



24<sup>th</sup> November 2016

Run Number 333

The Brewhouse, Chester (Glühwein Run)

**The Pack:** Overdrive and Cleo (Hare), 10secs, Carthief, Compo, Auntieyclone, Victim, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Hansel

The hares were already relaxing in the pub when most of the pack turned up, despite having set the run after work that evening. This seemed to augur a shortish run, with plenty of time to enjoy the promised glühwein stop.



The trail was located heading along Foregate Street into the town centre but a sneaky passageway led us along and up some stairs (or, for the lazier pack members, into a lift) up to the top of the Tesco multi-storey car park.



Then we crossed Frodsham Street, ducked under the city wall and through the Cathedral Close to emerge by the town hall where a Christmas market was in full swing. It took some time to establish the onward trail but eventually it was found heading down St Werburgh Street where the hares had left a sign inviting us to admire a huge glittering snowflake structure. Another sneaky passage led us down to Eastgate Street where there were more Christmas high jinks taking place and where there was the usual uncertainty as to taking the low road or the high road along the Rows.



Eventually we found our way to Chester Cross and then on the upper level down Watergate Street whence yet another side passage led down to Commonhall Street and then down Pierpoint Court and along White Friars to emerge on the bypass. The trail crossed over and down Greyfriars to the racecourse. Here we were flummoxed for some time near the Architect pub until Mad Hatter discovered the trail heading up a sweeping flight of steps (and couldn't resist treating us to his "Rocky" impersonation). The steps led into a posh hotel (with a glass window in the pavement showing the remains of posh Roman houses underneath). Coming out on Grosvenor Street, the trail led through an imposing portico into the car park outside the County Court; then down St Marys Hill towards the riverside, which was followed almost as far as the suspension bridge before the trail cut up to the St John the Baptist church. Here the pack realised that the Brewhouse was almost within sight; but the recollection that the glühwein stop had not yet taken place led to bittersweet feelings...more running but also more alcohol was in store. In fact the trail led round the church and back down towards the bridge, then along The Groves and Grosvenor Park Terrace where a welcoming sign awaited.



Here flasks of mulled wine and punch produced from the Hares' car were soon releasing heady aromas as they were decanted into cups. A general air of bonhomie spread around despite the rising river mists and fairly freezing temperatures.



There were more delights in store as Cleo also produced a box of chocolate snowmen.



While we were finishing off the drinks a jolly young woman turned up, and appeared unfazed by the group of drunken louts carousing round her car. She was prevailed on to try a snifter of glühwein, and told us that she worked for M&S and was on her way home to Shrewsbury. Compo was clearly unimpressed by this long commute and topped this with his journeys from Glasgow to South Wales—though on further questioning this appeared to have been only once a week and possibly by boat... When she had driven off there was speculation that her number plate (K9 WBY or something) was personalised and must reflect her initials; there was then some racking of brains for girls' names starting with W. Wendy, Wilhelmina, Wanda... I think we missed Winifrid and also shamefully Werburgh after whom the cathedral is named.

A slight logistical problem then ensued since the food was in the car and the On Inn still a kilometre or so away. Carthief and 10 secs came to the rescue and carted the crate between them, even doing some joint checking in this fashion.



...and only just avoiding serious injury when they decided to overtake Hansel on different sides...



Anyway, after a squeeze past some parked cars in a church car park, the On Inn was discovered.



It was decided to have the down-downs in the carpark behind the pub; a series of puzzled employees from various businesses emerged from the rears of their premises to ask what we were doing, and were just about placated by offers of various nibbles. To the delight of the pack, the hares had brought both a panettone and a pack of stolen bites to settle the vexed question raised after last week's run as to the differences or similarities between them. Much comparative tasting seemed required to be absolutely sure...

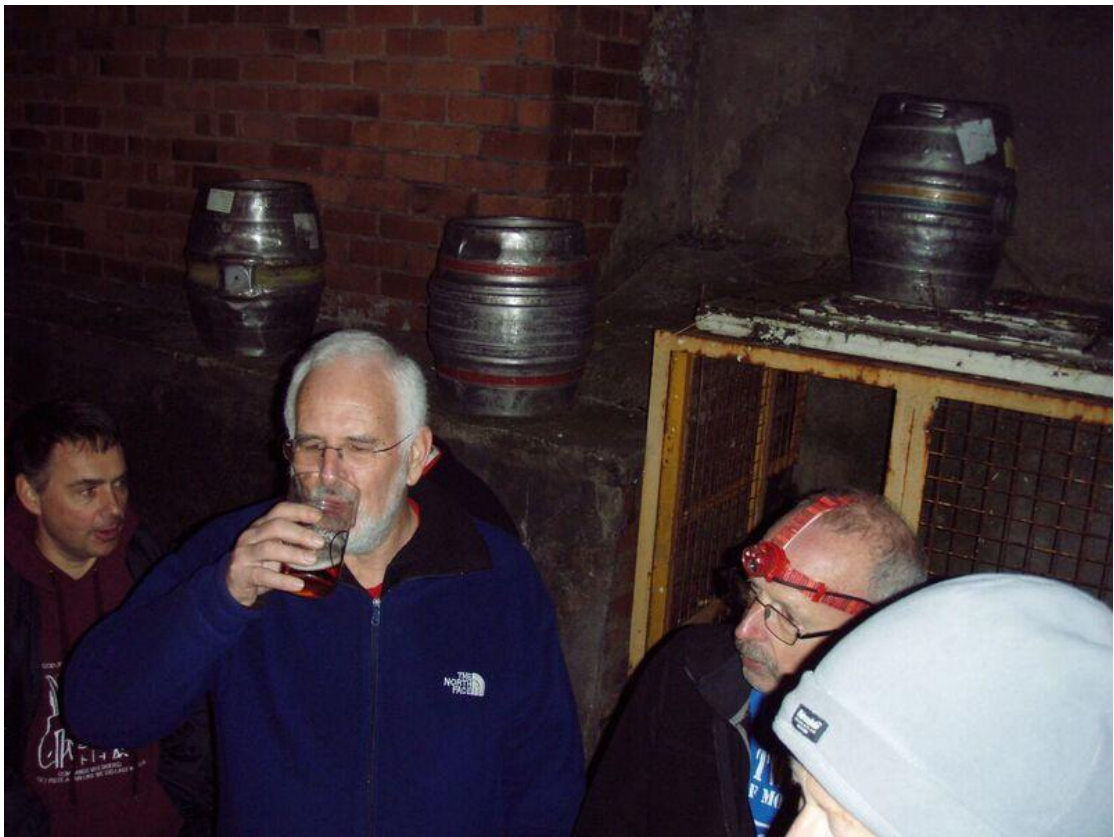


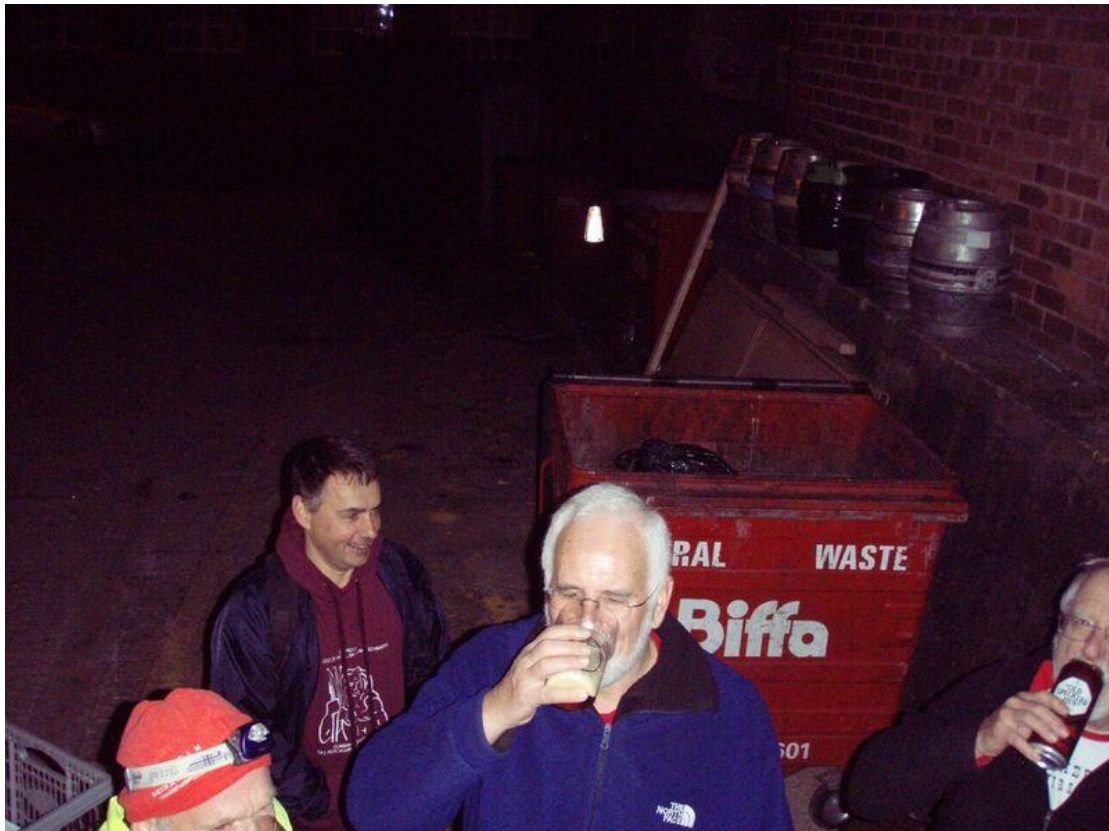
Down-downs were awarded to:





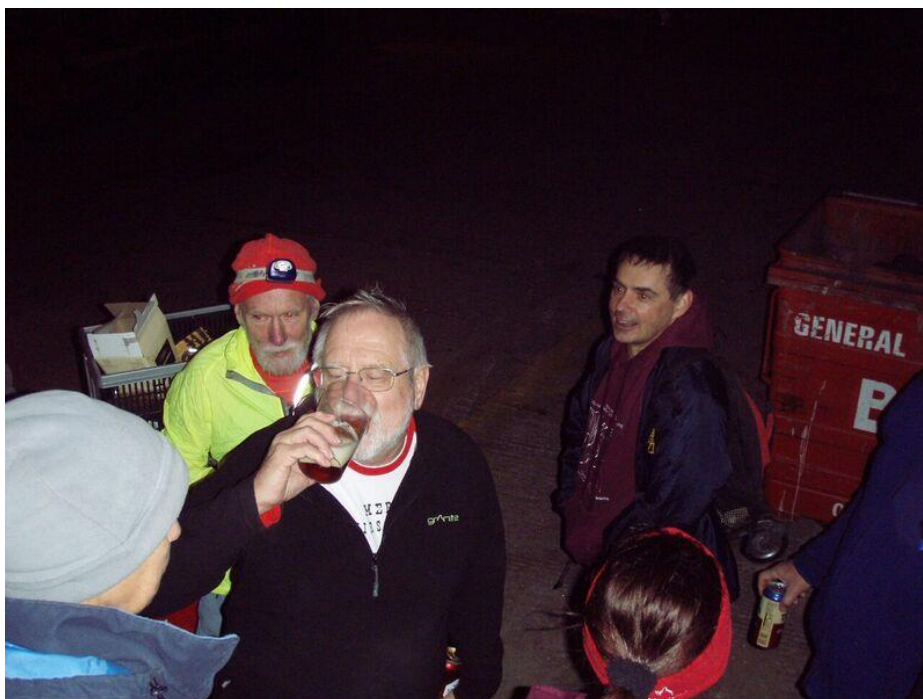
Hansel and Mad Hatter, aka the “LadyBoys” who had been observed following Snoozanne into the ladies’ toilets.





Auntieyclone and Victim: taking the lift rather than the stairs in the Tesco carpark (though Victim claimed he was only “keeping an eye” on Auntieyclone).

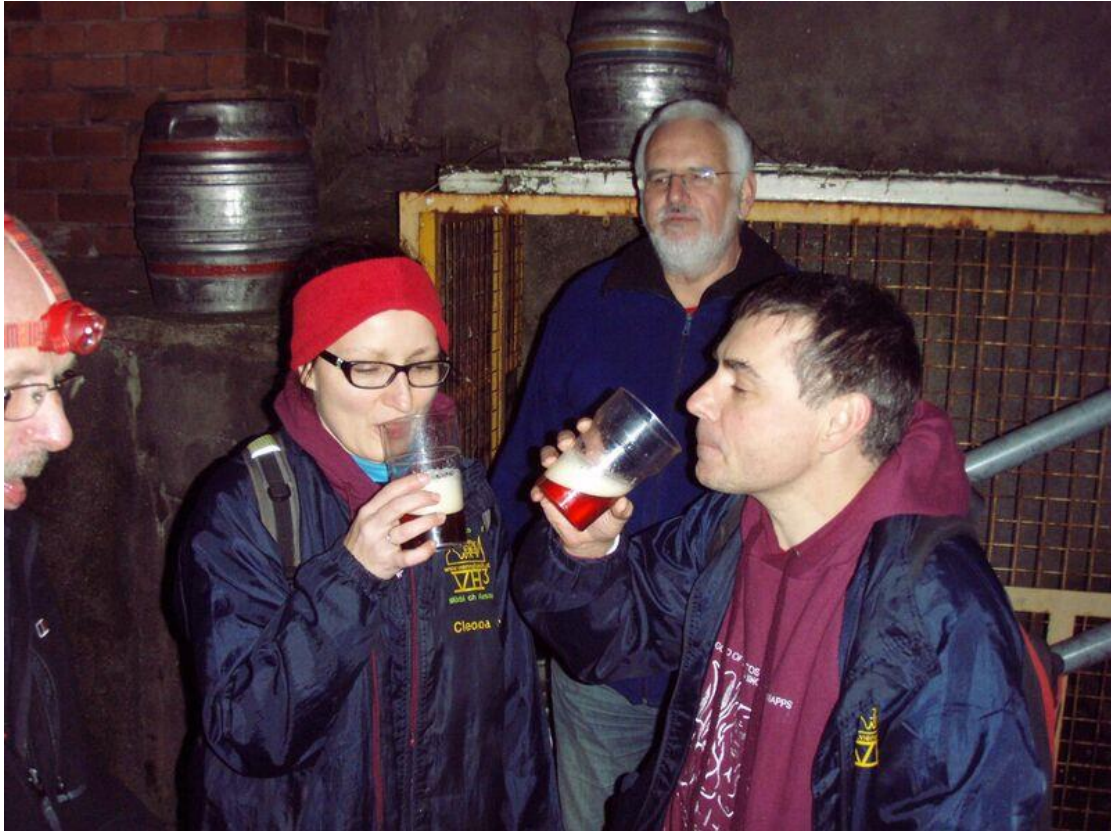
Victim: he had announced he was planning to walk the trail but was nevertheless often miraculously observed to be near the front of the pack.



Compo: for his competitive commuting

Auntieyclone and Hansel: Running through a check

Carthief and 10": services to food transportation



The hares: there were complaints of too much glühwein and not enough shaggy (see last week).

Snoozanne: for her on-line diatribe on the shortcomings of Americans with especial reference to dough appreciation.

We then retired to the pub...