



Run Number 485

11th November 2021

The Bridge Inn and Hulme Hall, Port Sunlight

The Pak: fcuk, VR, SF (Hares), 10secs, ET, BS, OTT, Sticky Rice, Wigan Pier. Cleo, Overdrive



This was the Wirral Beer Festival run so we gathered in The Bridge Inn a short distance from the venue, Hulme Hall. fcuk had had his booster jab the previous day and VR had an ear infection so SF had nobly stepped in to give assistance.

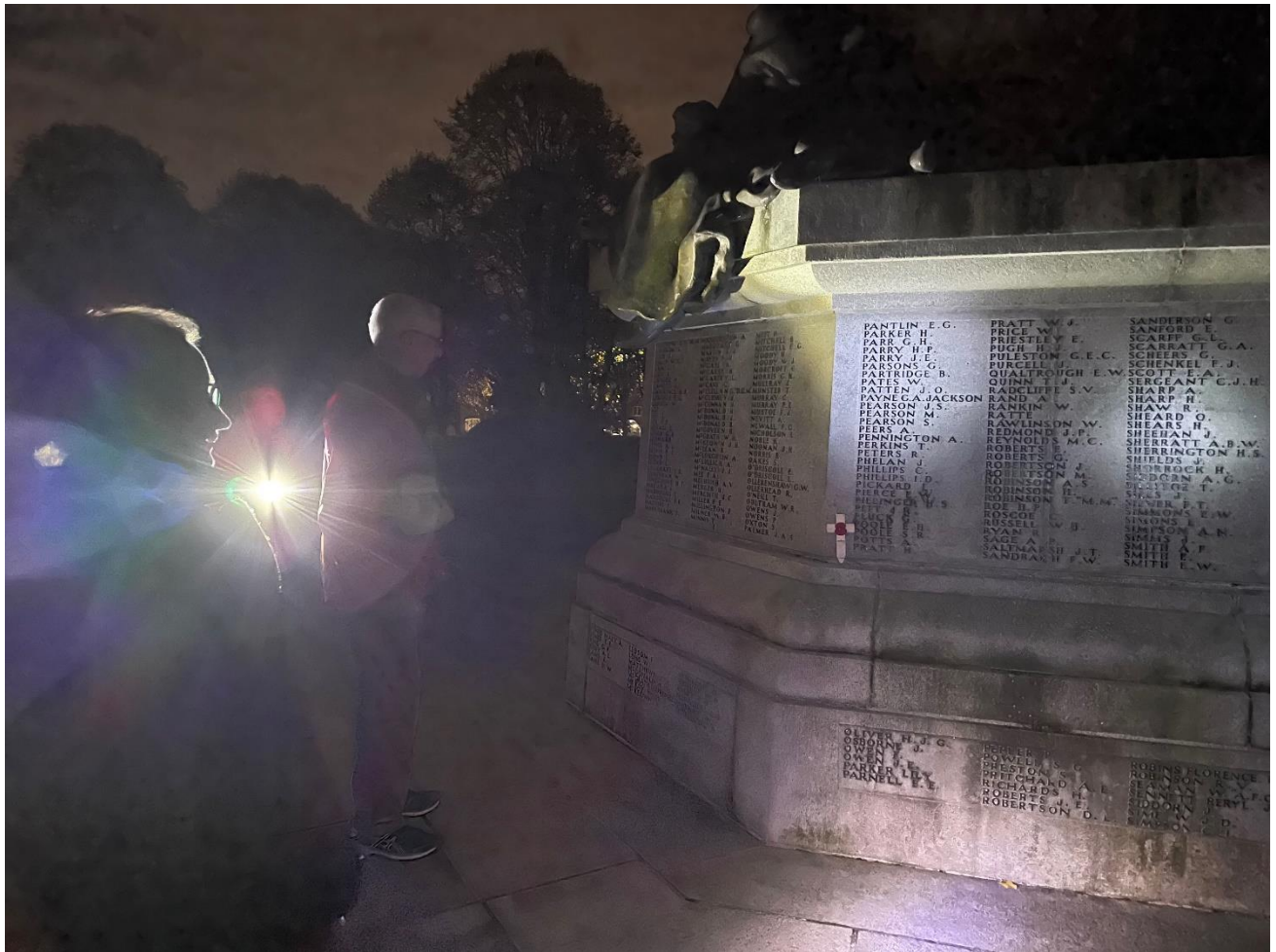


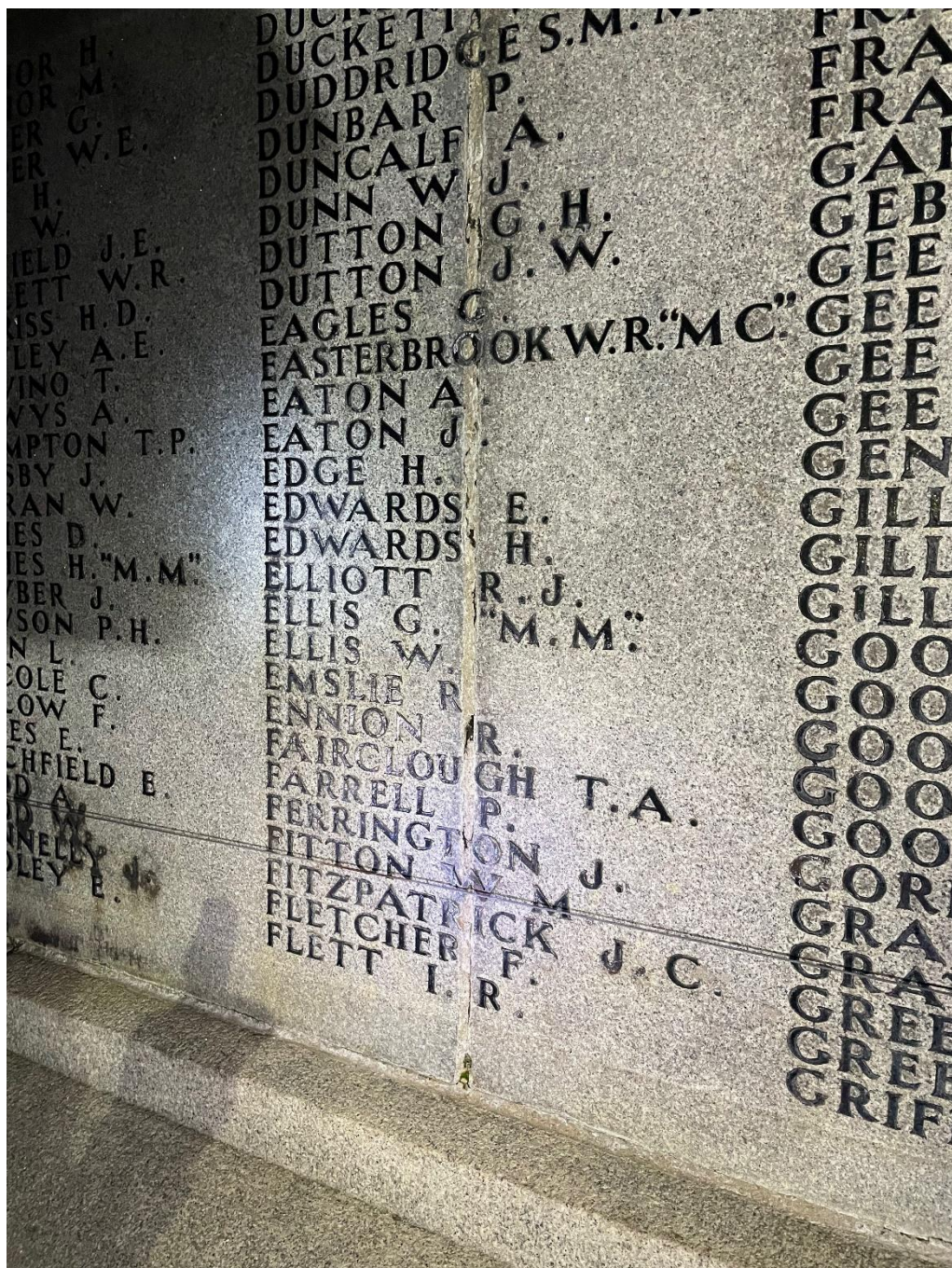
fcuk explained the trail markings and we set off. The trail was quite hard to find at first, possibly due to dead leaves obscuring it; though there were comments about how come there were so many hares and so few markings...



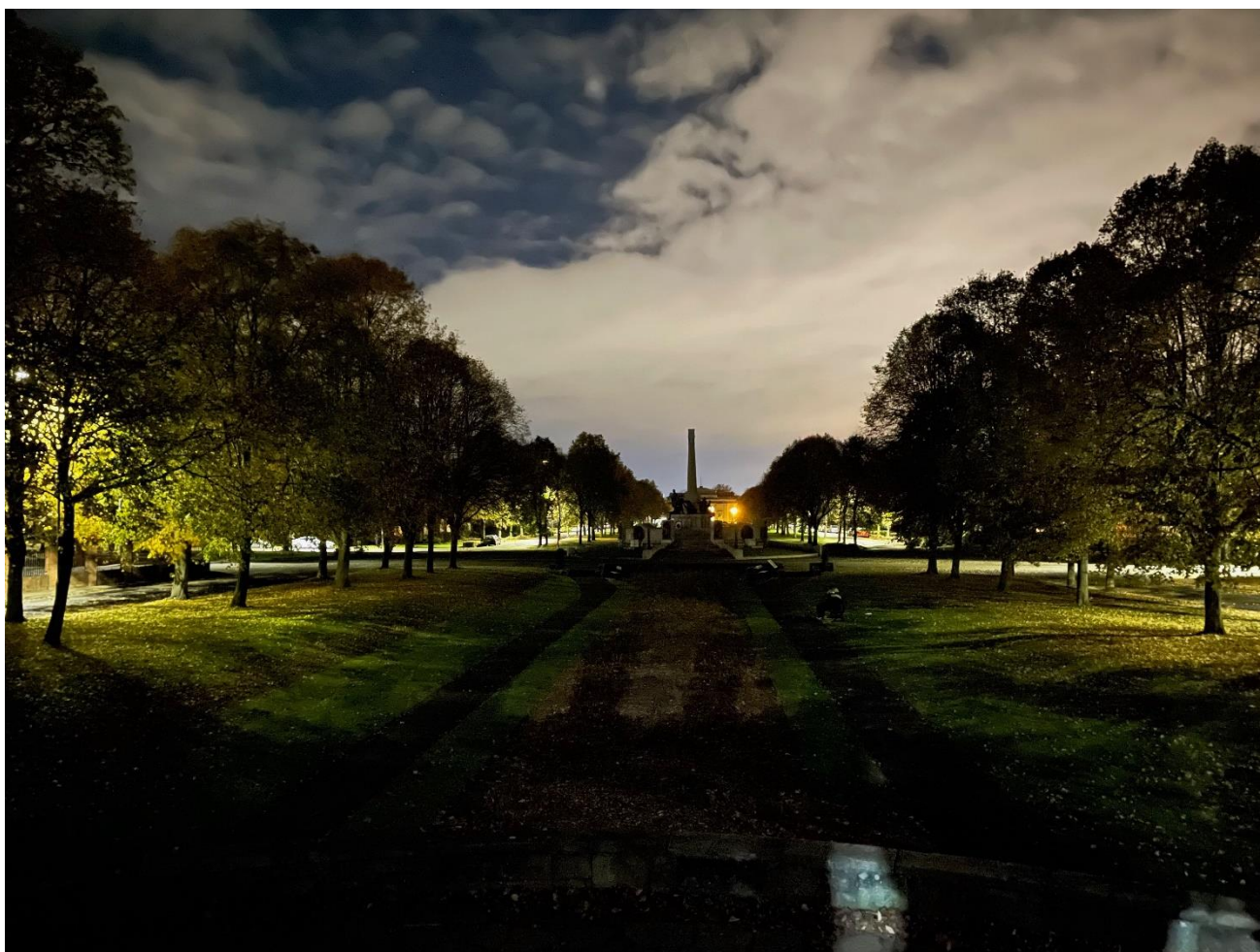


The trail led to the War Memorial, appropriately enough for the 11th November. VR commented that on visiting a war memorial her parents had always challenged her to find her own name on the carved list, and invited us to try it here. None of us found our own name...





...though we did find another even more significant.



The trail then looped around to a viewpoint by the Hillsborough memorial. This was followed by a long checkback...



...which was signalled by a strange arrow/triangle symbol. As we all somewhat grumpily re-emerged from the checkback, fcuk told us that the checkback had been an afterthought, the symbol the result of changing the direction of an arrow. This made us feel much better...

The trail then led under the railway and into the park, where we found a Compulsory Playtime.





Cleo was observed to avoid the springy animals, having had a bad experience when one had collapsed underneath her when she tried to mount it. BS is taking no nonsense from this one and just about to wrestle it to the ground...



...while OTT has decided the best form of defence is attack.

After the playtime, the trail led up to the main street and through Bebington Civic Centre. The FRBs found a Regroup but they were summoned back, having dashed past a Viewpoint shortly before.



Here they found the pack contemplating a ghostly group of shrouded figures, like some kind of Dr Who monsters. This had been arranged specially for Overdrive's benefit, since in fact it was a car charging point; though he maintained it was nothing to do with his own company.



Finally we were allowed to get to the regroup, which was by another War Memorial in a very atmospheric, appropriately blood-red setting...



...and the hares were spoiling us, since immediately afterwards there was another viewpoint where we were invited to admire this weird street name.

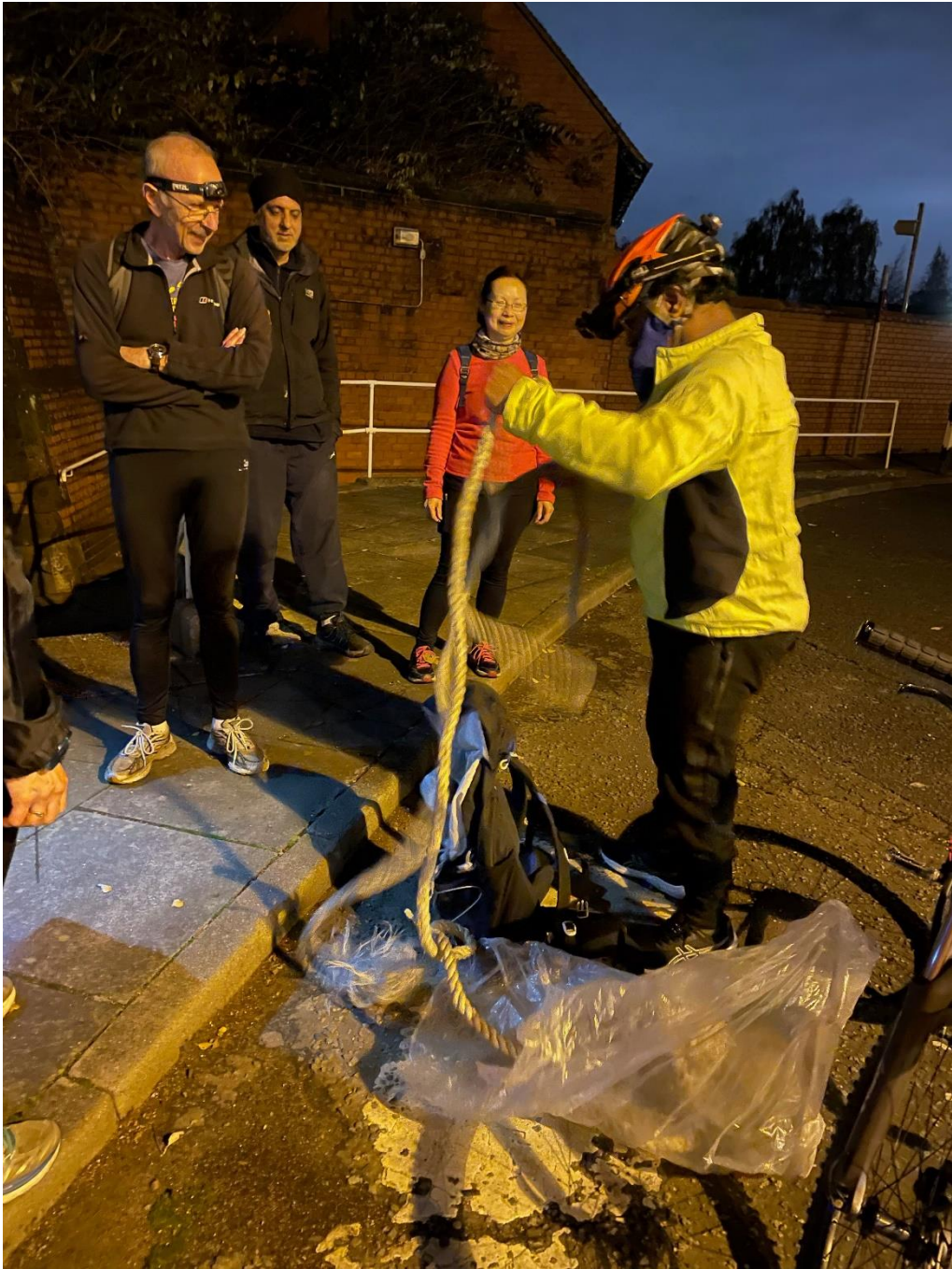


Observing what appeared to be the remains of a well nearby encouraged the theory that it referred to the windlass.

The trail then led back under the railway...



...to a regroup where fcuk said that, as if three hares were not enough, he had enlisted a fourth hare to lead us in style on our triumphant return to Hulme Hall...and rummaging in his bag, he produced...the rope. Not just any old rope, but the one which had been introduced on the run from the Maghull Brewery. Everyone had to hold on to the rope and run in single file; then on the call of "check" from the hare, the hashier in front went to the back of the rope, the one behind took their place, and so on. It all worked surprisingly smoothly...







...even the dark slippery descent by the bridge was negotiated without serious injury...



...though there was a bit of confusion caused by a divergence of opinions as to which way to circle a tree.



Before too long we were outside Hulme Hall. We had a hasty circle for the benefit of Sticky Rice and OTT who were not staying for the Beer Festival, and Austin Powers' famous RA helmet made a fleeting reappearance. Then we headed inside, where we were joined by Wigan Pier's daughter and a Dutch friend, who had the enviable job of working for a brewery.



For some reason it proved surprisingly easy to find a table and indeed a large area of floor all to ourselves.





The face masks specially designed by GladRags really came into their own here...



They could be worn in various ways...



...from the sensible...



...to the frankly quite disturbing.

As is the way with beer festivals, choosing beers, chatting, eating pies and chips and burgers, forgetting to take one's glass to the bar, and queuing for beers all ate into the drinking time and all too soon it was last orders, so everyone drifted off for their various trains. It had definitely been a very pleasant step on the road back to normal life.