



**Run Number 365**

**4<sup>th</sup> January 2018**

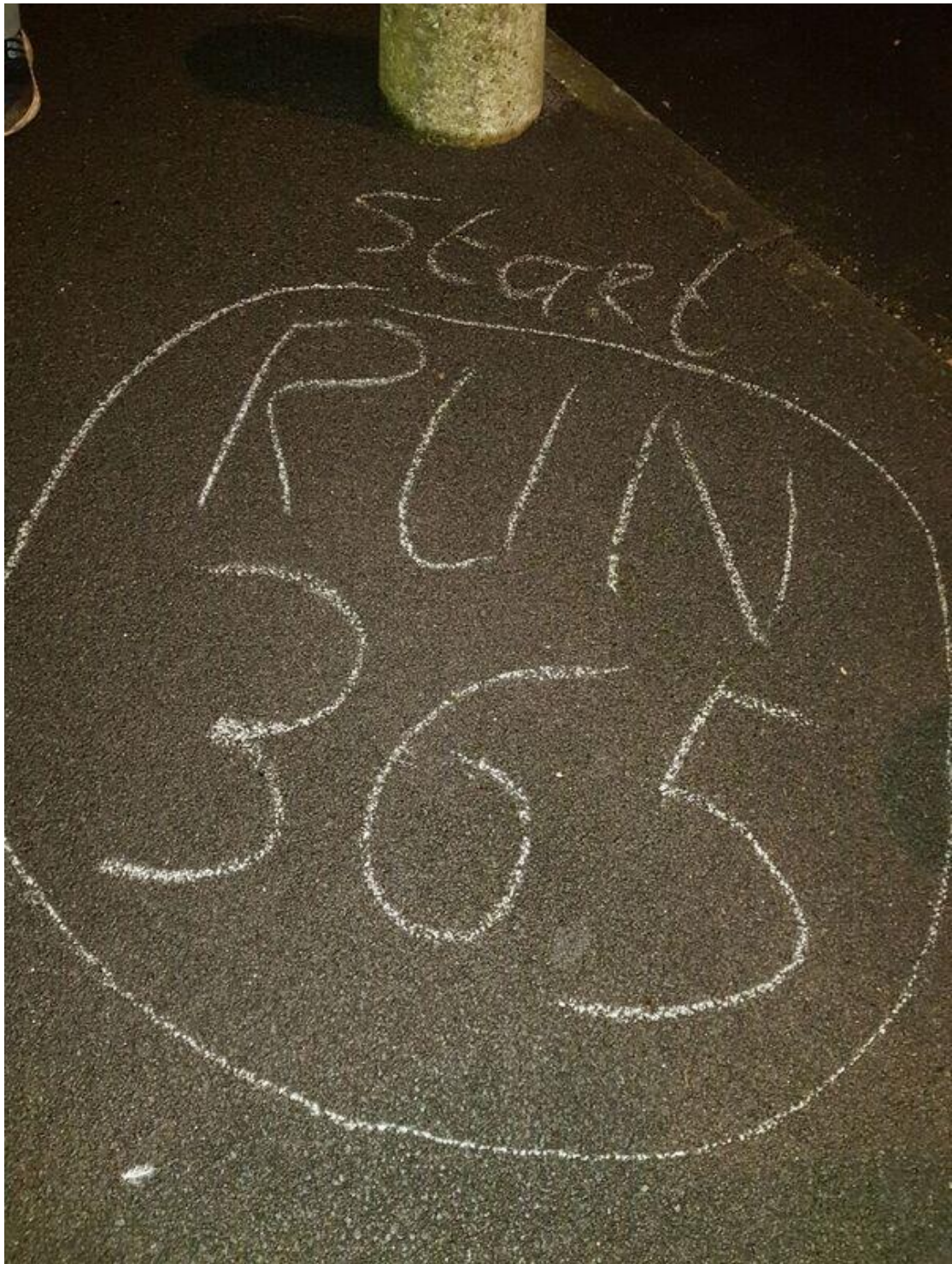
**The Victoria, Aigburth**

**The Pack:** ET (Hare), 10secs, BS, Snoozanne, Compo

It was a select group but well worth turning out for several reasons. Snoozanne was in the pub early and looking out witnessed ET approaching the window from outside. All of a sudden with what seemed miraculous speed he disappeared from view except for his rear end, having tripped over a chain between two bollards and gone "base over apex". When he arose into sight again (by which time 10" was also alerted to proceedings) he performed the time-honoured procedure of indicating that this sudden vanishing act had all been part of the plan, and even made a bow to two astonished diners who had had a ringside seat. Various comments were made as to the advisability of letting him lead us off into the darkness if this could happen outside a well-lit pub.



Compo was observed to be wearing a non-hash T-shirt, but as the sentiments were appropriate and it was a Christmas present from his better half, he was let off.

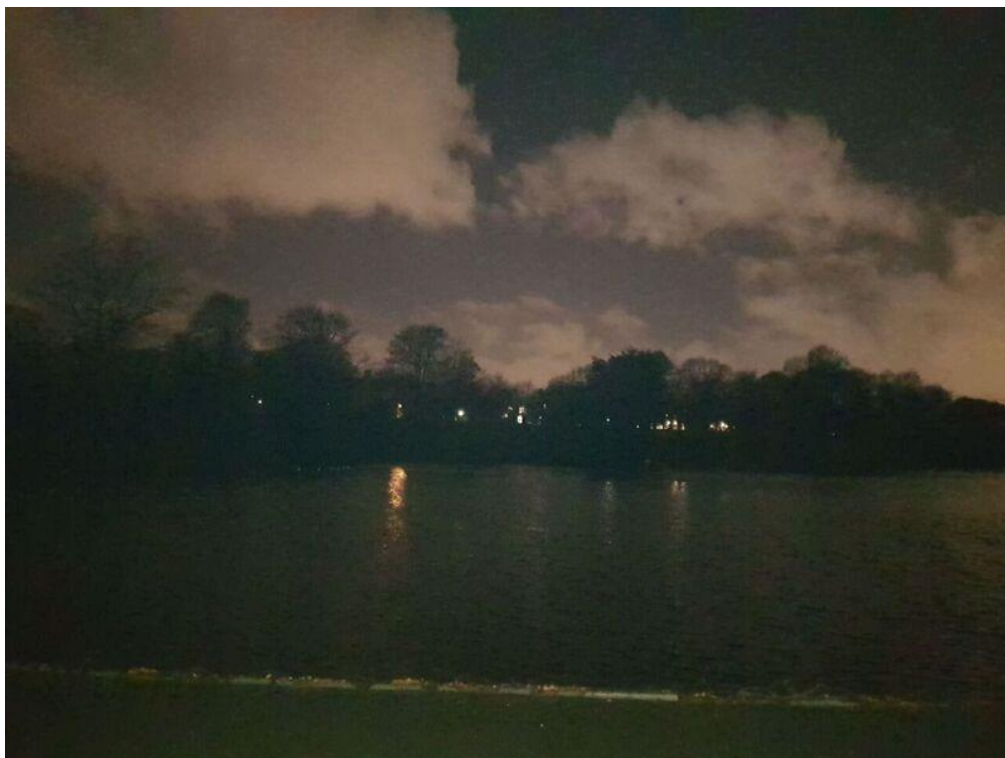


There was some discussion about whether this really was Run 365, depending as it did on how the extra Xmas run was counted; in the end we decided it was.



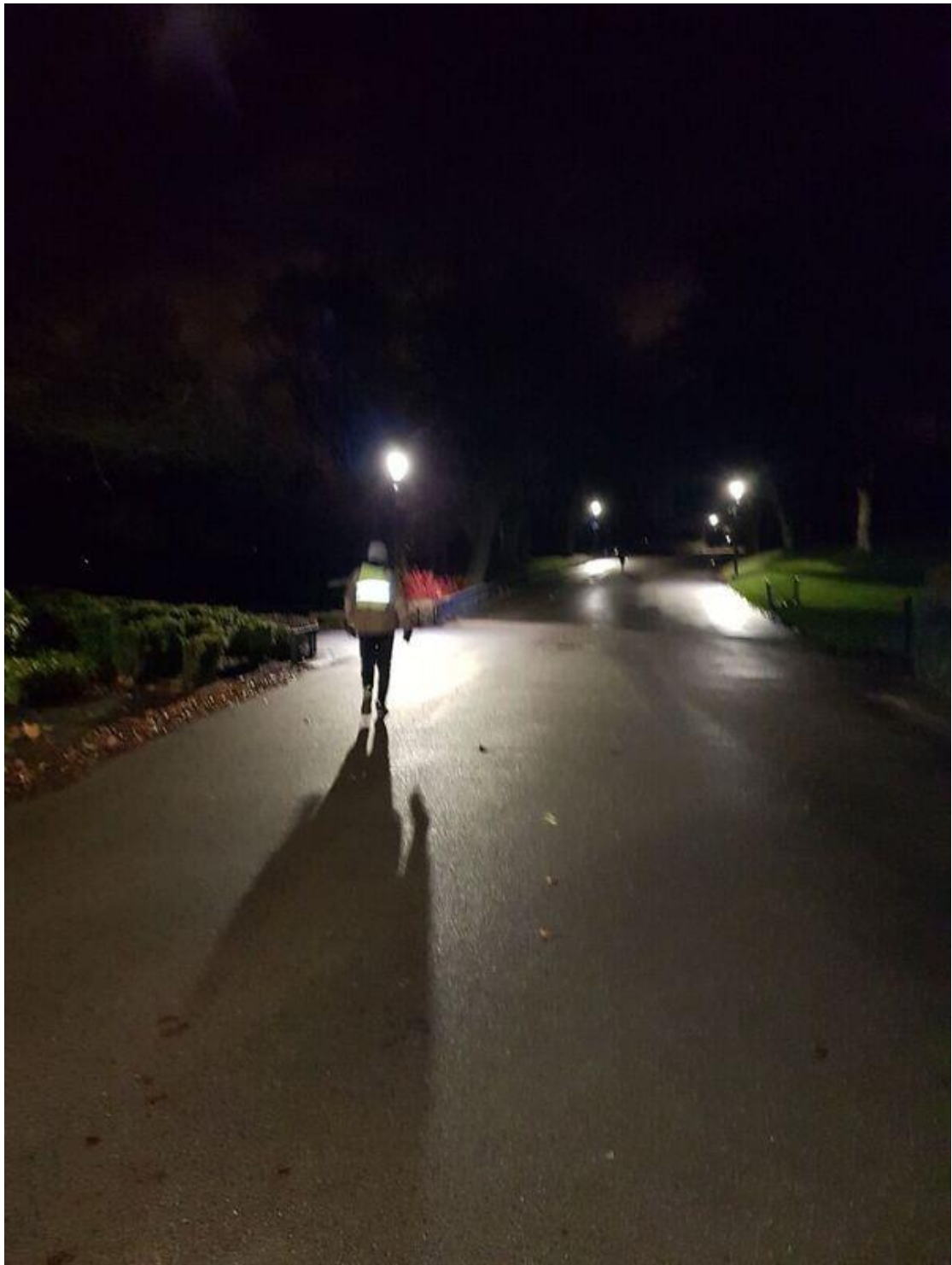


The trail soon headed into Sefton Park where there was a real toilet stop as opposed to the usual alfresco variety (unfortunately the sign is illegible).



BS was Hash Flash for the day and obtained some very atmospheric shots









...especially this one where (if you half-close your eyes) a lone hasher appears to be menaced by glowing caped demons...



The trail crossed Sefton Park more-or-less following the lake and then after a brief foray along Ullet Road, returned to the park and its perimeter for the home stretch.







This notice seemed a little ironic since after gale-force winds all day it seemed more likely that the tree would fall down than that one would be falling through any ice.



This tape announcing an athletic event seemed appropriate (or maybe not...).

Arrived back at the pub we found a handy table around the corner, safe from prying eyes/cameras. Snoozanne had rustled up some tasty snacks and with our reduced numbers there was plenty to go round. We then convened the circle and down-downs were awarded to

The Hare

10secs for haring (ahem) off for miles after missing a regroup

ET for his acrobatic prowess

Compo for wearing non-standard apparel





We then adjourned to the pub where we were cajoled into joining the pub quiz which was about to start. We actually won a token for a free pizza by producing a guess (89cm) for the height of the world's tallest dog which was less wrong than anyone else's (the correct answer being 130cm if memory serves); and then came 3<sup>rd</sup> in the main quiz but couldn't stay to cash in our winnings.



### Postscript:

We reconvened the following Tuesday in the Dispensary with a view to cashing in our pizza token. After some debate and googling we identified the pizza restaurant (American Pizza Slice) on Bold Street and headed off (not without nearly losing the pizza token on the way out of the pub). The restaurant turned out to be excellent and the staff very helpful. We had an upstairs room to ourselves. Our token paid for a very tasty 18" wild mushroom pizza





which we supplemented by individual slices which however came reassembled into another 18" pizza.







There wasn't much left...

The pizza restaurant itself has a quiz on Wednesdays so there is the possibility of this being a regular event...