



**Run Number 398**

**28<sup>th</sup> March 2019**

**The Brexit Run, Baltic Fleet, Liverpool**

**The Pack:** Cleo (Hare), ET, 10secs, VR, Overdrive, SMS, Jo, 10secs, fcuk, Eccles, Hansel, Sprog, Carthief



The pack gathered in the On Inn, once again a welcome return chosen this time for its European associations.



**The pack featuring Sprog but definitely not Compo**

There was also a welcome returnee for this hash in the shape of Sprog who in the wake of his retirement was finding more time on his hands, boom boom. The pack had kindly agreed to wait for 10 seconds who was in the end 10 minutes (and 10 seconds?) late; though to be fair he arrived before the hare, who had gone to put some finishing touches to the trail, and therefore still had time for a swift half. In any case, Compo had informed us that he was “not really there” since he had only come to Liverpool to provide a taxi service for his “better half”. As we assembled for the instructions, there were jokes about how the run would appropriately be characterised by chaos and no clear sense of direction.



Cleo informed us that some of the checks would be represented by stars which would mark places of European interest (hence Eurostars maybe?...)



The trail was found heading past the Albert Dock...

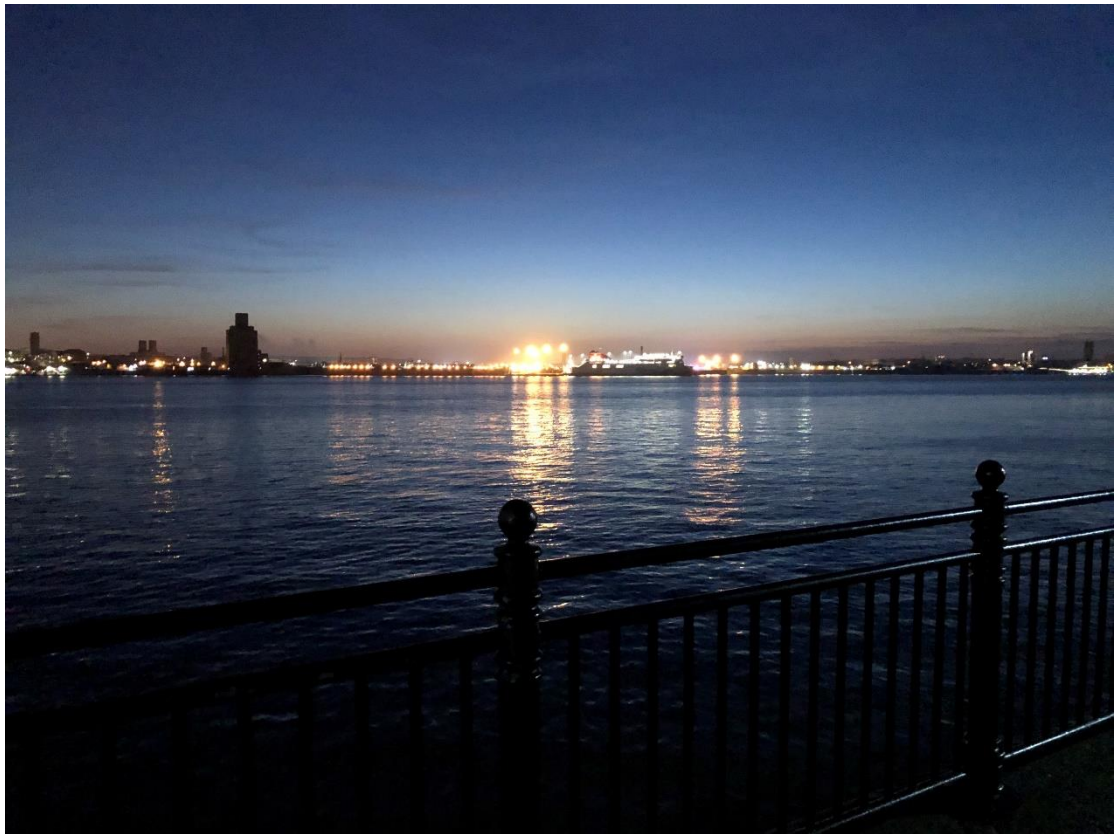


and towards the erstwhile Echo Arena, now renamed "M&S Bank Arena".

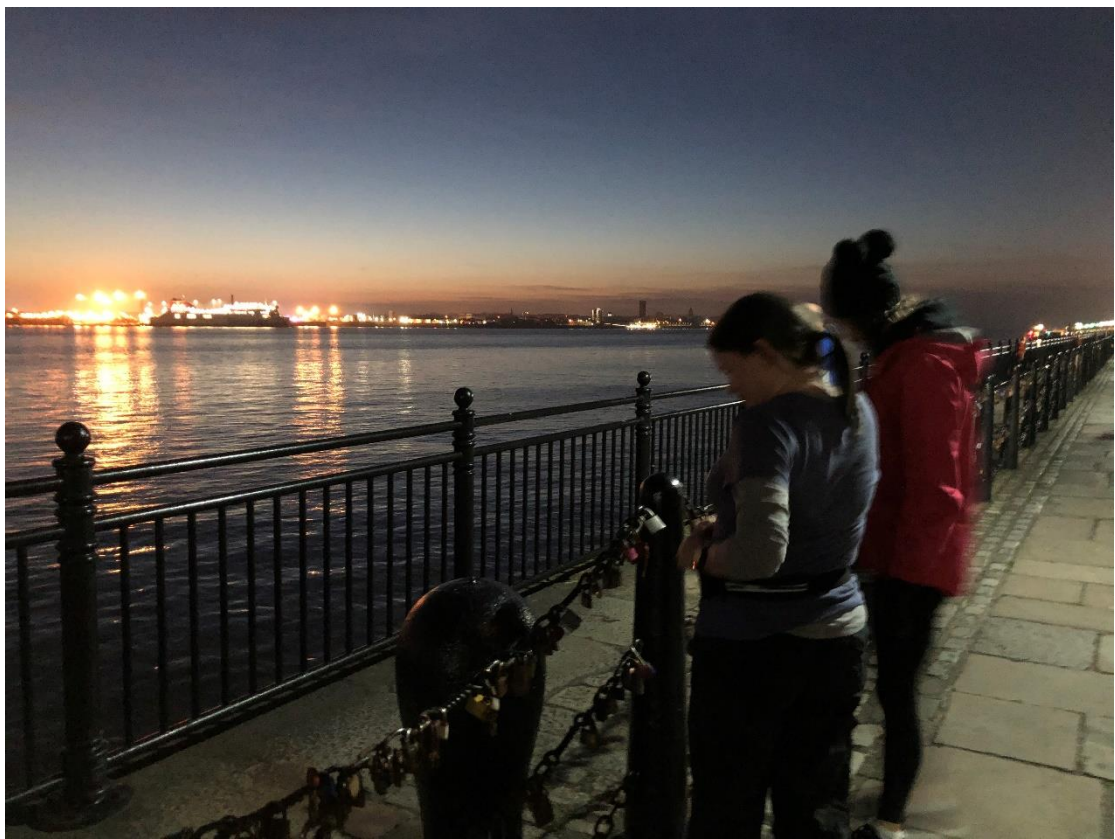


Here we found the first star, marking the “European Peace Monument”.





We then ran along the river...



...past the railings festooned with hundreds if not thousands of padlocks, finally turning inland past the end of Albert Dock. Here there was another star by the Jesse Hartley bridge. There was some debate about the significance of the star;



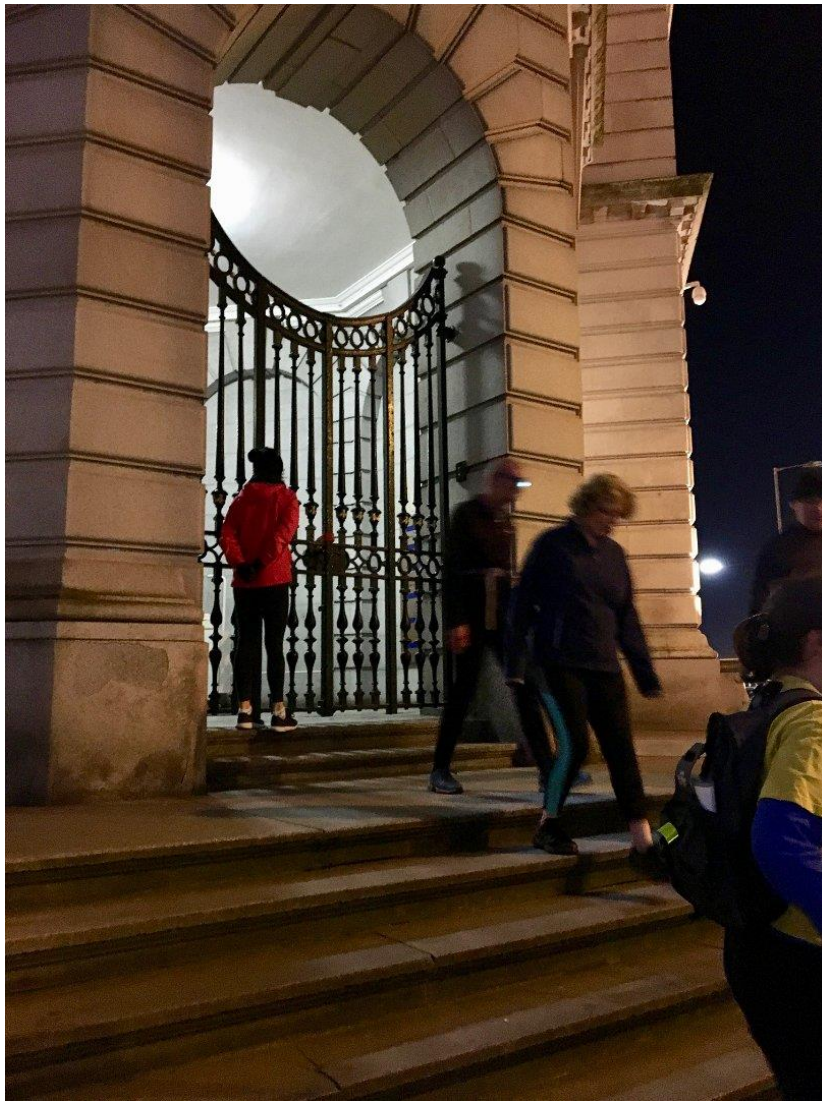
everyone spotted a plaque referring to Liverpool's maritime role in WWII...





...and there was also a pile of rocks looking like Stonehenge on acid, but nothing unequivocally European. The trail was found heading over the bridge towards the Albert Dock entrance and another check. Here the trail led onwards to a third star by the Port of Liverpool building. There was more bemusement; a nearby motorbike parking area led to comments that "Well they do have motorbikes in Liverpool".





The mystery was only solved when the hare herself arrived and led us up the steps to the entrance of the building where a plaque saying “Swedish Embassy” could be descried within. Passing on again, we rounded the Liver Building to find yet another star near the entrance to the Isle of Man ferry. Once again there was some puzzlement; the Isle of Man was not much more European than anywhere else in the UK...it was again left to the hare to point out that we were also near the international cruise terminal and international cruises went to Europe, amongst other places... hmmm. We then crossed the Strand and headed up Tithebarn Street, eventually emerging at the Town Hall and proceeding up Dale Street.



Here another star was found and this time there was an embarras de richesse of European associations –the Lisbon restaurant, plus any number of Irish bars. We then headed down towards Matthew Street





where there was a star presumably denoting a French restaurant, though once again it would be hard to throw a stone without hitting an Irish pub. Not a practice necessarily to be recommended, though... We then headed up Church Street, Jo observing that it was only while running that you realised that Church Street is actually quite hilly. It was at the check at the top that we realised that ET was no longer with us; and some thought revealed that he had not been seen for some time. A look at WhatsApp turned up a plaintive message from ET, who had found his way to a check on Duke Street (actually further along on the official trail). It would later turn out that he had lost the pack as we emerged from the Albert Dock.



ET's whereabouts gave a hint as to the onward trail and after yet another star by an Irish bar, it was soon found heading up Ranelagh Street and around into Renshaw Street. The FRBs consequently got some distance under their belts and by the time the rest of the pack arrived at the next star they declared themselves bored with the contemplation of Zorba the Greek and shot off again. Another star was found shortly afterwards outside Neon Jamon...



...though the hare had unaccountably missed the chance to put one outside "European Wine"; which as was said should be renamed "European Whine".





We passed another star on the corner of Duke Street, by “Le Petit Café du Coin” and then headed down picking up ET by The Monro.



**The hare couldn't be blamed for failing to mark this European connection...**

Here we turned left and headed down towards the waterfront, unfortunately picking up a couple of hecklers along the way.



By the time we found the On Inn they had luckily got tired of following us. Otherwise they'd have been very interested in the veritable cocktail cabinet of European spirits which emerged from Cleo and Overdrive's car.





There were Austrian and German schnapps, a bottle of Advocaat and some cans of cider for any inveterate Brexiteers.

Down-downs were awarded to:

The hare



10 secs (for being 10 mins and 10 secs late)





Sprog (Returnee)



Hansel (for saying he'd only come because he was Deputy Hash Beer)



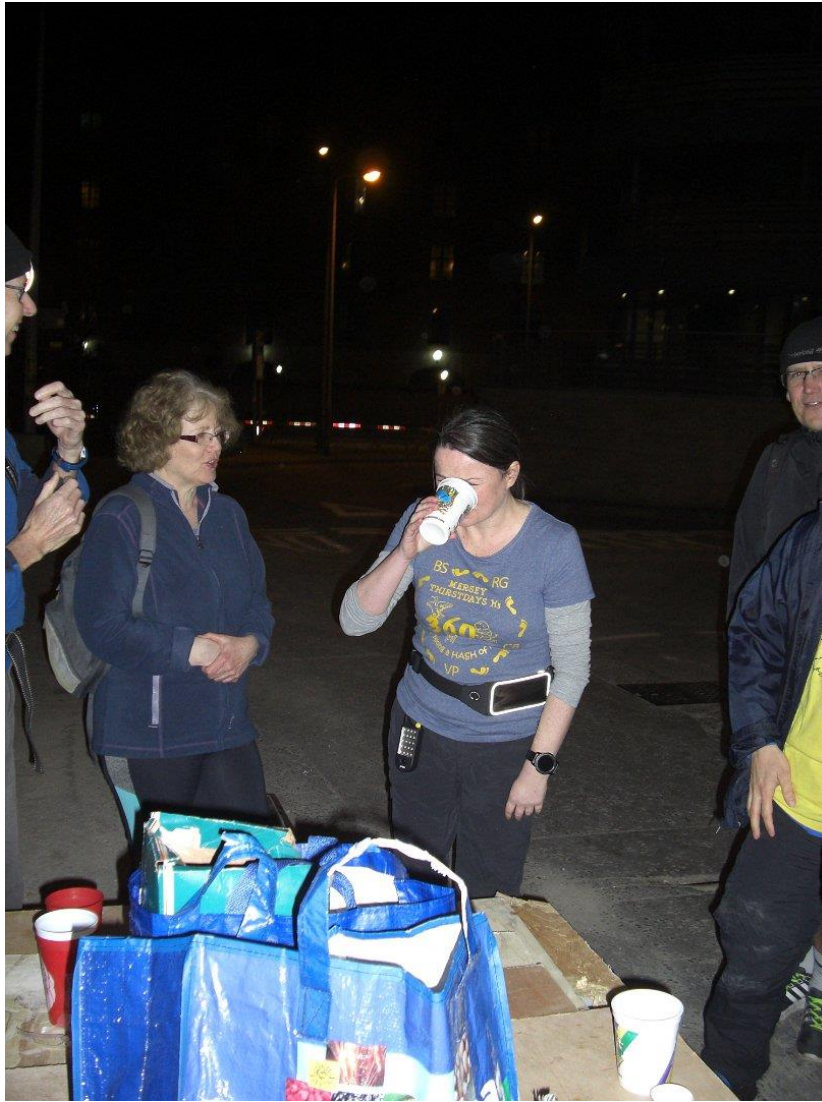


ET for getting lost--here we see him suffering the effects of his Beer Wench duties in mixing cider and beer—a case of The Biter (Snake)-Bit...



SMS and 10 secs (for declaring respectively that they were “bored” and “fed-up” waiting at the check).





VR: Hansel said he'd been informed by VR that she had a Union Jack tattoo secreted about her person. She refused to show it to us or reveal exactly where it was.







fcuk: Had apparently visited two Macdonalds during the run in the quest for a toilet.



We finally retired to the Baltic Fleet to warm up, glad to find some benches positioned on top of radiators.