



Run Number 368

15<sup>th</sup> February 2018

**The Bull and Dog, Lea Green**

**The Pack:** Wigan Pier (Hare), Now and then, VR, 10secs, Carthief, Compo, fcuk, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Overdrive, Cleo, Grutel, Victim

Several of us used the magic of WhatsApp to meet on the train; as we drew up in Lea Green station we noticed that the pub (conveniently located practically in the station car park) appeared to be ablaze. This would have been bad timing; normally the pub is burnt down well before we actually arrive. Thankfully the flames were presumably just an overenthusiastic barbecue and most of the pack were gathered inside oblivious to the conflagration. Snoozanne had warned us that she and Mad Hatter would be 15 minutes late but graciously gave us permission to have a pint while waiting. While taking advantage of this indulgence we had the other common experience of not managing to decide that the tempting guest beer had gone off until we were half way through our drinks and too late to complain.





Snoozanne compensated for her late arrival by giving us another viewing of her butterfly wellies.



Out into the car-park for the usual photo...



...and then the hare explained the markings. The novelty would be checks with numbers to indicate the number of directions to explore...and the markings would not necessarily be at ground level...



...as seen here.





Along Marshalls Cross Road we found a memorial to various famous people/things associated with St Helens—a glassblower, Johnny Vegas (who knew?) and some rugby-playing geezer. I'm ashamed to report that this was not treated with the respect it deserves and fcuk appears to be tweaking Johnny Vegas' nipples.

After this there was a foray into Sutton Park...



Some of the markings were found a bit confusing



**“You never explained what a check with an N meant”**



**Cleo shows off her balancing skills**

...and then back to Marshall's Cross Road and over into a housing estate and an industrial area.





Here we found a regroup



where a treat was waiting for us—heart-shaped chocolates in honour of yesterday's Valentines Day.

Pressing on we crossed Scorecross Road into Sherdley Park. After toiling up a long hill we found the dreaded



After trudging glumly back (and surely passing more than 7 arrows, the mathematically minded among us wondered) we found a footpath crossing a field.

Here the hare found a bag under a bench, surely discarded by some vagrant, and bizarrely started ferreting around in it.





But all was explained when a tempting array of beers and wines was produced



all continuing the rose-red Valentine's Day theme. They were accompanied by home-baked Hash feet



thankfully not cheese-flavoured as someone suggested.



They were deployed and rapidly consumed though ET's non-alcoholic cider disappeared with suspicious speed accompanied by a pattering sound in the foliage.



Staggering on we finally found the promised above-ground markings. By this time it was around 9pm and talk turned to last trains and short cuts. The hare's wistful mention that we would thereby miss a Checkback 23 somehow failed to stiffen the general resolve and it was decided to save the suspension bridge and ornamental lake for a later run.





Returning to the pub we set up our own pop-up “bar and dining” on the roadside, as advertised on the pub sign.

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

The hare (special mention was made of lack of shiggy)

10 secs: his imminent appearance on Mastermind had not prevented him from buying a train ticket despite being entitled to free travel (and in fact forgetting his pass anyway and having to buy another Merseyrail ticket later)

ET: providing a stark contrast with his twin’s mental powers by apparently becoming confused over his own name during the run. And now I can’t recall which name he answered to...was it PT?

ET again: hoping that no-one would notice him surreptitiously disposing of his soft drink.

The mathematicians (Compo, Grutel, CT) for pedantically insisyting it was CB8.5 rather than CB7.

We then retired to the pub, where the earlier beer was avoided but other equally acceptable alternatives were found.