



Run Number 373

12<sup>th</sup> April 2018

The Plasterers Arms, Hoylake

**The Pack:** 10 secs (Hare), fcuk, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Compo, Eccles, Victim, BS, Cleo, Hansel, OTT



It was a welcome return to the congenial setting of the Plasterers Arms.



It was already clear as the Hare rambled through his instructions that not all the pack were paying close attention—though as he was saying things like “the trail will be kind of linear but also kind of loopy” perhaps it was not surprising. Opinions were expressed to the effect that if anything was loopy, it was not the trail.



So by the time he got to “Oh and by the way, not all the false trails are marked” the pack had scattered, some of them not to reappear for quite some time.

The trail was eventually winding down to Market Street and across to follow the train line towards West Kirby, eventually crossing back over the main road onto the golf course (which Victim, showing apparently uncanny local knowledge, had guessed some time previously).



**The trail was very convenient for 10 secs' residence**

It had seemed sacrilegious to defile the hallowed turf with flour (and there were some big burly golfers around), but luckily the trail had been premarked anyway.



...though some failed to follow the instructions...



...and had to undergo a reeducation programme.



Emerging on Stanley Road a strange vehicle was found which seemed to remind Compo of his days in the forces...



The trail then led down to the beach



and wiggled around following the promenade for some distance, passing both the old...



and new lifeboat stations.

The route then skirted Victoria Park and crossed the main road again and back to a check by the railway by Manor Road station; as it turned out, passing Victim's childhood home on the way, which explained his earlier inside knowledge. Here Victim and Snoozanne became so engrossed in reminiscence that they ignored the complete absence of arrows on the route along the railway; meanwhile the rest of the pack followed the trail back up to the main road and over to the On Inn on Trinity Road.



We established our picnic site in the beer garden outside the pub. Mad Hatter had already made a foraging expedition to the chippy on Shaw Street and Cleo had brought a large box of excellent homemade flapjack. When justice had been done to the food and we had had the usual discussion about who was RA, the circle was convened. Down-downs were awarded to:

Victim: for his trip down memory lane (which sadly was off-trail).

The Hare: "not enough shiggy" was cited, also special mention made of the "loopy but linear" trail.

Snoozanne: going out of her way to avoid shiggy and then complaining about its absence.

Victim: selected to be made an example of for not following the Thin Blue Line.

BS: her opening remark to fcuk being "You left your trousers with me".



Eccles: our resident food technologist mistaking Cleo's flapjack for a box of lentils.

BS: our resident songstress could not be prevailed upon to lead us in a rousing chorus of "Alleluia"

We then retired to the pub where we were joined by Victim's brother and family/friends. The family resemblance caused some confusion with Victim at one point being congratulated for looking uncannily like himself.