



**Run Number 385**

**27<sup>th</sup> September 2018**

**The West Kirby Tap**

**The Pack:** 10secs (Hare), Carthief, ET, Wigan Pier, OTT, Hansel, Eccles, fcuk, Ellie, Jo, Andrew



The delayed arrival of several hashers due to transport issues (train delays and being stuck behind a JCB) at least allowed the unforeseen rain to have blown over by the time we sallied forth for the team photo. We were joined by a whole family (minus one sister) of virgin hashers.

The trail led through Sandlea Park and down to the prom. Somewhere along here there were complaints that the chalk marks were too thin—blame it on strained educational budgets and consequent substandard supplies.



The clarity wasn't helped by some poor parking...





and additional confusion was caused by some blatant forgeries.

The trail led up from the prom and crossed Banks Road to enter the Wirral Way for a while, before heading up Village Road and Echo Lane...



...which was more of a challenge to those on wheels...





...to emerge at a regroup by The Beacon. From here after going through the woodland for a while, it went down Grammar School Lane



and through another patch of woodland to emerge on Covertside. From here the trail led through the housing estate and crossed Black Horse Hill to finally cut through to the War Memorial on Grange Hill via a well-concealed footpath.



Here a photo was taken after fucuk was persuaded to remove his luminous jacket which appears to have inspired him to perform some kind of ritual display.



The Alcohol Free signs caused some ironic amusement, the bushes round here being full of discarded beer cans and the hash not being known for meticulous attention to such signs when no CCTV cameras are in evidence.



The hare himself took some time to locate the onward trail by which time the pack had disappeared downhill in the wrong direction and showed some disgruntlement at being called back uphill.



Finally at the foot of the hill the On Inn was soon found. The food and drink was set up in Sandlea Park.



Down downs were awarded to:



The virgins Andrew, Jo, and Ellie. It was suggested that the internet had made them come as the option least likely to cause familial embarrassment.

Jo: asking a man in a car if he had seen any arrows.

Andrew: Running back to count the arrows from the checkback and showing great determination to be the first back by fair means or foul.

ET: for maintaining that the hare had a duty to remind hashers that torches were required despite the previous two hashes having finished in darkness.







The hare: there were probably some complaints, there always are, but I conveniently forget what they were...

Finally we retired to the pub where the lingerers received a forlorn WhatsApp message from ET asking if anyone had seen his black hat--finally found on the floor.