



Run Number 376

24<sup>th</sup> May 2018

### CASK and The Ale House

**The Pack:** fcuk (Hare), Compo, 10secs, Snoozanne, ET, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, Cleo, Eccles

The Hare had found a gem of a starting point though sadly it closed too soon to be available for the On Inn, so an alternative was selected—the Navigator, a Wetherspoon's pub a kilometre or so down Queen's Drive. The consequent logistical difficulties of transport caused flurries of messages on e-mail and Whatsapp and some of the pack discovered the existence of buses apparently for the first time... Overdrive nobly ran off with the food and deposited it in Snoozanne's car at the On Inn, which gave the rest of the pack the opportunity to continue sampling the CASK beers.



When Overdrive finally reappeared, the team photo was taken and the Hare gave us his instructions, which promised some of the sorely-missed Chico Hooks, so we were agog with anticipation...



The trail wove in and out of Queens Drive



passing some eponymously named roads (luckily there is no Fcuk Hall Avenue)







...passing the first of the Chico Hooks...



to a viewpoint where the view turned out to be of the pub we had left half an hour ago.





More Chico hooks ensued



and Overdrive's claim that it was very hard to stand on one leg with one's eyes closed was rigorously tested



though we had already amply demonstrated that it was hard enough with eyes open.



And it has to be said there were people around who were finding it hard to stay upright even while supported by friends on both sides; possibly having peaked too soon while preparing for the Euro Champion match on Saturday.



The Hare had gone overboard with the markings in places...



A hash would not be a hash without a visit to a local park





and apparently this was the only one around



necessitating a bold crossing of the previous trail.



Emerging on Prescott Road (and actually within sight of the On Inn) we found that the Hare had found another excellent pub for a beer stop, "The Ale House" (the pubs round here have no truck with fancy names).



There was a great range of beers



served in pint-sized glasses—and also *really* pint-sized glasses.

A drinker at the bar showed some interest in what we were up to, and after several minutes of laborious explanation on our part, light dawned: “Oh, you mean like a hash?”. It turned out he had been a hasher in Thailand.

It required very little debate to decide on shifting the On Inn to the Ale House. To preserve the formalities, the Hare declared that the Navigator was actually a falsie. Snoozanne had discovered a convenient car park on the central reservation of Prescot Road, not far from the pub, and this is where the food now was. We sallied forth to gather round the car. It was a fine place for down-downs though we did attract some annoyed looks from drivers who were obstructed in tearing at high speed through the car park.



Cleo had done us proud, making her own oregano-flavoured halloumi



and a Nadel cake (?) in which Tia Maria had been inserted using a needle and decorated with special popcorn-flavoured cream-filled balls.





This didn't last long.



**The Navigator? Pah!**



**I give you...The Ale House!**

Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare

Overdrive (going beyond the call of duty in running to the On In with the food)

Cleo (for delicious food especially the cake)



Cleo, Eccles and fcuk (for unanimous dress sense)

10 secs (for lack of dress sense in turning up improperly dressed-no hash T-shirt)

We then retired to The Ale House where Hash duties were distributed as now detailed on the Mismanagement web page.