



Run Number 375

10th May 2018

The Bow-Legged Beagle, New Brighton

The Pack: VR (Hare), 10secs, ET, Wigan Pier, OTT, Hansel, Compo, fcuk

The Hare had found yet another of the pop-up pubs which seem to be, well, popping up everywhere, and are always worth a look.



This one was apparently named after the owner's pet and Hansel was offended to find that the beers took the land of his fathers in vain without actually having been brewed there.

ET was nominated as Hash Flash since he was the only one present with anything like a camera; though even this seemed to require a strange buttock clenching performance on the part of the operator. Something to do with the aperture, no doubt.

The hare had used a range of coloured chalks to mark the trail; the pink one had a slightly unfortunate phallic appearance as she gesticulated with it.



The Hare instructed us to look everywhere for markings, including on walls and on rocks; however it later turned out that the CB7 was part of a cunning plot to confuse us--there was no CB7.

The trail took us down to the riverside



The Fab Four?

where we found a figure with a slightly disturbing resemblance to Paul McCartney in drag—apparently the Black Rock Mermaid.



Hansel spotted a rock on the beach and went down to the sand to check for markings. However the marked rock was eventually found by The Light cinema after a fair amount of increasingly exasperated hinting by the hare. The trail led past Morrison's and then over the hill past The Clarence.



The front-runners (Hansel and ET) declared a regroup at this point, having got so far ahead of the rest of the pack that their constant bellows of "On on" could not be heard. Well, that was their story anyway...

Shortly after this we realised that sustenance was nearer at hand than we had envisaged, since the Hare had bravely decided to feed us in her own abode. Her flat turned out to be perched like a gatehouse above the entry to an apartment complex, with great views over the river. The usual sumptuous spread awaited us, with excellent homemade flapjack.

Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare (the run, despite complaints of not enough shiggy; plus the delicious cake)

Wigan Pier (for her numerological skills in unerringly recalling the run number)

Hansel and 10 secs (for not calling the trail)

Compo (awarded a down-down of lager with a swizzle stick of celery for beer snobbery)

ET (for his buttock-clenching camera-work)

Emerging onto the street, probably leaving a certain amount of hoovering to be done in the flat,



the On Inn was soon found, and despite some of us being lumbered with the Hash Beer supplies it was not long before we were back in the Bow Legged Beagle.



There had been rumours that it closed at 10pm, but the cheery owner seemed quite happy to keep it open as long as there was a bunch of punters knocking back the beer.



This duck was at some point produced by Wigan Pier but its meaning is now shrouded in an alcoholic haze...