



**Run Number 492**

**3<sup>rd</sup> March 2022**

**The Central Hotel, Shotton**

**The Pack:** OTT (Hare), Snoozanne, 10secs, fcuk, ET, Victim, Overdrive

The On Inn tonight was on Welsh soil to commemorate St David's Day, in the imposing setting of the Central Hotel just by Shotton Station. We were pleasantly surprised by the price of the beer, which seemed low even by Wetherspoon's standards. We sallied out from the pub for the team photo



and then gathered in the car park over the road so that we would know later where to go for the food and drink.





In fact quite fortuitously OTT had parked her car (containing the food) right by 10secs' car (containing the beer). The hare then explained the markings.





As fcuk remarked, it was a veritable triptych of media, the trail being marked in a mixture of sawdust, flour, and chalk. We headed uphill out of the carpark, and quite soon the Hare was doing a creditable imitation of someone who had no more idea than the rest of us where the trail might be, consulting a dogeared map and asking us if anyone had seen anything at all that might have been a marking, flour, sawdust, chalk or otherwise. At one point a promising trail was found but it proved to be a falsie; but eventually the real thing was located heading into the parkland. Here there was quite a network of trails and we meandered around for some time, occasionally appearing about to emerge into civilisation only to plunge back into the undergrowth.







fcuk was doing the trail on his bike as best he could, which involved some contortions in order to negotiate stiles and kissing gates.







If we didn't spot the check it would not be the hare's fault...





After a stretch of urban running there was another belt of parkland, then we found our way barred by that bane of night-time runs, the gate that's locked after dark. But a way round was easily found.

Shortly afterwards as we made our way through an area of garages and workshops, disaster struck. Victim fell to the ground in the slow-motion way these things always seem to happen, indeed at one point it looked like he might recover his balance but it was not to be. It turned out that a puddle had concealed quite a deep pot-hole. He had banged his leg quite badly and had apparently made matters worse by falling on his wallet (or his walnut, as ET had apparently heard). He soldiered on slowly but it was the kind of injury which stiffens up as time goes on. Luckily we soon found ourselves on the main road where we were intrigued to see a restaurant offering authentic Transylvanian cuisine.



It was suitably draped in bloodred curtains. We amused ourselves imagining various dishes we might sink our teeth into...maybe ordering stake and chips, ideally with extra garlic. Or something juicy impaled on a kebab... ET then revealed he was about to fly off with his friends for a holiday in Romania; they must all be bats...

The trail headed along the main road for a while until almost in sight of the On Inn, where a regroup was found.





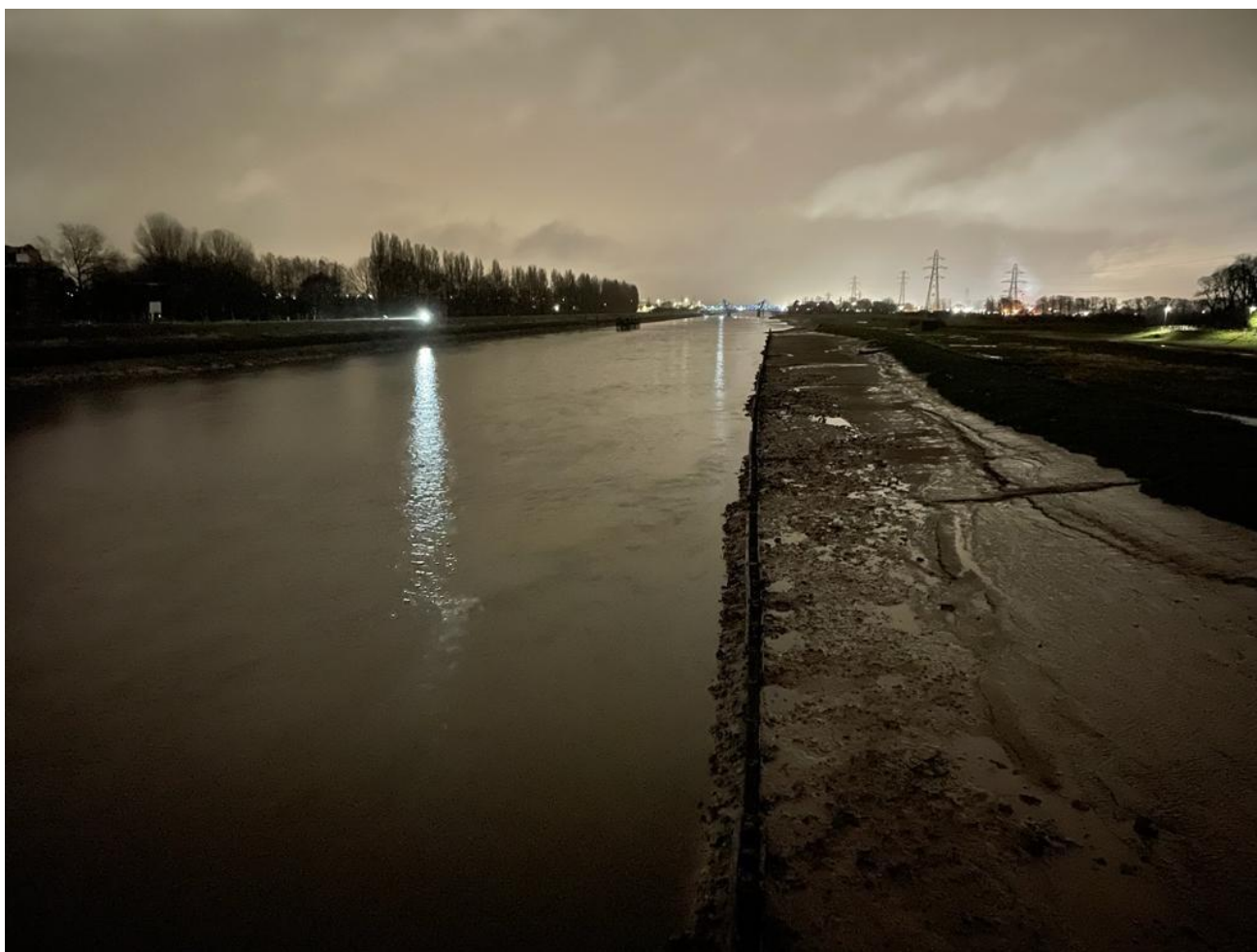
OTT told us there was still one more detour into the countryside, but this was the ideal place for a shortcut back to the carpark. Victim decided it was best to take advantage of this, rather than risk exacerbating his injury, and headed back to the On Inn. The rest of us crossed the main road and soon afterwards the railway, where the trail led across a field and up to the Wales Coast Path, here a disused railway line.







From here there were views (and indeed shortly afterwards, a View Point) across flooded marshland to the River Dee. Further along the trail made a detour along the cycle track crossing the railway bridge into England, so we could admire the view along the Dee towards the bridge at Queensferry.



Here, to avoid confusion, it should be explained that there are two railway lines in this vicinity. One goes from Wrexham to Bidston and this is the one which crosses the Dee here. The other goes along the coast from Chester to Llandudno Junction (and beyond?). The two lines cross at different levels in Shotton where there is a station with platforms on both lines. As we headed back into town, crossing the Chester line, it seemed natural to head pretty much straight to the main road where the On Inn was. But the hare had other plans for us.





The trail doubled back up this intriguingly named road to follow the Chester line to Shotton station; then onto the Chester line platform, and up some steps onto the Wrexham line platform, along the platform and down some more steps...by this time we were all thoroughly disorientated, but luckily we found ourselves right by the On Inn, and soon we were over the road where the cars disgorged their contents of food and beer.



Once again the Hare in her Hash Food role had laid on a sumptuous spread, including her trademark hot sausages from a flask; followed by delicious home-made bara brith in honour of St David's Day. By now it was raining quite hard and quite unprecedently no-one had shown any inclination to drink any Hash Beer; and we decided to head back to the pub for the Down Downs.





ET generously bought a round and without further ado the RA donned the RA helmet and rang the Compo bell (softly, so as not to summon a horde of drinkers anxious not to miss last orders). Down downs were awarded to:

The hare: The RA claimed that Shotton meant "Showtown" and said that we had certainly been shown many unexpected aspects of the town. The hare was also singled out for losing her own trail almost immediately, though she claimed that she had known where we were most of the time...

Victim: for being saved (or possibly not) from his fall by his wallet (or his walnut). Carthief's dictum that a hash should be counted a success if everyone comes back alive was recalled.

10secs: for his “inverse picking up of the gauntlet” in retrieving OTT’s gloves as we left the pub earlier. This prompted speculation as to whether Victim had been attempting a similar act of chivalry when he fell, by draping not just his cloak but his whole body over a puddle.

ET: for his Transylvanian vacation.

Snoozanne: for bringing the redundant beer; or possibly the rest of the hash for failing to drink any of it.

The RA was also nominated for his agility in negotiating the various obstacles on his bike.