



Run Number 402

9th May 2019

Glen Affric Brewery Tap/Gallaghers, Birkenhead

The Pack: VR (Hare), Compo, Cleo, fcuk, 10secs, Carthief, Hansel, Wigan Pier, Peter Pong, Lawrence



The hare had planned an A to B run between two excellent venues, the new Glen Affric brewery tap near the Birkenhead Tunnel entrance, and the old

favourite Gallaghers. The brewery tap had a large range of beers with names such as Highland Suntan and Loch and Load, some of them knee-tremblingly strong. Our numbers were swelled by an old friend in the form of Peter Pong, and a newcomer Lawrence from the High Wycombe hash. Some ribaldry ensued when Carthief produced a long red sheath for his umbrella and revealed that he had found it lying in the road. He was asked if he made a habit of picking up and using discarded sheaths. There was further amusement when he revealed that he had tied knots in it and he was asked if this was akin to a notch in the bed-post.





The hare waxed quite poetical about the markings, declaring that one should seek them high, and seek them low; seek them on the ground, and up in the air... She was quizzed about the meaning of the triangle which apparently denoted a check with three choices; how did this differ from a circular check with three choices? It was also noted that she was using the same suggestive pink stick as on the last run, now sadly somewhat worn out.



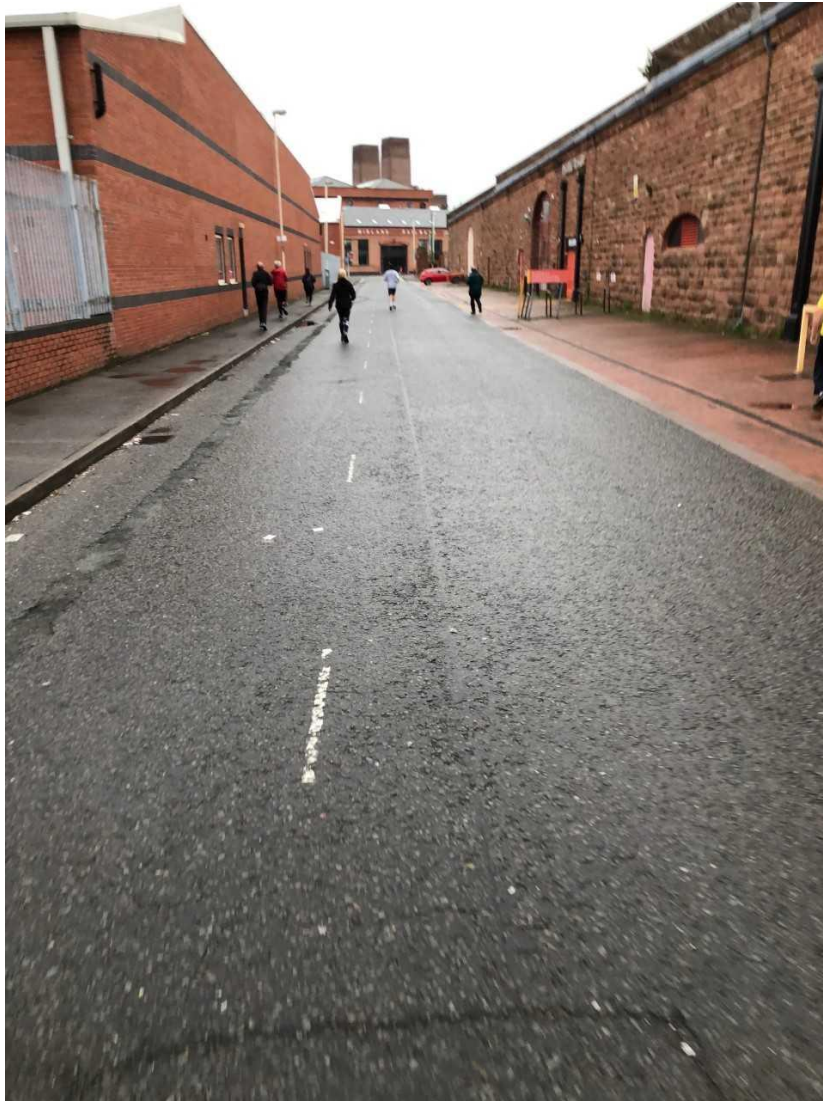
The trail skirted the priory before heading down to the Monks Ferry...



...and along the river to Woodside.



We continued along the waterfront...



...before cutting up Pacific Road to the Stork pub. Here the hare hinted that the route was along Price Street and the pack duly headed that way; but this turned out to be a lapse of memory and some hasty googling was required to locate the onward trail past Conway Park station. We then ran through the Pyramids shopping centre and up Argyll Street.



Here we cut through to Hamilton Street, passing the site of a freezing Burns night down-down years ago, where there is now a trompe l'oeuil mural. Running along towards Hamilton Square we found the On Inn pointing through a car park towards the back entrance to Gallaghers.

The pub very obligingly laid on free chips and we congregated in the smoking area to consume the food, then retired inside for the down downs.

Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare: Her artistic and poetic instructions were specially commended; though there were complaints that the promised checkback and playtime had not materialised. She had least shown that she *could* organise a piss-up in a brewery.

Lawrence: Hash virgin

Compo: For shortcutting down a back alley

Peter Pong: Returnee; also enlisting electronic assistance in getting a carpark barrier raised for him

The Hare: further electronic assistance when she got lost

Carthief: for shamelessly flaunting his sheath

fcuk: Watering the trail