



Run Number 378

21st June 2018

The Globe, Liverpool

The Pack: Compo (Hare), VR, 10secs, Carthief, ET, Eccles, fcuk, Shiteloaf



The hare had promised a CENTRAL location and indeed the pub was right over the road from the station of that ilk. The central location meant no obvious location for down-downs and we had been promised a beer-and-food stop en route.



The pub advertises itself (see above) as “The pub with the famous sloping floor”



and indeed emerging onto the street even after a pint or so, one feels slightly disoriented.



The trail led up Bold Street



and crossed Renshaw near The Dispensary.

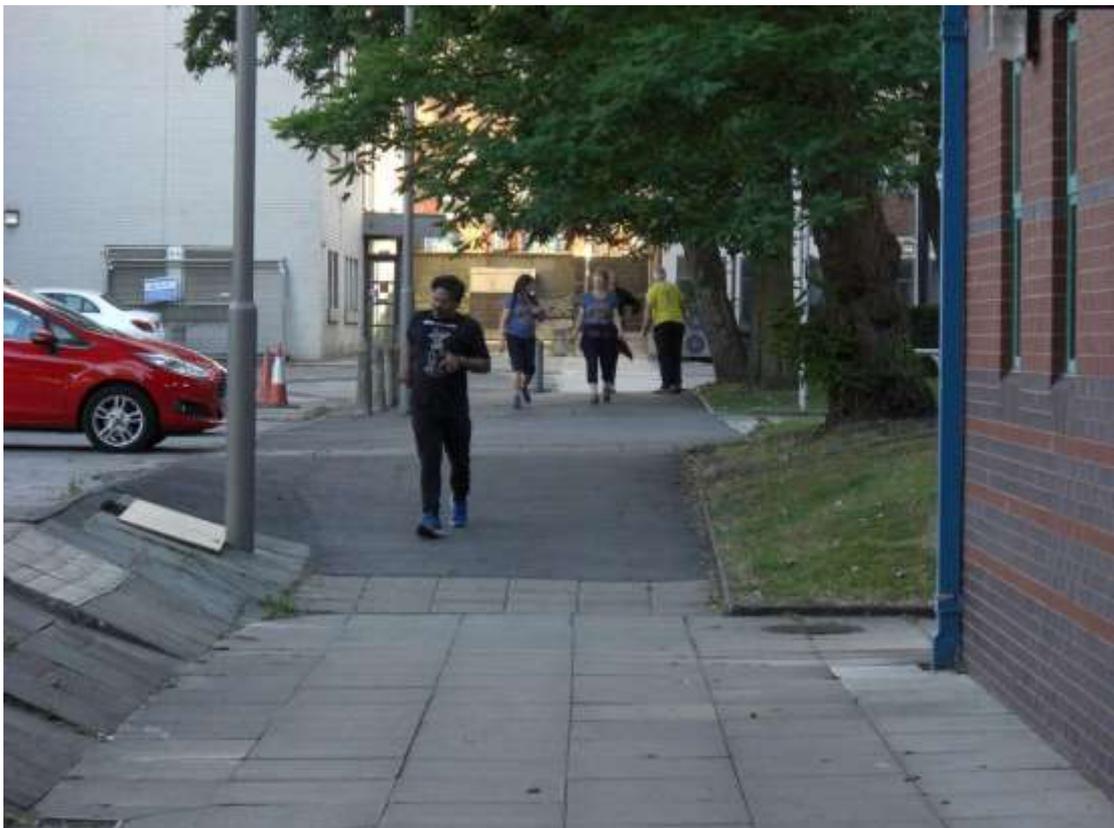


Here we found a puzzling sign...Upper Parliament Street being nowhere near.

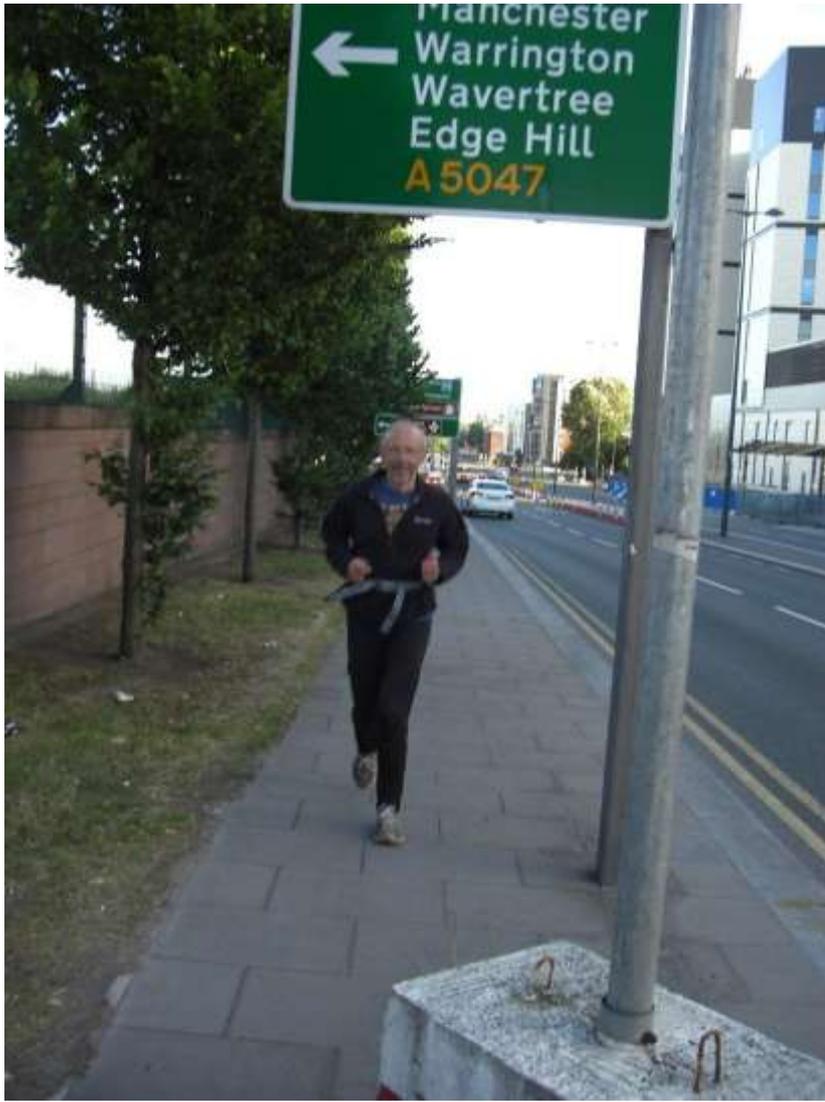
Nothing daunted we pressed on along Rodney Street, through the John Moore's campus area (where it seemed more than a security guard's job was worth to let us have a regroup before he closed the gates)



and then along Hope Street to the RC cathedral.



Just to even things out we now went through the Liverpool University campus; close by the Augustus John and down the side of the library (where the Hare is seen wondering where ET has got to...)



Up along the main road...



we found the large figure, according to the Hare all that was ever implemented of a scheme to regenerate Liverpool 7, and the scene of similar team photos on previous Hashes.



Down Prescot Street chalk was found at the door of this pub—could this be the promised Beer Stop? Shitloaf affected to misread the pub name as “The Old Far” but despite the name it turned out to be a false alarm.



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Crossing Islington and passing the start of Everton Gardens



we entered an area of little bungalows with surprisingly secluded atmosphere. Here most of the pack were to be observed confidently setting off in the wrong direction...

A succession of little cut-throughs led down towards the main Liverpool John Moores Byrom Street building. It started to seem likely that the Ship and Mitre would be our destination; but the trail led past this and with increasing inevitability the equally welcome destination of The Lion.



After a spell of closure it was open again...



and still providing its renowned enormous pies...



though they were now in packaging and as a member of the food profession Eccles was appalled by the laxity displayed in the list of ingredients. Surely any fool could see that it should have been written in a linear format... It was certainly odd that it claimed to be "gluton free" and we spent some time wondering which elementary particles it did contain... presumably pions would be in there somewhere.



We emerged for another team photo, not before the Hare had attempted to persuade a couple of rather seductively clad young women to join us. Maybe I was maligning them, but I had a suspicion that these were the kind of young women who might have expected some kind of pecuniary compensation for going off into the night with a middle-aged chap. And as for what they would have demanded for doing a down-down...



Anyway, we passed the sex shop (now closed but see earlier) and the building with the revolving bit, now no longer in operation.



As usual we noticed that this part of town has chosen to celebrate one of our members.



The hare had promised us a “lonely regroup” and so we were not surprised to find ourselves at the Eleanor Rigby sculpture...



which we subjected to all sorts of indignities (Shiteloaf's smile here is due to discovering a projecting clasp on Eleanor's handbag...)



Finally after a brief run through the shopping centre we were back at The Globe...



where we scientifically tested the gradient of the floor.

Down downs were awarded to:

The Hare

Eccles (for devotion to duty in the matter of food labelling)

Shitloaf (Returnee)