



Run Number 371

15th March 2018

The Royal Oak, Bromborough

The Pack: Eccles (Hare), VR, 10secs, fcuk, Carthief, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Compo, Alice, Lydia, Victim

There had been a flurry of cake-related jokes as Thirstday approached. The hare had said that she would supply some sweet nibbles, but that stocks were currently rather low, provoking the comment "That takes the biscuit". Carthief was inspired to produce the acrostic:

Every
Check
Contains
Likely
Exit
Signs

As we all travelled towards the Royal Oak on Thirstday evening a Whats App message signalled that fcuk would be late and would follow on his bike. As it happened arrivals were pretty staggered (even before the drinking started) and by the time we were assembling in the carpark fcuk had turned up.

Unfortunately the group photo outside the pub will have to be left to the imagination since Hash Flash accidentally deleted it. But it was a real corker.



The hare gave us our instructions—sadly the trail would not be marked in cake or biscuit crumbs as we had been promised; but there would be a playtime. Then we were off. The trail was notable for its anfractuositities, ie. It wound around a lot, often approaching surprisingly close to the start before veering off again. This was a good ploy for misdirecting wily old hands who kept saying “The trail can’t possibly go that way, we’d be back far too soon...” In fact after 15 minutes we found ourselves back at the church quite close to the Royal Oak.



The trip through the graveyard inspired remarks such as “this is a dead end” but actually we suddenly found ourselves almost in someone’s front garden without any obvious demarcation line. We then soon found the promised playtime in the recreation ground by Palatine Road, where there was a range of activities on offer...



...ranging from the traditional...





...via the frankly somewhat sedentary...





...and the slightly mystifying...



...to the borderline lethal.

A final approach to the vicinity of the pub proved to be a double bluff—we really were heading back this time, and the hare was observed hastily putting down the markings to prove it.



Back in the car-park we found a friendly local arms dealer, probably on a tour of schools in the area...



Mindful of a previous occasion when we had been shouted at in the pub car park for encouraging the local squirrels, we set up our food over the road on a handy wall. Mad Hatter and Snoozanne appeared shortly with a couple of bags of chips, and Eccles produced some home-made flapjack and also cornflake clusters.

As the circle formed Compo could not be prevented from telling a couple of cake jokes. One was along the lines of "My Christmas cake's disappeared" "Has it?" "Yes it's been stolen" and all I recall from other is the punch-line which was "gateau blaster".

Down-downs were awarded to:
Compo: for the cake jokes.



The hare: it was agreed that it was a tour de force for a virgin hare; a veritable pubic hair of a run, i.e. short and curly.



Lydia and Alice: for being FRBs to such an extent that they came across the entrails, sorry end trail.



fcuk: for insisting on doing the run on his bike on the flimsy pretext of a leg injury.

VR: for flagrant wastage of beer in the Royal Oak

Carthief: for hiding the sacred bedpans in Grantham

Snoozanne and Mad Hatter: For using the run as a forum for a domestic discussion

Mad Hatter and VR: for providing Hash Chips and excellent food.

We then retired to the Royal Oak where (of course) a pub quiz was taking place. The quizmaster's frequent refrain of "You have only 10 seconds to answer" seemed a little unfair especially when VR and ET showed an uncanny ability to get the picture questions right without actually seeing the pictures.