



(Post-lockdown) Run No 442

The Harp Inn, Ness

The Pack: Victim (Hare), James (Virgin), Bimbo, Compo, Sticky Rice, Eccles, Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, Hansel, Overdrive, Cleopatra.

A select group of hashers had gathered at the Harp Inn for the second "proper" run since the lockdown began to crumble, maintaining strict social distancing for the usual group photo at the start of the run:



Despite the generous provision of 3 carparks within easy reach of the Harp Inn, Hansel managed this extraordinary feat of non-parallel parking:



The trail began via a maze of winding streets in an area previously occupied by two rival coal mines and now by suburban housing and grass-covered plots concealing disused mineshafts



We crossed Marshlands Road and headed towards Parkgate...



.....before arriving at another grassy area with a playground, just as it started to rain. Whether it was the rain or the presence of a couple of kids in the playground which prevented us from invading their space for PT was not quite clear.



Leaving the playground we headed towards the remains of the old railway line leading away from the collieries





For a short while we followed the route of the former railway before heading towards the centre of Neston.





Following an unofficial regroup, the trail went along the perimeter of Stanney Fields Park, then back through the park, allowing the hare and Hansel to take a much needed short cut, and Compo to stop to water the grass .



By this stage in the run the hare was feeling the effects of going round the trail for the second time in one day, but only Mad Hatter seemed to be visibly shaking

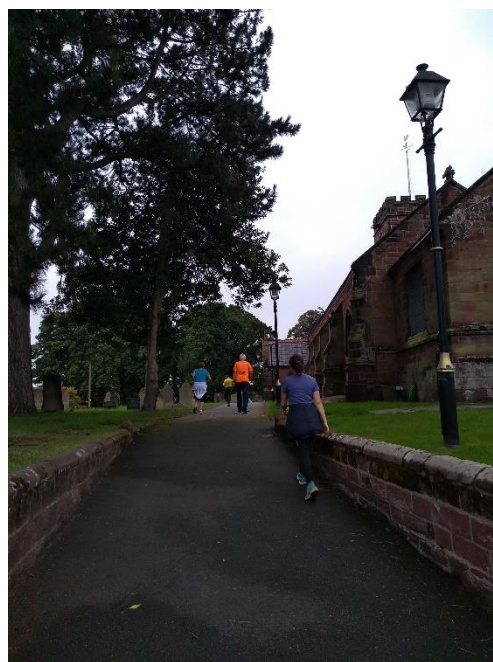


Hansel stopped to inspect what appeared to be a bollard similar in design to those being installed in the centre of Chester, though this was fixed rather than rising. In the background a sign for the “Uinction Rooms” can be seen.

There were a few raised eyebrows as we ran through an old churchyard containing war graves (disrespect for the dead?)



As a mark of respect the hare had avoided leaving more than one blob of flour inside the churchyard



However, he had failed to spot a perfectly good footpath around the churchyard which ran parallel to the path through the churchyard outside its perimeter wall



Following a check, near which someone's lost keyring was found, we continued along the Wirral Way towards West Kirby



Victim and family stopped to examine the sign to the Old Laundry (which he'd failed to incorporate into the trail as the entrance was locked and heavily guarded by cctv cameras).



This meant they were the last to arrive at the (socially distanced) regroup.



After passing through a field of horses we arrived at the marshes, near the site of the Old Quay, with grass-covered soil tips to our left. Here Compo was spotted testing out whether an old wooden bridge could serve as parallel bars....



A choice of stiles marked where the trail had disappeared....



....much to Snoozanne's disapproval, though the hare claimed that heavy rain earlier in the afternoon - or more likely hostile dog-walking locals - had wiped out the check at the stiles.



Bimbo was spotted trying to scale a barbed wire fence, having taken a short cut which avoided the stiles and distant views of the old quayside.



From here the route back to the Harp Inn in the distance was fairly obvious....



The Hare felt vindicated when the just about visible "On Inn" marks were spotted by a keen-eyed hasher



Back at the car park, Snoozanne and Mad Hatter had come well-prepared.



Social distancing was maintained as we scoffed our own food and drinks.



Down downs were awarded to:
Victim (for setting the trail.)



Virgins and Returnees: Victim's offspring Bimbo and James, who revealed he was from "around Chester" and that Bimbo and Victim had made him come. Although a veteran hasher from Mozambique, Botswana and Nepal amongst other places he had either forgotten, or had never acquired, a hash name.



Compo and Snoozanne (for watering the trail?)



Snoozanne nominated Victim for having been a Manager/Teacher but failing miserably to educate his offspring in hash etiquette and procedures (Bimbo had asked what RA stood for!)



And here is a photo of Compo scratching his shoe....



The braver amongst us then made our way to the Harp Inn, where Victim had already signed us in at 1430 and booked a table for 8 overlooking the marshes before he began the recce. - this proved to be entirely unnecessary as there were no other guests outside the pub.

By this time in the evening the one way system to get in and out of the bar had collapsed as the landlady had locked the back door exit. The promised sunset failed to materialise so, as responsible drivers, and following the near collapse of one of the benches, we headed for home after just one beer.