



22nd March 2012

Run Number 202

Starting at Pogue Mahone, Liverpool

The Pack: Snoozanne, Madhatter, Carthief, FCUK, Compo, 10", ET, Sprog, OTT, Tia Maria (Hare), Peter Pan, Bacardi Spice, Another Mother Trucker, Filthy Habit, Vicky (tentatively named Filthy Little Habit), John

The theme was Irish

The usual electronic exhortation from **Compo**

"Top of the morning to you !!

*Happy, belated, St Patrick's Day to you.
So now its Guinness time or rather it will be this Thirstday.*

*Courtesy of our multicultural hare, **Tia Maria**"*

Tia Maria responded to ensure the Pack arrived in the correct state of inebriation.

"I hope you did not drink too much Guinness over the weekend because we will do on Thirstday. Wear something in green so that we can look a bit froggy!"

Carthief was concerned about the type of frog

"By froggy I trust you do not mean French!"

Auntie Cyclone offered his explanation

*"No, grenouille = frog in French, not green.
Don't worry though, the Welsh have sent the French away."*

Tia Maria countered this with her justification *"because of green = frog!"*

Gathering at Pogue Mahone the Pack swelled with several new faces. (Was it the thought of a new T shirt or the Guinness?)

The GM was the last to arrive and we ambled outside for the Flash and the explanation. Aficionados of **Tia Maria's** trails were especially ambly conserving their energy for what lay ahead.



The Hare described the markings, announced that there would be 2 pub stops and we were off



Running down Seel Street unaware of what lay ahead



A sheep or two



Or is that many sheep?



The Hash Flash was irresistible with our new recruits riding bareback.



Backtracking
along



And then down to the water
where 10" was shown with his
normal head attire.



And Sprog showed how 20 minutes past 3 looks



whilst his assistant added a second hand

The markings were optimistic even by **Tia Maria's** standards.

A Regroup kept the pack together



Back into town via



And onto an encouraging sign of the season



Someone had the bright idea of demonstrating spring with partial success in the timing of the jumps.



On past



Where actual drums were locked away and we had to make do with a melodious set of handrailings

And so on in to the first of the pubs. **Tia Maria** paid for the round



The Hash Flash quickly followed and we were off again



To Eleanor Rigby



Via Bedford street and a legstretcher for the FRBs



Another Regroup



Compo and **Sprog** appeared tired.



Down past St John's Gardens



And **Snoozanne**
snuggled up to
John Lennon



and



later

And our second pub stop



This time with some of the SRBs
wisely taking a short cut



By this time it was after 21h30 and we soon spotted the



Back at the pub the circle commandeered an area of pavement and **Snoozanne** performed her usual trick of producing enough food and drink for everyone.

Eventually the circle was called and the RA called herself up as Hare. The usual remarks followed about the run being too short etc.

The virgins, **John** from Liverpool, **Another Mother Trucker** from Widnes.

Bacardi Spice and **Peter Pan** returnees

Snoozanne for the scouse after the last run, **FCUK** for (finally?) producing the T shirts. Well worth waiting for.



Compo delivered the sermon

A frog went to an Irish bank and approached the teller. He saw that the teller's name was Paddy Whack from the sign on the counter. The frog says " Mr Whack, I'd like a loan to buy a brewery.

Paddy looks at the frog in disbelief but asks how much he would like to borrow. "€75,000" the frog replies. The teller asks for his name. "My name is Kermit Jagger, my dad is Mick Jagger and he knows the bank manager.

Paddy explained that €75,000 is a substantial sum and that Kermit will need to provide some collateral against the loan. He asked Kermit if he had anything that could be considered as collateral.

Kermit puts his hand (frogs have hands?) into his pocket and takes out a tiny pink porcelain elephant. Paddy was rather taken aback and said that he would have to ask his manager.

He disappeared into the back office and explained the whole situation to his manager. The manager just looked at Paddy and said "It's a knick-knack Paddy Whack, give the frog a loan. His old mans a Rolling Stone".

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A lonely frog telephoned the Psychic Hotline and asked what his future holds.

His personal Psychic Advisor tells him "You will meet a beautiful young girl who will want to know everything about you.

The frog was thrilled. "That is fantastic. Where will I meet her?"

"In a biology class" was the reply.

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The circle continued with **Carthief** being called up for giving misleading rules to the newcomers.

John was up next for wearing an LFC T shirt.

The business over we retired to the pub to listen to some loud rather than tuneful music and take photos for history.

