



Run Number 353

17th August 2017

The Wheatsheaf, Overpool

The Pack: Cleo and Overdrive (Hares), 10secs, Compo, VR, Victim, Mad Hatter, Eccles, UTT, Room Service, Sergeant Bilko

It was a lovely evening for a run, and for once this August the showers seemed to be holding off.



As we assembled outside the pub we were pleased to see UTT making a welcome return accompanied by Room Service whom we had never met but often heard of (under his other name, Mike). We were also joined by a newcomer Sergeant Bilko, here to accompany his ship while undergoing a refit at Cammell Lairds (the ship that is, not Sergeant Bilko...). Compo and Sergeant Bilko were soon heard happily swapping nautical tales.



Tennis elbow (and tennis knee)

Compo had received an e-mail from from BS saying she had been injured while playing tennis (see above). Presumably she had once again had the temerity to win a match against ET...

The instructions for the trail revealed that off-road portions would be marked in wood-shavings rather than flour to avoid causing alarm in dog-owners.

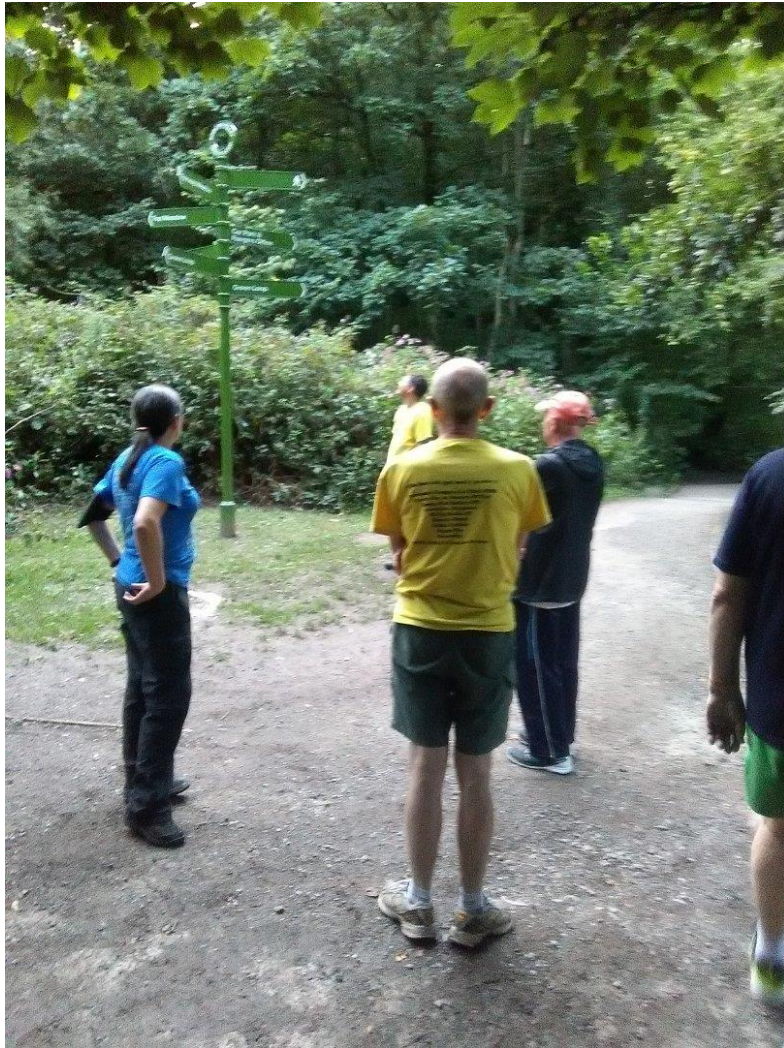
The trail crossed the main road and headed through the housing estate and down to the open ground around the Rivacre Brook. Up the other side and into the estate again to cross over the railway and Rossmore Road we soon found ourselves in the Rivacre Country Park proper—an extensive area of woodland around the stream, very pleasant on a summer's evening. And as Overdrive commented, there was a low density of abandoned shopping trolleys, considering the proximity to the M53 and Ellesmere Port; though we did pass a newish looking bike lying crumpled in the stream at one point.



Compo is convinced the gate has been padlocked shut, even though several hashers have clearly made it through already...



In the absence of Luna, the duty of rolling in the shiggy falls to her owner



But the woodland tracks seemed quite conducive to people losing their way; at one point the frontrunners called an impromptu regroup and spent some time bellowing “On on” while hearing other faint forlorn cries drifting over the trees from various directions—or was it just the echoes?



Cleo conducts a mopping-up operation for stray rear-runners

Emerging from the woodland we crossed Rivacre Road and followed Rivacre Brow.



Here Compo insisted on a pause to have a go on a playground swing, to the puzzlement of newer members of the pack. Then through a slightly weird area where someone appeared to have had a surplus of corrugated iron cladding and used it to make a large proportion of the bungalows and garden walls.



Here we crossed Rossmore Road and UTT found a shopping trolley (presumably abandoned en route to be dumped in the Rivacre Brook) and commandeered it as a novel form of transport, to the imminent danger of several parked cars.



Then it was up to the main Overpool Road where we found the On Inn and indeed the pub was in sight only a couple of hundred metres away. We moved Overdrive and Cleo's car to make a little shelter for the circle and the food. Though we still attracted the attention of one of the pub's regular customers who frequently wandered over to check out our activities (and apparently had earlier attempted to make a date with VR for later in the week). Despite this distraction we tucked into the food which was supplemented by excellent flapjacks made by Hash Cake (VR). She kindly offered to use up Overdrive's wood shavings in making the next batch.

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

The hares: comments that there were not enough trees or shiggy.

Compo, VR and Eccles: Compo and VR had been unable to persuade "th'internet" to draw the trail for them; Eccles had managed it but was presumably awarded the down-down for being cocky about it.

Compo: for failure to master the operation of the kissing gate.

Victim: for being “gravitationally challenged” in falling over in some shiggy early in the trail and bearing the stains to prove it.

Newcomers: Room Service (apparently UTT had made him come) and Sergeant Bilko (the internet had made him come; which made us wonder what websites he had been looking at).

Returnees: UTT, Cleo and Overdrive (after a moment of collective Alzheimers in which we almost managed to convince Cleo and ourselves that she had been at the previous run).

10 secs: a trumped-up charge of disappointing expectations in not being front-runner but really because everyone else had had a down-down already.

We then retired to the pub. As usual for a Wetherspoons, half the advertised beers had run out, but what was left was perfectly acceptable. Part of the subsequent conversation certainly involved explaining the cultural significance of Sergeant Bilko for the benefit of younger members of the pack; the rest is a little hazy.