



29th September 2016

Run Number 329

Pi, Mossley Hill, Liverpool

The Pack: Rebecca (Co-Hare), Carthief (Co-Hare), Cleo, Victim, 10secs, fcuk, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Wigan Pier, cykr, Compo, Hansel, Chris Brian, Clare, Kate

The pack gathered in the Pi bar; a gratifyingly large turnout. Rebecca was setting her first trail in collaboration with Carthief. It was also to be a live hare and as 7pm approached with no CT in sight, she was getting slightly apprehensive. But show up he did and the two of them disappeared leaving instructions to start at 7.20. By this time as we sallied forth it was fully dark—the first hash of the autumn to be in darkness from start to finish.



We gathered outside for the usual photograph, avoiding the flattened bird on the pavement. There was some speculation that pigeon pie might be on the menu in the bar later...

The trail led past the station and down Pitville Avenue, eventually coming out at a big five-way junction on Mather Avenue. From here it was found up Greenhill Road and looped back along Allerton Road.





Eventually with a certain inevitability it was discovered heading into Calderstones Park. Here fcuk was heard forlornly asking if anyone had seen his torch. Snoozanne owned up to having quietly appropriated one which had been left on the table in Pi earlier but fcuk magnanimously allowed her to hold on to it.



Here Snoozanne is making good use of the purloined torch...

The run through the park brought us out to the large ornate gates on Yew Tree Road, scene of many a past regroup. Then it was down across Menlove Avenue into Menlove Gardens to bring us to the big junction with Queens Drive. Amid a confusion of road works it took some time to find the trail, but eventually it was located along Smithdown Road and then down Penny Lane. Half way down, the trail made a feint into a pub car park which caused some confusion and fruitless wanderings through the pub in hope of a beerstop, but it was not to be (and later revealed to be a momentary aberration on Rebecca's part). In fact the trail continued over the railway and down to N Mossley Hill Road where we turned left, passing the university Halls of Residence. Occasional markings indicating the time the hares had passed that way showed that they were not too far ahead.



Attempts to second-guess the hares by taking a left turn proved misguided and in fact the trail continued all the way to Rose Lane where the On Inn was found.

We set up the down-downs as usual on the small piece of park land over the road from Pi. We had decided against any food in the circle in anticipation of plentiful pies later; but Cleo had baked a traditional savoury cake in honour of St Michael, whose day it apparently was. The symbol on the cake looked a little phallic to those with lewd imaginations but we were assured it was a sword.



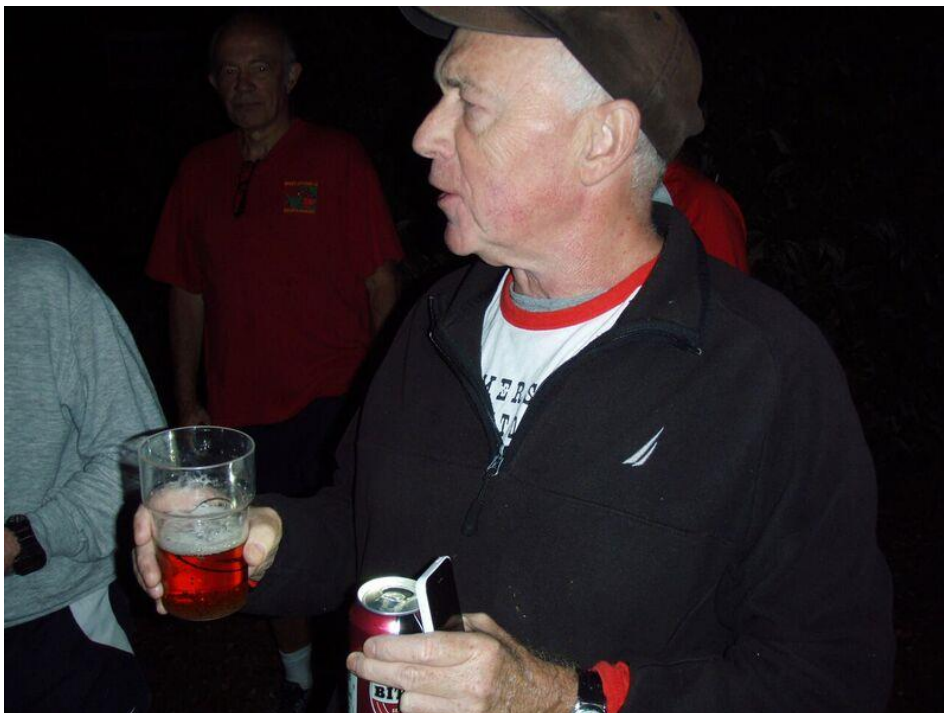
Down downs were awarded to:



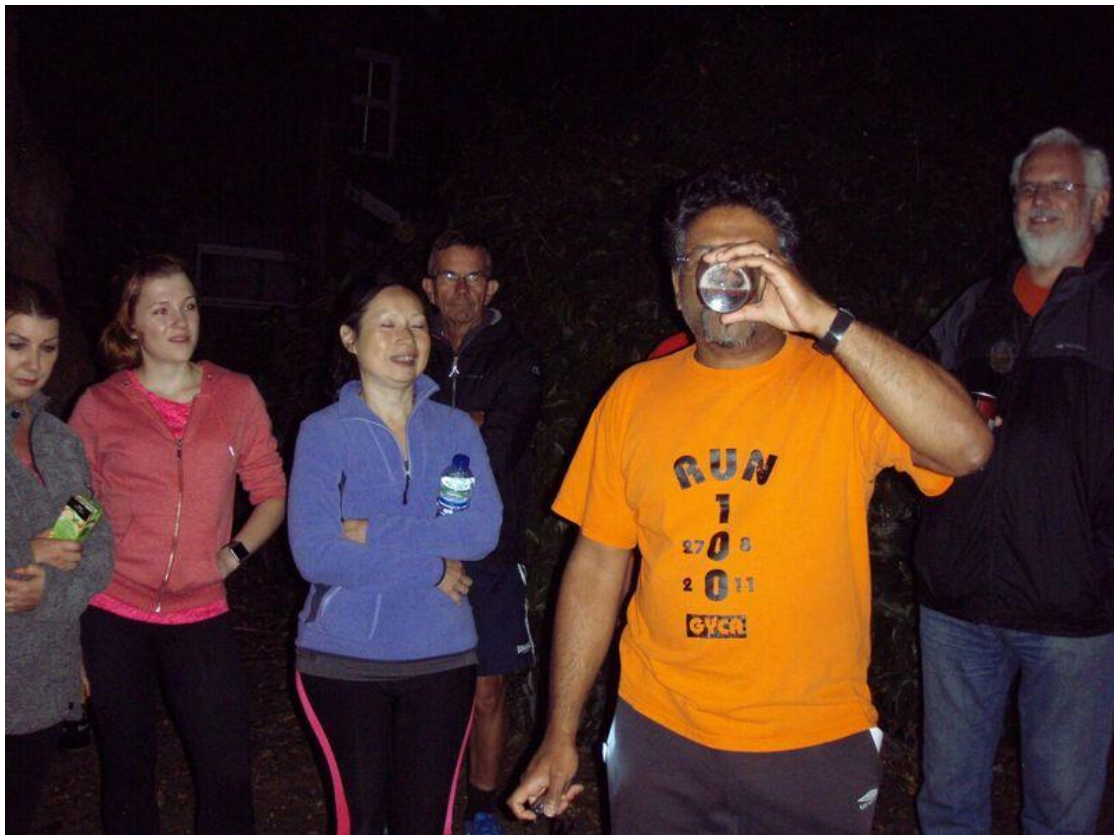
The hares



Returnees: this was technically most of the pack but Wigan Pier, cykr and Tennis Brian were selected for special mention.

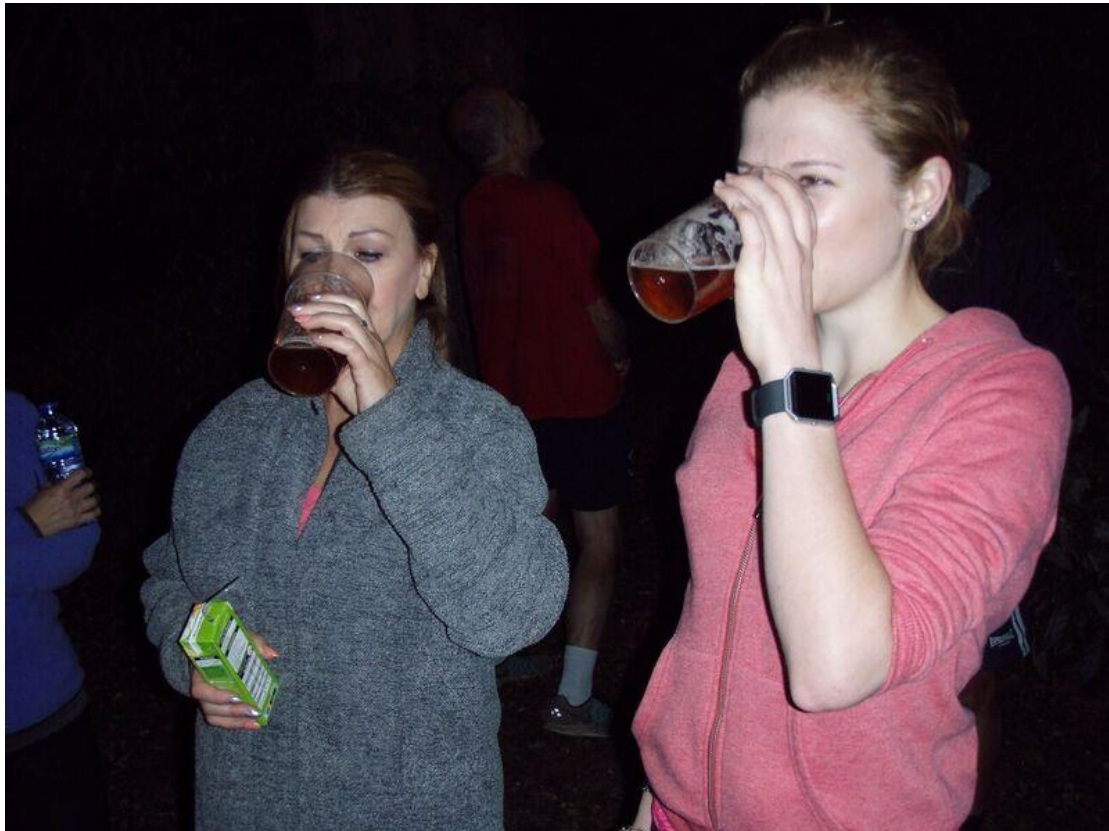


Mad Hatter who had displayed local knowledge by catching up with the hares; but his local knowledge had failed to lead him to a chip shop.



Fcuk: for losing his torch and luckily having it found by Snoozanne

Victim: shortcutting.



The virgins were then called up. Apparently Kate had made herself come. And Clare said Brian had talked about the Hash until she couldn't help but come. If only other newcomers would get equally excited...

There was then some discussion about naming Rebecca. There was a feeling that her name should refer to her propensity for adopting an "I'm the King of the world" pose a la Titanic at every possible opportunity, plus her unusual choice in running shoes. The choice eventually settled on "Pacemaker" ("My heart will go on" as featured in "Titanic", are you keeping up?...)

Finally we adjourned to Pi, our thoughts turning to the range of delectable pies awaiting us. But in the bar a cruel disappointment awaited-pies were off!!! There had been an electrical fault and no cooking could be done. But were we downhearted? Well yes we were rather, and the little bowls of complimentary peanuts we were given hardly seemed an adequate substitute. There was also a feeling that the staff didn't seem to have tried all that hard to rectify the situation and didn't really seem all that bovvered. Some thoughts even turned to the flattened pigeon; perhaps with plenty of seasoning one might...? But no, maybe not. Anyway, at least the beer was still on and most of us drowned our sorrows while a few went in search of chips.... After lots of beer on an empty stomach the content of the conversation is now a bit hazy...