



Run Number 546

7th March 2024

The Aigburth Arms, Liverpool

The Pack: ET (Hare), BS, fcuk, OTT, 10secs, PA, Cleo, Overdrive, Victim, Martijn, Wigan Pier

ET had offered to set a run out of the usual sequence to mark his birthday; coincidentally it turned out to be PA's birthday too, though apparently PA only realised this when the date announced for the run seemed hauntingly familiar.



In any case as we prepared to set off there was the usual message from PA to say he was on a bus in Liverpool City Centre, and the usual message from Wigan Pier to say her SatNav had sent her to the wrong pub. So we set off anyway, after ET had explained that

the run was set in chalk and there would be a compulsory playtime; soon we were in Sefton Park and running along the lake. Meanwhile fcuk cycled off in search of Wigan Pier, and there were messages from PA saying he was in the park and had found chalk marks. Shortly after this we found a check at the central junction by the café and decided to wait for the stragglers.



fcuk was soon spotted escorting Wigan Pier; and an approaching torch light seemed likely to be PA though he fooled us for a while by turning it off.



Eventually we were all assembled and headed off.



The Compulsory Playtime turned out to be an invitation to use the gym equipment alongside the path.



Not everyone managed to get their legs over.







After emerging from the park for a short while, we were back in again and running alongside the cricket ground. Time was marching on and the Hare gave us instructions for omitting a final loop of trail and heading for the On Inn.



The pub had given us permission to set up the On Inn on the tables outside. There was a cold bite in the wind but we found some shelter tucked around the corner. Cleo had generously baked a delicious cake which rejoiced in the name of “antcake” due to the chocolate pieces it was stuffed with (along with a generous helping of rum). Candles were lit after several attempts. ET had also made some excellent sandwiches using Asda’s wholemeal and rye farmhouse loaf (as it later turned out). There was a surprise guest in the shape of Ruth.



fcuk marked the special occasion by wearing the hallowed helmet and ringing the Compo bell.

“Happy Birthday” was sung once each for ET and PA.

Comments were invited on the run; it was described ironically as “not having enough checks” and also as “too Parky”



Downdowns were awarded to:

The Hare

PA: seen here being roundly denounced for various misdemeanours such as forgetting his own birthday, getting lost in Sefton Park, turning his torch off so as to creep up on the pack unawares, etc

Wigan Pier: getting lost in South Liverpool again

Cleo was commended for the excellent cake

The RA then deplored the absence of PJVindaloo and his accompanying Hash Shit. But Victim then revealed that he had himself brought along the Hash Shit. It turned out that, as suggested in the WhatsApp, it had now been adorned with a snake.



It was now clear that the only possible recipient of the Hash Shit was our resident snake venom expert, Martijn, and his new Hash Name just had to be Schnayke-byte.



Note that Schnayke-byte is using the approved snake-handling technique at all times.



We then retreated to the warmth of the pub. The other cake, lovingly home-baked by Asda, was deployed. A couple of pub regulars joined us to buy ET a birthday drink. fcuk made a spirited attempt to leave the Compo bell in the pub at the end of the evening, but luckily it was found and retained by ET.