



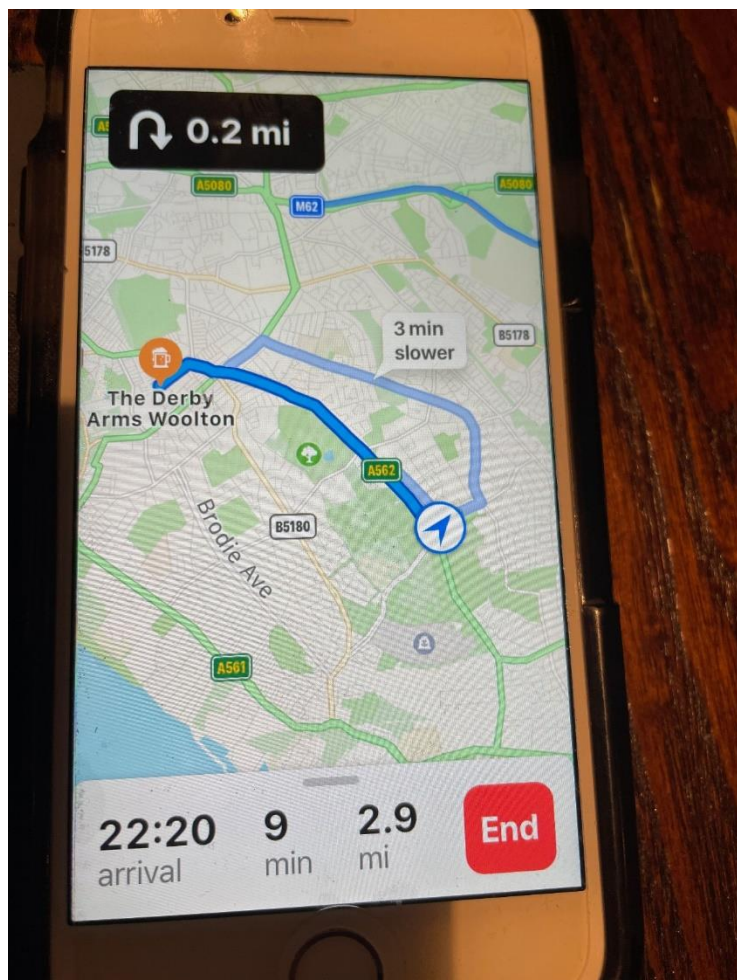
Run Number 483

15th October 2021

The Derby Arms, Woolton

The Pack: ET and BS (Hares), 10secs, fcuk, Sticky Rice, SF, Wigan Pier, Cleo, Overdrive

Little did we know that this was to be an evening marked by various navigational and locomotional issues.



The first hint of trouble came with a couple of WhatsApp messages which arrived as the pack were gathering in the Derby Arms: "Can see The Grapes where do I go now" from Sticky Rice and "I'm lost" from Wigan Pier. Sticky Rice was not held up for too long by having found the wrong pub, but things rapidly got more serious with WP; "Still can't find it" and "Sorry I'm going round in circles" were the next messages. Overdrive tried modern technology to locate WP on WhatsApp and BS and ET tried to talk her in over the phone, but to no avail.



As it approached 7.30 we sallied forth outside the pub...



...where we were nearly swept along by a horde of more serious-looking runners who sounded to be on some kid of Beatles-themed run. Eventually we decided to start on the trail leaving BS to await Wigan Pier. The hares had promised a trail with unexpected twists and turns and we were not disappointed.



There were several quite long CheckBacks which kept the frontrunners in their place. The first of these, along Woolton High Street, took us into Woolton Woods and Camp Hill. After blundering around in the woods for a while we emerged onto the open hilltop where there was a surprisingly extensive vista...



...and a number of benches which had been converted into shrines.



Emerging from the woods we crossed onto Springwood Avenue where there was a check with a tempting Compo gap.



For some reason we had brought along the Compo bell which was brought into service with gusto.

The trail took us past Allerton Hall, scene of beer stops of yesteryear, and we emerged on Woolton Road. Here the front runners paused, realising that the rest of the pack was nowhere in sight. When they finally arrived it transpired that fcuk had a broken bicycle chain caused by a deep pothole; he had taken photos of it and was threatening to sue the council. Meanwhile some lights in the distance down Woolton Road turned out to be the errant Wigan Pier and BS. They had clearly been doing some majestic shortcutting but no-one could blame them – indeed fcuk would now be following suit in the blatant shortcutting department. Wigan Pier had been led astray by her satnav which had kept taking her to the wrong location when she keyed in the pub's postcode; eventually

BS had had the brainwave of sending her instead to a friend's house in the vicinity. WP was ruefully bemoaning the fact that she'd have been half an hour early and well in time for drink if all had gone according to plan. She frankly confessed that if she had not been the bearer of Hash Food she would have given up and gone home; and was only sustained by the thought of something quite strong when she eventually did reach the pub.



With a reunited pack, we crossed the golf course and passed the Club House which had been marked as a potential Beer Stop. But it was getting late and anyway some of us recalled having been treated rather disdainfully there on previous occasions due to our attire; so we carried on. Emerging onto Menlove Avenue, there was a regroup where we were invited by ET to go and admire a little glass pavilion in the adjacent woodland. But he didn't sell it very well by going on to tell us that it was empty, though it had once contained a Superlambanana.



Sooner than expected we found the OnInn and shortly were outside the pub. A derelict petrol station over the road provided a convenient place for the down-downs. Wigan Pier had provided an excellent selection of food, including naturally some tasty pies (though apparently they were from Aldi rather than some local artisan pie emporium).



fcuk rang the Compo bell to call us to order, and down-downs were awarded to...



...The Hares: they were commended for their huge clear markings (BS claiming that these were mostly her handiwork) and interesting trail (though the empty pavilion had been a bit of a letdown). BS was also praised for remaining behind to help Wigan Pier locate the pub.



...Cleo and Overdrive: yawning in unison before the start of the run; provoking ribald comments about possible reasons for not getting enough sleep...



...10secs: he was accused of wearing a new coat on the grounds of its being visible half a mile away. The eagle eyed will have noticed that here the coat is being modelled by Sticky Rice...



...which led to requests from other hashers for various other of 10secs' garments. Despite vehement protestations that he had had the coat several years, it was decreed that he should be made to drink from it.



A makeshift cup was fashioned...



...and hey presto the job was done.

Down-downs were also awarded to

Wigan Pier: for persevering with her mercy mission with the Hash Food despite a recalcitrant SatNav (some of the problems had been caused by her husband who had turned off the sound due to its annoying voice and now didn't know how to turn it back on)

SF: Returnee

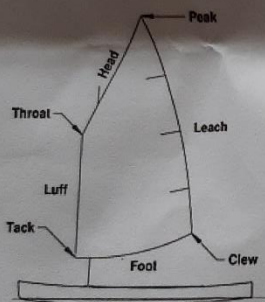
fcuk: the Missing Link on account of his bike chain problems: as he said, he had lost a bike but gained a scooter.

fcuk concluded proceedings with a couple of sermons, the last in his compendium of nautical jokes.

No clew!

"What do you call a sail with only two corners?"

"I haven't got a clew!"



Tricky light change

How many boaters does it take to change a lightbulb?

None, because the right size bulb isn't on board, the local marine-supply store doesn't carry that brand, and the mail-order house has them on back-order.

They were greeted with slightly baffled laughter...I luff a good pun but any joke which requires a peak at a diagram is going to leave you scratching your head thinking you are on the wrong tack.

Finally since it was now getting a bit chilly we retired to the pub. ET very generously bought a round on account of missing the Beer Stop. There was some discussion of Halloween and especially Halloween food but when Hannah arrived to take home fcuk and his bike there was a general drifting away. There was some unkind speculation about whether Wigan Pier would get home before morning but she was confident that typing "Home" into the Satnav would do the trick.

