



Run Number 495

14th April 2022

The Aigburth Arms, Liverpool

The Pack: ET and BS (Hares), 10secs, fcuk, OTT, SF, Frank, Victim

We were on familiar territory at the Aigburth Arms, though last time the hash had visited the pub had closed early, and on previous occasions it had been known as the Victoria.



We started by celebrating the first occasion this year that it was both light and warm enough to sit outside the pub. As we did so, a message came from Frank to say was on a bus having missed the stop for getting off, and it would be a further bus-ride back; he said we should start, and he'd catch us up. We decided to facilitate this by all sharing our location on WhatsApp. Confronted by the choice of sharing location for 1 hour or 8 hours, OTT hesitated, as if, it was suggested, she wished to draw a veil over her whereabouts in a few hours time. Having finished our beers and with messages from Frank indicating that several buses might be required to reach the pub, we gathered for a photo and instructions and set out.



10secs suddenly realises that his T-shirt is the wrong way round again
The trail went up Victoria Road and then left into Sefton Park,



We certainly took the "Don't rush" tip to heart...

and back along the lake to the main entrance. It was strange running through this area in reality; for some of us the last time we had visited this area was on one of APs virtual runs. At least the woman with the pram was no longer there to get in the way... The trail led down to the main Aigburth Road where it was getting perilously close to the On Inn, but then veered through the underpass and into Otterspool Park. A checkback was found with a mysterious lack of any numbers, but retracing their footsteps the front runners found the hares and the rest of the pack milling around at the park entrance (except for Victim who was investigating a tree nearby). A hint from one of the hares led to a small path skirting around through the woods and eventually leading to a regroup.



Here BS asked us to read out the first pair of chalked letters. When we agreed that they clearly spelt "RG" she told us that her co-hare had rejected this, her first attempt at the marking, and redrawn it below. In a further outburst of discontent she told us that ET had insisted on referring to himself as the Senior Hare. Meanwhile fcuk came into view accompanied by a figure in white who turned out to be Frank; it was very appropriate that we had all been reunited at a RG stop. He said that he had with some prescience chosen to wear a white top and shiny metallic shorts so that he would be easily identified from a distance.



We continued on through the park,...



10secs finally provides evidence that the sun does indeed shine out of his a**se



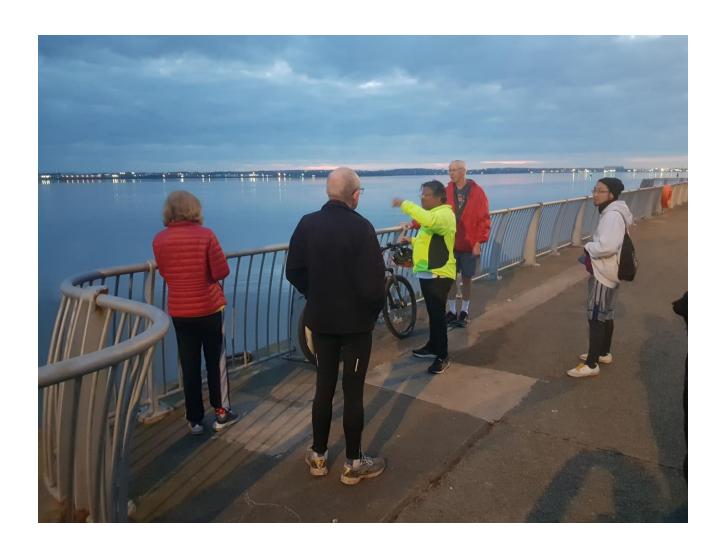
The Magnificent Six?

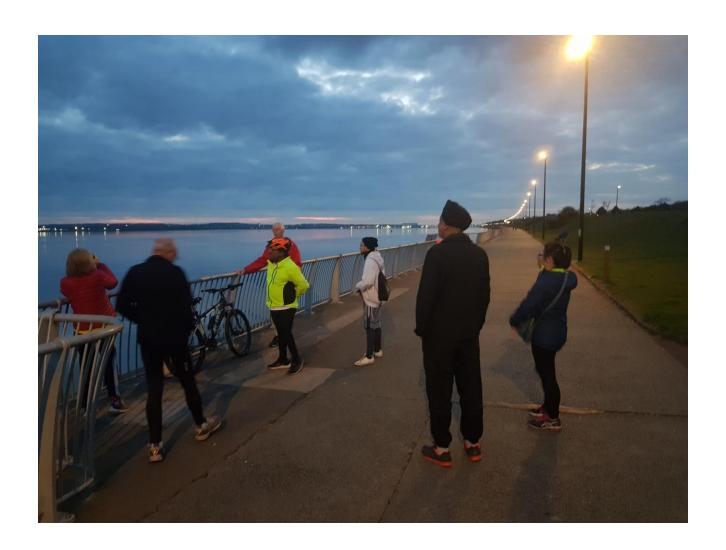




The junior hare delights in finding an even more junior hare

...emerging soon on Otterspool Promenade. Here the river was as placid as a millpond, rather beautiful with the lights of Wirral in the distance and glimpses of the Welsh hills beyond. The hares offered us a choice between a shortcut towards the pub and a further loop along the river. It was getting lateish and we elected for a visit to the water's edge to admire the view, followed by a shortcut.







So we headed up past Aigburth Station where a couple of dog-legs brought us up to the main road; and soon we were back at the On Inn. Here we obtained permission to use an outside table for our down-downs as long as we bought some beers in the pub, so ET generously got in a round. OTT unpacked a sumptuous spread with a seasonal flavour; not just a quiche, but an M&S quiche with four different flavours, and ollowed by a big punnet of strawberries and lots and lots of Cadbury's miniature Easter eggs. When we'd finished gorging ourselves, the RA called the circle.



He drew our attention to the fact that this week he'd not only brought along the helmet and bell, he'd actually remembered to use them. He'd also brought the Hash Hymnal, so we were able to sing some of the lesser-known ditties in our repertoire, occasionally with a tune which was both recognisable and appropriate. Talk of his bell and helmet gave the RA thoughts of over"sharing", which led smoothly to the first Down-Down:

Frank: He had gone awol which had led to our all "sharing" our location. His absence had overshadowed the first part of the run and we kept seeing him everywhere... At one point the Whatsapp indicated that he was amongst us though his corporeal presence was not manifest. Then it turned out that it was twenty minutes ago that he'd been on the same spot. This down-down in turn led to the next:

OTT: Was it a mysterious assignation which led to her reluctance to share her location for the next 8 hours?

At this point the RA interjected to say even more mysteriously that he had had a communication from the beyond referring to someone present tonight. All would be revealed later if the spirits were co-operative.

The Hares: called up somewhat later than tradition dictated, but specially commended for their act of generosity in offering a run at short notice (an offer which was spurned on a previous occasion). The self-styled Senior Hare was specially called out for correcting the (Trainee Hare's? Junior Hare's?) markings. It was said that his own markings were no

easier to read than any others, for which he implausibly blamed the stooping caused by his height.

SF: Here the RA revealed that the mysterious message had come from Glad Rags, who had informed him that it was SF's birthday. The question of Glad Rag's possible non-dom status was raised, though this was variously misheard as romcom or condom or even romdom (presumably like the latter but with a gift-wrapped chocolate attached). We all sang Hashy Birthday. By this time it was quite late and the idea of another drink was rejected, so we all went our separate ways, several of us in ET's new car.