

## ALEHOUSE GOES TO EDINBURGH 2011

Friday at 4:00 (3:30 Ale o'clock), three minibuses crammed with Alehousians began their journey to Edinburgh. The drivers this time: Captain Joe, Adam Gooch and brave Andy "Foxy" Fox. On the way to Edinburgh we kept ourselves busy with answering Laurie and Gooch's quiz with topics covering burning general culture issues such as naming the elephant with the largest ears but also specialist knowledge regarding Laurie's lifestyle (what did he eat this morning), Gooch's apparent psychoanalytic results (what animal would he be?), and Kez's social life (how many friends does she have?). Halfway between Manchester and Edinburgh we stopped at Tebay. Nobody had a three course menu this time, so we left again fairly soon. Needless to say that people, of course, remembered to acquire the necessary stock for any sort of dirty drinks for later in the weekend. Once we had arrived we did some Gooch-engineered chin-ups baited by his dubious promises. Very soon, however, we left for a mini pub crawl. Most of us went to bed quite early.

On Saturday morning we began the day with a classy breakfast at a *French-Scottish Croissanterie* around the corner. Stuffed with croissants and sandwiches of visibly Scottish breed and presumably some French spirit, we headed to Braid Hills after completing our registration. The race took place under the regular steel blue sky. Among the girls Jess – now running under a foreign flag – excelled; Kerrie also ran very well, closely followed by Grace. Among our new female members especially Jenny did a great job in her first real Alehouse race. The guys were lead to the finish line by Captain Joe alias 'Jizzy Whizz' as it has been successfully engraved in the race results. Druph followed soon – dynamic and with a dashing new hairstyle, there was no doubt that he's getting ready to play the lead role in the next ER-remake. Among those guys who joined the club this year, Jonny did particularly well. Everything has been well recorded by Dansell who served as photographer during the race.

Dirt-stained we spend the hours following the race scraping off the multi-layered mud and taking showers. The waiting time until the announcement of the results was shortened by Joe's goose-fat-drink exercise. The drink's ultimate inferior quality had been ensured by master

Gooch. Joe appeared to be sick afterwards. He, moreover, didn't appear to be even nearly as excited as his audience.

In the early evening we went to the Alehouse and another pub. Then, for the Post-Braids Party we first went to Malones where we had something supposed to be a dinner – our hosts, unfortunately, mistook us for ants; consequently, the meal was perceived as extremely meager by average human beings and as nonexistent by Alehousian Übermenschen after a race. Afterwards we went to Revs where the most cunning individuals, fortunately, discovered a massive buffet in an adjoining room reserved for a private event. A couple of drinks later we moved on to the final destination, the Liquid Room. I believe everyone had quite a good time there; my memory is slightly blurred, though. Alex and some other Alehousians got hold of enormous sombreros, which they also somehow managed to get back to Manchester.

Sunday was characterized by a widespread hangover. Poor Laurie suffered some additional pain after having the night before made the acquaintance of a lamppost the hard way – headlong. We got back to Manchester in the late afternoon. Great trip! Special thanks to our drivers and our captains for making the whole event possible. I also commend all the new members on their commitment – stay that numerous for the upcoming races!