



19th January 2017

Run Number 337

Shenanigans, Liverpool

The Pack: Compo (Hare), 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, Carthief, Wigan Pier, VR, Overdrive, Cleo, ET, Chris, Grutel, Inscrewtable.

The Hare had decreed that we were going to have our own personal St Patricks Day so that we could enjoy a drink in Shenanigans Bar without being crowded out by those pesky Irish people. We were joined by a newcomer, Inscrewtable, who had until recently been with the Cambridge hash.





The first check was found by the Lambanana on Tithebarn Street and it was impossible to resist a regroup and photo opportunity. We reassured our newcomer that regroupings after only running 100m were not a regular feature of the hash.



Inscrewtable shows off his parkour skills

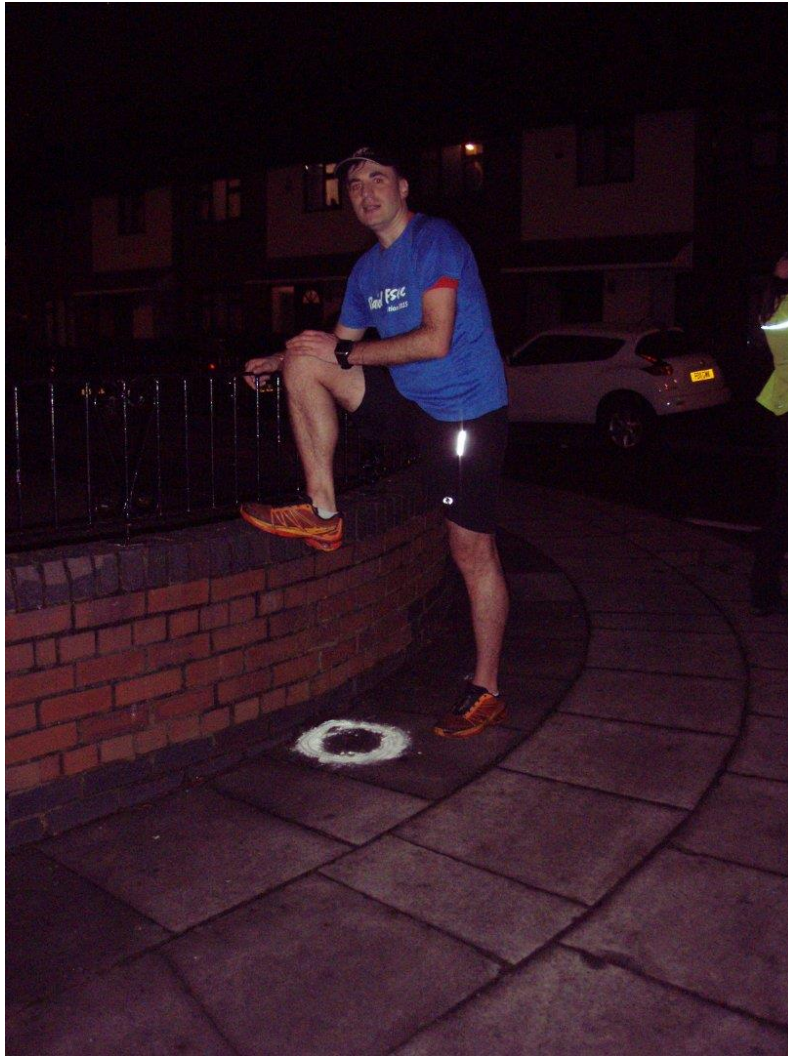
The trail led down Great Crosshall Street and then up onto the pedestrian flyovers



where we were treated to the first of the double-headed arrows which would be a hallmark of the evening. Apparently these meant that the trail went either way but that either way might be the wrong way....



Eventually we had another impromptu regroup at the Construction Workers' Memorial on Hunter Street. Though the symbol visible on the side appears to depict a different kind of erection...



Our newcomer had been indoctrinated with some heretical hash rules which required the first hasher to reach a check to stay there until the whole pack had passed by.



Since he had also been imbued with equally heretical keenness, this was to happen quite frequently...

The trail then led to a junction where the pack as one went off confidently along St Anne Street for some distance and then equally confidently off down a side street; only to come back crestfallen some minutes later to find the hare waiting to shepherd them back to the junction where the real trail simply crossed the road. The trail then crossed some parkland and went up Field Street and along Salisbury Street and Everton Brow to Everton Park.



Here Mad Hatter was indignant to find that there was no regroup to enable us to pay our fitting respects to the Prince Rupert Tower, the hallowed symbol of Everton FC.



It was not to be, and we hurried on to the top of the hill where we felt somewhat superior to the runners envisaged by this notice who appeared to need a map to avoid getting lost in the park and could only shave 20% or so off the walking time for the route. Our attention was then drawn to the line of parked cars with engines running in the car park above us—a favourite site for dogging, we were assured. Running past the steamed-up windows we found ourselves at a roundabout which turned out to be one of Compo’s “meta-checks”—possibly the only checks visible from space, or at least on Google Earth... The correct trail led out onto Everton Road, along Cresswell Street and into Grant Gardens. Emerging from here back onto Everton Road we were told by Mad Hatter that the area used to be a zoo.



The trail crossed Brunswick Street and along Walker Street, down Kensington and along Low Hill



to the sign which apparently welcomed us to the L7 district. Note the number of hashers giving a visual interpretation of the sign. Someone sometime should set a trail along Mount Road in Birkenhead....



Further along Low Hill a Compo-sized squeeze was long overdue.



The trail then led to the heart of the new hospital area where it was discovered that the signs could be “repurposed” in various appropriate ways. (Not shown here is the University Poo Bank which as Carthief commented is full of shit.)



We then found our way to the Engineering Faculty where we as usual attempted to emulate the statue's stance.



VR once again walked or rather hopped away with the prize for the uncanny verisimilitude of her pose.

The trail then led out onto Great Newton Street and a detour via Bronte Street due to an inconsiderately locked gate led back round to Brownlow Hill. Then (except for the, ahem, rear end of the pack) across the Adelphi car park and down Copperas Hill to the Beer Stop—Lanigan's on Ranelagh Street. Here we found the hare busily engaged in ordering pints of Guinness which were

slowly lining up on the bar to settle. Meanwhile it was gradually becoming apparent that half the pack was missing having as mentioned earlier missed the turn into the car park; but contact was made by phone and soon we were all gathered to enjoy the craic.

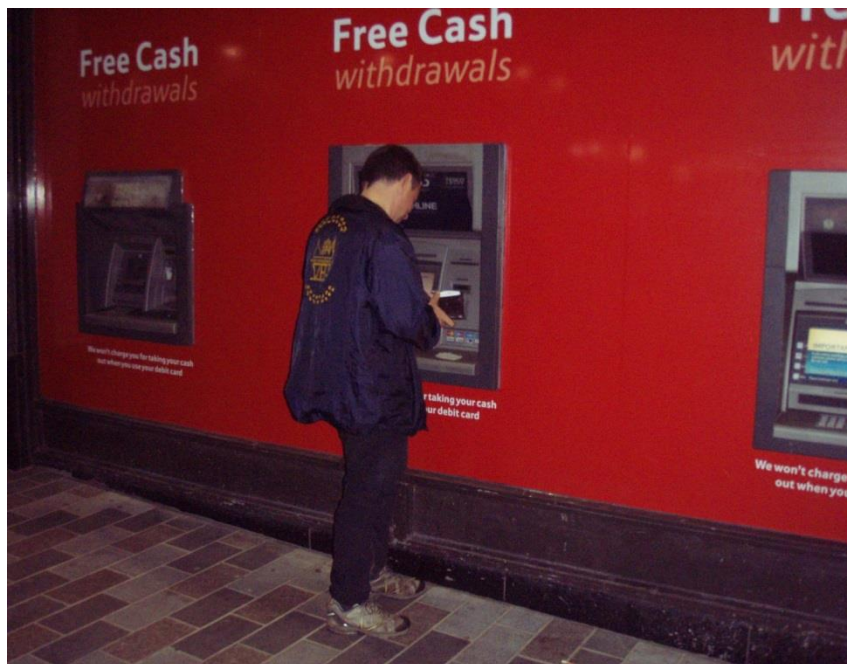




Compo decides he can squeeze in another couple of pints before we leave...



After a quick pose outside Lanigan's we were off for the short trip back to the On Inn



during which Overdrive discovered a cash-flow crisis...



and before long the On Inn was found (note the economical use of flour).



We set up the food and drink in the car park behind the pub.



Hash Food had made some delicious spicy soup, most welcome on a cold night



together with lots of flapjack—most welcome any night...

The circle was called to order and down-downs were awarded to:

Grutel and VR: Returnees

Inscrewtable: Virgin (apparently his wife made him come); also for sitting on the check

Carthief: Lack of calling

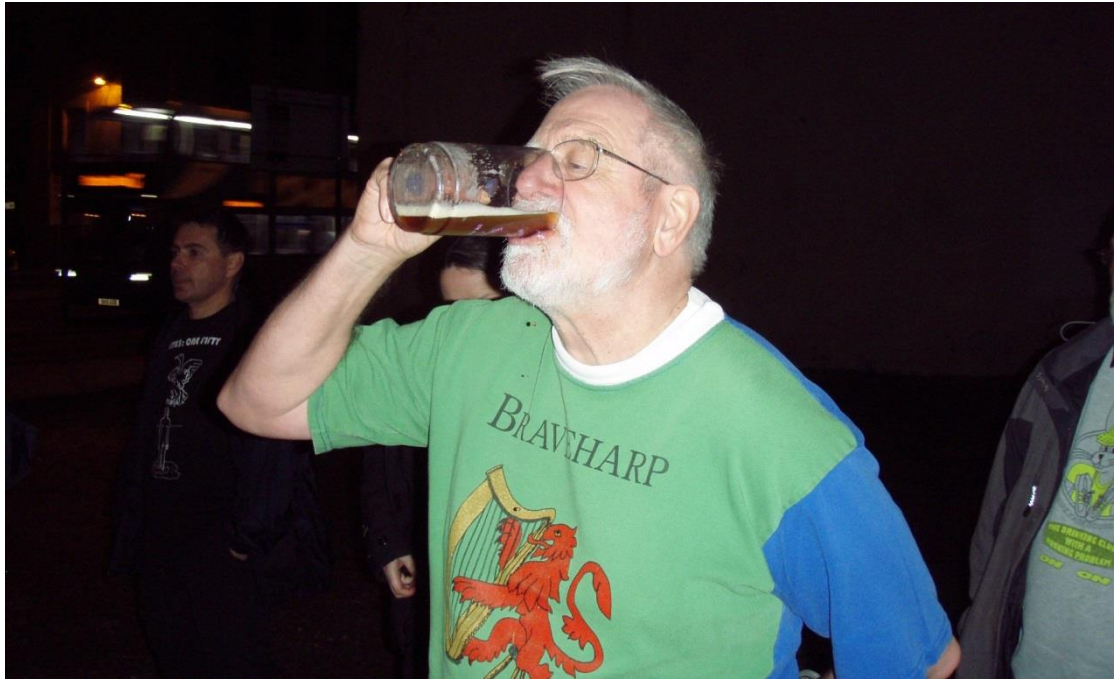
Fcuk and CT Lack of awareness of transgender issues in deriding the pub musician for allegedly singing the words "My girl is not my son" during his rendition of "Billy Jean"



Fcuk was awarded the traditional sealskin item (in this case a yellow hat) in recognition of his 200th run.



It made for a very fetching ensemble.



Finally the hare was called out, before we adjourned to the pub. During the proceedings a slightly raffish individual had been showing increasing interest in our activities, especially the alcoholic component; he proved a willing assistant in disposing of our unwanted beer. In the pub we found ourselves gathered by a large “spin-the-wheel” game which had us puzzling for some time. It was pretty clear what to do if the arrow came to rest on “drink 5 pints” or “start a fight” but “the Irish flag” or “The virgin Mary”? The mind boggled...