



Run Number 380

19th July 2018

Gallaghers, Birkenhead

The Pack: Eccles (Hare), 10secs, Carthief, Snoozanne, ET, Compo, Overdrive, BS, Peter Pan, Muddy Waters

It was a long-overdue return to Gallaghers, though there had been changes in the meantime—the barber's chair had disappeared, but on the plus side there was now a beer garden—or maybe there always had been, but this was the first time it had been sunny enough to contemplate using it.



The usual group photo was taken, with the team attempting (with various degrees of success) to copy the bathing belle pose on the blackboard.

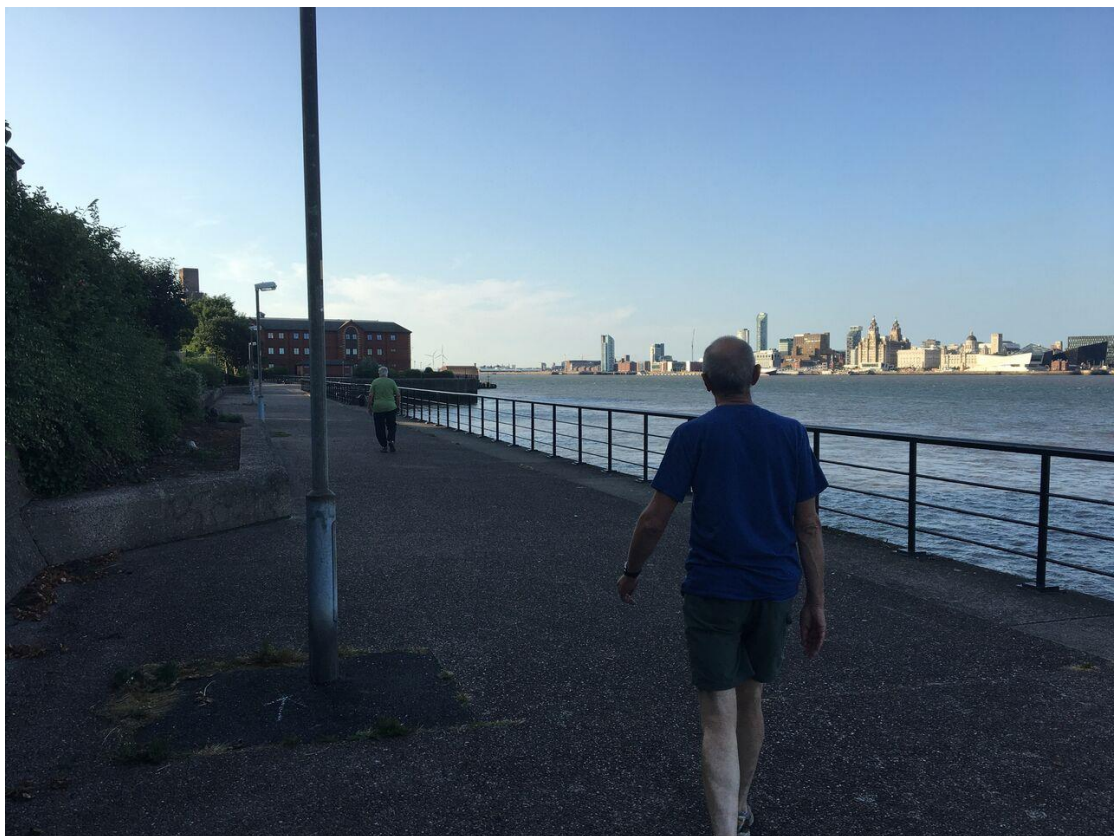


The hare explained the trail--apparently there would be a regroup, but she had not had time to mark it; we would know when we reached it by the absence of any markings. Hmmm...

The trail led along the Chester Road



and then ducked down to the waterfront.



Here surprisingly it doubled back to Woodside where we found a mysterious circular plinth with a pillar on top and an enormous chain wrapped around it--- a capstan of some kind?



Anyway, again we were surprised by the trail looping back to Hamilton Square, quite close to the starting point—though the Hare has form in this regard, see Run 371...



Here at first sight it appeared that the down-downs had been arranged amazingly early—but it turned out to be an open-air soup kitchen in progress.



From here we went down Price Street past The Stork (scene of past On Inns) and The Crown (where a vintage scooter rally was in progress).

Along Conway Street we reached the gates of Birkenhead Park, which turned out to be the location of the promised regroup.



Here we were issued with fresh instructions.



The next part of the trail would be marked by coloured ribbons, starting and finishing with orange ones. We were to detach the ribbons for later collection by the Hare, presumably to avoid littering the Park. We duly set off, indeed finding the promised ribbons,



circling the lakes and crossing the Chinese bridge,







finding more ribbons, and eventually emerging at the Claughton Road gate into the Park.



Assembling here, it gradually dawned on us that (a) we had lost Carthief; (b) he had no way of finding us since we had carefully removed the trail; and (c) it was particularly important to get him back since most of us had left our money, phones, clothes etc in his car. After a certain amount of aimless milling about, Carthief was observed running towards us.



He had collected an impressive number of ribbons, indeed more than the Hare had actually placed. Disturbingly, some looked more like belts.

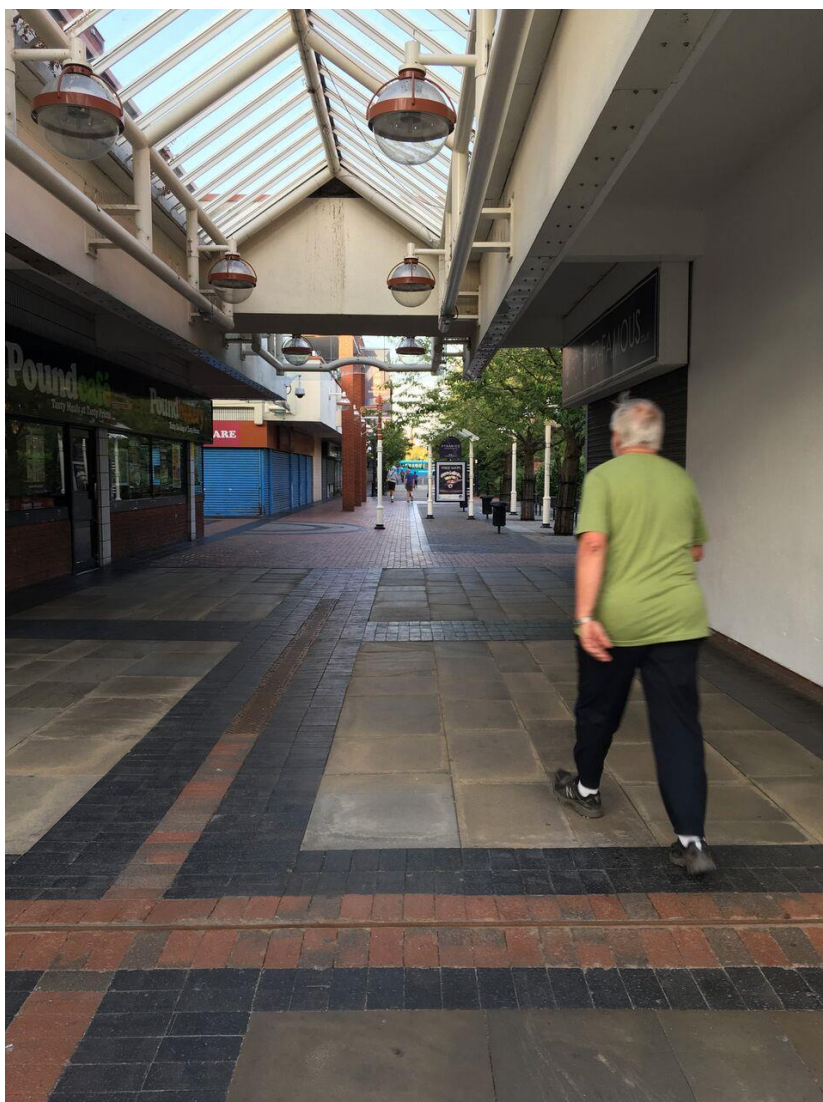


Visions arose of outraged ladies wandering the Park with their clothes in disarray. Moving hastily on, we passed the Little Theatre,



where our Hare is due to take the stage by storm in Go Back for Murder and Blithe Spirit.

The trail then led to Charing Cross and along past Asda



and through the shopping centre. Then up Argyle Street towards Hamilton Square before cutting up Market Street where the On Inn was found.





Muddy Waters: Newcomer (he claimed that he had been before, but we still wanted to find out who had made him come. He said it was Peter Pan, but the Hare insisted that she had made him come too. It was not clear whether this was at the same time or on a different occasion.)

Peter Pan and BS: Returnees (actually technically speaking almost everyone present was a returnee, but BS and Peter Pan were particularly flagrant cases). Despite her absence at choral events, BS refused to treat us to a solo rendition of one of the Hash hymns.

Carthief: for getting lost—though he insisted that he knew where he was all the time.

Muddy Waters and Peter Pan: Shortcutting across the grass (Muddy Waters maintained that Peter Pan had given him permission in his capacity as an arm of the law.)



10 secs and ET: for selflessly letting others take the small supply of beer cans
(and to use up the remaining down-down beer)

We then retired to the pub.



BS's milk came in a rather fetching jug, though some remarked that it looked more like a pig than a cow and anatomical accuracy was disregarded by the milk emerging through the mouth.





Someone remarked on ET, 10 secs and Compo's pose side-by-side on a bench looking like The Three Monkeys. They stopped scratching each other's armpits long enough to pose for this photograph. (Earlier attempts depicting See No Evil, See No Evil and See No Evil are not shown.)

Walking from the pub to Hamilton Square Station the Hare's zeal in setting false trails was spectacularly revealed.

