



Run Number 384

13<sup>th</sup> September 2018

The Britannia Inn, Liverpool

**The Pack:** fcuk, Ruth (Hares), 10secs, Mad Hatter, ET, Wigan Pier, Cleo, Hansel, Eccles, K'Toy Boy, Holy Blow Job, Dave Root, Steven Root

We were joined by several newcomers; including K'Toy Boy from the Saigon hash (his name apparently meaning Lady Boy) and Holy Blow Job.



The pack gathered outside the Britannia while the hare explained the markings. Some of it was in chalk and some in toilet paper—luxury padded Andrex toilet paper too, no expense had been spared. And if we were crossing open ground we were not to expect the trail to be straight ahead... The hare had also brought a stick to measure hashers' girths—apparently there were some squeezes to negotiate. Luckily it appeared that we all passed the test.



The trail was found heading along the promenade





before eventually entering the old festival grounds, which were being reclaimed by primeval wilderness. Here the hare's advice not to expect a straight trail proved very useful. The trail wound around, often snaking through unlikely looking narrow gaps between thorny bushes.



A trail as wide as this was a rare treat...

Eventually though, it seemed that we had emerged from the wilderness back to civilisation—there were roads and cars and everything.



After several minutes of exploring every possible direction, the trail was finally found heading up an almost imperceptible path. It was now getting almost dark and those who had forgotten torches were blundering around in the undergrowth. The blundering eventually led to a smallish hole in a wire fence, about the size of the stick which the hare had been brandishing earlier. After a little a proper path was found which led to a viewpoint.



This is what it looks like in daylight

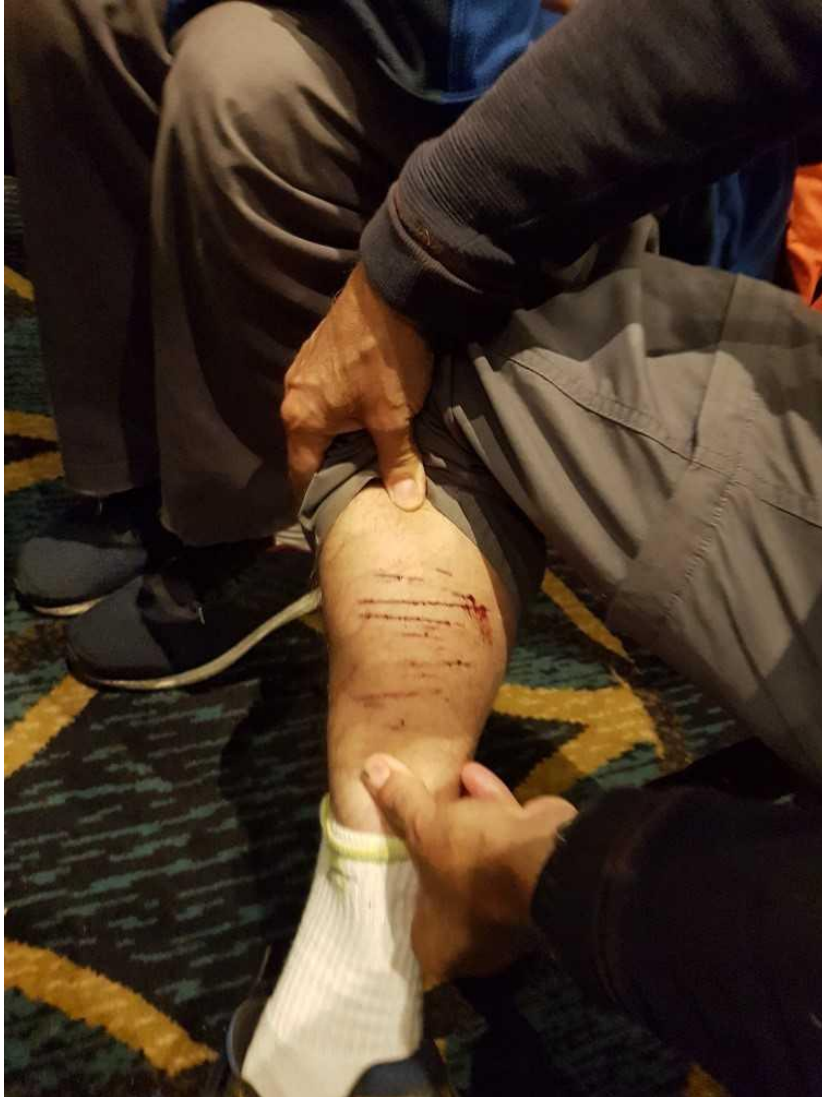


and this is what it really looked like. The blurred image mercifully veils the full impact of K'Toy Boy's seductive pose; apparently touting for custom as befits his name.

Descending from the viewpoint we came down by the lakes. At first the figure in a high-vis jacket who appeared gesticulating and shouting above us was taken to be a hasher and was greeted with cries of "Stop farting around" or some such. But it slowly dawned on us that this was a security guard and we were being told that we were trespassing and that the police were on their way. He was shortly joined by a second guard, and we were escorted back to where we had briefly emerged onto the road earlier. This was in completely the opposite direction to the trail, but the first guard ignored our protestations, basically because his car was parked at the exit where we were heading. In fact, in a "good cop/bad cop" routine, the other guard who was bringing up the rear had informed those near him that he'd happily let them exit the way we wanted. But it was not until later that the vanguard of the pack realised this and so we ended up outside the gardens some distance from the trail. There was nothing for it but to trudge disconsolately along the road back to the On Inn. The hare was particularly crestfallen, since at the point we had been fingered by the long arm of the law we had been within metres of a second hole in (or rather under) the fence which would have brought us out much closer to the pub. He had also gone to the trouble of rigging up a sliding mat which would have assisted the passage of the creakier amongst us.

Back at the pub we set up the down downs between two cars and well away from prying eyes. Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare: it was agreed that the run had been an arresting experience. The hash virgins (Esther, Holy Blow Job, K'toy Boy—the Roots having left by this time) Holy Blow Job claimed that he had come all by himself, though there was a suggestion that Compo might have had a hand in it, as it were. K'Toy Boy claimed that the internet had made him come—computer porn being everywhere these days.



Hansel: he had brought long trousers but failed to put them on, with the consequences visible above.

We retired to the pub, where the lack of real ale was compensated for the presence of bottled Adnams "Ghost Ship" Holy Blow Job was prevailed upon to explain the origin of his hash name; apparently it was something to do with fixing punctures in pipes of compressed air on an oilfield.