



Run Number 357

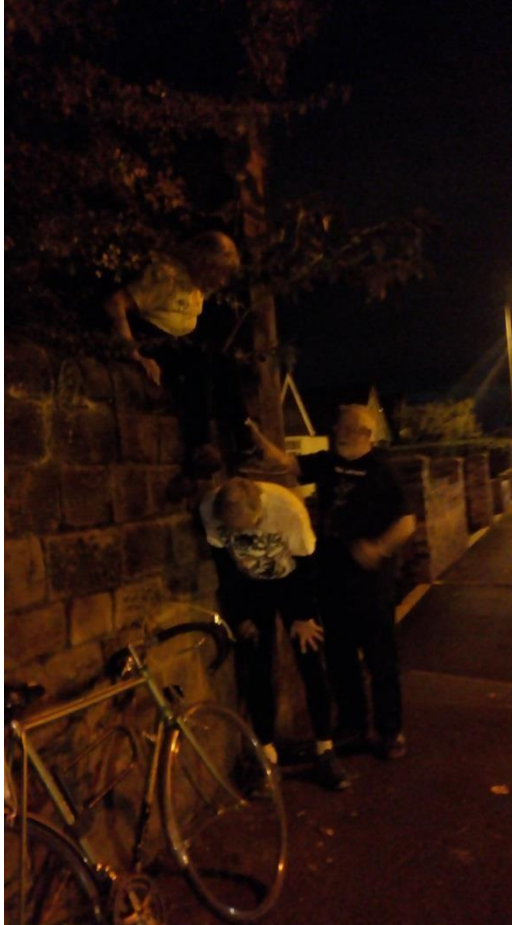
12th October 2017

Pi, Mossley Hill

The Pack: fcuk (Hare), 10secs, Compo, Cleo, Overdrive, ET, BS, Wigan Pier, Carthief, Sergeant Bilko, Gill

We had managed to establish beforehand that pies were in principle still being provided at Pi. However the barman (the appalling Stewart) upon recognising us as disappointed customers from our last visit seemed to take a malicious delight in informing us that we would be equally disappointed this time. No, they couldn't keep the kitchen open any later than 8.30; no, they couldn't keep any pies warm for us; no, we couldn't place an order in advance, etc etc. We decided that there was an outside chance we could at least get an advance party (fcuk) back by 8.30 to place an order, and therefore hustled off leaving the team photo for later. For similar reasons the laggards (Cleo and Overdrive) who had got stuck in traffic were left to follow us.

Fcuk warned us to expect a shortish but "complex" trail and that both sides of the road might need to be inspected, also that toilet paper would be used for certain sections. All this was to come to pass... We set off, soon finding ourselves crossing the Field of Hope past the tennis courts and then back into Elmswood Road. Here there was the first of fcuk's "Rambo routes" where there was an optional strenuous deviation. In this case it was Compo, CT and Wigan Pier who took up the challenge.



The exit from this Rambo section was quite exciting; here we see Compo struggling to get his leg over and Wigan Pier showing some reluctance to entrust herself to CT's back.

Shortly after this we crossed into the grounds of Carnatic Hall; after some aimless milling around BS spotted the toilet paper adorning one of the trees. In the darkness it was difficult to spot the next little tasteful bow, but as fcuk advised the thing to do was fan out like detectives doing a fingertip search... Eventually emerging on N Mossley Hill Road, the trail led down Carnatic Road and then along Aigburth Vale.



ET by this time had gone back to locate the stragglers who were having trouble following the trail. The main pack finally found a regroup on Ibbotsons Lane from where they could hear the forlorn bellows of the hare who had also hung back by this time to shepherd along the rearguard.



The tearful reunion

When the hare cycled into view accompanied by ET, Cleo and Overdrive, it transpired that the RG marked the second Rambo diversion, as the hare emphasised by kicking out the “G” in “RG”. This time it started with a “Compo gap” in a fence.



The eponymous Compo failed to get through despite a valiant struggle; likewise Wigan Pier notwithstanding exhortations of “try them one at a time”.



One at a time...

It was left to Cleo, BS, Overdrive, ET and 10secs to sample the delights of the Rambo experience. In fact it proved to provide a short cut off the main trail and so we were soon rejoined by the rest of the pack (now supplemented by

Ruth). Here an apparent dead-end was circumvented by following a wall down to the dam at the end of the ornamental lake.



Here there was a View Point where the hare told us there was something to look at. It took some time to find it, partly because some of the pack were standing in front of it. When eventually revealed, it was a stone in the wall with an arrowhead symbol and the words "58 feet" carved into it.



Fcuk speculated that it may have been originally part of the docks. Those with experience of surveying (CT) or standing glumly on rainy mountain tops looking at trig points (10 secs) recognised it as a bench mark to mark a spot height for map-making purposes. But it's still a mystery since the height here is around twice that.

As we headed on we heard an ambulance siren. This turned out to be something that involved the hare in an official capacity. Emerging at the entrance to the Halls we found the ambulance parked up and the hare stayed behind to officiate—it turned out to involve a student with a mild allergic reaction (maybe to work, or attending lectures?...). The hare had the forethought to provide Compo with onwards instructions for going down Penny Lane, Dovedale and Briardale Roads and then over the railway



(where the On Inn was found) and back to Pi. We found that fcuk had arrived before us but had been gleefully told by Stewart that it was too late for pies. He had also responded to fcuk's evident lack of complete gruntlement by inviting him to put a complaint on facebook. (By the way, since he has now been rude to us on at least two occasions would it be fair to dub him the "Pi arse squared"?...) We decided not to darken the doors of this establishment ever again (somewhat ruefully since the beers are rather good) and set up camp for the down-downs on the adjacent patch of greenery. Down-downs were awarded to:

10secs: the financial acumen accumulated during his years as hash cash had enabled him to notice that he was being diddled out of his change in Pi. It was commented that he was better looking after his own money than the hash's.



The hare's idiosyncratic trail marking

The hare: the trail was described as “intermittent” and “schizophrenic” due to the alternation of meticulous with non-existent marking.

Cleo: for “dipping her wick” in her beer



Cleo's wet wick

The Rambo's: Compo, Carthief, Wigan Pier, BS, 10secs, Cleo, ET

At some point ET appeared bearing huge piles of chips and was voted a down down as hero of the hour for this and his selfless return to look for Cleo and Overdrive. After wolfing down the chips we headed off to the Rose of Mossley Hill where we found a friendly welcome, plenty of space and very acceptable beer. Moreover Overdrive and Cleo returned from a mysterious absence bearing...



a Pie!!...



which was divided amongst the pack and pronounced excellent.