



## **Run Number 506**

## 7<sup>th</sup> September 2022

## The Helter Skelter, Frodsham

**The Pack:** OTT and Two Dicks (Hares), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, fcuk, Sticky Rice, ET, Victim, Bimbo, PJ Vindaloo, Pete, Auntiecyclone, PA, Bailey



We gathered inside the Helter Skelter, just after the news had been announced of the Queen's passing. It had also been raining heavily and it was no surprise that the Hare was expecting most of the markings to have been washed away; even though she had made many of them in both flour and chalk. Just for good measure, Red Ken had been around some of the trail earlier and refreshed some of the markings.



The trail was found over the road, cutting through into Castle Park. When one lowered one's expectations of what constituted a blob of flour, it was possible to discern some of the markings.



Quite quickly we found ourselves at an extensive playground with some exciting apparatus.



The trail led inexorably uphill and we started to find the markings recently redone by Red Ken. Soon we were in the woodland at the base of Overton Hill. PJ Vindaloo and Pete started getting quite agitated by the presence of bats flitting around. Apparently PJ Vindaloo had once touched one for some reason, leading to concern about rabies infection. Pete then accused one of the bats of spitting at him; though the rain-soaked trees overhead suggested less exotic possibilities.

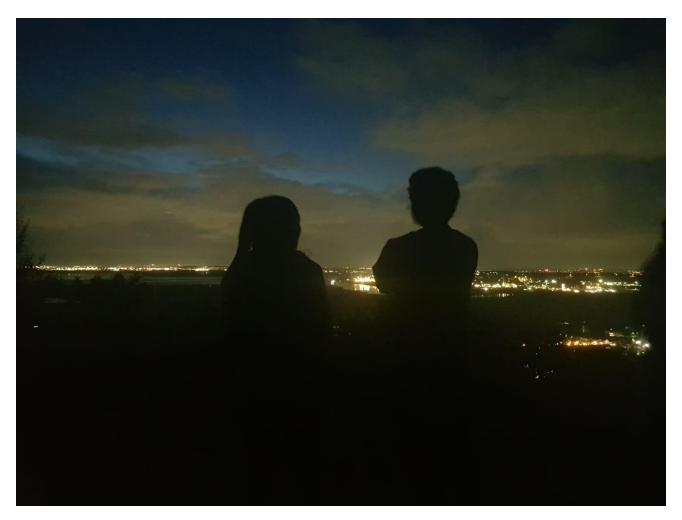
A certain amount of hinting from the hare was now required to indicate the onward trail. At one point she announced that there was a Wimps and Rambos split. The Rambos option appeared to be a sheer rock face looming up in the darkness, known as Jacob's Ladder; so we unanimously opted for the Wimps alternative – especially as it seemed clear that neither hare was prepared to guide anyone up the Rambo version.



Even the Wimps trail had its moments...

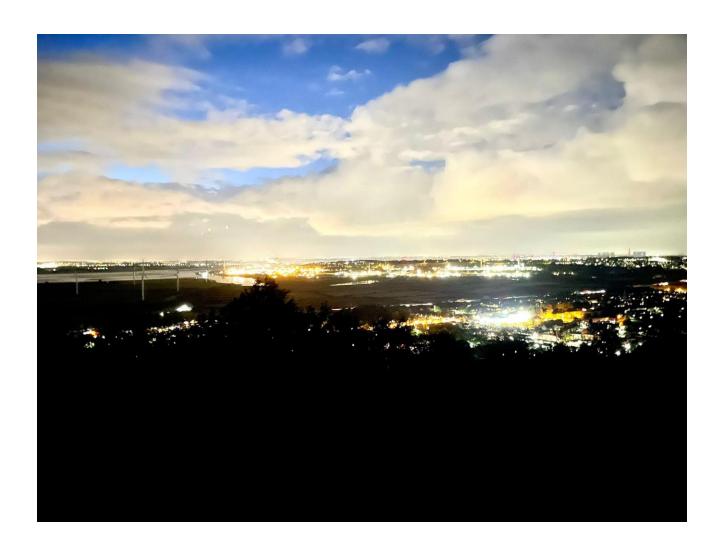


The hare had had the foresight to put many of the chalk markings on vertical surfaces to avoid the rain; but this one was being eaten by a plague of woodlice.



Eventually we found ourselves at the top of the hill by the monument where there was a superb view over the Mersey estuary.







The full moon could be seen rising behind the trees...





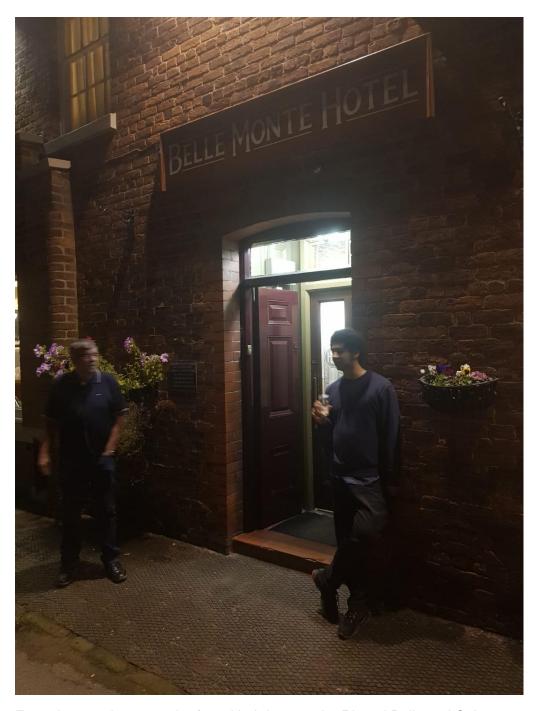




After admiring the view and taking some photos we started heading down towards a pub-stop. Despite the best efforts of Two Dicks, who seemed determined to lead us back up the hill, we suddenly emerged from the undergrowth right by the pub. fcuk, who had been foiled in his attempts to negotiate the trail on his bike, was awaiting us there. At first it seemed strange that he was in a room in his own rather than joining the merry throng of drinkers; but that was explained when we went in the bar, where the locals and the barman left off glowering silently at each other in order to glower at us instead. And wait, it was a night of full moon too...was that just Bailey howling outside? Since dogs weren't allowed in the pub...



The beermats continued the relaxed welcoming theme. fcuk seemed unaccountably delighted that it was a Samuel Smiths pub, as are a couple in Chester, the Falcon and the Boot., which apparently impose the same rules.



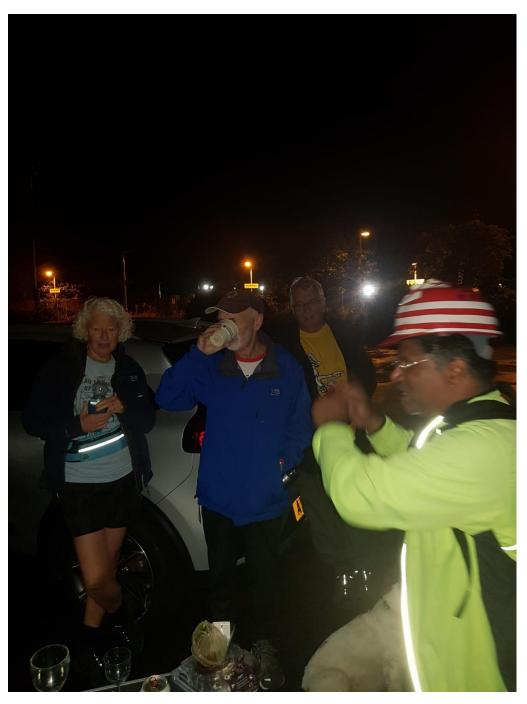
From there a short stretch of road led down to the Ring o' Bells and St Laurence Church; and then a long cut-through led us back to Red Lane and the On Inn. We set up the food in the station car park. OTT had made some excellent sandwiches and in a hashing first had also brought some sushi. She'd also made a delicious lemon drizzle cake. The RA then tinkled the bell to convene the circle. Meanwhile my notes say mysteriously that Sticky Rice had come too late to enjoy any sensations. I think this is actually a reference to the crisps running out; anyway she was awarded a down down for this event, whatever it was.



Comments were invited on the run. After the RA's now-traditional lecture on the meaning of irony, the trail was described as being too flat, having too many markings, not having enough bats, not having enough beer stops (and the beer stop was described as too cheerful). Down downs were awarded to the hares (including the absent Red Ken).

## Down-downs were also awarded to:

Pete: for being observed sending work e-mails on trail. There were also proposals to give him various hash names, viz Batshit or Batspit or Beet (a mishearing of his name). None of these seemed to stick and the issue was set aside for future consideration.



Returnees: most significantly Mad Hatter, who was cordially welcomed on his reappearance and commended for actually front-running at one point.



Also Auntiecyclone...



...Bimbo...



...and PA.

Finally the RA awarded himself a down-down after demonstrating how ET's car door had defeated his attempts to open it or even find the handle.

It was getting quite late by this point, so we all went our separate ways.