



Run Number 130, 27 August 2009
Starting at Sefton Park at the end of Lark Street

The Pack: Compo, Sprog, Snoozanne, Madhatter, Carthief, 10” **The Hare:** Austin Powers (Oh and Cyril the Viking was mentioned several times, which is why his logo is faded as he did not actually do the run).

We met under a sign exhorting us to eat less



and **Snoozanne** demonstrated what would happen (unless she was trying to get rid of excess food)



By this time we were beginning to realize that there were to be no more participants although we did receive an e mail from Carless Whisper who said that her car had broken down and should she have a new Hash Name.

The Hash Flash followed the usual format



Except that Hash Flash kept on taking photographs assuming that the Pack would get bored and run off. However they seemed to like having their photographs taken so much that it was several minutes before Hash Flash got bored and said that he had finished.

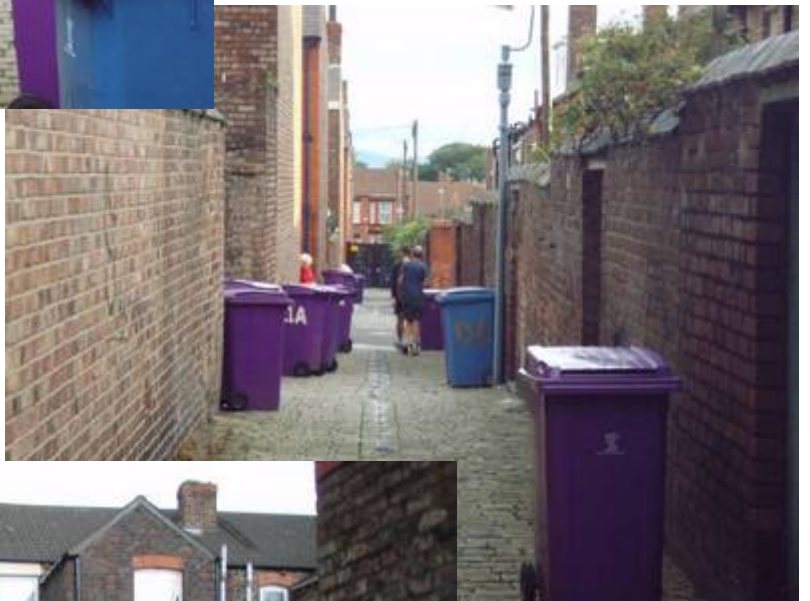
Off through the park we went past the now complete duck ponds



With lots of Checks and some finger stretching markings



There were several back alleys



The Hare then set some marking that could have been photographed from the moon.

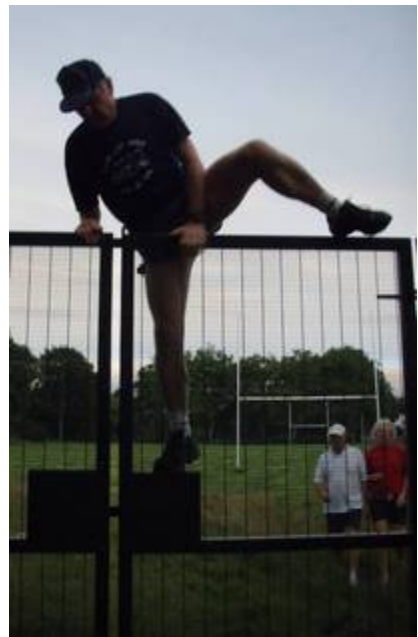


And these led over a difficult to mark open area



And onto "The fence". The Hare had pleaded at the start that there was a fence where there had not been one the last time he had passed that way (about 1 year ago) and any way there was a gate. However the gate was closed.

The Hare demonstrated the technique which was copied by everyone



The Hare's apology



Although **Snoozanne** required a pep talk to gather up the courage.



And finally **Mad Hatter** made it



After that a Falsie or two and onto the PS



With the pub stop marked Snoozanne had no problem scaling the fence



The Hare kindly stumped up the cash for the refreshments and even bought a lollipop



We were now on Otterspool Drive and it was ten past eight so it was going to be a long one.

And still the trail led away from the start into the abandoned Festival Gardens and up to a high gate. It was so dark that at least two FRBs started to climb the gate before realizing that the mesh was missing in two of the panels.

Slower members of the Pack either had local knowledge or had worked out that there was no way that anybody was going to have climbed the gate and there must be a way through,



On up to the top



Even then the Hare was not content with a run in and challenged the Pack



More ex fences and other challenges were taken in our stride



Another



And finally



greeted the runners.

Back at the start the time was revealed for the FRBs

Mad Hatter got himself lost and arrived somewhat later



The food was quickly set up and moved under a tree as the rain had started.



After the ravenous sounds had died down a bit, the deputy RA called the circle to order.

The Hare for the run
Returnees **Austin Powers**
10" offered a sermon.

A Mother Superior and a novice were travelling along a deserted road when a demon landed on the bonnet. The novice said to the Mother Superior "What shall I do".

The Mother Superior said " Show it your cross"

The novice lent out of the window and said "Piss off you bastard"

Sprog announced that the next run would take advantage of a beer festival in Southport.

The RA continued with a serious sin. There were several wardrobe failures where Hashers had failed to wear any sort of Hash attire. **Compo** had a long and convoluted story about his T shirt



He was then given the **FCUK** treatment



Sprog, Carthief. For attempting to climb a gate that did not need climbing.

Several of the sinners were concerned about the squirrel dropping's in the beer (we were standing under a tree at the time) until we realized that **Austin Powers** was throwing peanuts

We retired to The Albert and several jokes were made about the several **Alternative Entrances** available



Austin Powers discussed his forthcoming move to Cyprus and regaled the group with his sorry saga with the NHS.