



Run Number 401

25th April 2019

The Plasterers' Arms, Hoylake

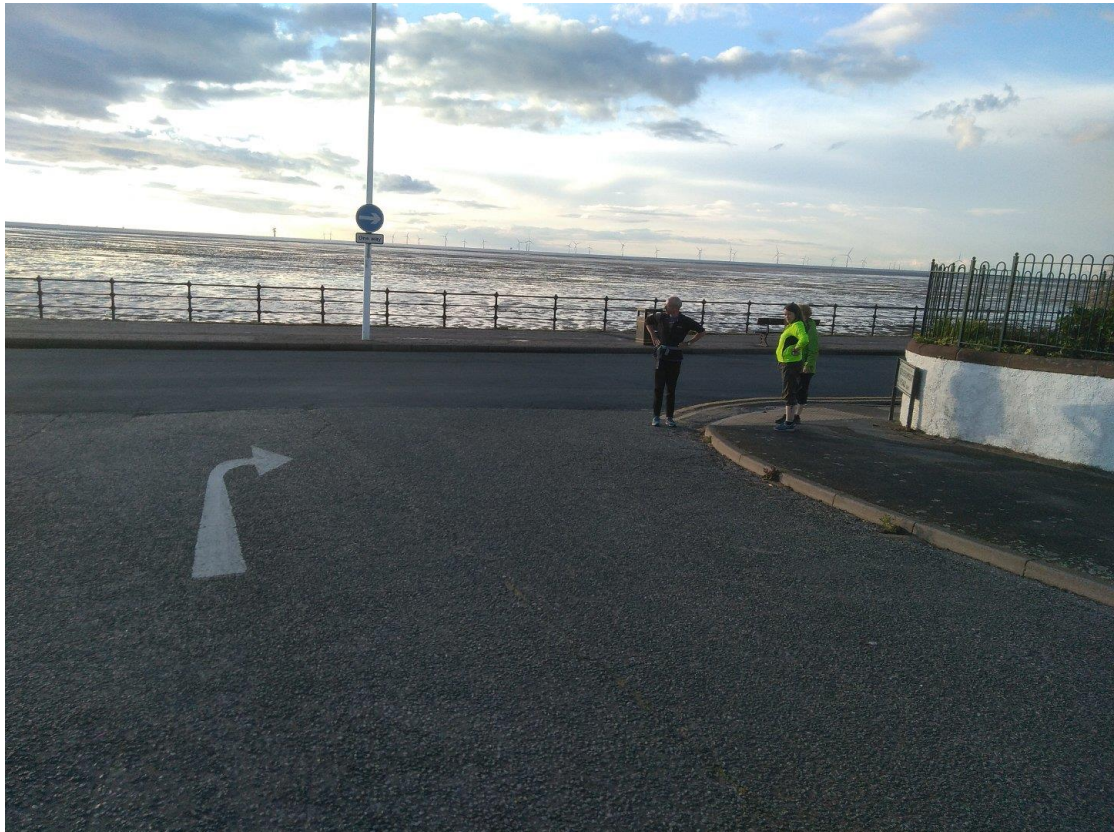
The Pack: 10secs (Hare), VR, Compo, Eccles, fcuk

The hare can confidently state that this week's trail was a masterpiece of planning, executed with consummate artistry. Unfortunately no-one can challenge this assertion since the trail was almost totally obliterated by a torrential downpour shortly after the hare had finished laying it and while he was congratulating himself on missing the rain. Only a few fragments survived where protected by the occasional tree. A frenzied dash round on a bike did not allow time to do more than restore the first few checks. A metaphor for the futility of all human endeavour, or just a demonstration that sh*t happens?



The pack try to look bigger...

It was also quite a select group who gathered at the Plasterers; we had word from fcuk that he was delayed by a train breakdown and arranged to meet him en route, by Hoylake Station. Pausing only to down a few beers, we headed off, in constant danger of the pack disappearing completely along non-existent false trails.



“There was a check here somewhere...still at least there’s some arrows...”

The trail led down to the promenade, before turning up towards the railway.



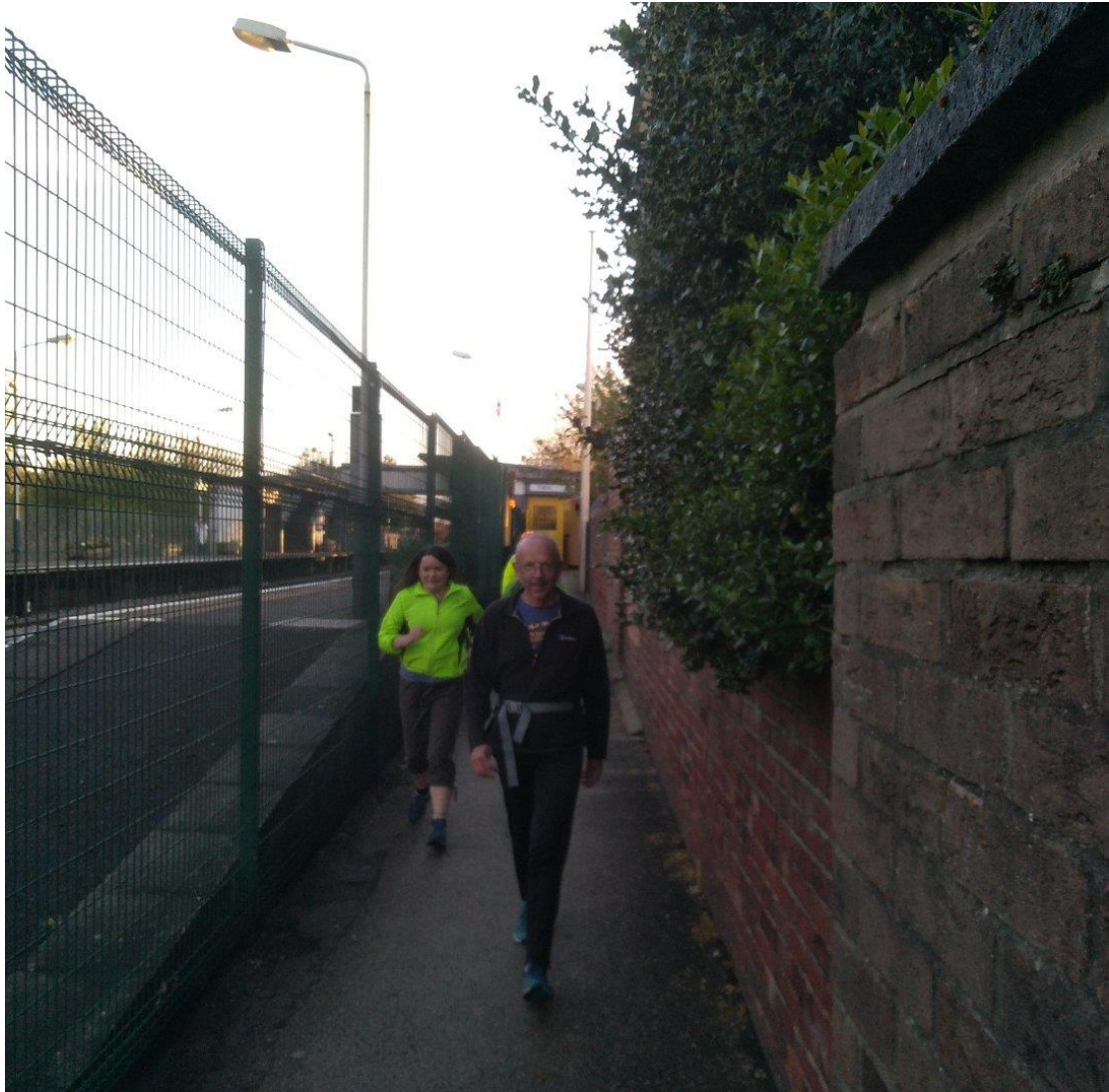
Numbers were swelled significantly by the addition of fcuk at the appointed spot. The trail crossed the railway into the Carr Lane industrial estate.



The few parts of the trail set in flour had survived remarkably well.



Compo has yet to master the art of mounting a bike painlessly.



The trail led along the railway past Manor Road station, almost a legal requirement for any trail in Hoylake.

The hare had been particularly proud of the next bit of trail where the correct route appeared to be up a garden path at the end of a cul de sac; the effect was slightly spoilt by having to say “Errh, you might want to try that way” at frequent intervals...



The pack shortly emerged on the main road...



where a check had miraculously survived for once.



The trail led down Roman Road where there was a tempting footpath and a still extant flour trail.



Passing through Victoria Park, the trail re-emerged on the promenade for a brief while before heading inland where the On Inn was soon found. The landlord kindly allowed us to set up our food in the beer garden. Hash Food had catered for slightly larger numbers and so we were able to gorge ourselves before heading into the snug to warm up and enjoy some beers.