



**Run Number 352**

**3<sup>rd</sup> August 2017**

**The West Kirby Tap, West Kirby**

**The Pack:** 10secs (Hare), Carthief, Compo, Snoozanne, ET, BS, VR, OTT, Hansel, Eccles, Very Grimm, Bigfoot

We had a welcome return visit after several years' absence from Very Grimm, this time accompanied by his son Bigfoot (Size 15, if you are wondering).



The team photo doesn't record the fact that the photographer was standing in the middle of the road in imminent danger of being mown down by boy-racers-though the smiles on the pack's faces might provide a clue... The hare's patient explanation of the exact distances to be expected between flour blobs and how many was "on" were greeted with some impatience which might

have been regretted later during the frequent searches for non-existent 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> blobs.



Compo has taken the idea of a tailor-made care package to new extremes



The trail led over the railway bridge and after a checkback led along the back of Orrysdale Road.





**The hare had obligingly indicated not only which direction to go but also exactly where to place the feet.**

The trail then led to Lang Lane where the sight of greenery on Grange Hill was too tempting for most of the pack. There was a cry of "On on" after the first blob was found (disregarding the instructions, see earlier) and they disappeared into the undergrowth as one man, to return crestfallen some minutes later. A short while later the trail really did lead over Grange Hill to emerge by the Viking Pub on Black Horse Hill; then over the road and through the Larton estate. Here a checkback led into the path up the strip of woodland leading up across Grammar Schol Lane and into Gorse Lane (it was no match for Snoozanne who had clearly been this way before and hung around the entry until the front runners returned).







Over Column Road there was a regroup marking the spot where the Hare had run out of flour while setting the run and had had to rush back later with further supplies. He announced that on account of this and also because he had got lost even armed with a map and supposedly a fair idea of where he was, one blob would henceforth be on.



Compo's reason for carting a sprig of bracken over the last couple of miles now became apparent as he presented it to VR saying "A fern call for you".



This led to a fir number of plant/tree based jokes about trunk calls being rooted to the wrong person; Carthief saying he had twigged what was going on but he was sycamore jokes about trees. I missed the chance of trotting out the old, ahem, chestnut with the punchline "With fronds like that, who needs anenomes?" Then someone probably said something about boughing to the inevitable and someone else probably said "Just leaf it out, OK?" (and if they didn't, they should have) and we carried on; through the woods and heather on Caldry Hill to Wetstone Lane, down to Caldry Road and past St Bridget's Church into Ashton Park.



Here Hansel pointed out that the sun and solar system were painted on the path at the correct relative size and distance-here we see the sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars. But what are the next pair of heavenly bodies visible in the distance?





No not Hansel and 10secs, but Jupiter...





and Saturn.



After this it was not far to the centre of West Kirby, where we set up camp in Sandlea Park over the road from the pub. VR had done an excellent job of providing the victuals at short notice though unfortunately the cakes were not home-made.

We then declared the circle open and down-downs were awarded to:



The hare (though he was reproved by Snoozanne for missing the opportunity of taking the trail to the Grange Hill War Memorial on this 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Passchendaele).

The hare then proposed down-downs for the whole pack for persistently crying out “On on” too soon—ie “premature ejaculation”

Down-downs were awarded to the visitors Very Grimm and BigFoot.

Also to Compo for leaving no stone unturned or path unexplored in his search for the trail—indeed it has become a compulsion with him as one can tell from his sighs of relief when he has done it.



Hansel then described watching a programme on relativity the previous night and suggested that this accounted for Bigfoot's combination of speed and footsize. Upon 10secs pointing out that this was the wrong way round, Hansel retorted that it was all relative which somehow resulted in the award of another down-down to 10secs.

After this we retired to the pub where we were joined by Mad Hatter who had preferred to watch a dismal performance by Everton to joining us on the run.