



Run Number 507

22nd September 2022

The Greenhills, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, 10secs, fcuk, SF, Wigan Pier

It had been raining heavily all afternoon and the select few who gathered in the pub were able to feel both intrepid and slightly smug since the rain had now stopped and it looked like being a fine evening after all. Wigan Pier said that the postcode given for the pub was wrong and consequently her satnav had tried to take her to a different pub or possibly one from an earlier hash. ET had decided to do a live hare and left us at 7.10, telling us to give him a 10 minute head start.





Pausing only for a photo, we were off. But just note for future reference that fcuk has swapped his usual mountain bike for Hannah's tricycle, which turned out to belie its very traditional appearance by being motorised. As fcuk later commented, in these photos he looks like the Ready Brek kid.

The hare had kept his promise and marked the trail very well, and we had no difficulties heading down to West Allerton station and turning along Brodie Avenue. But then we missed a left turn across the dual carriageway and spent several minutes milling aimlessly around. Picking up the trail again, we crossed a sports field and then entered the grounds of Sudley House. Either due to last year's storm damage or more recent gardening activities, the path became very narrow and covered in debris. Only a chalk message from the Hare saying "Head for Sudley Road" gave us hope we were heading in the right direction. But Hannah's tricycle proved difficult to manoeuvre with half the tricycle and most of fcuk being forced into the undergrowth. Eventually we found encouraging blobs

of flour and in due course emerged onto the road. Here the trail was found heading to Barkhill Road and then down to the main Aigburth Road. From here we continued to Aigburth Station. Somewhere near here Snoozanne had an odd encounter. Seeing a torch flickering in the distance she assumed it was a hasher but in fact it turned out to be a dog walker, who insisted on his right to pass on the left. On her asking if he had seen any chalk, he replied "Oh no you won't find any chalk round here" rather as if she had asked where she could score some drugs. Shortly afterwards she did nevertheless find the chalk... the trail in fact followed the railway along to Riversdale Road then up past the cricket ground. Crossing the main road again, we were soon on Aigburth Hall Avenue which we followed past West Allerton Station and back to the On Inn.



Here we found that the hare had raised the tone of hash food by bringing along a real hardwood table with real glasses and a glass cheeseboard and a portable light. All that was missing was doyleys and napkins... In another hashing first he had brought Spanish omelette... and he had cleverly mixed up the strawberries and tomatoes.

The RA then called the circle to order by giving us a tinkle on Hannah's tricycle. He then described the run, saying he had spotted Snoozanne streaking, ahead. Or maybe it was streaking ahead? And Wigan Pier had also been an FRB. He then went on to bemoan the dark stretches of forest where the tricycle had bumped over the tree roots. Too late he was reminded of the much-emphasised need for irony in describing the trail, and had to extol the excessive brightness, the smoothness of the woodland paths, etc. He also commended the spontaneity of the live haring. There were mutterings that if there was going to be any spontaneity in future we had better plan for it well in advance. Down downs were awarded to:

SF: Returnee

ET: Live here, also for glasses, cheeseboard etc

Wigan Pier: navigational issues

Snoozanne: meeting with misleading local

We then retired to the pub where as often happens we found a quiz in full swing. We retired to a quiet corner to avoid being lynched by locals incensed at us showing off with the answers. One of the answers being Christine Truman, ET revealed that this famous former tennis player is in fact his auntie. We were all suitably impressed.