



Run Number 539

7th December 2023

The Augustus John, Liverpool

The Pack: PA (Hare) (with some help from Snoozanne), BS, fcuk, Rambono, 10secs, ET, Wigan Pier

As we converged on the On Inn for the start of the run there was an alarming message from Victim to say he was in A&E awaiting the triage nurse (it would later turn out to be an infected cyst).



This time ET had remembered to bring the Hash Shit and what's more had attached the SMEG T-shirt from last time (visible on the left of the photo). fcuk called for a knife and PA produced an alarming example which could have got him arrested in the street – it appeared that he had sharpened it specially for the occasion. fcuk then performed some surgical operations on the Shit to make it look less like a shroud and more like a cape; and the surplus cloth was fashioned into a fetching bandanna.





As we gathered outside 10secs was (like the last couple of times) having troubles sorting out the topology of his chest light.



And this time there was no competition in the luminosity stakes from ET who had forgotten his head torch.

PA then explained the markings, though ruefully anticipating that the earlier rain would have washed them all away. He also promised a beer stop (in fact he had refused Snoozanne's offer of help in setting the trail but got her advice on choice of pub).

Then we were off – although the markings had suffered from the rain, many were still visible if you got the light at the right angle - but the Hare was often to be found running in front to make sure that we didn't miss a check.

The trail led over to Pembroke Place where the pack split in two, each half being convinced they had found the trail. More by luck than anything else, they managed to converge again at the top of Copperas Hill. The trail then led back to Brownlow Hill and up across the plinth of the Cathedral and down to Mount Pleasant. Then we found ourselves heading along Rodney Street. The front-runners (ET and 10 secs) were earnestly discussing snow conditions in the Alps and missed an arrow heading left. They also then failed to hear fcuk bellowing after them – not so one of the residents who flung up a window and suggested he “fook off”. Half the pack had also followed ET and 10secs in the wrong direction. Eventually some manic torch flashing from PA brought the strays back; and then heading up the street we found ourselves at the suitcases...



...where there is always an obligatory photograph. While taking this one, ET incautiously stepped backwards and tripped over a stray suitcase, which caused some heartless hilarity.





Soon afterwards we arrived at the Beer Stop sign, outside the Philharmonic Pub. PA had thoughtfully taken extra trouble with this one and it was still very conspicuous despite all the rain. Puzzlingly, PA insisted he was drinking an Adnams whisky; since Snoozanne had suggested the pub there was bound to be cider, and BS was drinking an oddly purple coloured one.



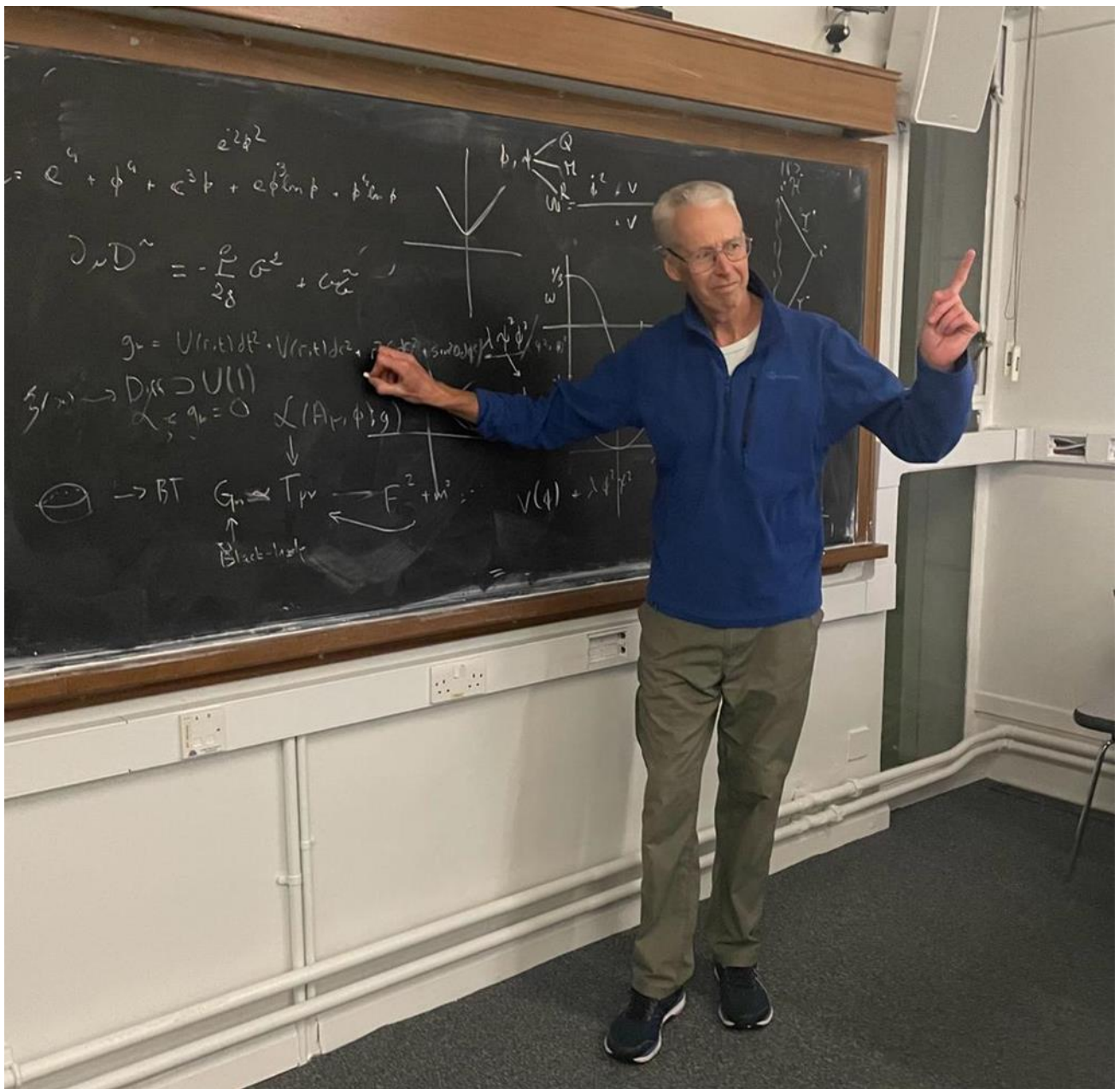
When 10secs visited the gents he found it in possession of some women who were admiring the facilities; not (unfortunately?) this lot who grace the ladies loo.

Sallying forth again, the trail led to Oxford Street and then up to a regroup by the Yoko Ono centre. The Hare had promised a short run and we were now comfortably close to the On Inn but he revealed that the plan had been to head away from the On Inn, across the park with the concrete trees and up by Edge Hill Station. Hearts sank slightly. When the Hare proposed a show of hands, the hands were galvanically attracted like dowsing rods towards the On Inn. fcuk in particular appeared to be doing a Fuhrer-style salute. The Hare told us that a short-cut was possible though confusingly it involved following his arrows backwards for a while.

Anyway, after a short distance along Smithdown Lane we cut down onto the university campus and soon we were back at the On Inn. The food was already stowed in 10secs' office close by, and the suggestion to eat it indoors met with no objection.



So we colonised one of the seminar rooms. PA had brought a pot of homemade Chinese sweet soup which was deliciously warming especially with the fresh ginger.



The romance of being a mathematics lecturer was too much for one hasher.



PA was telling us that his painting was on display in the window of the gallery where he is currently exhibiting – which takes a commission of 40% on anything it sells.

The circle was then called. Comments were invited on the run which was described as having too many markings. The RA commented that it was like a Chinese sausage in that it could be sliced in various different ways, and recalled his Nazi salute which had resulted in one part of the sausage being chopped off.

Down downs were awarded to:

The hare and ET: front-running.

The hare: his signalling with a red light had probably risked decoying passing aircraft.

Half the pack: An attack of “snow-blindness” on Rodney Street.

fcuk: attracting condemnation from the residents by his shouting.

ET: falling over a suitcase.

Time was now getting on since there had been little temptation to stir from the relative warmth of the seminar room; so it was a very small contingent who went for a last drink in the Augustus John.

