



Run Number 444

6th August 2020

West Kirby Concourse Car Park

The Pack: Mad Hatter and Snoozanne (Hares), Compo, Eccles, ET, Wigan Pier, 10secs, VR, Hansel, OTT, Brookside, Victim



The pack assembled in the car park forming quite a large circle so as to preserving social distancing. Wigan Pier was the last to arrive – an enigmatic WhatsApp had arrived from her saying “Here can’t find con” which seemed to imply navigational issues. To be fair, West Kirby was completely snarled up with road works and temporary traffic lights, so any wrong turn would take a long time to correct. She finally arrived in a bit of a tizzy which was not improved by someone asking if she had lost her car keys yet. And then we were off, through the station and Sandlea Park and down to the beach. The pack decided that the trail was likely to head to the boating lake, but this was

wrong. In fact it led the other way, along the fringe of dunes between the beach and the fence bounding the Golf Course.



Snoozanne was very disapproving of any hasher not following the exact one of the several more or less parallel sandy paths, a couple of metres apart, which was actually marked with the flour.



This led to lots of scrambling up and down the dunes...



I understand the dangers of golf balls but why are the golfers themselves so dangerous?



Eventually we crossed the golf course to emerge on the main road at a regroup by Pinfold Lane.





An aid to social distancing on the trail?

Here again the hares watched us meander off in the wrong direction before we returned and found the trail up the alley to Graham Road and over the railway bridge. From here it was up onto Grange Hill.



We had a regroup at the War Memorial



where Snoozanne explained that the statue of a soldier had caused outrage



due to his appearance of not completely feeling that war was a Jolly Good Thing.



The ongoing trail briefly emerged near the main road where there was a good view of the building which had featured on “Grand Designs”. But soon it was back onto Grange Hill for a while. We came out on Black Horse Hill by the Viking pub, where there was a slight groundswell of public opinion in favour of a pit stop. But sterner counsels prevailed and we continued up the hill; until Eccles spotted an arrow across the road pointing down an alleyway. It seemed too tempting to miss and soon the majority of the pack was charging down the alley, to return shamefacedly a few minutes later. In fact the trail continued uphill to Column Road and another regroup at the Beacon.



Here VR appeared to insinuate that Hansel had been shortcutting which rankled especially this week, due to unjust accusations having been bandied around in the trash a fortnight ago.



Somewhere round here, Snoozanne's half of the trail had given way to Mad Hatter's. This is probably Snoozanne disclaiming any responsibility for what happens from now on...

Continuing, we eventually descended to Whetstone Lane; the scene of a nosy neighbour having summoned the police to deal with the ruckus caused by WCH3's circle a few weeks ago. When the police van arrived and the police realised that this particular rave was being run by a bunch of pensioners, they burst out laughing and expressed disappointment at not being able to join in.

We were quite literally not out of the woods yet; or rather, we went into them again, past a point where it seemed the nosy neighbour had responded to the WCH3 intrusion by setting up a CCTV camera. Here a steep slippery bank nearly led to Wigan Pier ending up in a heap,





with Compo regretting that social distancing prevented him from lending a chivalrous hand (and probably ending up in the same heap...). The camera records Mad Hatter helping Wigan Pier down the last few feet, out of compunction for having set the trail this way.



Ever since we entered this neck of the woods (sorry for all these arboreal expressions) Victim had been talking longingly of the Ring o'Bells (he had once attended Calday Grange Grammar School and presumably this had been where he spent his lunch-hours), his enthusiasm undimmed by the assurances that it was currently closed. Now, pursuing a possible trail in that direction, he saw a tempting side-alley and disappeared. Calls to return had no effect and we had to abandon him to his fate. The rest of the pack found the onward trail down Echo Lane, emerging near St Bridgets Church.



Round about here Victim joined us again, presumably having checked that the Ring o' Bells was indeed closed; the above photo (taken by Victim himself) making it look rather sinister, as if sounds of spectral merriment might be heard from the cellars around midnight... A hint from Snoozanne sent us through Ashton Park down to the Wirral Way from where it was a short distance back to the Concourse car park. Here sadly VR headed off but left us something to remember her by in the shape of the delicious cakes she had promised last week.



The last sentence was honestly not meant to read in the way it kind of does.

Eccles had brought communal food, and the pack picked and partook with various degrees of boldness.

Hansel then took on the RA duties. Down downs were awarded to:

ET: for initially organising a run in a COVID hotspot (and then gracefully stepping down and even more gracefully turning up at the replacement run).

Wigan Pier: for navigational issues.

The hares: for stepping in at short notice; also for revisiting the scene of a crime. Hansel asked if a mathematician could explain how two halves could add up to so much more than one whole.

Victim: for ignoring the trail in order to visit old haunts.

Compo: for (nearly) coming to the aid of a lady in distress.

Most of the pack disappeared at this point, but a small contingent went off to the West Kirby Tap where sitting outside proved quite civilised.