



9<sup>th</sup> July 2015

Run Number 296

Pi, Mossley Hill

**The Pack** Carthief (Hare), fcuk (Hare), Sprog, Overdrive, Cleo, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Compo, 10secs, Rachel

This was a welcome return visit to Pi, co-hared by fcuk and Carthief and billed as a run of three halves in a slightly obscure reference to a similar previous run; also (possibly) one of many increasingly tenuous Pi-related jokes. This time the co-hares had promised to “splice their trails together”. Sprog had promised to be there but as we congregated outside Pi



he was observed by fcuk to emerge from the station and proceed purposefully in the wrong direction. There were admiring comments on fcuk's ability to recognize Sprog's rear view at such a considerable distance. Eventually he was summoned back and we started on our way. We were promised that the checks would reveal a secret code and there were mysterious remarks about a 360degree rotation. The trail very quickly led us uphill



to a row of butts (an archery practice area, so no sniggering).



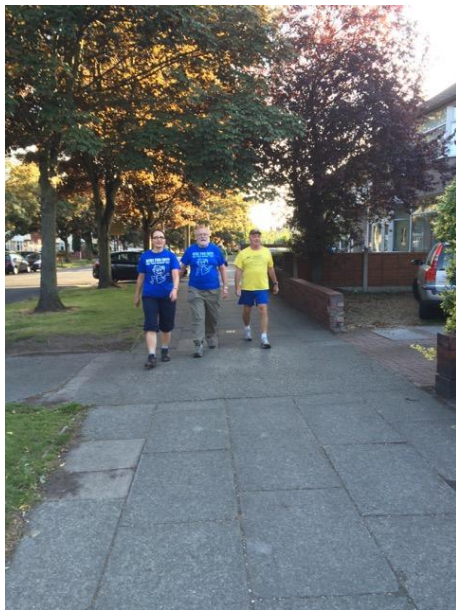
First we annoyed the archers by making a noise at their backs—well, yes, literally behind their butts; and then we meandered in front of them to give them a moving target on which to vent their resulting anger.





**(Barely) moving targets**

As we thence proceeded roughly along Brodie Avenue and Booker Avenue



**Proceeding roughly**

the checks were observed to contain the numbers 1, 1, 2, 3, 4,1, 1, 2, 3, 4,5...



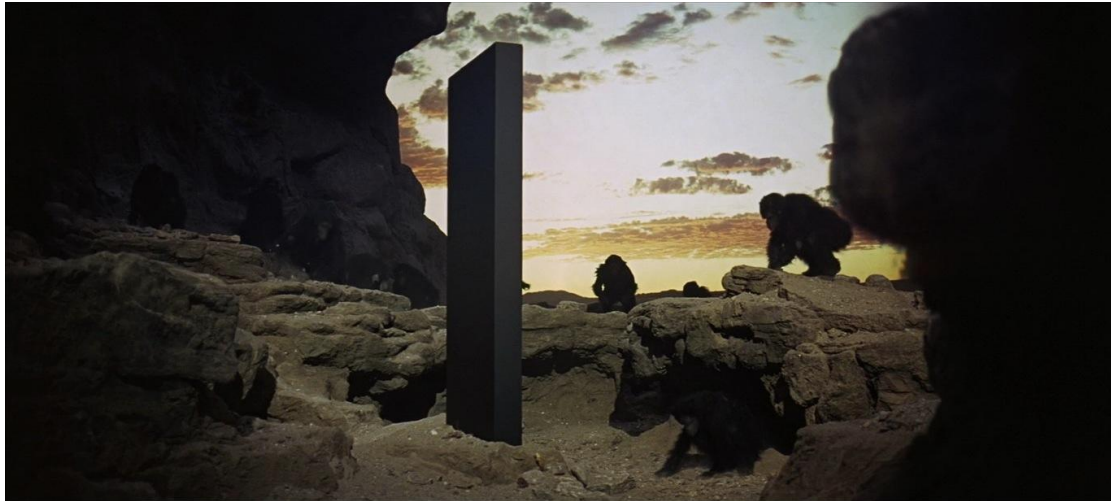
Though for those unused to multi-tasking it proved very difficult to run and memorise a string of numbers at the same time. Continuing the archery theme, we visited Robin Hood's Stone, a prehistoric monolith aptly situated at the corner of Archerfield Road and Booker Avenue (and indeed just after Greenwood Road).



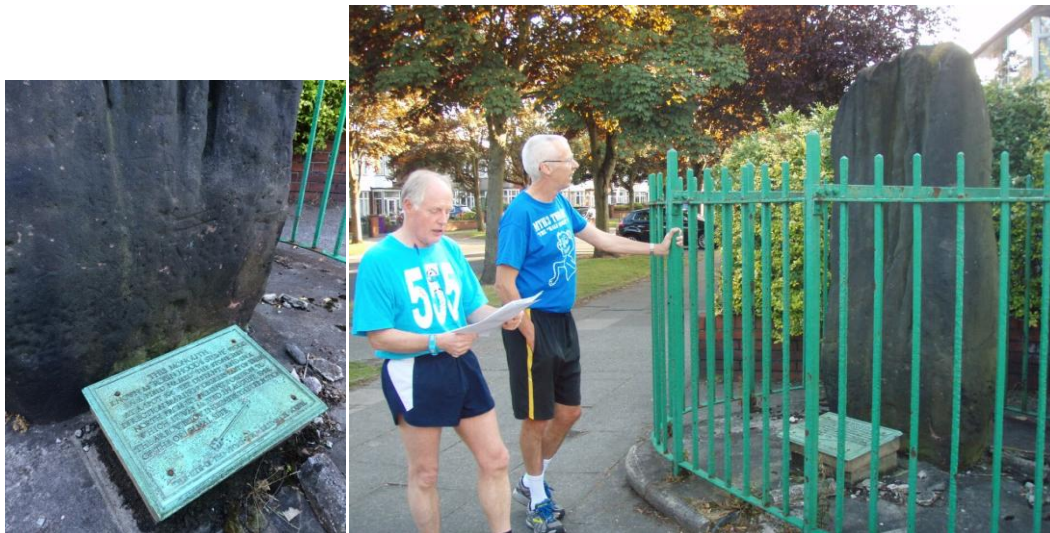
The scene at the monolith was oddly familiar...





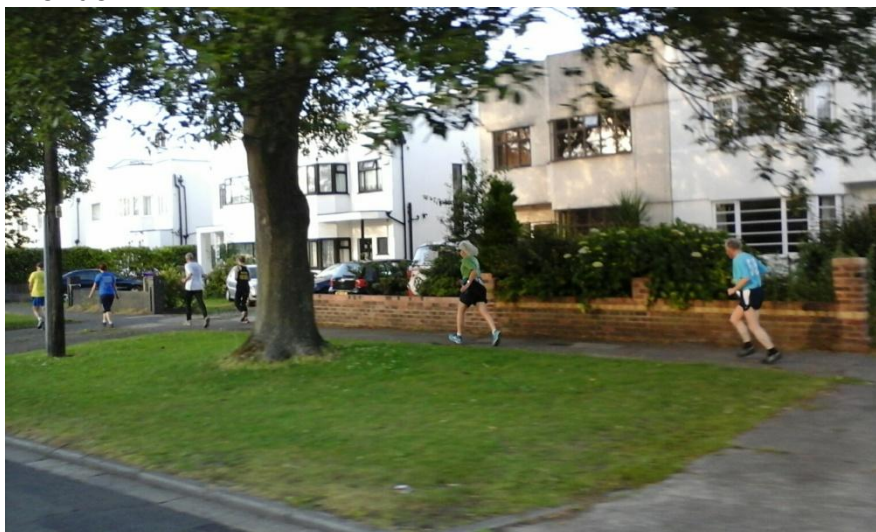


The Dawn of Man (© S. Kubrick)



"The arrow seems to be pointing to Jupiter—ET, you have some explaining to do"

Returning to earth, a short stretch of Mather Avenue and a return to Booker Avenue





took us into Calderstones Park



and a play on the fitness equipment.





We briefly emerged onto Beech Lane before diving back into the park where we paused to contemplate an immemorial oak



and the eponymous Calderstones themselves.



These are all that remains of a Neolithic chambered tomb and have been relocated from their original site. There is speculation that Robin Hood's Stone may once have been part of the same structure (though one source for this is Julian Cope, drug-crazed frontman of 1980s Liverpool band The Teardrop Explodes...). Anyway, then out of the park through the impressive gateway



and down Calderstones Road and past the Allerton Library with its guardian Penguin (again rather appropriately). Finally back down Rose Lane to Pi (with a couple of deviations so Compo could practise his gap-negotiating skills).





We gathered in a small park adjoining the On-Inn after we had ordered our food. The length of the circle was thus determined by Pi, as of course it always is.

Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hares (too many checks with too many complications...)

The webmaster (Compo) (for advertising the run on Facebook as starting at 7am due to being in the wrong continent at the wrong time)

10" (for showing himself as a smart-\*\*\*\* by cracking the code of the checks\*)

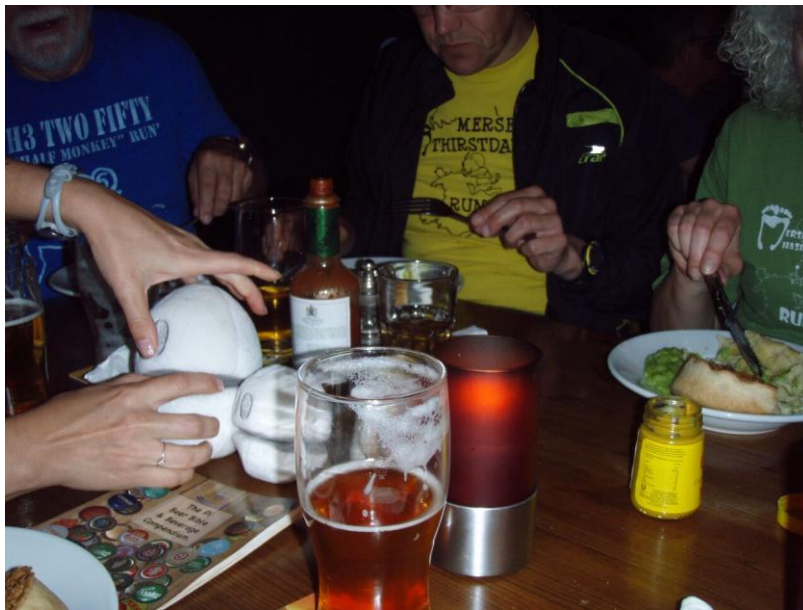
Returnees: ET and Overdrive

The RA: Mapreading (claiming against considerable physical evidence that his car was in a different street)

Sprog: Getting lost before the run had even started

FCUK: first recorded instance of a hare following the hash by bike;

We finally adjourned to Pi where the pies lived up to expectations and Cleo produced some faintly disturbing animal toys.



\*A sequence of sequences so that 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, denotes only the string of final terms of each little sequence, viz 1415... -- the digits after the decimal point in "pi".

