



Run Number 529

6<sup>th</sup> July 2023

Greenbank Student Village, Liverpool

**The Pack:** fcuk (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, PA, Karim, Wigan Pier, BS, OTT, Victim, Sticky Rice, Minor Mousticle Queef





As we assembled in the car-park of Greenbank Student Village for a run followed by a BBQ, it was starting to rain and the forecast was for more to come. It was generally agreed that the RA had been falling short in his duties, despite his claim to have sacrificed a seagull to appease the gods.



We were joined by a visiting hasher, Minor Mousticle Queef, here on vacation from Orlando. We managed to persuade him that visitors always wore the hash shit. fcuk issued his instructions and told us that the trail was marked in eco-friendly shredded bank statements, plus the legendary timber crayon.





The trail quickly led into an impenetrable thicket, despite Karim being equipped with a machete. On one side there was a sudden drop into the lake, concealed by matted vegetation, and people who had unwisely worn shorts reached the far side bleeding from the assaults of the brambles.





Those who had had their excuses handy for taking a shortcut had a ringside view of the struggles of the rest of the pack.





But once through the jungle things got better as we arrived at Greenbank House. It looked like the ideal setting for a Sixties thriller; one expected Emma Peel or Number 6 to come into view. But in fact it was the residence of the Rathbone family, in particular Eleanor Rathbone, MP, philanthropist and women's rights campaigner. fcuk had got us access to the building which was especially welcome since it was now pouring down.



Red-bellied Woodpecker, A. 1827-1828  
 By John James Audubon (1785-1851)  
 (reproduction not shown)  
 (reproduction not shown)

But there was a lot to see inside. The famous naturalist and painter Audubon had stayed in the house while trying to get off with Eleanor and her generously proportioned fortune, and there were reproductions of several of his paintings.



...along with others including one by Adrian Henri (not this one).





There was an impressive staircase with a sweeping balustrade and brass stair rods. Sticky Rice's halo was clearly visible for the first time though she claims that it has always been there.

Eventually there was no excuse to linger further and we had to head outdoors again. At a regroup fcuk produced a magic key-fob which let us into the sports grounds. Past a pavilion and over a football pitch we found ourselves at an impasse at a check with no apparent onward route. Eventually a few broad hints from the Hare, possibly including the words "Compo gap", led us to examine the nearby fence. A pile of paper shreds was visible beyond a minute widening in two railings. "You cannot be serious" we said, but he was; and claimed he had squeezed through himself earlier.





It was possible, but only after holding one's breath and rearranging various internal (and possibly external...) organs.









Eventually we were all through. We found ourselves in something like the scene for a horror film or a JG Ballard story. We were in the overgrown gardens of an old boarded-up house. Everywhere the vegetation had run riot and the dripping trees pressed in on us. On the long grass of the lawn in front of the house was the carcass of a seagull, killed as if in some unspeakable rite to ensure good weather for a hash. By this time fcuk had changed his story and was claiming "It was like that when he found it". Chastened, we pressed on. We found ourselves skirting Sefton Park and eventually heading up Greenbank Lane. Here the Hare said we should look out for "crossings". All was revealed when we passed through another squeeze, a doddle this time with a good 6 inches of aperture. We found ourselves in another sports ground and after another hint from the hare found the piles of shreadings located at the intersections of the white lines on the pitch. This led us to the edge of the



lake in Greenbank Park. Here the Hare could be seen and heard on the far side of the lake, blowing his horn and insisting we all run the correct way around the lake.



Emerging onto Greenbank Road we could see the car-park where we'd started down the road, but there was still a slight detour to negotiate. It was still raining but OTT brought her weather lore into operation and foretold that lo, the clouds were parting in the west and fine weather was coming our way.





Shortly we were at a VP by the Penny Lane sign. fcuk informed us that this was the real authentic sign, and the one 100m away where all the tour buses stopped was a replacement. We all tried and failed to pick out Paul McCartney's signature. Now we really were headed back to the Halls. But fcuk told us that there was something we could do which would go down in the annals of the hash. There was a metal post on Ibbotson's Lane close by the Halls which had been uprooted and left lying there, which was a danger to passing cyclists. Could we possibly tow it into the grounds and put it out of harm's way? Here the meaning of the rope which he had been carrying all night suddenly became apparent. A team of volunteers headed by Mad Hatter was assembled.





Snoozanne's training in the Girl Guides served us in good stead to attach the rope to the post with a round turn and two half hitches. Despite the heavy lump of concrete it was embedded in, it was actually quite easy to pull the post up the hill and deposit it in a sheltered nook in the grounds of the Hall.





Meanwhile more Boy Scout training was being deployed in lighting the fire.





fcuk did his best to summon up the spirit of the sacrificial seabird. It was not in vain, since soon the fire was roaring away and the rain had stopped for the night.

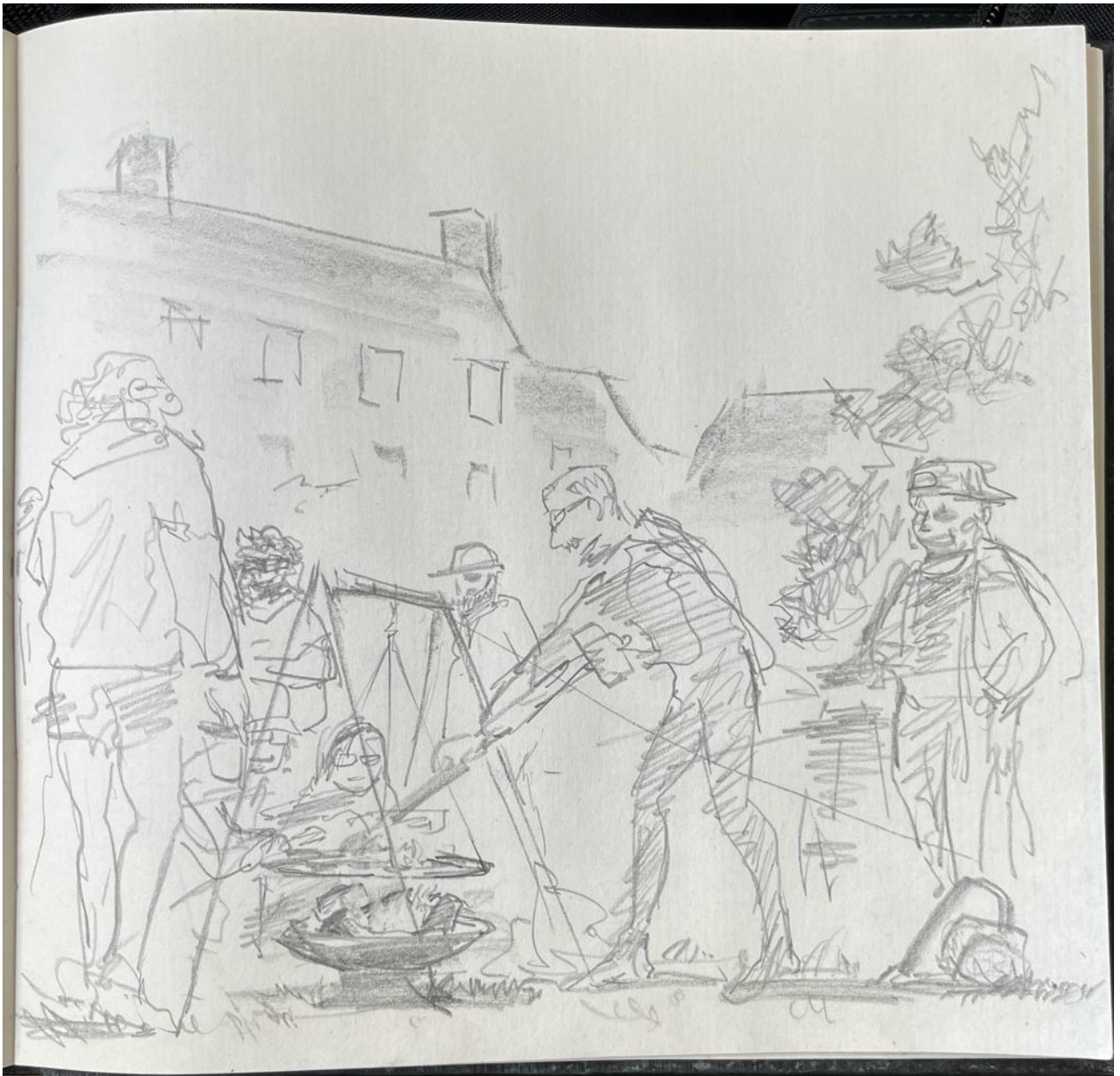




Sticky Rice was earning her halo by tending the food on the BBQ, at imminent risk of setting her pants on fire.



There was plenty of food with courgettes and peppers as well as bratwurst, bacon and burgers.



PA captured the moment on his sketch pad.





When we had eaten our fill, the hymn sheets were distributed and the circle was called.

Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare: for a great inventive and interesting trail though marks were deducted for failing to ensure dry weather.

OTT: for her weather forecasting skills

Mad Hatter: for post-moving

Victim: for being a Fire Starter

Snoozanne: for recalling the Prodigy song about a Twisted Fire Starter





The Hash Virgin Minor Mousticle Queef was introduced into the circle and claimed that 10 secs had made him come. 10secs insisted he had only lent him a hand.





fcuk then proposed the Hash name “No Rambo” for Karim, based on Karim’s disclaimer when offered the machete to forge a way through the undergrowth. Someone else (OTT? Snoozanne?) then proposed the variant “Rambono” which was carried after a vote.