



Run Number 349

6th July 2017

The Railway Inn, Bebington

The Pack: AE (Hare), Carthief, 10secs, Compo, ET, Victim, Hansel, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Eccles, Mark

AE had nobly stepped in to fill the breach left when the original hare, Carthief, realised he would be back too late from a business trip to set the trail. When she arrived at the pub she confessed that half-way through setting the trail she had got completely lost and had to call out a local native guide (Mark) who was going to run with us too. Victim turned up at the pub with Luna apparently announcing that he had just spent £10 on dog shoes. This seemed quite cheap considering two pairs would be required; but it then transpired he had said “chews” not “shoes”.



Compo is seen here joking about concealing his privet parts behind the hedge...

We set off heading into Port Sunlight estate past the Lady Lever Art Gallery,



pausing for a regroup and photo by the Hillsborough memorial.





Always easily confused, 10secs spent some time trying to get through this locked door before it was pointed out that these were regroup signs rather than arrows.



We were intrigued by finding the Old Fire Engine Station before passing under the railway near Port Sunlight station. The trail then led onto Mayer Park and

then over Village Road past the Town Hall to emerge by Church Road. Then it was up Kirket Lane to Cross Lane and an impromptu regroup by Wirral Grammar. Crossing Heath Road and Pulford Road we went down Higher Bebington Road and Oaklands Drive to emerge within sight of Bebington Station and the Railway Inn just round the corner. Snoozanne and Mad Hatter valiantly volunteered to sprint round Aldi to grab the food and we convened in the carpark to eat it. The old joke which runs “What about the vegetables?” to which the reply is “They’ll have what I’m having” was deployed...

Down downs were awarded to:



Eccles ; the “piss artist”—she had given the rest of her water to Luna realising her own bladder was approaching capacity; also for shortcutting which she blamed on a dicky knee.



Victim: for consulting a map during the run (though he claimed it a map of last week's trail...)



AE: for stepping in as Hare

Carthief: for bottling out of setting the trail and then having the effrontery to turn up anyway.



Snoozanne: for coming 87th out of 220 on last Sunday's Frodsham Downhill run. There were some suggestions that she had tripped at the top and simply rolled down.

Hash virgin: Mark the native guide, who had apparently been lying in his greenhouse listening to Geoff Boycott and the Shipping Forecast when summoned to rescue AE.

10 secs: Apparently his description in last week's trash of the reason for Victim's down-down was a complete fantasy; in fact it was due to Victim's story of escaping from a burning hotel by using knotted bedsheets, and losing half his finger in the process. Obviously insufficiently dramatic to have made any impact on 10 secs' memory...



We then retired to the pub where the conversation turned on possible designs for the 350th run T-shirt.