



20 January 2012

Run Number 195
Starting at the Baltic Fleet, Liverpool

The Pack: Snoozanne, Madhatter, Alternative Entrance, Carthief, FCUK, Compo (Hare), 10", Tia Maria

The intrepid few gathered at the Baltic Fleet with **Compo** replenishing his lost fluids prior to the run.

A local volunteered to take the photo but I am not sure where the splodge came from.



It was a lot warmer than the same time last year as can be seen from the short sleeves.

Off we went through the streets of Liverpool with plenty of Checks .

At one point a worrying marking was found which looked as if we would be climbing walls but a quick kick demonstrated it to be spilt paint and not one of Compo's more challenging routes.



Compo and **FCUK** faked running for the camera



Slater and Seel streets later and Compo had arranged a regroup. I for one expected a full history of all aspects and orientations of the various seats but **Compo** merely said that he had arranged for the seats to be dry.



On up the steps of the church with various levels of alacrity.



And back down again



Rodney and Mount Streets followed and then the suitcases. **10"** lost his head in the clouds



FCUK offered to take a second (and a third as it turned out) photo



(The second one was blank (finger over flash))

A curious detour into



with the churchgoers wondering why we ran around the church (in both directions) and then out again through the same gate.

Past the Liverpool Women's Hospital where they urged women to



I had not realized that it was a maternity hospital.

A few more streets and then this sign on an otherwise immaculate mosque.



A while later and the first Pub stop



Inside we all warmed up



Off again and it was not long before the second pub stop



After that there was a slight revolt as we could almost see the Baltic Fleet and the last loop was missed out

A very welcome sign



Back at the cars **Snoozanne** produced her usual masterpiece (mistresspiece?) of food and **Alternative Entrance** the liquid.



Carthief gave the sermon.

Four Catholic men and a Catholic woman were having coffee in St. Peters Square.

The first Catholic man tells his friends, "My son is a priest, when he walks into a room, everyone calls him 'Father'."

The second Catholic man chirps, "My son is a Bishop. When he walks into a room people call him 'Your Grace'."

The third Catholic man says, "My son is a Cardinal. When he enters a room everyone bows their head and says 'Your Eminence'."

The fourth Catholic man says very proudly, "My son is the Pope. When he walks into a room people call him 'Your Holiness'."

Since the lone Catholic woman was sipping her coffee in silence, the four men give her a subtle, "Well?"

She proudly replies, "I have a daughter, tall, slim, long blonde hair, and a beautiful figure."

When she walks into a room, everybody says, "Oh My God."

With no RA, there was a discussion as to whether we should have a democratic RA or whether we should appoint one. **Tia Maria** won (lost?) and called up the Hare

The RA asked for the Pack's opinion of the run and the usual complaints were heard (Too short, too long, not enough shiggy etc.) but strangely no complaints about the lack of the now normal lecture tour by Compo where detailed facts are recited at each monument or other significant point within eyesight of the trail.

10" and others (unrecorded) for shortcutting.

Carthief for being a hooligan.

The remainder of the pack called up the new RA to celebrate her appointment (at least until next time and the impromptu AGM).

During the circle **Mad Hatter** and several others behaved like King Penguins and kept changing places to keep warm in the cold wind.

We retired to the Baltic fleet to warm up (mainly) and replenish our alcohol levels.