



12th May 2016

Run Number 318

The Augustus John, Liverpool

The Pack: Max (Hare), Cleo, 10secs, fcuk, Snoozanne, Wigan Pier, VR, Compo, CT, Overdrive



The pack gathered outside the Augustus John where the Liverpool University students were starting revision week by getting comprehensively bladdered.



Snoozanne gathered up several of the discarded beer glasses and secreted them around the side of the Maths building to be used later for down-downs (let me say at once that this is a practice which I cannot condone, in case my Head of Department reads this).



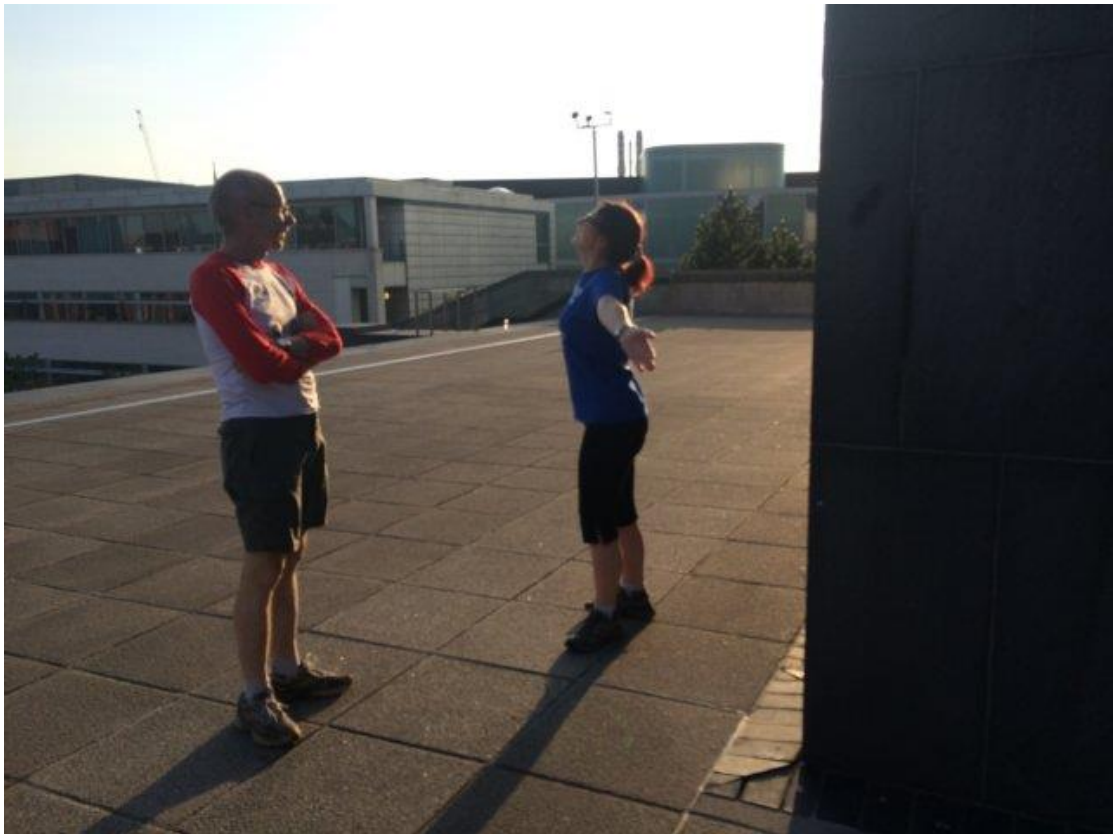
Our hare had marked the trail in a range of interesting colours, none of which was visible except in a strong beam of ultraviolet light.



Nevertheless, the trail was located and we circled the Chadwick building before heading towards the cathedral



and up onto the cathedral plaza, where Cleo had some sort of religious experience.





The doors then caused some consternation. Cleo touched one and then appeared to recoil in horror, and the rest of us agreed that we had never noticed how strange they were...



We contemplate the doors...

Then it was down to Mount Pleasant





Snoozanne struggles to contain her delight at finding a checkback

...where the trail was eventually located heading up Oxford Street and along Mulberry Street, then along Faulkner Street and along Chatham Street back to the campus and through to Grove Street



You would not want to mess with the MTH crew when we're checking it out



Here it was across the waste ground by the Oxford pub to emerge at a regroup at the start of Smithdown Lane, across from the entrance to the Williamson tunnels and hard by the police station.



Here we debated who might be living in the camper van in the police station car park. From here the trail skirted the new hospital buildings before crossing London Road towards Kempston Street,



crossing back over London Road near Owen Owens and into the university campus via Moor Place and Gill Street; where an odd sight was disclosed.



Either fcuk always feels the urge to put his bottom in the air when in the vicinity of the School of Engineering, or he has discovered a checkback and generously wants to allow everyone to share the experience ...



Presumably this confirms the second interpretation...



Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery...

Then it was back to the neighbourhood of the Augustus John where we found that someone even more desperate than ourselves had snaffled the dirty beer glasses. We headed off to the Peach Street car park where food and beer was awaiting—including VR's oft-requested lemon-drizzle cake, which proved well worth the wait.



Note the hash-themed tablecloth—attention to detail or what?





Healthy eating has always been an important part of our ethos.

We were soon joined by an unexpected visitor in the shape of Je suis Leanne.



Max blames his partner for providing the chalk used to “mark” the trail



Car Thief donated some of his special chalk to Max for future use. Why Max felt the immediate urge to dunk it in his beer remains a mystery.



VR enjoys the hash beer



The dreaded hymn sheets make another appearance

Down-downs were awarded to:

Returnees: Wigan Pier, Je suis Leanne, Snoozanne

Max: for use of invisible multi-coloured chalk

Snoozanne: hiding the cups

Cleo: being frightened by the cathedral

Fcuk: shortcutting

VR: Sitting on a bench by the check while loudly encouraging others to “check it out”.

The hare: looking everywhere for the check before realising he was standing on it.





Then it was time to formally welcome Max into the pack. An old hash T-shirt was produced by fcuk





And it fitted like a glove; that is if you are given to wearing black gloves sporting pictures of naked men.

At this point someone remembered that the pink bedpans should traditionally make an appearance on this occasion; and someone else had the brainwave of using the large letters painted on the bedpans in an act of divination to create Max's hash name. Like a Ouija ; or should it be a Wee Jar ?



The receptacles were deployed and after some tense anticipation the name was revealed...



Cykr? Surely the spirits were mocking us; but we decided it could be Welsh.

Finally we decamped to the AJ where the real business of the evening began. After hours of discussion the white smoke was seen to rise and the results were declared. And here they are (main person first followed by deputies):

GM: VR, Je Suis Leanne

Hare Razor: fcuk

RA: Snoozanne, Overdrive, ET

Chormeister: Wigan Pier, Hansel

Beer Meister: Snoozanne, fcuk

Beer wench: ET, Cykr, UTT

Hash Chips: Mad Hatter

Hash Food: Cleo, VR, CT

Hash Flash: Rebecca, Overdrive, UTT

Hash cash: 10secs

Hash stats: Cleo

Hash haberdashery: Overdrive and Cleo

Hash Scribe: 10secs, CT, fcuk

Hash Sat Nav: VR, Compo

WebMeister: Austin Powers, Compo