



Run Number 413

24th October 2019

The John Brodie, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), Carthief, Compo, SF, Glad Rags, 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Eccles, fcuk, Ruth, Esther, Lucia, Leila

The John Brodie was a new pub for us, named after a local engineer who apparently invented the goal net. As we gathered around a table, Eccles pointed to a jacket draped over a chair and said "Is that 10secs?" Clearly the diet must be working...



We gathered outside and were given instructions by the Hare. One arrow was "On" and we were not to cross the dual carriageway until the very end of the run. And as usual the markings would be on the right side of the road.



It was a good thing the instructions were quite simple since Ruth and Esther had come along accompanied by some guests from Durango – which sounds like it's on the Santa Fe trail but is actually in the Basque Country.



It had been raining and the Hare was worried that the markings would be washed away. Most were in fact fairly clear though the front runners did manage to miss this check back.

Soon afterwards we came to the wall around Calderstones Park and with a certain inevitability the trail headed into the park. We'd been told to bring our "portable artificial illumination" and this is where it came into its own...though it didn't stop Eccles going base over apex while peering at her phone to see if it was charged.





At one point we came to a point where there had to be a check, but it took lots of concerted milling around to find it...





Eventually we came to a regroup where we were invited to admire the Allerton Oak – supposedly over 1000 years old and used as an open-air courtroom in days of yore. It had been in the news only that day, having been voted “Tree of the Year”. Apparently it has been chosen to represent the UK in a European competition; though how they are going to transport it to the knockout stages in Barcelona is anybody’s guess.



As we left the tree, Carthief remarked something about it not being all that exciting, it was just Oak A. That provoked a whole series of tree-related puns – it's hard to resist the phrase "old chestnuts" – such as "Fir enough", "I bough to your superior knowledge", "I twiggged that one", from assorted 'Ashers.



Finally escaping from the park, it wasn't long before the On Inn was found, and it was a pleasant surprise to find the pub suddenly appear around the corner 100 metres later. Not before time, since a short time later it was pouring down. We deployed umbrellas and gathered under the trees in the pub car park. Our intention of keeping the down-downs fairly discreet was torpedoed when Snoozanne set her car alarm going and lights flashing; but it was in a good cause because she reappeared with a table just in time for Mad Hatter to return with an armful of chips.



These were wolfed down in no time and we turned to the Down Downs, once again accompanied by appropriate songs from the hash hymnal. Our numbers had been swelled by this time by the arrival of SF's partner Glad Rags.

Down downs were awarded to:

ET: As usual the rule that the markings would be on the right was sometimes honoured more in the breach than the observance...

Eccles: for mistaking a fleece for 10secs

SF: for inaugurating a new mode of transport and turning up by Arriva Click, whatever that is.

Compo, Ruth, Esther, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter: returnees.

Lucia, Leila: Newcomers from Durango

Eccles: for her tumble in the park

fcuk: for spending most of the run talking important business on the phone

The hare: for an excellent trail and providing generous amounts of shiggy.

Snoozanne: The car alarm incidents

Mad Hatter: for providing the chips and also breaking the rule regarding crossing the dual carriageway.

Finally an After-the-watershed welcome for Glad Rags, who revealed that she was from Dhaka and the website had made her come. A tribute to Compo's pop-ups, no doubt.

We then hastily decamped to the pub since it was still raining hard.