



Run Number 567

16<sup>th</sup> January 2025

The Edinburgh, Wavertree

The Pack: ET (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, BS, fcuk, 10secs, PA, SR, Baxter



This run had been relocated in time and space, from the nearby Wellington on an icy day the previous week. The current surroundings were much more congenial though it was still pretty cold. PA was sure that he had set a run from here before, although he claimed to have no recollection of the inside of the pub – even though it was not that long ago, Run 550 to be precise. And fcuk and CT had brought us here much longer ago, on Run 316. We were joined by a Hash virgin in the shape of SR's partner's dog Baxter whose vociferous barking was about to get us thrown out. Luckily we were leaving anyway... After ET's now familiar promise that the markings would always be on the left, we were off. We had been assured that we would pass the Aquatic Centre where some of the cars were parked, in order to leave bags if desired, so the first part of the trail was no surprise. But then emerging from Wavertree Playground we crossed the main road and plunged into a maze of terraced streets where the main feature was immense amounts of rubbish, on the road and in the front gardens. It reminded Snoozanne of Bill Bryson's comment about visiting Liverpool in the middle of the Litter Festival. Eventually we emerged onto Smithdown Road,



where we crossed over and went round the edge of the Toxteth Park cemetery. There was a check near the cemetery entrance on Arundel Avenue...





...where fcuk and 10secs reminisced about the occasion on one of Carless Whisper's runs (Run 90) when we had managed to enter the cemetery by climbing over some railings at the opposite entrance (in the darkness and pouring rain), and cross the cemetery only to find our way blocked here by the locked turnstile gates. We had risked life and limb to climb over the ten-foot wall – we wouldn't be quite so reckless these days, seventeen years older and wiser...would we?

Soon after we emerged on Ullet Road and after a brief flirtation with the edge of Sefton Park we were at the big junction with Smithdown Road. After a quick loop through the side streets we were back in Wavertree Playground.



The trail itself turned out to have iced over here, so the bulk of the pack went on a detour. Shortly we were all back at the carpark by the aquatic centre. ET set up his table and food and we tucked in. He had forgotten the lamp and the doileys but at least there was a bowl for the tortilla chips... It was getting colder and colder so we decided to have the down downs in the pub, just round the corner. Here we found a welcome coal fire and settled ourselves around it.





The locals had been playing darts since we set off earlier and by this time were very jovial. At least most of the darts still seemed to be landing on the dartboard...







The RA then called the circle to order (and we really were circled round the fire by this time). Comments were invited on the run, which was described as having not enough shiggy, being too rural, not having enough rubbish, etc... fcuk commented that just for once there had been no watering the trail, whereupon 10secs asked for one offence to be taken into consideration – he had escaped notice at the time despite being joined by a barking Baxter. Then down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare

PA: for amnesia, and using the classic “the arrow must have been under a car” excuse for not finding the trail

10secs: FRB