



14<sup>th</sup> May 2015

Run Number 292 (and AGM)

The Augustus John, Liverpool

**The Pack:** Carthief, FCUK (Hare), ET, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10", Wigan Pier, OTT, Hansel, Leanne, Cleo, Overdrive.

This being the evening of the AGM, the On Inn was set for the traditional venue of the Augustus John (the University pub) and a short(ish) run was promised by our Hare. The local lads FCUK and 10" had promised their assistance in getting various cars through the barriers into the Uni carpark but the smooth running of the plan was hampered by the revelation that 10" had brought his Visa card instead of his Uni swipe card. His feeble excuse that they were the same colour would have been taken more seriously if this had actually been true (in fact one was blue and one purple). The pack eventually gathered for a traditional photo around a spot marked in advance by the hare.



The run then started and snaked around the car parks and building sites which constitute the hallowed precincts of the university. Front runners could occasionally hear the forlorn accents of the hare shouting “Are you on yet? Are you *sure?*” which could be construed as a clue to look a bit harder.



**The pack tours the university**

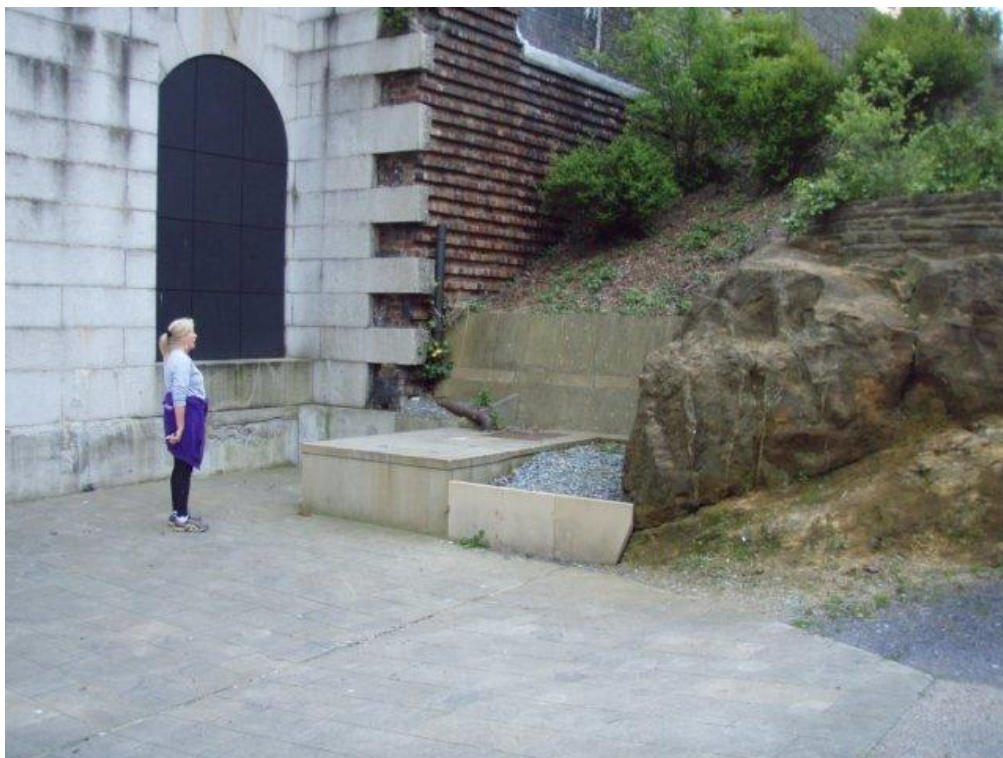
Eventually we emerged onto Prescott Street where we found inscribed on the pavement the invitation to “come on on down”.



Descending the hill as instructed we found ourselves traversing the decaying Victorian part of the university, passing gnomic injunctions possibly inscribed by passing topologists



before emerging on Brownlow Hill just opposite the Metropolitan Cathedral. At this point there was a split where the “rambos” could negotiate a steep bank to the cathedral plaza



**Do I feel lucky? wonders Wigan Pier**

where they met the “wimps” who had sedately climbed the stairs. The regroup was conspicuously marked by a large pile of dog poop. A lively discussion

ensued over the pronunciation and meaning of Moel Famau (and whether it could or could not be seen from this vantage point).



From this point onwards a large portion of the pack could clearly feel the gravitational pull of the On Inn and inclined to head in that direction when possible; but the hare had some surprises in store still. The trail circumnavigated the cathedral the long way round before heading off on a detour taking us to the very spot where the hare himself had been christened in days gone by; marked only by a modest sign on the pavement.



There followed a check back at the Oxford pub (now sadly demised) which your scribe himself missed through feeling the siren call of the Augustus John beckoning ahead.



**Easily overlooked check-back**

Finally though the way ahead was clear and the ON INN sign was found.



The pack convened in the Car Park for eats and belated chips supplied by Mad Hatter

Down downs for :

Hare,

Returnee: Snoozanne

Late chips: Mad Hatter,

Card fiasco: 10”

Lack of self-awareness: ET for asking who was GM (he was).

ET was awarded the traditional sealskin socks for 100 runs; and CT the sealskin hat (a dapper red one in this case) for 200 runs.

Finally Leanne was called forth to be named. Her protestations that she was feeling (and indeed looking) ill were robustly ignored, the pack having a strong belief in the bracing properties of a spot of ritual humiliation. After a lively discussion on the relative merits of various names (“Liana” due to some earlier incident involving a rope, and others commenting adversely on her antipodean ancestry) we settled on “Je Suis Leanne”—a reference to an evening when the hash had been spurned in favour of a “Charlie Hebdo” meeting. In a concession to her health, she was anointed with white powder rather than the traditional beer.



This certainly seemed to bring the colour back to her cheeks, though it may just have been embarrassment.

The pack then retired to the Augustus John for the AGM. There were reports from Hash Stats (no-lifer award: Car Thief) and Hash Cash (a bumper year—no thefts to report). The management positions were discussed and assigned as follows:

Hare Razor: Compo

Food: VR  
Deputy: Snoozanne  
Deputy Deputy: CT

Chips: Mad Hatter

RA: CT  
Deputy: Cleo  
DeputyDeputy: ET

Scribe: 10secs  
Deputy: CT  
DeputyDeputy FCUK

Choirmaster: Madhatter, Hansel

Beer wench: OTT  
Deputy: fcuk  
DeputyDeputy: Wigan Pier

Hash Cash: 10secs

Hash Beer: Mad Hatter  
Deputy: fcuk

Hash Stats: Cleo

Hash Haberdash: Cleo/Overdrive

Hash Flash: Overdrive  
Deputy: JSL  
DeputyDeputy: 10secs

Hash Sat Nav: VR  
Deputy: Compo

GM: Snoozanne  
Deputy: ET

Webmeister: Compo  
Emergency Webmeister: Austin Powers

It was also decided (possibly) that there should be an award to commemorate the setting of 50 runs, an award which CT looked likely to win barring accidents such as retirement. There was also discussion of the 300<sup>th</sup> run celebrations, an Isle of Man trip having been mooted. However, the generous offer by OTT and Hansel of a stay at their Pembrokeshire cottage was gladly accepted. This brought the official business to a close but of course further conversation and drinking continued for some time.