



Run Number 423

28th February 2020

The Farmers Arms, Wallasey

The Pack: SMS, Grasshopper (Hares), Compo, Snoozanne, Eccles, Overdrive, Cleo, CT, VR, ET, 10secs

As the pack trickled into the Farmers Arms they found a funeral party in full swing, if that's the right way to put it, in the back room. Some of them had clearly been there some time and had probably forgotten whose party it was; but they were very welcoming and invited us to partake of the cheese board and chicken legs. Compo turned up unusually late looking slightly hot and bothered; it turned out that he had failed to take the first right on leaving Grove Road station (which would have brought him to the pub in two minutes) and instead gone on a long tour of Wallasey, following a fair portion of the trail in the process.



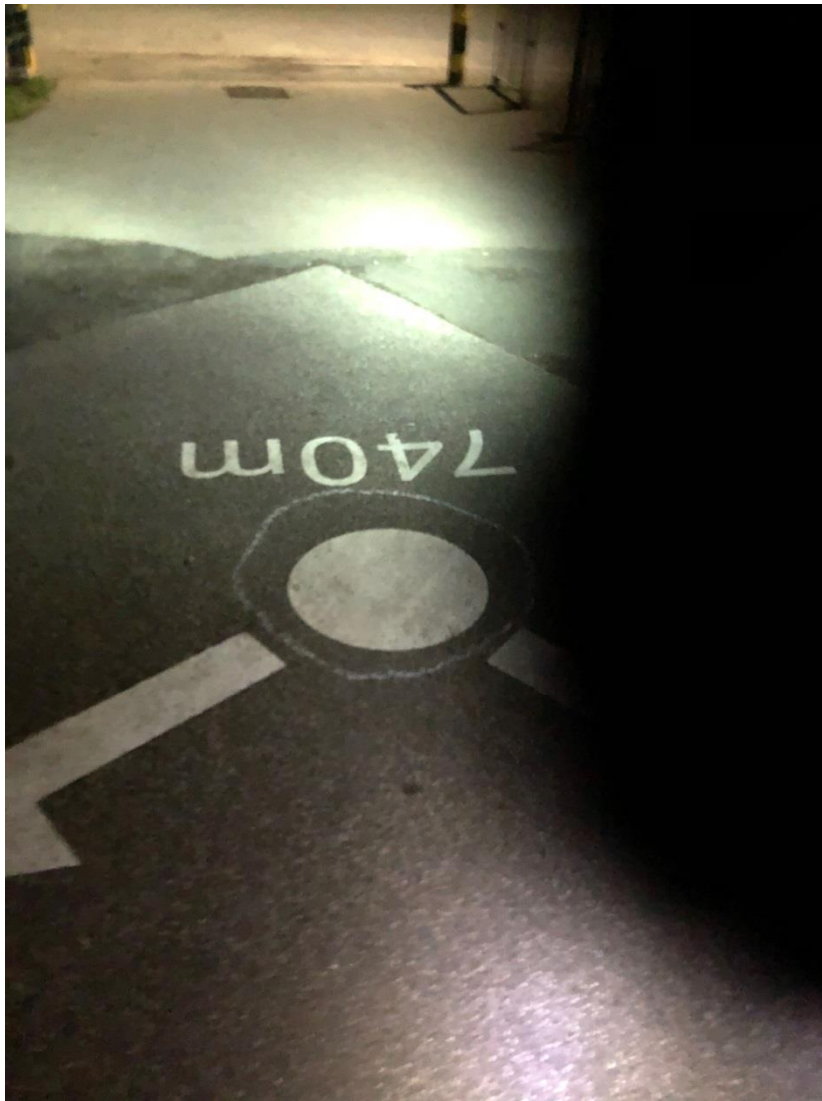
Then we sallied out for the photo and the hares explained the markings.



Some were fairly standard...



...some were quite artistic...



...and some were little miracles of professionalism.

Then we set off. It became clear that it was to be a trail of two halves. The first half was set by whichever hare had not managed to commandeer the family bicycle – it was quite intricately castellated so that the hare once or twice had to shoo eager FRBs away from accidentally short-cutting to the next check but two or three. This part led in a loop back to Grove Road station, presumably retracing Compo's peregrinations, then across Harrison Park. As we approached Sandcliffe Road the hare shot ahead to cross out one of the checks and put another one 10metres away, for reasons which did not become clear (at least not to me...) until somewhat later. Then recrossing Harrison Park we found ourselves at a playtime.



One of the pieces of equipment was so much fun it seemed wasted on kids. It involved swinging up and down and round and round at breakneck speed; at constant risk of getting tossed off, as it were.



This is probably the point where Carthief mentioned that Jupiter was visible in the night sky, though no-one seemed to know exactly where to look; and Eccles then said that she thought it was Venus anyway.

Somewhere around here the second half of the trail started. This was set by the lucky hare who had grabbed the bike and was characterised by long gaps between markings, so much so that SMS was berated for not squeezing his sack sufficiently often. The two halves showed a spirited independence in terms of the route they took. At one point the FRB (10secs) came dolefully back to the rest of the pack thinking he'd found a checkback, only for it to be explained that he had simply rediscovered the check which the hare had crossed out earlier, on (it was now apparent) realising that the two separate halves of the trail were about to converge.

The trail then led along Claremount Road and St Georges Road...



...until the On Inn was found...



On Inns were then awarded to:

The hares: with special mention for the intersecting trails

Compo: for his navigational skills

Carthief and Eccles: for their “Men are from Jupiter, Women are from Venus “ double act

10 secs: for observational powers in not realising he was back at the same check he visited half an hour ago

Returnees: Grasshopper, Compo, Snoozanne, Eccles, CT, VR, 10secs, Mad Hatter



Carthief: on the auspicious occasion of his 300th run...



...for which he was awarded...



...a personalised waterproof jacket.

The pack then retired to The Farmers Arms, where there was one of our traditional clothing related incidents, with Snoozanne leaving behind her hat...



...which suited SMS down to the ground, or at least down to his nose.

There was also further controversy about the identity of the heavenly body visible earlier; research eventually coming down on the side of Venus.