



Run Number 399

11th April 2019

The Lazy Landlord, Liscard

The Pack: VR (Hare), ET, 10secs, SMS, Jo, Carthief, Cleo, Overdrive, BS, Eccles, Sticky Rice, Wigan Pier, fcuk, Overdrive, Hansel, OTT, Sprog

We had often suggested using this pub as an On Inn after previous visits as a Beer Stop, and now it was really happening. The hare had promised one of her special home-made cakes to celebrate her birthday, and so naturally there was a big turn-out; almost overwhelming the cosy surroundings of the pub.

As we gathered outside, the hare started with a graphic illustration of what had happened to the previous chap to question her authority.



Suitably chastened, we listened in a reverent silence as she explained that there would be a checkback, regroup and a playtime; and the trail was marked in variously coloured chalk and flour.





After the usual team photo...



...we were off.



Shortly we found ourselves in the grandiosely named Central Park...



where we remembered that we should be looking out for flour as well as chalk...



...as the trail left the tarmac paths and led across the grass.



Soon we found the promised playtime sign...



...and shouldered aside the actual children to enjoy the various rides.











The trail was found snaking around the park, the hare very indignant at hashers suspected of shortcutting despite our protestations that every single arrow had been followed.



Though Hansel's satisfied (relieved?) smile possibly indicates that he had had other things on his mind as well as exploring the trail.



At the next regroup the hare was very insistent that this was NOT, repeat NOT, a Beer Stop and that if we were to enter the pub across the road...



...we were unlikely to escape alive.



The trail then led down Poulton Road, crossing Gorsey Lane and Mill Lane. Here the Victoria Tower right by the On Inn could be seen up the road, but the hare assured us that we nevertheless still had a long way to go.



We paused a moment at this point to hold one of our founding fathers in our thoughts.

Arriving at the edge of Liscard town centre, some difficulty was experienced in locating the trail. There was a road clearly leading back towards the On Inn, but no trail was found here despite strenuous attempts. There were also two arrows leading further into the town centre but...where was the third? After some broad hints from the hare, we realised that we had arrived at a Beer Stop.



Despite appearances (and an artfully placed finger) to the contrary, it was actually called the Scrap Yard, and proved to be an absolute delight.



A huge range of craft beers, which could be ordered in “Schooners” (2/3 pint) as well as the usual measures—and even better, the drinks were on the Birthday Girl!



We were soon trying to lay plans for using this venue as an On Inn.



The Hare appeared very disappointed that we had arrived at the Beer Stop so late; apparently we should have been there half an hour ago since we were still only half way round. As she disappeared, apparently to remonstrate with the bar staff about the bill, there were hints of mutiny. Last orders at the On Inn was 10.00. There was likely to be some willy nilly short-cutting--none of these words to be taken lightly in view of the opening photo in this report...



Cleo has made the most of her free drink...



Fcuk contemplates the possibility of missing last orders at The Lazy Landlord

But as we emerged outside, we were issued with new instructions. Lo and behold, a “Check Back Two” had appeared outside the pub, and this led back to where the tempting road led back to the On Inn. Here, as if by magic, a trail had now appeared. The hare had obviously been busy while we were enjoying our free drinks.



And very soon, the On Inn was found.

The Landlord may be Lazy but is very obliging and allowed us to set out our food in the pub, including the promised birthday cake...



...which deserves its own photograph, and was delicious. The hare did a great job of cutting it into the required 16 pieces, having anticipated a turnout only half as large.

The pub was not the place for down-downs, and these were postponed for next time. However an extra down-down resulting from the previous hash has been decreed for Compo who publicised the whereabouts of VR's Union Jack tattoo to all and sundry in a limerick. The bottom line is that this contravenes

the hash data protection regulations. An appropriate down-down has been provided by fcuk in the form of another limerick:

*There was an old man from near Spital
For MTH3 so critical
But the width of his girth often caused mirth
As for many a gap it was inimical*

Towards 10.30 it was clear that the pub was indeed closing, and we sallied forth into the night. The night still held more drama in store, however. Sticky Rice had parked her car in the hospital car park over the road, and the gates were found to be locked. A 999 call failed to bring the fire brigade racing hotfoot to the scene; instead there seemed to be a faint possibility that a key holder might eventually be located before dawn. In the end 10 secs vaulted the gates and extricated Sticky Rice's house keys from her car, and OTT and Hansel drove her and her passenger Eccles back home, to return for the car next morning.