



11th May 2017

Run Number 345 and AGM

The Augustus John, Liverpool

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Carthief, Overdrive, Cleo, Breast Stroke, ET, Hansel, fcuk, Tagi, Cykr,



The pack gathered in the traditional surroundings of the AJ. ET explained that he was able to grace us with his presence due to the usual tennis match being on a different evening. BS revealed that ET's score in the mixed doubles at this match was so low that he had retaliated by tripping her up. Upon his pointedly tossing his keys in the middle of the circle, there was speculation that the "tennis match" was just a cover for some other activity, and there were warnings that vigorous "service" might lead to "tennis" elbow.

The initial preparations for the above photo took place around the beer barrels in the background, but on fcuk's raising one of the barrels an evil-looking and

–smelling slurry ran out which caused Cleo to jump like a frightened gazelle and land some feet away.

The hare carefully explained that the colour of the arrows modulated from yellow chalk to yellow crayon to white chalk but nevertheless the green arrows left over from the University fun run caused some confusion.



Green arrow



Yellow arrow



The trail led past the cathedral



And down to Rodney Street where Cleo Walked Like A Egyptian, presumably inspired by the pyramid in the graveyard behind. Legend has it that the

pyramid contains the body of a notorious gambler still sitting at the gaming table, having promised that the devil could take his soul once he was buried.



The trail then snaked through some university accommodation



and then into the Faulkner Square area, and up past the Women's Hospital to some parkland



Where we were treated to an impressive display of upper arm strength by fcuk.



Some controversy was aroused by the brick tower in the background—was it a ventilation shaft for the railway or the remains of a windmill?

The trail then led past the entrance to the Williamson Tunnels to where the On Inn was found and we were soon back at the AJ. Here we found Compo who had been showing some US bell collectors a good time. He made a spirited case for being counted on the stats for the run but on the matter being put to the vote, the majority ruled against. Cleo had made a visit to the local Tescos

and obtained a good selection of food albeit at fairly extortionate prices. Half of the selection pack of luxury spanish sausage was promptly deposited on the gravel of the carpark amongst the seagull droppings but 10 secs having mentioned the "10 second rule" was allowed/obliged to eat it. Fcuk had managed to inveigle the staff at the AJ into providing sufficient beer and glasses for about 40 down-downs so the resultant flurry of trumped up charges and accusations would have put a Stalinist show-trial to shame.



Down-downs were awarded to:



The Hare (who was prevented from drinking alcohol by a course of antibiotics and was obliged to simulate a drinking act)



ET: The swinger with the keys

Compo: late arrival

Returnee: ET

Fcuk: for causing Cleo to panic about a possible yeast infection

ET: unchivalrous behaviour in tripping up the opposition in his tennis match

Tagi: for turning up to cash in on the free food at her second run.

Overdrive, BS, 10secs, Compo: confusion over the cylindrical object in the park

Compo and Hansel: sharing a private joke, possibly about STDs in the Royal Navy

We then retired to the pub where the next year's duties were discussed and voted on (see the mismanagement page). Hash Cash presented the accounts, or to be more precise shook the Coffeemate jar in front of the assembled company. Cykr caused a spontaneous outburst of affection by announcing it was his last run and even more so by buying everyone a drink.



