



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 604

2nd July 2026

The White Lion, West Kirby

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, OTT, Victim

It was a lovely warm sunny evening though only a very select band had turned out to take advantage of it. The Hare explained the markings while finishing his pint, while the pack sat round a table outside the White Lion. One was on, the markings were in chalk and flour, there would be a couple of checkbacks and several regroupings to gather the pack together after some forays through the woods.





Despite the small numbers and several attempts, it proved impossible to produce a photo featuring both the whole pack and the pub sign.

Unfortunately Mad Hatter started feeling unwell as we reached a check at the far end of Ashton Park, and went home with the option of joining us for the down-downs later.

After a checkback, the trail was found heading up Echo Lane...



...and then up the steep steps to the Beacon.



Here the Hare tantalised the pack by telling them he was going to show them something that had been built 5000 years ago and which was one of the biggest of its kind in the country. As we continued along the hilltop, various guesses such as an old trackway or an old waterworks were dismissed. But then Snoozanne was getting very warm when she mentioned the Iron Age hillfort on Halkyn Mountain over the Dee.



In fact the Hare was referring to a Neolithic mound called the Gop Cairn, comparable to Silbury Hill in Wiltshire, but also on the Welsh hills and now visible on the skyline after some recent treefelling. It transpired that OTT was already familiar with it; the suggestion was made of a New Year Hash to explore it at close quarters.



You can't miss it...



The trail eventually emerged on Fleck Lane. Snoozanne thought this might be a record for proximity of two checks. The trail headed down Boundary Road to emerge on the main road to Heswall and then crossed over to enter the woodland.

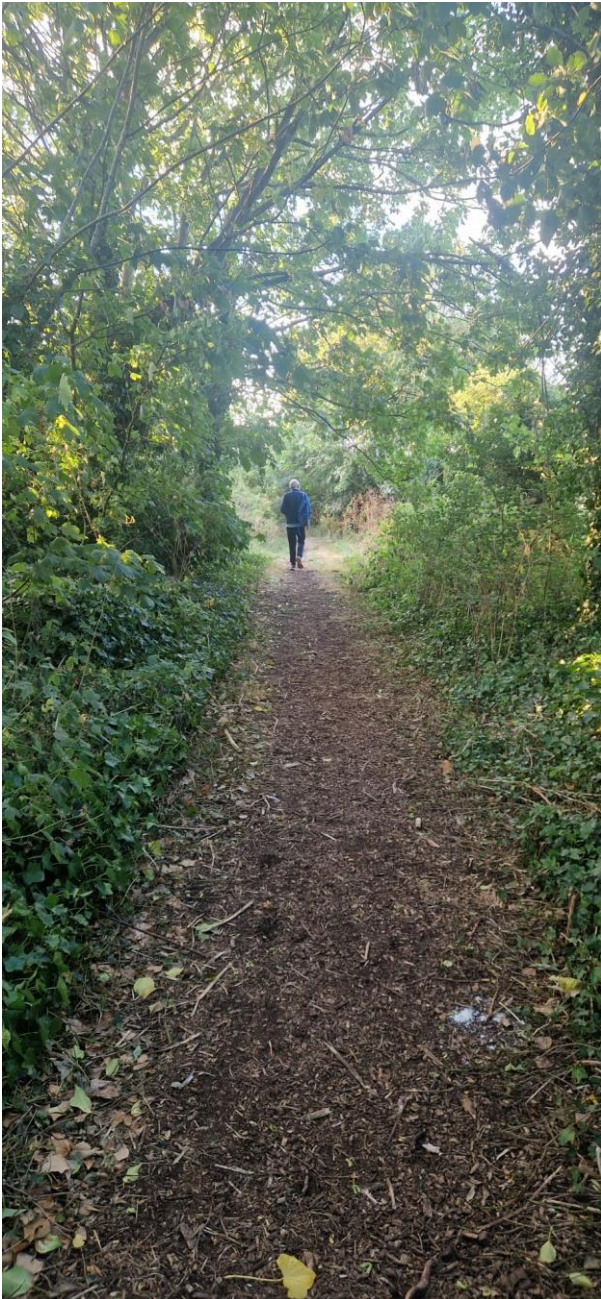


Here and indeed everywhere many of the flour markings had been depleted since the trail had been set, whether being munched by animals or here being scuffed away by humans.

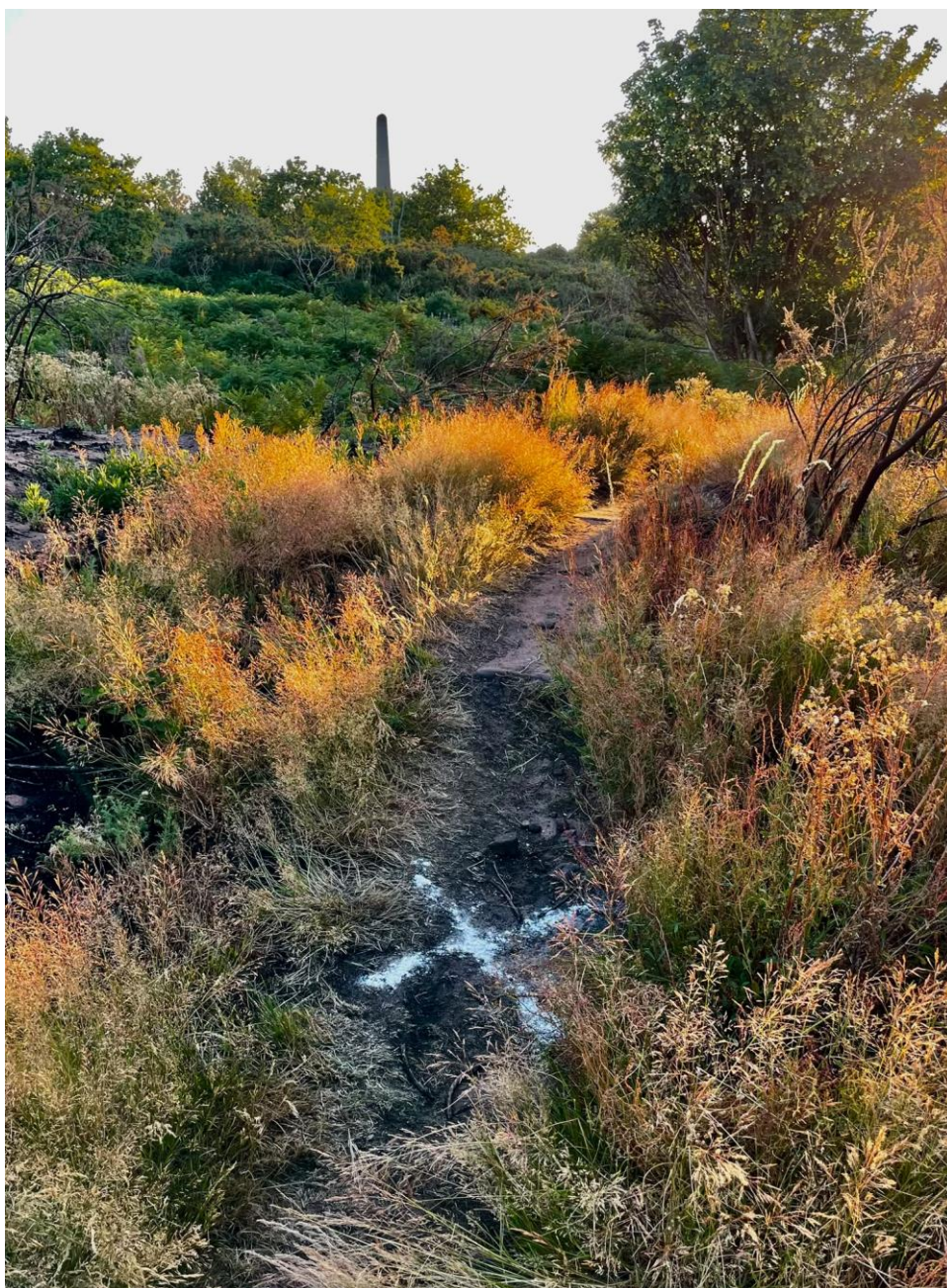
We emerged on Gorse Lane and crossed Grammar School Lane, then through more woodland to come out on Covertside. After a stretch of road walking through the housing estate we arrived on Black Horse Hill.



The trail led along the footpath by the side of the now disused pub, and up to the corner of the cemetery.



Here the Hare explained that he had originally planned to cross the hill via the War Memorial at this point, but the thick growth of bracken had made him decide to set the trail around it. However a hardy task force could still take the up and over option.



In view of his hip issues, Victim decided to take the more circuitous option along the marked trail, while the others set off across the heathland into the unknown.



It was a navigational triumph to find the top of the hill without fighting through too much undergrowth, though OTT was bleeding when we arrived at the Memorial. “Only a flesh wound” she said bravely through gritted teeth. There was a superb sunset view to compensate for any injuries. The descent was indeed quite steep and rocky, confirming that Victim had made the right decision.



Meanwhile he was also treated to some excellent views, in the other direction.



The two parties arrived on Darmonds Green more or less simultaneously.



The On Inn was found soon after, and in fact the food was in the Hare's car over the road in the Concourse car-park.

After eating our fill, comments were invited on the run and it was described as having too much shiggy and not enough markings. Then in view of the car journeys facing OTT and Victim, and Snoozanne's need to return to check on Mad Hatter, a decision was made not to return to the pub; so we went our several ways.