



**Run Number 400**

**23<sup>rd</sup> May 2019**

**The Richard John Blackler/Elif, Liverpool**

**The Pack:** ET (Hare), 10secs, VR, Snoozanne, Hansel, OTT, Compo, fcuk, Eccles, SMS, Jo, Austin Powers, Overdrive, Carthief, Victim, Bimbo, Wigan Pier

A bumper number of hashers gathered in the city centre Wetherspoons to celebrate this auspicious occasion, with a fair number on the spot by 6.30pm or soon after. The early birds grabbed a recently-vacated table with a fair quantity of pizza and garlic bread still remaining, an opportunity for pre/free-loading not to be missed.



fcuk was weighed down by a bag of the eagerly-awaited Run 400 T-shirts,



while ET was carrying his super-mega-pixel camera and was in full-on David Bailey mode as he arranged us for the team photo...



...with our honoured guest, founder member Austin Powers, taking centre stage.







It was only a short while before we found our first regroup, on the plaza outside St George's Hall, and fcuk seized this opportunity to distribute the celebration T-shirts...





...which were immediately donned by the entire pack.



Just around the corner we found our second photo-opportunity...





...and once again ET's artistic vision...



...demanded a fair amount of milling around...





...before perfection was finally achieved.



We were not yet through with the photo-shoot and once again several attempts were required...





...before our auteur was finally satisfied.



The trail then led down past the Museum and rounded the corner past the flyovers. There was some confusion before it was realised...





...that we were being watched by an intelligence far greater than our own, which must be propitiated at all costs. Lo, it was our very own ET, who was bidding us ascend to a higher plane of existence...



...the top of the overpass to be precise.

Coming down to earth we went up Hunter Street.



**Austin Powers adopts a somewhat boastful position**

Here we found what at first appeared to be a simple regroup but which was then augmented by the hare to make things clearer (??) Apparently there was a long route back the way we had come and an onward short route and the CB2 only applied if we took the long route. Even the hare was clearly secretly in favour of the short trail, though blaming it on dallying too long in the pub.





The short trail led along Seymour Street...





...to a regroup...





where it was no surprise to find ourselves chivvied into position for another photo-opportunity.



The trail then led into the university precincts...





...to a regroup where a vote was taken on whether or not to hold the proposed beer stop, in view of the advancing hour. Compo had clearly already decided that Beer meant Beer and the will of the people had to be obeyed.



So we found ourselves in the Augustus John facing nearly as many choices as a Tory leadership contest...





...and a pleasant half-hour in the evening sunshine ensued.

Eet



However before long the hare persuaded us on our way, which was down Mount Pleasant, along Rodney Street and down Hardman Street past the ruined church and into Bold Street...





...where we found the On Inn.



Once installed in the Elif, copious quantities of food and drink were soon arriving...





...though not quickly enough for some.



Eventually everyone was replete and content; a fine end to a fitting celebration.