



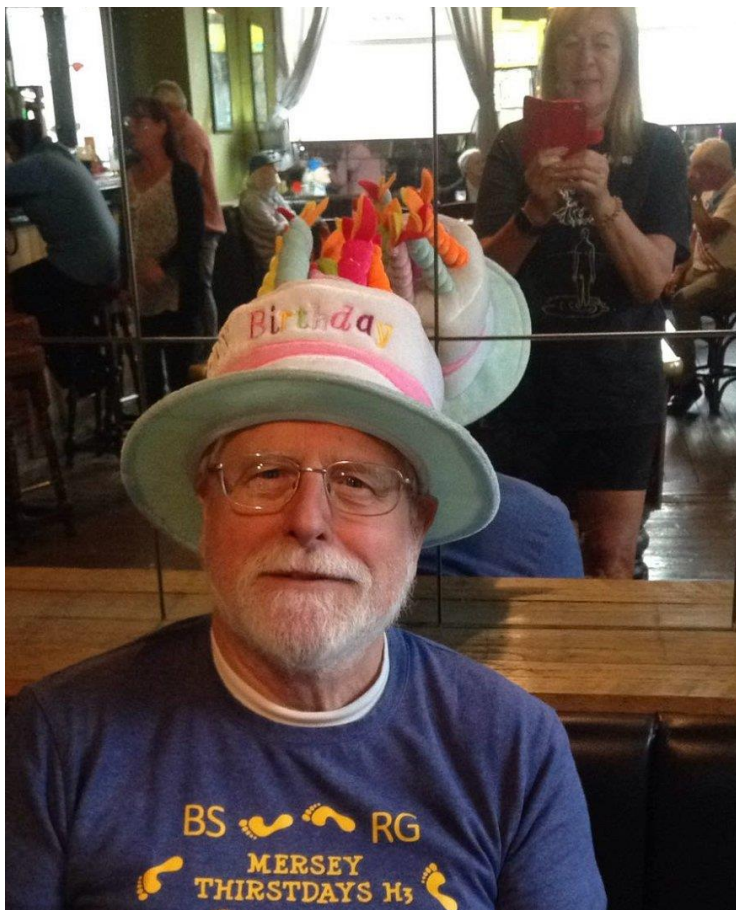
Run Number 383

30th August 2018

The Red Lion, Litherland

The Pack: Compo (Hare), 10secs, Carthief, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, Cleo, fcuk, Sticky Rice, Sticky Junior, OTT, Hansel

The On Inn had been selected for its location in the L21 postcode area, it being the hare's 71st (=L + 21) birthday. At first sight it didn't have much else to recommend it, indeed it looked as if it might be closed and boarded up.



Appearances proved deceptive, however. The Hare had come prepared to celebrate,



and soon found a kindred spirit with strikingly similar head decorations. Moreover it turned out to be the 60th birthday of one of the locals and soon we were being plied with sandwiches and birthday cake, and our birthday boy was being treated to birthday drinks.



We managed to escape after promising on our honour to return later; it was already clear that the locals were settling in for a long night.



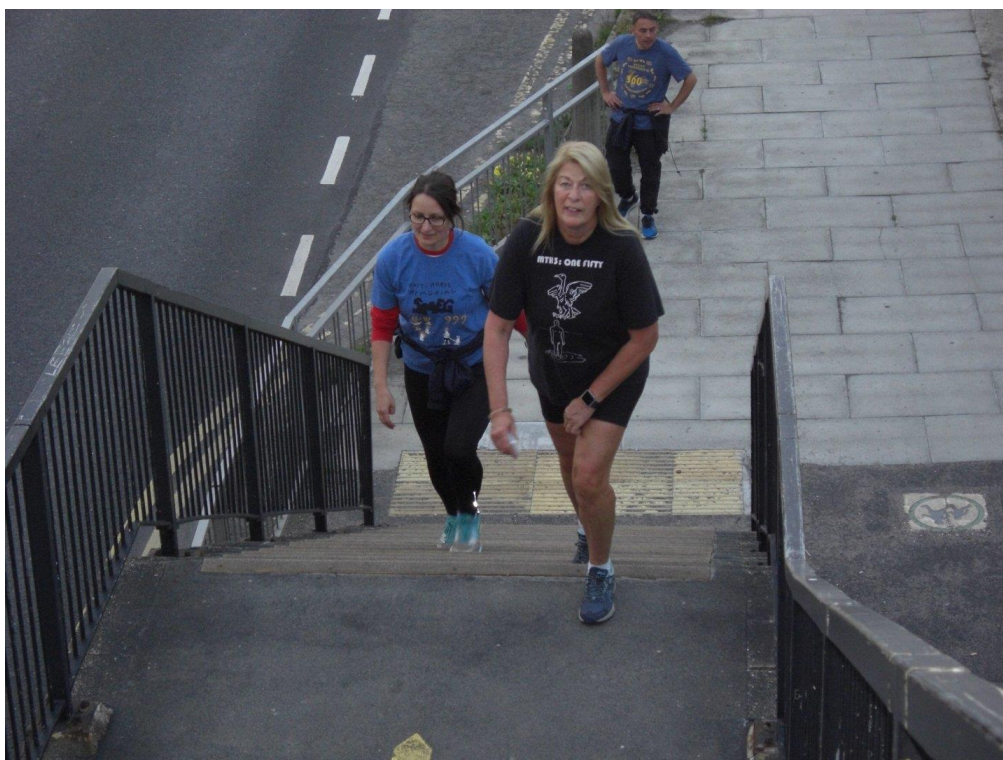
The pub was right by a bridge over the Leeds-Liverpool canal, which sported some interesting decorations.



The trail had us first wandering around the Tesco carpark before heading up along the main road. A back-check on Orrell Road led us to the intriguingly-named Spooner Avenue, leading to comments about the possibility of a chack-beck.







We then emerged onto a footbridge over the main road heading up to Switch Island.



This presented a tempting photo-opportunity with a lovely sunset developing.



The Hare had promised four regroup, one of which would be a beer-stop. At each successive one, he taunted us with the fact that it wasn't yet the beer-stop; though at this one there were enough empty bottles to give the impression that there had been one, but we'd missed it.

At this point there was the option of cutting through the Catholic cemetery, with the possibility of having to do some irreverent climbing over a potentially closed gate on the far side; or to take the long way round the outside. We chose the shortcut, and were rewarded with a still-open gate on the other side.



Finally we came to the entrance to the Rimrose Country Park, and a bridge over the canal.



Sticky Rice embarrasses Junior Rice



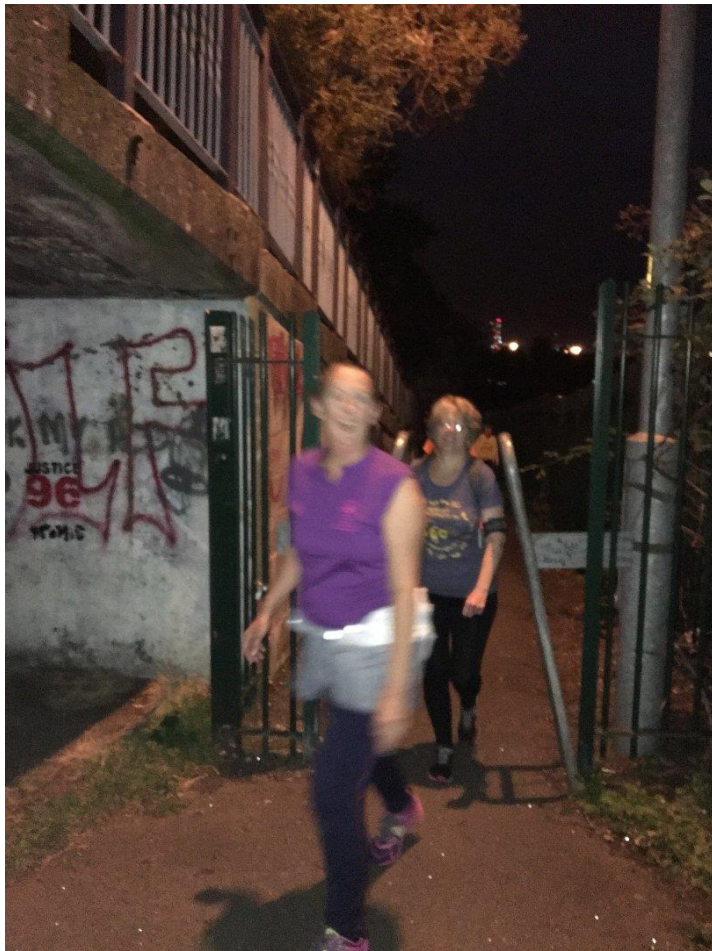
Over the bridge we found the long-awaited regroup plus beer-stop. The hare retired into the bushes and emerged with some bags full of cans (much to the chagrin of some local youths smoking dope on a bench nearby, who would have loved to have found this stash).



Pressing on across the country park, we found that the hare had excelled himself with the markings.



Apparently a link road is planned to cross the country park on its way from the docks to the motorway. Presumably a local “consultation” has been filed in the usual place...



Soon we were on the canal towpath



where the On Inn was found.

Back outside the pub, we set up the refreshments with a certain amount of circumspection, as “the place was crawlin’ wid da bizzies” as the locals would say; in other words there was a substantial police presence in the area. Loud music was pouring out of the pub, and at first it seemed possible that a raid was in progress; but a couple of officers who went in the pub emerged laughing and bantering with the locals. Shortly afterwards some kind of fugitive was apprehended in the pub’s beer garden.



Carthief had been hard at work constructing a cleanable surface for the food, to avoid having to scrub hummus off his parcel shelf once a fortnight.

The circle was then called, somewhat quietly since the police van was still hovering nearby. Down-downs were awarded to:



The Hare (who was also presented with his card and treated to a rousing rendition of "Happy Birthday").

fcuk and Mad Hatter: shortcutting.



Junior Rice: sitting on trail on someone else who was sitting on trail, namely his mother. The consequent resemblance to a puppet led to suggestions for a Hash Name such as Emu, Mr Punch and Sooty, but eventually he was christened Orville.



We then retired to the pub, where the party was still in full swing (as much as it could be with only 5 or people present). We were all soon press-ganged into dancing, especially to the Stevie Wonder "Happy Birthday". One of the locals was particularly enthusiastic and jumped onto the pool table to strut her stuff with great gusto. Unfortunately after a fair number of drinks it was a mistake to jump off the pool table with quite so much vigour, and she appeared to have twisted her knee quite painfully. This more or less marked the end of the festivities and we were soon starting to think about heading home. It had been a birthday to remember for our Hare, and there was talk of making this trip an annual event.