



Run Number 522

13th April 2022

OTT's house, Pen-y-mynydd

The Pack: OTT (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, fcuk, ET, BS, Cleo, Overdrive, Victim, PJ Vindaloo, Bimbo, PA



As we gathered for the run, a belt of heavy rain clouds was just moving off to be replaced by lovely evening sunshine. The start of the run was right by Bwcle station (apparently pronounced in the manner in the way a Lancastrian would have pronounced Buckley, i.e. "Boookli").



The entrance to the station was marked by what looked like an enormous piece of dinosaur poo. It (the station) was ideally situated for regular trains to Bidston, except that none were running due to a train shortage. Everyone had therefore come in cars. The plan was to stop at OTT's house in about 3miles where the Hash Food would be found; then after a further mile we would be back at the station where we could drive to a pub called The Parrot which was selected as the On Inn. The hare informed us that the trail was marked in mingled flour, sawdust and chalk, the mingling possibly caused by the recent high winds and heavy rain.



As we could see at the first check, the hare had therefore adopted a belt and braces approach to the markings.



This was the first and possibly the most robust of the evening's many stiles, one again with copious markings on display.





The hare had given fcuk his very own personalised trail marked on a map so that he could keep up with the pack on his bike; but he decided to try to follow the rest of us as much as possible.



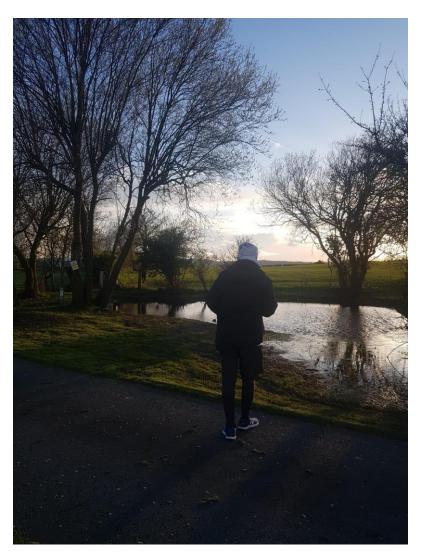
There were lovely views of distant hills...



...and if there was any rain, it always seemed to be falling on someone else.

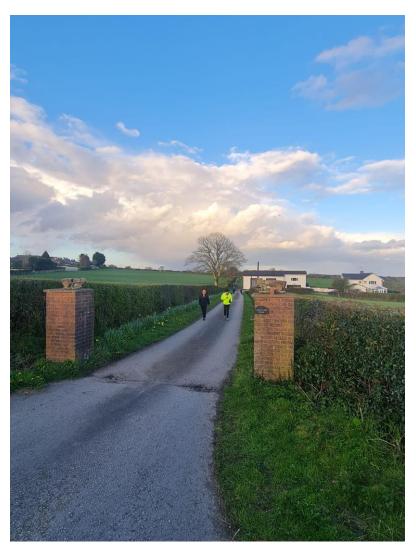


This was clearly a check and the Hare had warned us about this one, since a hop down from the crossbar led straight onto the road.



There was an abundance of paths which made the checks quite challenging, but many of them seemed to lead across people's back gardens...





...or down their front drives.



Here there was a regroup. fcuk was first to arrive but when OTT turned up, she told him he shouldn't have been there at all according to his own personal trail and in fact should have been at the cement works visible a mile or so away over the fields. It was probably at this point that fcuk and his personal trail parted company for good.





OTT had ingeniously provided a mobile regroup



Lighting fires under dogs' bottoms is rightly discouraged



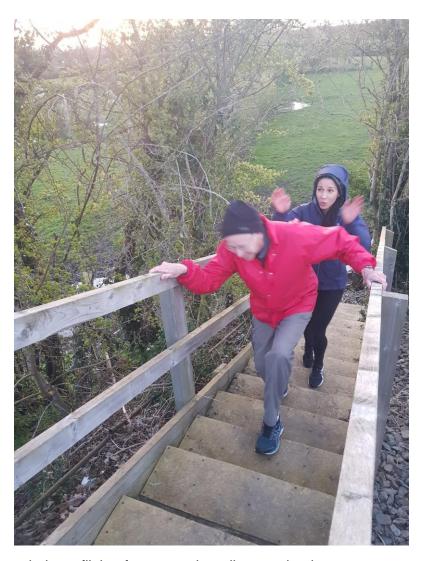
At the corner of the field ahead Mad Hatter and 10secs climbed the stile and followed the hedge but the rest of the pack lingered, deterred by 10secs' reticence in calling "On". By the time MH and 10secs appeared, following the distant hedge heading leftwards, it was clear that there was a tempting shortcut over the field to the left, especially for fcuk and his bike; but by this time he had already lugged it over the stile. An enormous amount of milling around took place which everyone seemed to feel must somehow be all 10secs' fault.



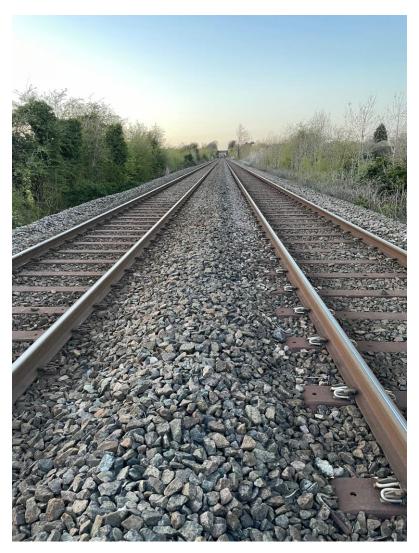
Eventually we emerged out of yet another rich person's front drive onto the main road.



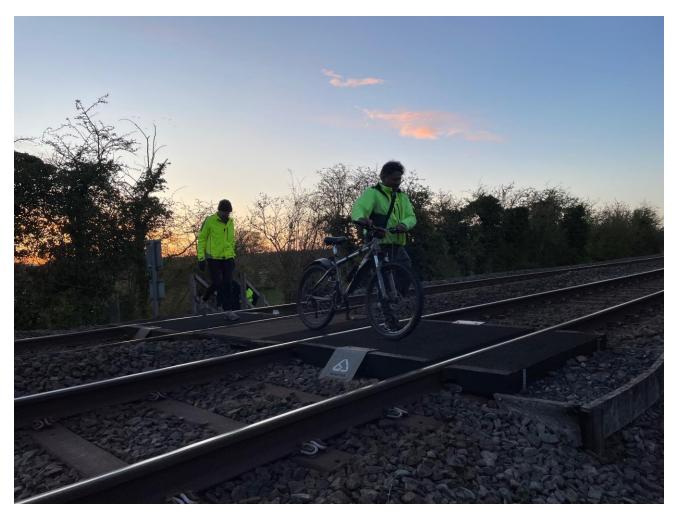
Here there was a regroup. Victim was last to appear but finally came into a view at a run and looking relieved, having presumably made his customary rest stop. fcuk commented that it was PA's first time in Wales and he said that he was keeping his face covered since he had omitted to get a visa. OTT explained that here there was no option but to walk along the main road for 10 minutes. This didn't stop Cleo and 10secs from hopefully but futilely setting off along a side track at a check after only 5 minutes. Shortly after that, indeed after another 5 minutes, another check was found. The railway was now visible and Victim confidently asserted that the only way to cross it was via the main road. But a footpath across the fields....



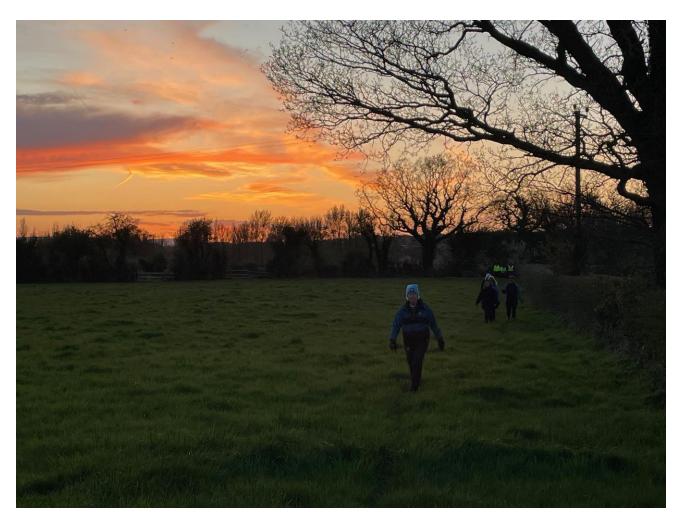
...led to a flight of steps up the railway embankment...



...which quite suddenly emerged onto the tracks. Luckily the next train was not expected for about 6 weeks.



Some of the stiles around here were very rickety, especially when carrying a bike over one's shoulders. PJ Vindaloo commented that it might be safer to simply demolish them rather than let them provide a trap for the unwary. Eventually we came out on a road where a particularly vicious-looking stile gave access to a quagmire of liquid manure. OTT hinted that the route was only cutting off a corner whereupon Victim immediately sauntered off with the assured gait of someone with a good excuse for avoiding unnecessary contortion and feet wetting.



Shortly, in fact just round the corner as promised, we were all reunited.



The trail led past a stables. Victim asked what hash song this scene reminded people of. To tell the truth, by this time ET was not the only one of us with a bit of shite on...

Finally a few more fields ...



...and a few more stiles ...



...led us across the Pen-y-fordd by-pass into Pen-y-mynydd. Since this was where OTT lived, it did not require much imagination to figure out that the Hash Food was almost within our grasp. Snoozanne and Mad Hatter had been chez OTT before and strode confidently off in precisely the wrong direction at the next check; coming back saying something about it looking different when you were driving...

Eventually we made it to OTT's house where we were greeted by two cats and a table replete with all manner of goodies, including two kinds of homemade cake, one with those edible silver balls, also Welsh cider and a pile of sandwiches; and OTT retired to the kitchen to return shortly with cheese and salami and plates of sausage rolls and sausages which had apparently been cooked in seconds. There was very little incitement to get on our way and have down-downs back at the station; and enthusiasm for the pub was muted by Snoozanne and Mad Hatter's story that the beer had run out last time they were there. So after very short discussion it was decided to have the down downs in situ. Comments on the run were invited and it was predictably described as having not enough stiles or shiggy. Down downs were then awarded to:

The hare; also commended for the excellent food

10secs: for lack of confidence in calling the trail

Victim: for smug short-cutting, also for watering the trail

PA: for being a Welsh virgin and entering Wales without a visa



Finally we reluctantly set out on the final leg of the trail. By this time it was really quite dark, but eventually we found...



...the On Inn, which led up a short alleyway back to the station.



Here there was absolutely no-one who fancied a trip to the pub, and we decided to go our separate ways. However it dawned on us that we had mislaid Victim en route. The most likely theory, which had several adherents, was that he had stopped for another trail watering; but a phone call established that he had missed a turn and headed off down the road. The Woods family were dispatched on a rescue mission but with strict instructions to return and cough up their Hash Cash. This duly done, we all set off on our homeward way.