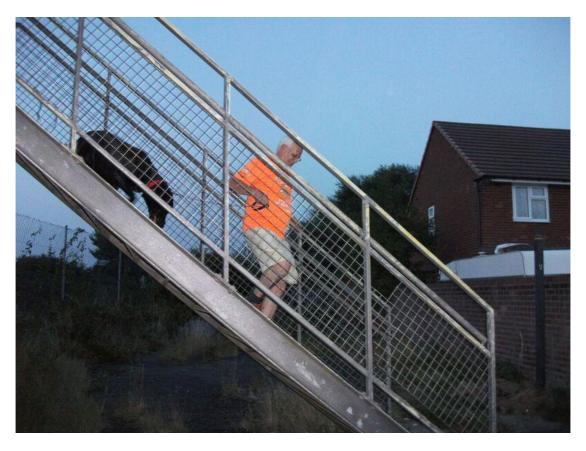




Alastair proudly shows his party trick of making his phone appear to hover by his head



It was then irresistible to cross the railway



(except for Luna who was blamed by Victim for insisting on a short cut back to the pub)



and thence it was not too far before the On Inn was found.



A sumptuous spread awaited us and Cleo had spoiled us by providing a whole pack of radishes.

Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare (too long, not enough shiggy, etc)

The Virgin (Alastair)

UTT, Cleo, Alistair: standing on a check. (We were promised photographic evidence of this which so far has not materialized—but see the earlier photo of CT for another culprit!)

Luna: suicidal tendencies in being unable to resist following anyone crossing a road. (This was taken vicariously by Victim)

Cleo: for being slobbered on (by the dog, we hasten to add).

There was a discussion sparked by UTT who claimed that posh people said "Toodle-oo" and common people said "Toodle-doo". Scepticism was expressed as to whether anything except owls or cockerels said the latter. This elicited a joke from Compo—something about owls not making love in the rain since it was "Too wet to woo". UTT insinuated that he was suspiciously well-informed about the mating habits of these birds. Meanwhile the sight of the full moon prompted a howl from Cleo which was interpreted as a hoot by the rest of the pack...and so on. You probably had to be there... So

quite shortly we were back in the pub where we were gratified to find the beer was back on.	