



5<sup>th</sup> January 2017

Run Number 336

The Childwall Abbey, Liverpool

**The Pack:** ET (Hare), 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, cykr, Compo, Carthief, Wigan Pier, Brian.

Forecasters had said it would be the coldest day of the winter and it was certainly pretty parky as we gathered in the Childwall Abbey where there was a cheery log fire burning. There was some slight consternation since Hash Food had succumbed to a lurgy at the last moment. We disconsolately pictured her “feeding her cold” by chomping her way through piles of hash food, probably accompanied by a home-made cake, with the assistance of Overdrive who had nobly stayed at home to keep her (and the food) company. Spirits rose slightly at the idea that the pub might provide food but despite our best efforts at persuasion they were not prepared to keep the kitchen open beyond 8.15. However with the aid of th’internet we established that there was a nearby chippy which would fill the breach.



As we gathered outside, a group of runners were seen approaching at a smart pace. “Aah, this will be the tennis crowd, they promised to come” said the

hare wistfully; but they passed by without pausing; Brian remained the sole tennis club representative. The hare then treated us to a long litany of instructions, most of which were completely misleading (see later).



However he did redeem himself by providing helpful signs indicating hazards ahead...

The trail passed through John Alderman Garden and Lyndene Park before a long stretch along the old railway line and then out onto Belle Vale Road where there was a regroup.



Along Belle Vale Road a checkback led to a gate into Belle Vale Park whence we emerged onto Chilwall Valley Road. A stretch along Shrewton Road was followed by a diversion down to Sarum Road then back to Childwall Valley Road. There was a brief foray into Court Hey Park before taking Thornton Road up to Chelwood Avenue. Here we cut through on a track to Bentham Drive, passing a group of local youths who were surrounded by thick clouds of herbal-smelling smoke and consequently very mellow despite the cold. Emerging on Bentham Drive, Mad Hatter was overcome by nostalgic memories of the time he had worked in an estate agents around here and been narrowly beaten to the purchase of a house by a colleague who had apparently used her wiles to gain an unfair advantage with their boss. If only Mad Hatter had been the one to lean provocatively over the desk while talking in a husky whisper, things might have turned out differently... We then returned to the On Inn via Childwall Valley Road and Score Lane. Here ET had forestalled Hash Chips by running ahead to the chippy, coming back with possibly slightly too few chips (in fact it was computed as roughly 8 chips per person, and some claimed to have had fewer than that).

Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare: It had evidently been a bad-hare day since several offences needed to be taken into consideration; It was alleged that although the individual words in his instructions were quite clear, they made no sense when put together. He was invited to demonstrate his awareness of the distinction between left and right having misled us by stating that all the markings would be on the left, which was a flagrant lie. He had also said that torches would be unnecessary on a trail which made a point of diving into some pretty dark stretches of woodland. He was finally taken to task for promising us a "tennis crowd" which turned out to consist solely of Brian.

Brian: for pretending to be a crowd, and as a returnee.

The RA: for being described as weird twice on this day, once by a work colleague who had spotted her running round Liverpool in a Santa hat, and once on today's run by a woman with a dog with a large arse who had said into her phone on spotting Snoozanne that she was surrounded by weirdos. It was not entirely clear from the story whether the large arse belonged to the woman or the dog or both.



Compo: for playing Cinderella in drinking from a glass slipper (or rather boot).

Cykr: for spillage (spraying his drink widely over the pub carpark)

Carthief: His last hash while based on Wirral, before his move to Golborne

Wigan Pier: Looking forward to being picked up by Carthief

Fcuk: for being a snitch (he had been spotted by Compo texting suggestions for down-downs to Snoozanne during the run, then confessed to this in the circle to pre-empt Compo's accusations, thereby adding self –snitchery to his crimes)



The hare (again): His 5<sup>th</sup> first-run-of-the-year; also services to catering in providing the chips.

We then retired to the pub where we found a warm corner near the fire and further filled up on crisps and popcorn. Cykr nobly booked Beer Festival tickets for those who had not yet got their act together to buy one.