

12th August 2010

<u>Liverpool Cricket Club - Run 155</u>

ET (Hare & Flash), Sprog, Slot Machine, Snoozanne, 10", Madhatter, Overdrive, FCUK, Alternative Entrance, Tia Maria, Compo.



Accepted being the hare for the first time with a little trepidation. Without the aid of GPS or experience of setting runs previously there was a strong likelihood of setting an unsuitable hash.

Being familiar with the local area I had set off on foot with confidence with my bag of flour and chalk board the previous evening to set the run. Came back with far too much flour because of major concern of using it all up half way round. That evening it rained heavily so all my effort was to no avail. The following afternoon I had to go around again on bicycle to relay the route. Did not have sufficient time to go around again on foot due to the demands on staff employed by Liverpool City Council.



Casio Trauma (my broken watch)

The pack was assembled when I arrived at LCC after relaying the course. Only Compo and Overdrive arrived late because of rail works.



Checking that legs bend

The pack went off at a blistering pace for at least the first 200m. Ran past the first of the many 'Check backs'. Tried my best to control smugness.

Went through a particularly nondescript part of suburban South Liverpool before heading into Sudley Park then Sefton Park. Noticed that the pack was too spread out. It was not possible to 'Sweep up' at the back and also ensure that the frontrunners did not become disoriented. A second hare would have been beneficial and more regroups. Rectified the situation modestly by adding a favourable short cut for the slower members of the group. This was only after a few of the hounds had already passed into Princess Park. The shortcutters retired to The Inglenook pub for a pleasant ½ hour with the locals. Strangely the owner of the pub was not prepared to offer me a tab to allow the drink to be bought as new arrivals appeared - Must of thought that I would 'Do A runner'. Many of my friends do agree that the Inglenook is one of the worst pubs in Liverpool. No real ale and retains a gangsterish and parochial ambiance.





No Real Ale..

Getting dark - time to go. Down to the river past St Michaels station. Generous use of flour to compensate for the dwindling light - good anticipation (Or realisation that I had been too stingy with it previously).



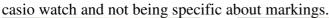
Doing the locomotion.

On arrival at the gates to Otterspool park the pack turned into 3 distinct groups

- 1 Walked the final mile along Aigburth road to LCC. This proposition offered pedestrian crossings, chip shops, generous lighting and a regular bus service. Softies choice.
- 2 Walked along the paths through Otterspool to LCC. Getting dark and not really sure where you were. Semi -ambitious.
- 3 Followed the route into the woods. Sounds the most challenging. Sprog, Overdrive, Tia Maria, Slot Machine, 10", AE ventured into the verdant growth with the usual bravado and yelps of excitement. I ventured along the pavement in the park to await their imminent arrival about 500M from where they entered. No one appeared. They had decided to walk along Aigburth road. I suppose childhood stories about being in the woods after dark affected their confidence once found in that very situation.

For the 'Down Downs' we had a room all to ourselves and sandwiches were supplied. The circle tonight was different as we were all inside sitting in comfy chairs. Also used real ale and with proper glasses.

I was awarded a pair of sunglasses for not making certain hounds aware of the rail repairs of which I was aware, for making the run too long, moaning about my broken







AE was given a 'down down' for wearing new shoes.

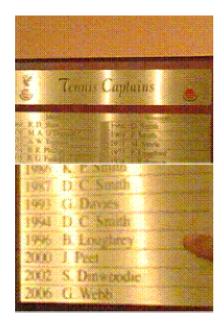




Enthroned

My name was spotted on the clubs honours board. Do not know who noticed this and brought it to the others attention? All very embarrassing for some one of my modest

demeanor. Naturally though, I have included photos for your recognition of my achievements.







Pimp 1 Pimp 2