



31st March 2016

Run Number 315

The Victoria, Aigburth, Liverpool

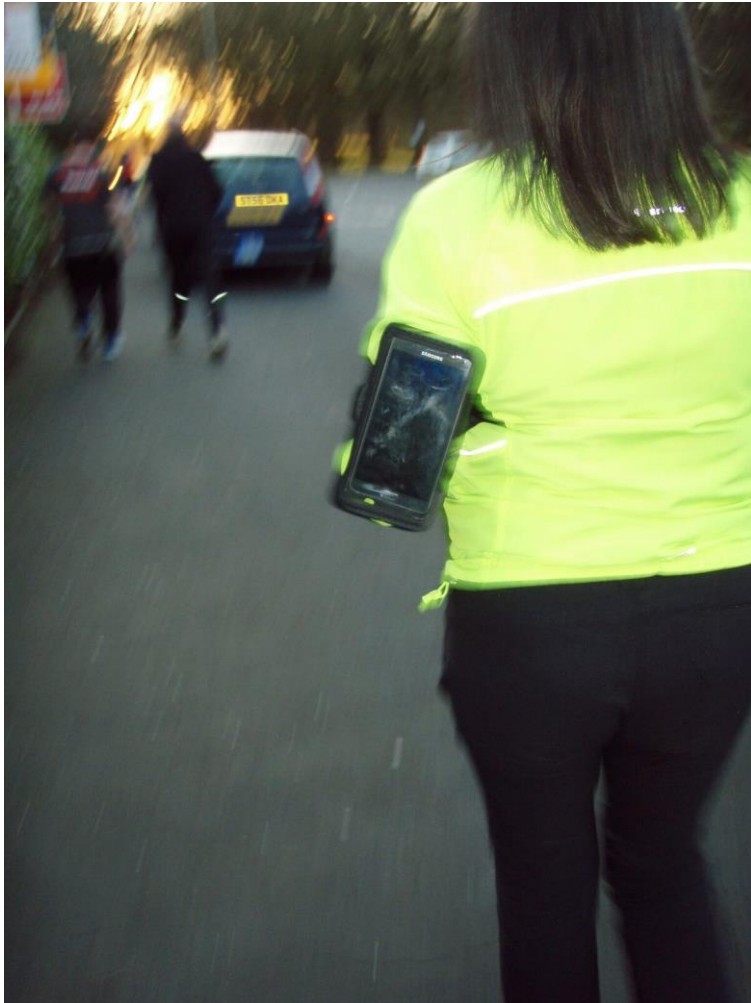
The Pack: ET (Hare), Overdrive, Cleo, Carthief, 10secs, Snoozanne, fcuk, VR, Max, Rebecca, Ash

The pack gathered outside the Victoria where the Hare explained the markings in meticulous and somewhat confusing detail for the benefit of the several new and recent members. The markings would be on the right-hand side of the pavement...or was it the right-hand pavement? And there would be several Check-backs, too...or was it several Check Back Twos?



We had two Hash Flashers (CT and Rebecca) so photos could be taken in stereo. If you lie on your side and peer at these photos with the special glasses, the sensation of rushing motion is quite uncanny...



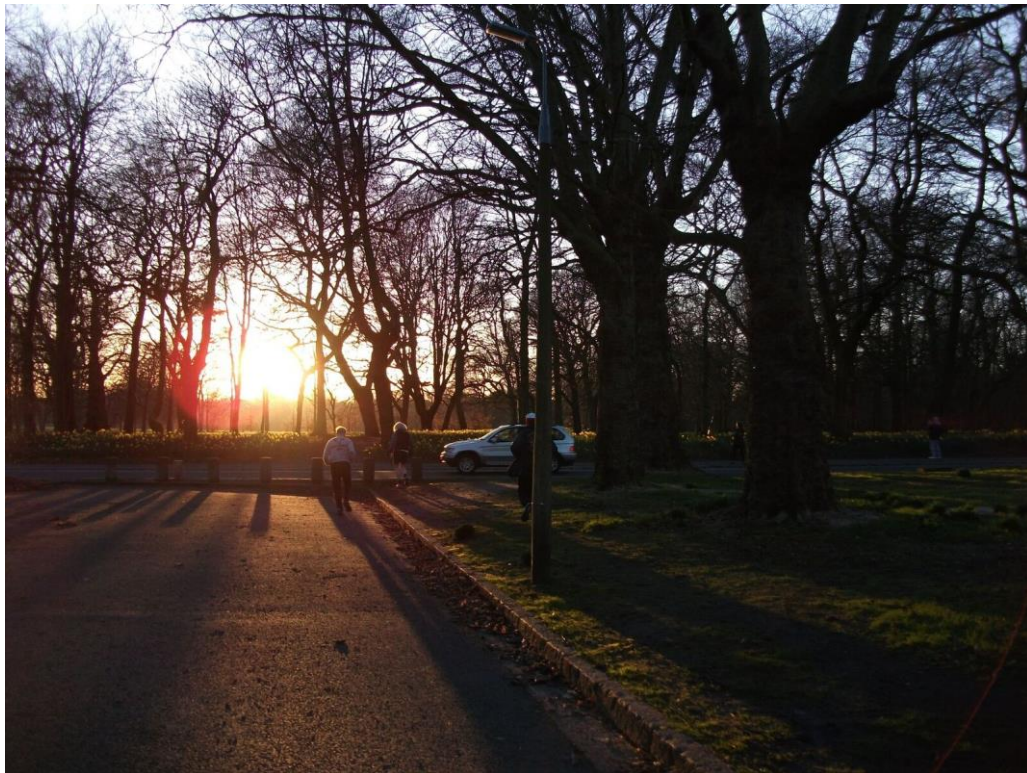


Some attention was immediately drawn to VR's phone (if that is what it was) whose proportions recalled the glory days of the 1980s...



The hare playfully tries to pull fcuk off his bike...

The hare had promised a trail which would largely be confined to parkland and so no-one was surprised when we very shortly approached Sefton Park. It promised to be a lovely evening for the run.





I make no apology for a series of photos showing the pack enjoying the evening sunshine...





“Oh god make it stop...” says one pack member



“I’m the king of the world....”



Rebecca was wearing special shoes which provided exceptional sensitivity to every undulation in the ground surface, leading to her tumbling down several slopes during the course of the run.



At around the half-way point the Hare had kindly arranged an Easter Egg hunt. The thought of looking for brown objects in the parkland undergrowth was a little off-putting at first but we were assured they were all wrapped in plastic and everyone joined in the search; with instant success in some quarters and increasing desperation in others. Overdrive in particular had an uncanny instinct for the location of our quarry and started dropping broad hints to the less successful as to where to look. Rather oddly, a mobile phone was also discovered during the operation; Carthief somewhat mystifyingly assuring us that it was a “blueberry”. Had he also found and sampled some magic mushrooms?



It was touching to see the pleasure these little things brought to some of the pack...



While others graphically expressed their feelings for those who had not been so lucky...



Anyway, eventually by hook or by crook everyone was accommodated with an Easter Egg or Easter Bunny and much contented chomping ensued.



One of the threatened CB2's

We then continued on our circumnavigation of the park, the trail cleverly managing to avoid crossing itself despite some near misses. A spanking pace was set but nevertheless it was fairly dark as we headed back along the lake, and the Hare directed us towards a shortcut; a pity about those remaining 5 miles of trail, but the pub was beckoning... On return to the Victoria we set up for the circle and down-downs in the playground at the back. Down-downs were awarded to :

The Hare: He was also called to account for the excessive number of CB2s and given a special mention for the Easter egg hunt.

Cleo: who had unfortunately both dropped her phone and run into a lamp-post; the consequent additional "egg" on her forehead looking rather painful by this point.

Carthief: for his misidentification of a Blackberry with a Blueberry, calling forth other fruity comments.

Returnee: 10 seconds: his house cleaning and moustache growing activities not considered sufficient to excuse his absence; followed belatedly by Overdrive, who after deriding the rendition of the traditional hymn was made to sing it himself.

We also welcomed our Virgin, Ash, who hails from Billoola, Queensland.

We then retired to the pub where there was some disappointment due to the sole real ale turning out to be off (as in vinegary). There was widespread bemusement as we tried to assemble the toys which had been found in the Easter Eggs; and then figure out what they were supposed to do, and indeed why.