



Run Number 362

14th December 2017

The Dispensary + Elif, Liverpool

The Pack: Mad Hatter (Hare), 10secs, Compo, Cleo, Overdrive, ET, BS, Carthief, Snoozanne, VR, Hansel, OTT, Wigan Pier, Sticky Rice, Gillian, Eccles

The Dispensary was very lively and it would have been easy to have joined the wrong group of Santa-hatted revellers as we gathered there.



Here are Compo and VR loudly protesting their innocence after nearly getting us thrown out for having the temerity to put a coat rather than a bum on a seat and then being a bit lippy about it.



After even more than the usual shenaigans and a couple of false starts we were ready to roll but paused for the obligatory photo.



The hare...



...displayed his symbols, cunningly written on walls due to the earlier heavy rain.



And then we were off...



Sticky Rice definitely won the prize for the most disturbing hat.



The signs in action



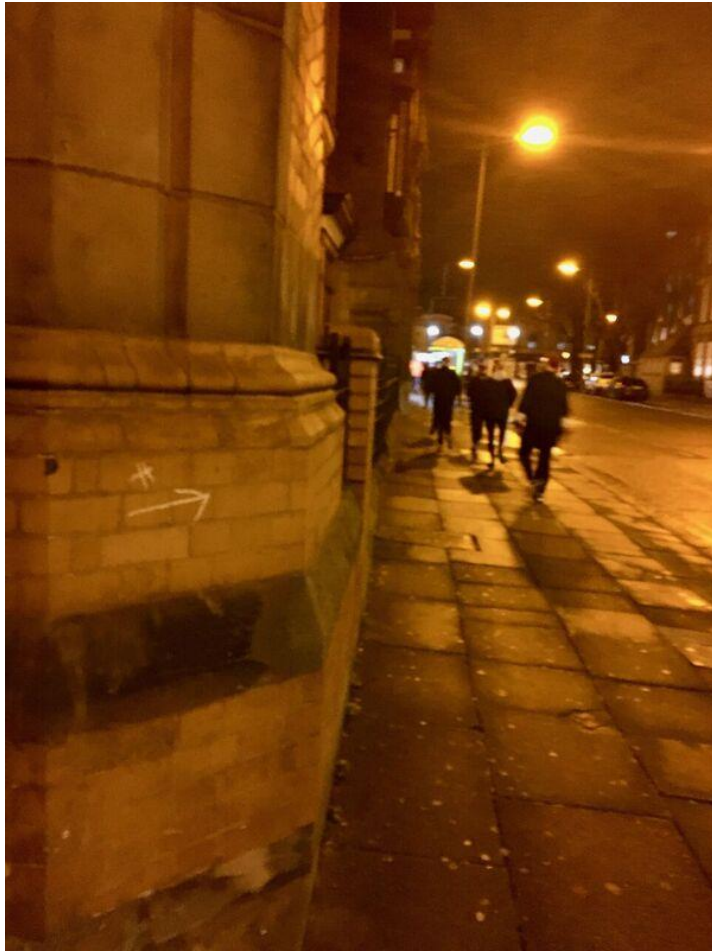
After what seemed no time at all we were at the first pub stop in the Philharmonic and you can see how excited we all are about it.



However, spirits suddenly rose at the news that Hash Cash would be paying for the drinks.



The three-legged race seemed like a good idea at the time...



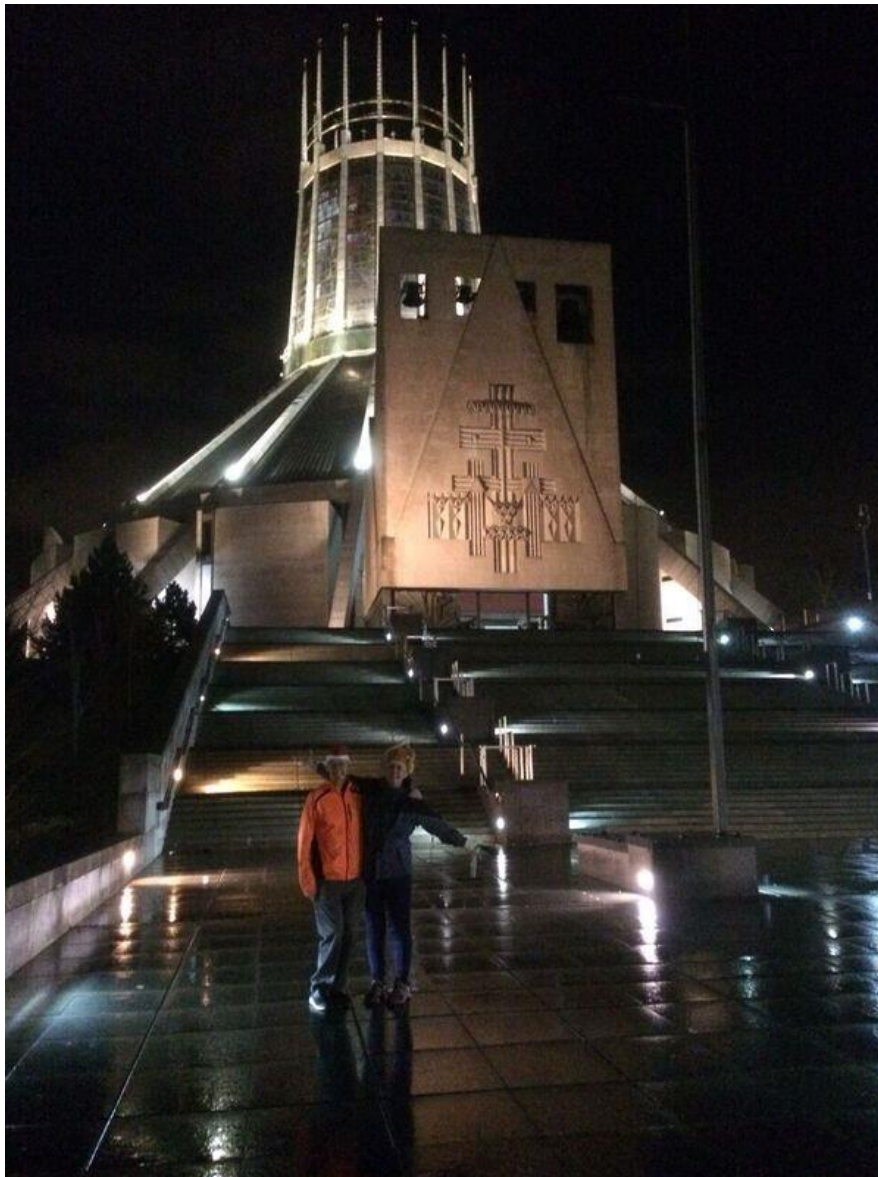
The onward trail led up Myrtle Street and cut across the university precincts and across Oxford Street. By this time some astute hashers had guessed where the next beer stop was going to be...





...and indeed pretty soon we were ensconced pint in hand in the Augustus John. Here it appears that fcuk is having a flashback to being voted in for some particularly irksome duty at some long-gone AGM.





Out again, we crossed by the cathedral to Mount Pleasant and across to Roscoe Street by which time it was plain that we would not have to wait long for the food stop.





Once at the Elif the food and drink appeared with impressive speed and disappeared with even more impressive speed.



Indeed sometimes help was required to shovel it in fast enough.



The first recorded use of a turkey's a*se as a microphone

After the food had all been wolfed down an impromptu circle was convened, as much as possible around a long rectangular table.

Down downs were awarded to:

The hare.

Compo and VR: for nearly getting us banned from yet another hostelry.

10 secs: for being a “dark horse” regarding his Mastermind appearance.



It had been a long night for some of us...



The turkey hat was declared henceforth to be the “Hash shit” and 10 secs was awarded nominated as first incumbent.

The night was not yet over and a few stalwarts ended up in the tiny pub outside Central Station, the kind of place where one might be forced to join in an impromptu singalong of “In my Liverpool home” if one stayed too long.