



**Run Number 347**

**8<sup>th</sup> June 2017**

**The Fox and Grapes, Hawarden**

**The Pack:** Hansel, OTT (Hares), Overdrive, Cleo, ET, 10secs, fcuk, Tagi, Victim

The pub in the centre of Hawarden advertised itself as dog-friendly and it was just as well since Luna was in a boisterous mood even by her high standards. It was incumbent on the whole pack to be seen to be dog friendly after the last experience in Hawarden (Run 308) when our trail of flour set off a storm of hysteria on Facebook with a local dog walking firm claiming that the police had told them it was poison. Just to be on the safe side, the hares had alerted the local police who were puzzled by our motives but not excessively concerned.



After the usual photo outside the pub we were off, down the hill past the Tinkersdale car park and along the edge of the golf course,





only to climb up the hill again



after a back check (the first of many!), then past the station and onto the main road. Then back down Groomsdale Road after another back check, past the club house



to a regroup, then across the fields to emerge back on the main road in Ewloe village where some of us recognised the scene of a check on an earlier run (probably Run 317 which started at the Plough?).





Here after being temporarily misled by a tempting false, we eventually found the trail heading down the disused railway line







and out into the fields to a regroup



which was a welcome relief to some of the pack.



By this time the earlier threatening dark clouds had receded leaving a lovely evening with great views across to the Wirral.



**Front-running hare**

As we continued on our way it was becoming that enthusiastic front-running by the hare was a sign of another approaching back check.



**Front-running dog**

The other enthusiastic front runner was Luna who had to be put back on the lead as we approached the A494.







Eventually we ducked under the dual carriageway and down the hill towards the afore-mentioned Plough.





Here after some puzzlement and eventual broad hints from the Hare, the trail was found crossing the pub car park onto a back road which crossed back over the A494 (on an overpass with the unusual feature of a bus-stop on it). A check led over the road onto a footpath which became a wide green lane.





**Hansel off to commune with nature**

A right turn at a regroup (which this time Hansel took as an opportunity to water the undergrowth) led across the field to where Victim was awaiting after taking a short cut.



**Never mind the bullocks!**

The bullocks grazing contentedly in the field had apparently been much more frisky, not to say menacing, when Victim and Luna had passed earlier. It became clear that while crossing the field Luna had not missed the opportunity of rolling in a few cowpats. We emerged into a small new housing estate which was eerily empty and quiet. A further footpath led past a man



practising his skill (?) in keeping a drone hovering in midair and onto the Queensferry-Hawarden road.



A shortcut was offered at this point but most of the pack completed the short loop round past the cemetery



and soon the On Inn was found and we were back at the pub. Here Victim retired to scrub his dog (this is not some kind of euphemism by the way) and 10 secs (or rather his car) had a close encounter with the gatepost while negotiating the narrow entrance to the pub car park. The food was deployed discreetly at the back of the car park—an ample spread despite Cleo being crestfallen at finding the dip and coleslaw had been left at home in the fridge.





It was further supplemented by an excellent cake baked by OTT to celebrate the day's election, with icing in the colours of the main parties (apparently turmeric, luckily not too much, had been used for the Lib Dems--luckily Labour was not paprika...)

The circle was then convened and down-downs were awarded to:

The Hares (not enough shiggy—memories of the slurry encountered around here being fresh, if that's the word, in people's minds)

Hansel, OTT, Tagi: Technology issues—Hansel for instance wearing two watches, possibly because he had forgotten how to switch modes on one of them; and OTT having thought she had lost hers but then discovered it up her sleeve.

Hansel, Victim: Poor bladder control, both having retired (not quite far enough) for ostentatious pees during regroupings

Victim: Poor dog control

Returnees: OTT, fcuk

We then retired to the pub where the first hints of the election results were coming through on the TV.