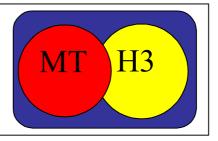


Run Number 43: The Hooton, Hooton Station

The Pack: Austin Powers, Snoozanne, Sgt Pekker, Sherpa, Carthief (Hare), LauRA, Paul, Georgina.

Run set Wednesday 10pm completion (dry conditions)
Sunshine Thursday.
Heavy rain started 18:30
Rain stopped 19:30
For everything else there is Mudstercard



The small but select pack gathered in the ever increasing rain for the latest offering by Carthief.

A short explanation of the markings as everyone wanted to get warm and we were off. Over the railway line to a check with a falsie down the old railway line to a washed out **X**. On back and continue towards Willaston. One of the beer cans attached to the Shit shirt chose the moment that **Austin Powers** ran past some recycling containers to fall off. Unfortunately there were none for tin cans, and **AP**'s green credentials suffered a setback as he disposed of the can.

With the rain still lashing down the trail led down Benty Heath Lane and a check back to a footpath, and the first mud.



Sherpa before the mud.

Caption: You really don't want to see the after photos

Back onto the road and onto the junction at Heath road. Down Heath road and onto the Willaston Way. A nice legstretcher along the old railway line and a right fork to Smithy Lane. Left along a path and more mud before coming out at the old station on Hadlow Road.



Caption (left) I'm glad I borrowed this waterproof from Austin so I can drag it through the mud

Caption (right) generally I think I look better in women's clothing

Back into Willaston and then past The Pollard Inn and more mud back onto the Wirral Way and another leg stretcher down to Damhead Lane where the Check had been washed away. By this time the rain had stopped.



Caption: startled rabbit provides own headlight

Paul (was this the gate that he vaulted over?) and **Austin Powers**

Up towards Neston Road and Mill Lane via a few Checks. Up some more to the old windmill and then left onto the mud. Across several fields where we came across a scout group on some night exercise. It was a toss up as to which party was the more surprised but the scout leader did ask if the markings were ours.

Across three stiles and lots of mud and then down the bridleway to Street Hey lane and the longest On Inn that **Austin Powers** had ever seen (he must have led a sheltered life).

Back at the start, food was spread out on a waterproof coat. There were so many plastic bags with various goodies that it looked like a collection of bag ladies. The muddy and bedraggled condition of the pack may have had something to do with it.



Caption: If I keep my foot on this bag of food perhaps no-one will notice and I can eat it all

Caption 2: The legs of a ladies rugby team member – be very afraid!

Austin Powers opened the proceedings with an old chestnut about three men. The first with 5 sons and one more for a basketball team, the second with 10 sons. One more and he would have a football team. The third a Mormon (also heard as an Arab Sheik) with 17 wives. One more for a golf course.

LauRA ably demonstrated the technique to our newest recruit Georgina who then showed that she was a quick learner.



Snoozanne for winning a pub quiz in Bermuda even though there was an argument about how many wings a butterfly has.

Sergeant Pekker for his transvestite performance in the play Stop Interrupting.

Paul and Georgina for being locals. There was some discussion about inbreeding between Neston and Willaston. Also for Paul's "leap of faith" over the gate.



Caption: So it's not true that everyone in Neston has 6 fingers – some appear only to have 4

Finally the award of the Shitshirt. **Paul** and **Carthief** were nominated and the show of hands revealed the wicked nature of the distaff side of the Hash. **Carthief** won (lost?)



On into The Hooton for a well deserved warm up and liquid replacement therapy.

This has been a CarSnooze production - which doesn't mean we were asleep in the car together