



Run Number 391

13th December 2018

The Dispensary, Liverpool

The Pack: Mad Hatter, Snoozanne (Hares), 10secs, ET, Wigan Pier, Cleo, Overdrive, OTT, Hansel, Eccles, Victim, fcuk, Carthief, VR, BS, Andy, Jo, Sticky Rice, Orville, The Rice Grains

The pack gathered in the Dispensary in festive mood. 10 secs became particularly cheery when he found a luckless hasher who was failing to sport the obligatory santa hat...



...and the infamous turkey was duly passed on. The hare explained the markings; interest focussed on the fact that there were several beer stops if time permitted.



After the team photo, the trail led up to Mount Pleasant, passing very close to the Al Shareef restaurant and in fact some of the pack stumbled on the On Inn. Cutting through to Brownlow Hill and around the university we soon found ourselves at the Augustus John and indeed the first Beer Stop sign seemed almost too good to be true



But it was indeed so,



and we celebrated by posing all our lovely ladees for a sexist photo.





The hares had an eye on the time and all too soon were shepherding us outside for a few quick photos before the onward trail.



This led past the cathedral



where the Angel of the Lord did appear. "Behold, I bring you tidings of great
"Cheers!" "



And it did come to pass, for in no time we were buying drinks in the Philharmonic.





Stumbling out again, the trail led us down Hardman Street and cut through to Rodney Street, where we again found our old friend the On Inn.



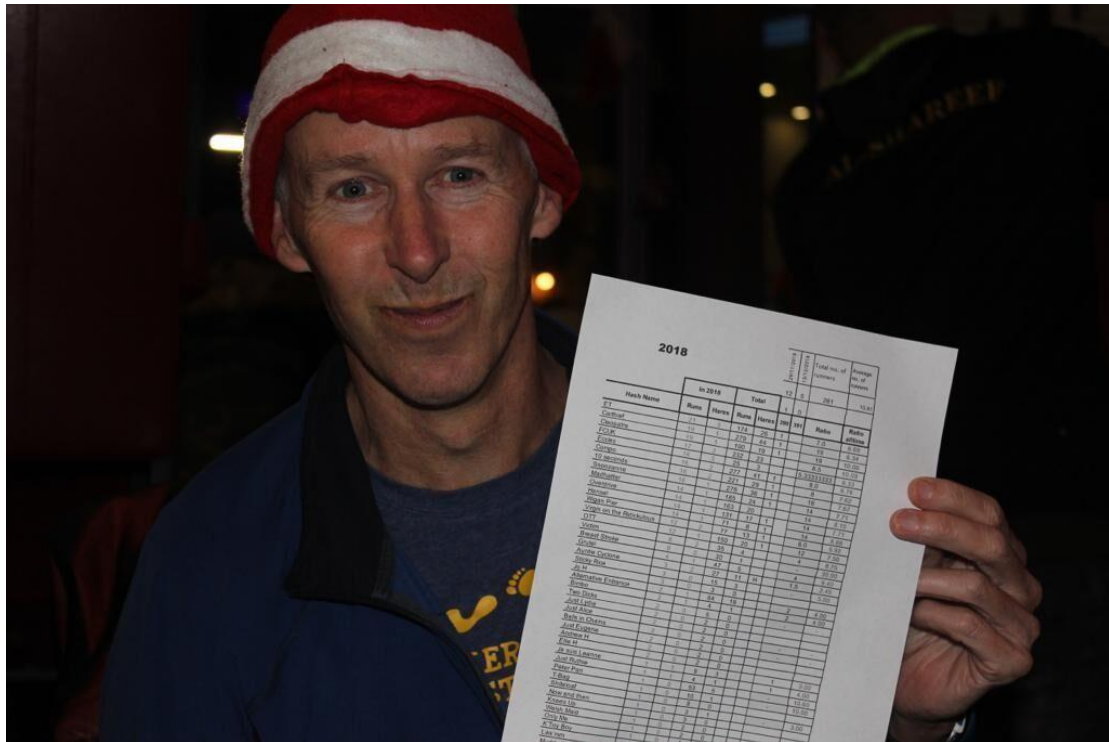
Soon we were sitting at a long table in the Al Shareef...



...and huge plates of meat and rice, and bowls of vegetable curry, started appearing.



We all tucked in greedily. Then it was time for the Hash Stats awards.



The No-Lifer prize was given to ET. Then there was a vote on the hairiest run of 2018. Was it the JSL's Baltic Fleet run where only 5 pieces of ribbon were used to mark the entire trail? Or the Cask/Ale House run where Hash Food had to organise a mercy dash to deliver food to the On Inn? Or maybe Compo's Red Lion Litherland Run where the circle was interrupted by a police chase? Or could it be fcuk's Britannia run where we had been frogmarched out of the Festival Gardens? Or the Harkers Arms run where the AntiTerrorism Squad were called out to neutralise our flour? In the end fcuk won the coveted trophy...



...on account of his Britannia epic.

The night was still youngish (as of course was the pack) and more drinking seemed like a good idea. One of the hares mooted the Roscoe Head, the old Liverpool stalwart once famed for its collection of ties. Arriving there it seemed very crowded so we decided to return to the Dispensary. This was hardly less crowded but by this time the will to search further had evaporated. Meanwhile in an example of Chinese Whispers the other co-hare had told fcuk that we were heading to the Roscoe Arms, not the Roscoe Head, luckily just over the road from the Dispensary. Here he was found enjoying a quiet pint; which he decanted into his hairy trophy (see above) to take across to the Dispensary. As soon as he walked through the door he was greeted with "You're not bringing that into my pub" from the genial landlord. Overdrive attempted to claim that he had just bought the offending beer in the Dispensary; but the barmaid chipped to say he hadn't been served yet. The landlord was probably only mollified by the thought of the gallons of beer he was about to sell us; but the atmosphere remained somewhat strained, with comments as we bought our drinks such as "Was it so hard to actually pay for your beer?".



Here is fcuk in the “naughty corner” under the “Polite Notice”; we felt the landlord would probably have preferred to have a sign saying “Rude Notice: if you haven’t bought your drink here, just f**k off”. Indeed we recalled that VR and Compo had had an experience of the landlord’s seasonal cheer a year ago, when he had scolded them for putting a coat on a chair (see Run 362).



Nothing daunted, we still managed to have a good time;



and here we see VR pluckily ignoring a streaming cold. Your scribe had to sally forth in search of a train shortly after this, so history does not record how long the pack continued to enjoy the landlord's hospitality.