



Run Number 486

25th November 2021

The Wirral Hundred, Townfield Lane, Prenton

The Pack: Sticky Rice (Hare), 10 secs, fcuk, ET, SF, Victim, Auntiecyclone



There were a couple of notable returnees this evening; it was especially good to see Victim on his first hash since succumbing first to a heart attack and then to COVID. He was

looking very well but still planning prudently to take things quite easy. It was also good to see Auntiecyclone, especially so far from his usual haunts; lured by Victim's initial promise of a run from a much nearer pub, the Old Wirral Hundred in Great Sutton.

We felt quite proud of ourselves for being the hardy bunch who gathered on what promised to be a wintry evening; but amid reports of torrential rain elsewhere it turned out quite mild for us.



The hare told us the trail was set according to Brunei rules which meant that "one was on". Having set it the previous afternoon she was concerned that it might have been washed away, but the use of jumbo chalk in various colours had largely prevented that and she proudly drew our attention to the chunky arrows as we passed them.

The pack divided into walkers/cyclists and runners, the walkers being given instructions for various short cuts while the Hare accompanied the runners. After an initial diversion for the runners the pack stayed together for quite a while. The trail led down Townfield Lane then over the railway and along towards Prenton before cutting under the M53 into the Woodchurch Estate. Eventually we found our way through the estate to the roundabout by the Arrowe Park Hotel. Here the pack split up and the runners headed into Arrowe Park while the walkers headed along the road towards Upton. The runners ran past the hospital and into the woods...



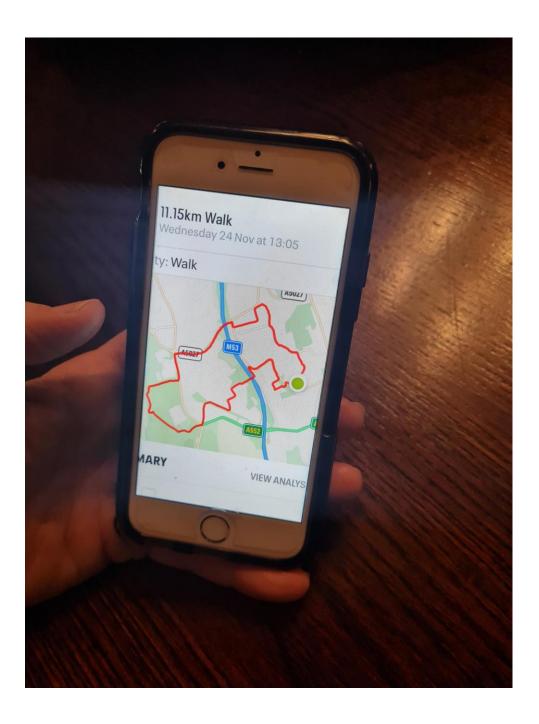
...where Aunticyclone found a playtime opportunity. The trail came out on Arrowebrook Road and then up to the Arrowe Park Road, past Upton Sainsburys and down to the bridge over the M53. Here we saw the walking party ahead, fcuk's rear bike light being a conspicuous giveaway. The hare apparently decided that her accompanying menfolk could not be relied on to attract the attention of the walkers and took it upon herself to bellow "On on" lustily. They were deep in conversation and even this had no effect until we were almost upon them.



The walkers were in good spirits and Victim was doing admirably well after his convalescence. Here there was a shortcut along the railway for the walkers but the runners were offered the choice between this and the full trail heading up Bidston Hill. A secret ballot decided unanimously in favour of the long version, so the two groups parted company once again. Another long stretch of woodland on the side of the hill brought the runners to...



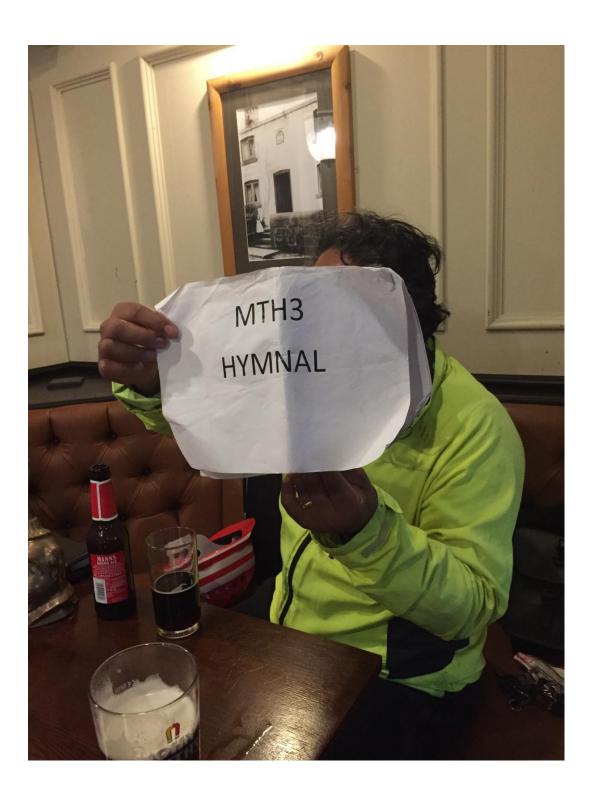
...the On Inn. However it had been sited quite early, in the last available stretch of tarmac, and there was a fair stretch of rough downhill track before the pub hove into view. Here we found a Bingo session in full swing but the bar staff had kindly assigned the walkers a room of their own.



Here we congratulated ourselves on a long trail, about 11.5km. The Hare claimed the route had a resemblance to Elvis which requires some imagination.



The RA had once again brought the bell to call the circle...



...and 10 secs had come across a dogeared copy of the Hash Hymnal which was used to rousing effect. The helmet can also be seen ready for deployment.

Down downs were awarded to:

The hare – she was accused of praising her own trail and questioned on how her arrows were so neat. Here she cited her jumbo chalk and also demonstrated her laying action which apparently was excellent exercise and had resulted in her raised bottom becoming a familiar sight all over the district. It was probably just as well we had the room to ourselves.

The returnees:

AC: had been lured into coming via a decoy run from another pub.

Victim: we all clinked glasses to congratulate him on his recovery but then he was awarded a massive down down for the Old Wirral Hundred error.

10 secs: For then remarking that MTH3 had acquired the power to warp the fabric of reality, creating alternate universes with almost identical pubs.

Time had moved on and it was too late for the planned visit to the local takeaways, so we all went our separate ways.





