



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 490

3rd February 2022

The West Kirby Tap, West Kirby

The Pack: Snoozanne, Mad Hatter (Hares), 10secs, fcuk, ET, OTT, Overdrive, Cleo, Victim, Bimbo, PJ Vindaloo, Sticky Rice, SMS, Grasshopper

We gathered in the West Kirby Tap for a quick drink before heading out for the photo. Victim always has some new item of technology to admire and this time it was his hat with built-in torch and possibly heating as well.





The instructions caused some confusion; it seemed that sometimes three was on, except when it wasn't, sometimes false trails were marked except when they weren't, and the trail was marked in chalk or flour according to the prevailing wind speed. The trail was located heading into the darkness of Sandlea Gardens where it immediately became apparent why we had been advised several times to bring a torch.



Then it was down Sandlea Park and through the alleyway onto the prom. Here the trail led right and onto the beach. A regroup was found by the spot where the midsummer barbecue is traditionally held;



as someone remarked, some of the litter might have been there since last year's event. Snoozanne told us that we were pausing here so in summers to come, when we complained of being cold, we could remember this moment and realise that it could be worse...on we went following a path through the dunes; the flour had survived surprisingly well given the wind. Eventually we cut across the Golf Course and up Pinfold Lane to the main road...

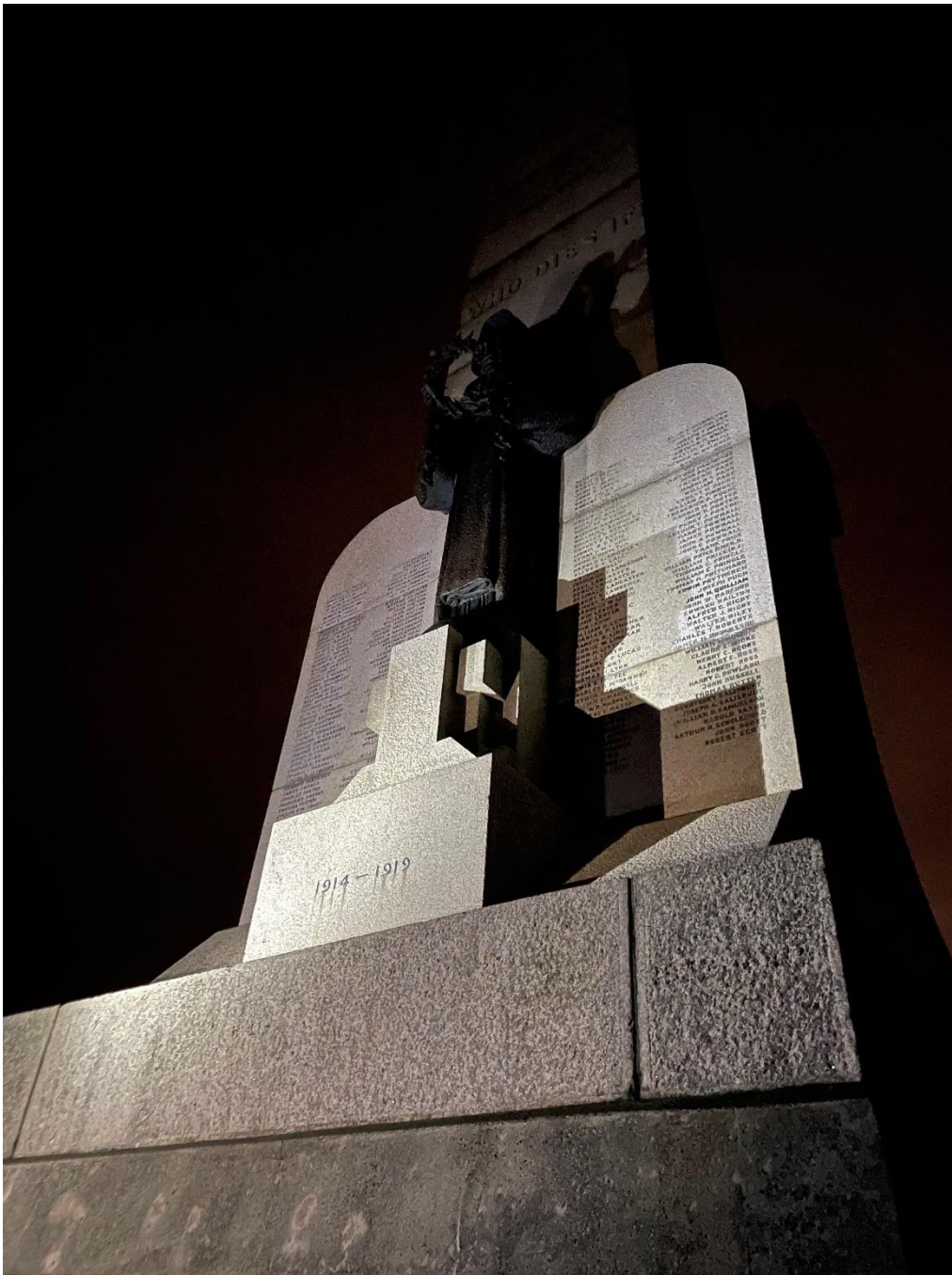


...where we found Mad Hatter waiting with Victim and fcuk. The trail was then found heading back towards West Kirby...



...where for some of us it was time for a well-earned rest. The trail then cut through to Graham Road and over the railway bridge to Orrysdale Road. Here it crossed over to the path up Redhouse Lane to emerge at the crossroads by Darmonds Green. It took a considerable time to find the trail from here, even though the War Memorial was clearly a tempting target; but eventually it was located along Lang Lane to the corner of Grange Hill and then up through the gorse to the top.





We spent some time debating whether this figure represented Death or Victory or something else, but even after all focussing torches on it we still could not discern the features sufficiently to be sure.

Eventually we headed off and found ourselves at the top of Grange Road...



...where there was a regroup to admire the tree, still illuminated after Christmas. We stood a while and watched the light change colour. The onward trail took us along the crest of the hill to the Beacon...



...where we met up with the short-cutters and more sitting around took place, with a certain amount of reoffending taking place, this time with the old "I've got a stone stuck in my shoe" excuse... Around this time it turned out that Victim had only remembered to charge his hat 10mins before leaving home and it had run out of charge; hence the expression "flat cap", possibly? Luckily we are a hash that doesn't know the meaning of the word "Schadenfreude"; well, except for Cleo and probably Overdrive, fcuk and SMS...



The trail led into the woodland following the crest of the hill...often marked by splashes of flour on trees. Eventually we emerged in a clearing where there was a bench



The sitting down on trail idea seemed to be catching...



...and a monument (statue not included....)



Fcuk seems to have been dieting (well he appears to have lost a Kilo. And part of his Uniform.)

The trail led past the monument and back into the woods.



One path looks much like another even in daylight around here, never mind in the pitch darkness, and a suspicion developed that not even the hares were quite sure which way the trail went. But eventually it was found, along the lower edge of the wood heading back towards West Kirby. Eventually we came out on Wetstone Lane and into Village Road.

fcuk was carrying the Compo bell which was providential...



...since we were only a few yards from the Ring 'o Bells pub, so we were able to ring the bell at an appropriate spot, in honour of both Compo and Joan. In fact the trail turned into Rectory Road just after the pub and the bells of St Bridget's were then heard tolling the hour as well.

We then crossed Ashton Park and dropped down to the Wirral Way. For Victim and his family the search for the trail was complicated by a simultaneous search for Victim's brother Ian who was supposed to be rendezvousing with them, and convoluted directions were

being exchanged over the various phones. Eventually the trail emerged onto Grange Road where the On Inn was found. Most of the pack crossed into the Concourse car-park where OTT was parked with the food. Mad Hatter went off to fetch his car with the beer, so 10secs volunteered to get the hash chips from the local chippy. This was probably a strategic mistake since Hash Chips' experience would have told him not to wait while a fresh batch of chips was fried; so it was a cold and hungry pack who were awaiting when 10secs finally turned up at the Concourse. But at least the chips were welcome and wolfed down with gusto.

Apparently downfalls had by this time already been awarded to:

The hares: comments on the run were "too Scenic" and "too much Shiggy"

The Woods family: Ian (Victim's brother), Victim, PJ Vindaloo and Bimbo for devoting the second part of the run to nearly organising a family reunion.

There had also been some unwelcome excitement; OTT's car keys had got locked in her car. She was facing a taxi ride home and back to get her spare keys and return to collect the car.



In view of the relative lateness of the hour and the numbers of hashers in cars it was a small party (the Hares, 10secs and OTT) who returned to the Tap for a drink. As a postscript 10secs missed the last train home and embarked on the walk to Hoylake just as

the heavens opened. Shortly after a car screeched to a halt, and a door swung open with the words "Get in". Visions of his mutilated remains being found next day after a gangland execution rushed through his head; but it was the Hares come to give him a welcome ride home after foreseeing his predicament.