



30th March 2017

Run Number 342

The Turnpike Tavern, Broad Green, Liverpool

The Pack: ET and BS (Hares), 10secs, Carthief, Compo, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, Cleo, Victim.

The lucky first few to arrive at the pub managed to get a drink but when the rest of the pack arrived it became clear that the barstaff had better things to do than serve beer and they had to leave the pub without the usual pre-lube—a first for Compo, who was only sustained by BS promising a “special” BS during the run.



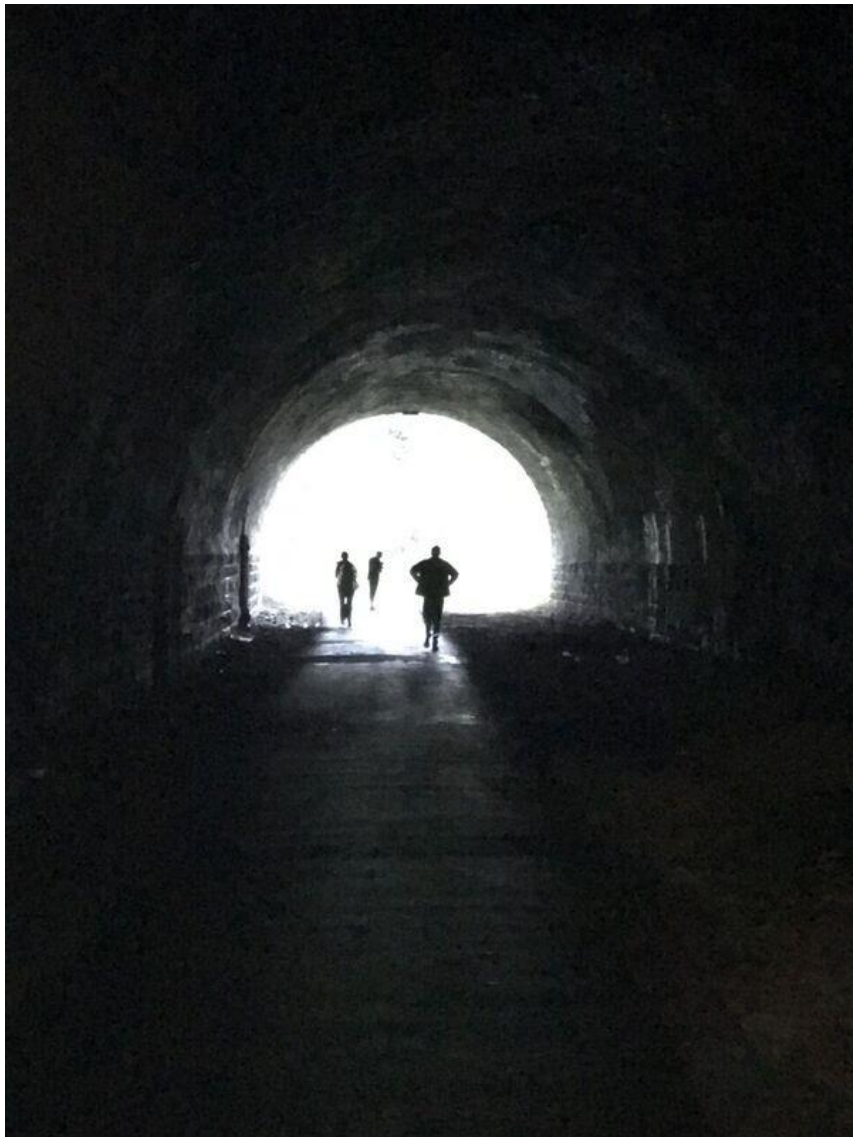
After the usual team photo, there followed the usual inscrutable instructions on the run.



“Show us a sign that we may know we are on, oh master” we beseeched, with the reply “I say unto you, when thou art on, verily shalt thou be on” or words to that effect.

We sallied forth and quickly found ourselves on the old railway line







Shortly we came upon a regroup...



which proved to mark Ken Dodd's house where the man himself apparently still resides.



We were shortly obliged to have another stop in pursuance of the ancient hash law decreeing a regroup whenever anything which can be interpreted as a phallic symbol is spotted.



Shortly after we came to Dovecot Park where playtime beckoned for some.



Cleo seems to have decided to do the Titanic poses in the absence of Pacemaker...



Compo and WP take the concept of “kissing gate” to a whole new level

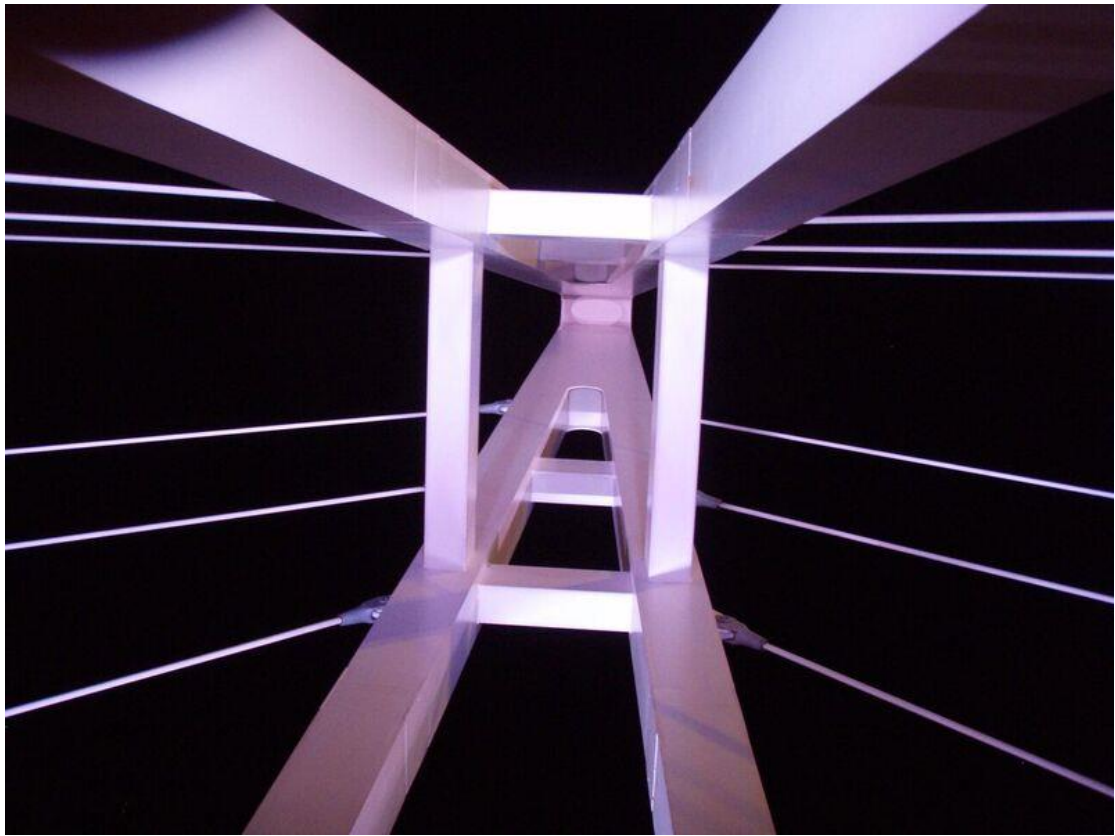




Along the E Prescott Road ET offered a shortcut to those who were flagging. Over his shoulder can be seen a warning to those who rejected this offer....



The long route offered the scenic delights of Woolfall Heath Meadow where the infant River Alt meanders sluggishly through abandoned supermarket trolleys (and yes, having looked at the map it is indeed the same river which eventually flows through Altcar to debouch into the Mersey). Arrived back on Liverpool Road we rejoined the shortcutters and headed through Jubilee Park and along Jeffereys Crescent. Just after this your scribe must confess to a grave error. In front for once, he found a CB2 and miscounted the blobs backward—thereby finding a tempting route under the motorway leading towards the On Inn, which we all followed. In a way it was lucky that this route was blocked by a slightly menacing group of potheads, so we headed back and eventually CT found the correct CB. Anyway, the faff had allowed the hares to get in front and we didn't catch them until the new pedestrian bridge over the motorway.





Over the bridge, we soon found the



In view of the absence of the BeerMeisters, we had the bright idea of despatching the hares to a nearby offy in search of refreshments. Arrived back at the pub, we set out the food and drink in the car park. It transpired that Cleo had bought copious quantities of delicious home made leek and potato soup and cookies which were all rapidly wolfed down. The circle was convened and down-downs were awarded to:

The hares

10secs (for inability to count to 2 and thereby getting the pack lost—his excuse that he was counting to 10 in binary was, er, discounted)

The hares again (for their consequently being ahead of most of the pack)

Compo (for doing a “dry run”)

We then retired to the pub where the sweets which BS would have handed out at her special “BS” were distributed.

