



Run Number 551

23rd May 2024

On Inn: to be revealed

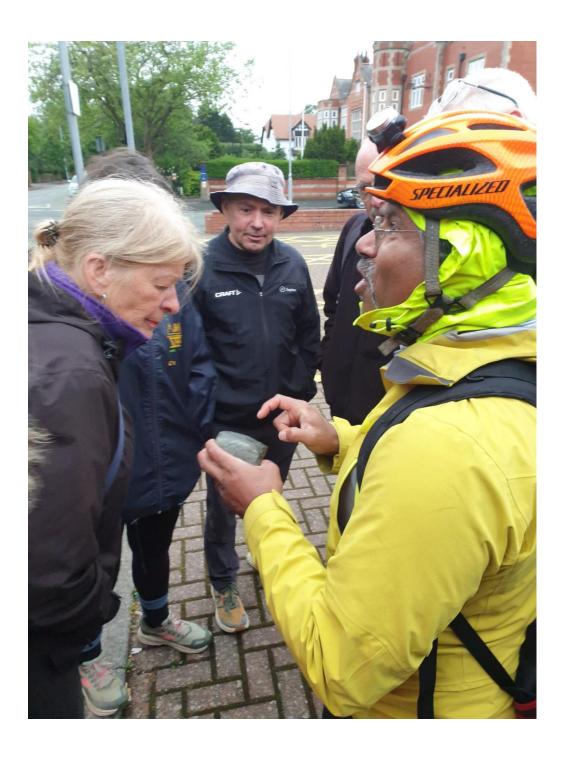
The Pack: fcuk (Hare), OTT, 10secs, ET, Victim, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, Cleo, Overdrive

The hare had been very mysterious about this run, telling us that we were to meet at 19.00 on the dot at Blundellsands and Crosby station, whereupon there would be an A to B run to an unknown On Inn followed by a train ride back to the start. He had booked a meal at the On Inn to celebrate his recent birthday. Due partly to various train cancellations caused by the earlier torrential rain, we all turned up (including the hare!) on the same totally crowded train at about 18.55. We gathered in the station carpark.



It had been a long journey and if memory serves this was the scene of the first of many successful or otherwise attempts by various hashers to water the trail, this time in the undergrowth by the station. The hare gave us our instructions. He told us that the run would be marked partly in crayon and partly in balls of shredded paper "tossed into the undergrowth". Then he reached into his bag and pulled out a rock, covered with parallel scratches which he said were 10,000 years old.





With a few clues based on "errare" (Latin for "to wander") we (well mainly OTT) identified it as a glacial erratic, and OTT even managed to name the scratches as "striations". fcuk then told us that this would be a theme of the run.



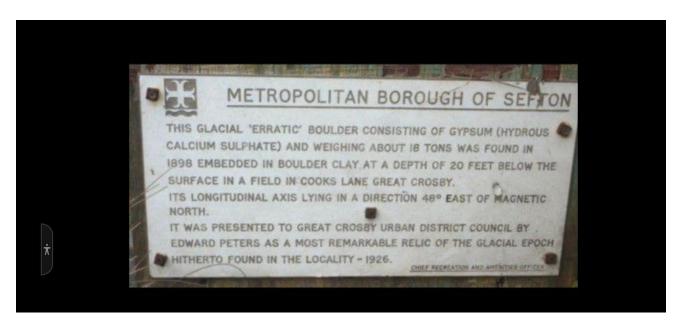
The group photo was taken and we set off. The trail was surprisingly free of checks. It was however marked by a large and very dead seagull – clearly the hare had taken time out to make a sacrifice to ensure a dry evening. Soon we arrived at a municipal park (Coronation Gardens) where there was a huge white boulder, the promised glacial erratic.





fcuk had been in touch with a local volunteer who had told him that this was a lump of gypsum which had been found buried in the vicinity while building houses in the 19th

century. The price of this information was for fcuk to get colleagues in the Department of Geography to produce the information for a new sign.



The old one, seen here, had apparently been lost/stolen.



The local volunteer was supposed to be meeting us here but maybe she had seen us coming and taken fright; anyway, she never materialised.

fcuk told us that this was actually the official start of the run, explaining the lack of checks hitherto.

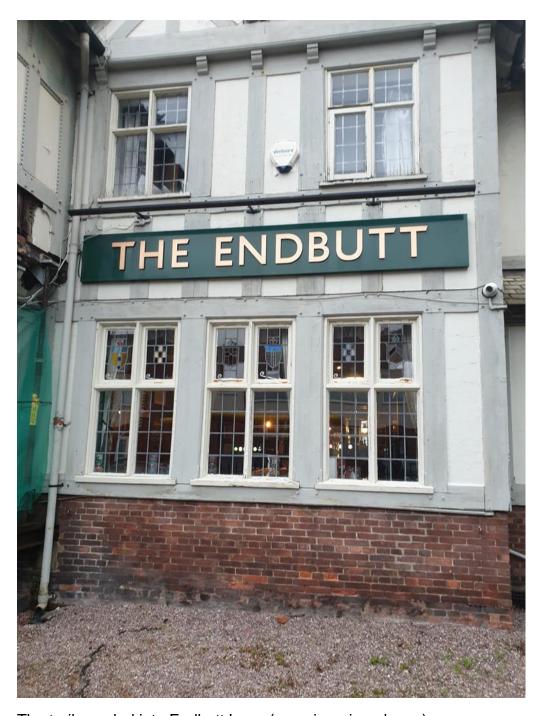


The onward trail seemed to be directing us towards this churchyard, but when fcuk caught up with us he informed us that the arrows must be the work of an impostor hare.





Nevertheless it was serendipitous since apparently this was the church where OTT had been christened.



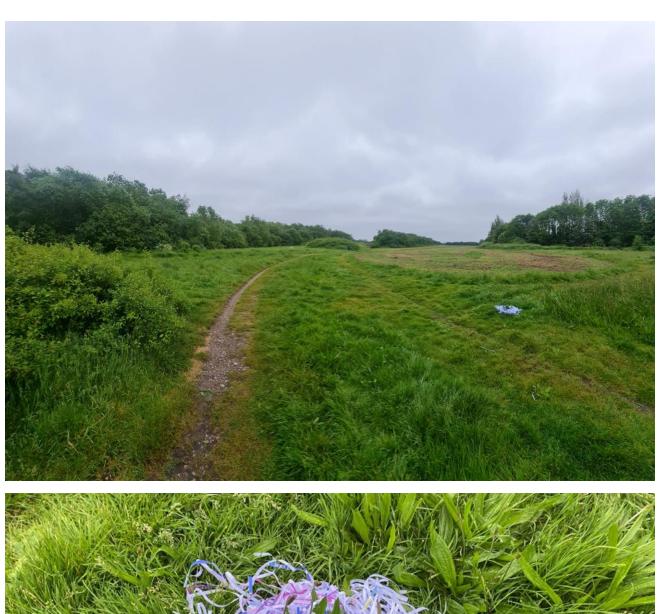
The trail now led into Endbutt Lane (no sniggering please).



ET seemed to feel strangely drawn to the craft beer shop.

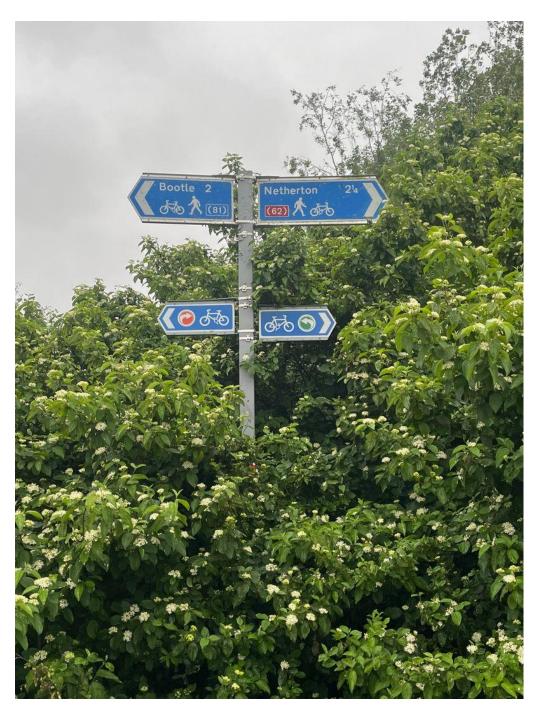


Shortly after this we reached the entrance to Rimrose Park, where there were immediately another couple of trail watering incidents.





Soon we found the first marking in shredded paper, a rather tasteful check in the form of a wreath.



Since the car-driving pack members had been instructed to park in Bootle before getting the train to Blundellsands earlier, the signs to Bootle...



...and the tower blocks of Bootle town centre visible in the distance, offered a bit of a clue as to the onward trail.



Overdrive was the unlucky pack member who found this checkback, quite a way from the check. We emerged from Rimrose Park after recognising various landmarks from one of Compo's famous birthday runs (Run 383).



Shortly before this point fcuk had told us there would be a option of shiggy for those who wished. But we had just seen Now and Then plonk his trainers into a large helping of fresh dogshit so the attractions of shiggy had paled somewhat, and we all took the wimps option.

By this point it had been drizzling for some time and fcuk regretted that maybe he had not sacrificed enough seagulls. 10 secs commented that the weather had certainly taken a tern for the worse. There were universal groans when this "joke" was explained to the pack. In fact it would have been (a bit) funnier to say that fcuk should have left no tern unstoned.

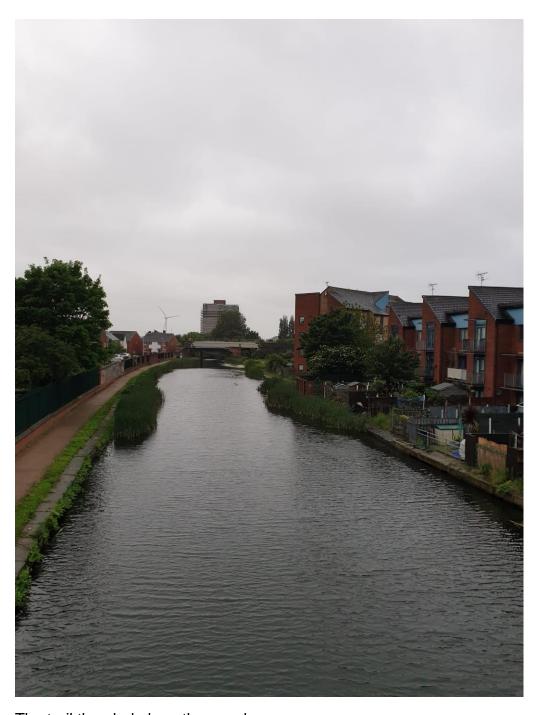


ET attempts to follow the slogan... he is probably picking the wrong kind of weed since fcuk told us the area is known for drug dealing.

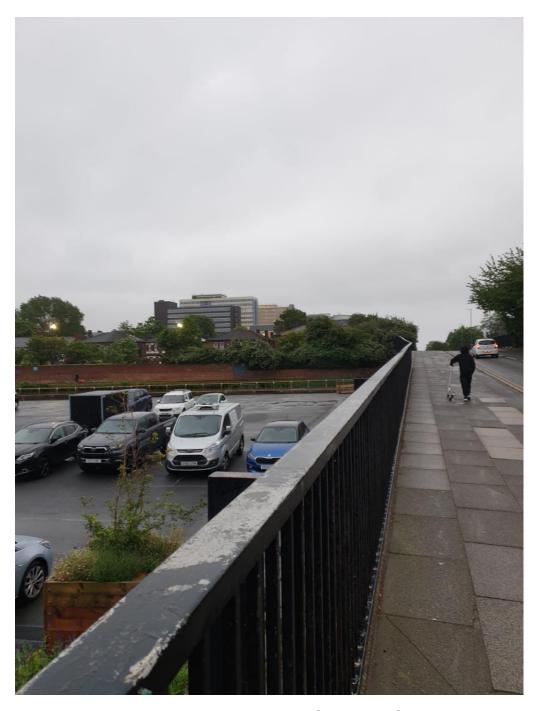


At this point we were very near Seaforth and Litherland station and there was a possibility of shortcutting by taking the train to the On Inn; but everyone elected to continue the trail — which followed the railway line through some parkland and into Hornby Boulevard. Here the Hare told us that we should take his word that North Park on our left was very attractive but that we could omit it by heading straight for Bootle City Centre which we could see ahead. One pack member seemed to elect to take the scenic route through the park anyway, but it was only another trail wetting.

After wandering around the Bootle Strand shopping centre we passed the Lock and Quay pub which as its name suggests was right by the canal (and the On Inn for another Compo run, Run 384).



The trail then led along the canal...

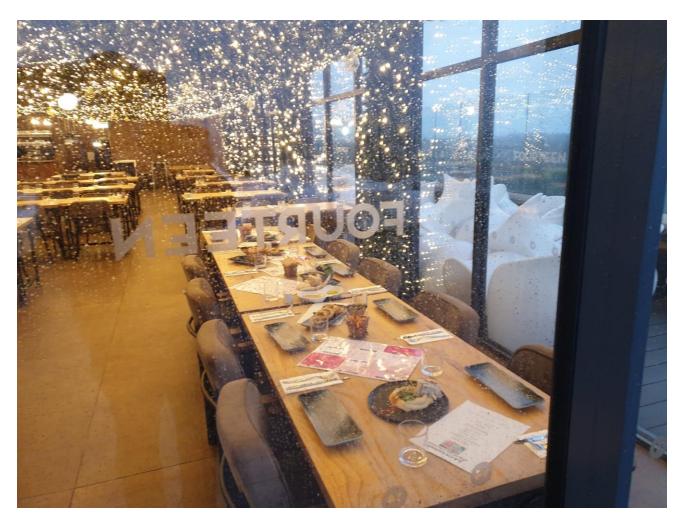


 \dots and then under an underpass to Bootle Oriel Road Station, near where the cars had been parked. From here we walked to an anonymous-looking block of flats and took the lift up to the 14^{th} floor.

Here we suddenly entered another world...



We were the only guests in a glittering restaurant high above the cityscape.

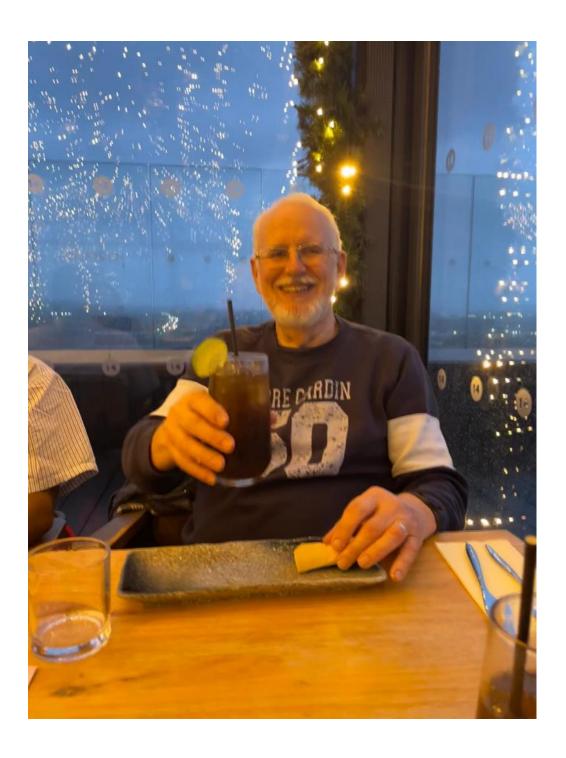


fcuk had booked a table after normal opening hours, and soon food and drinks (including cocktails!) were appearing, all generously provided by fcuk. All the staff were extremely friendly and helpful despite the late hours.



This place turned out to be The 14 Bar, one of Bootle's best-kept secrets.





After we had polished off the food (including extra chips which the chef had rustled up at the last minute) we had the down-downs including some special hashy birthday songs. We shared various items erratic erudition and Victim took advantage of the mellow post-cocktail mood to tout for hares and start his campaign for non-re-election as hare-razor. Down downs were awarded to OTT for being the only hasher not to water the trail, and to 10 secs for the tern joke. As 10pm approached we decided we had better not overstay our welcome and we headed for station and carpark.



None of us knew about the place though it is hidden in plain sight, being visible in the distance here in one of the earlier photos.



Many of us vowed to return on a warm sunny day to sit outside and enjoy a drink or meal and the stupendous views.