



**Run Number 414**

**7<sup>th</sup> November 2019**

**The Sanctuary, Lime Street, Liverpool**

**The Pack:** 10secs (Hare), SF, fcuk, AE, Overdrive, Cleo, Compo, Peter Pong

As the Hare stared forlornly out at the pouring rain at Thursday lunchtime, his heart sank at the thought of following VR in spending an afternoon getting soaked to the skin setting the trail, only to have his handiwork completely washed away by evening. He therefore decided to do a live hare. So, when we met in the Sanctuary (which by the way is a rather nice micropub with a kind of homely goth atmosphere, if that's not a contradiction in terms, and excellent beer)



he announced he would make a swift exit to start laying the trail while the pack were finishing their beers and loading the Hash Food into AE's car. We therefore decided to attempt a panoramic hash flash inside the pub. The results are, well, interesting.



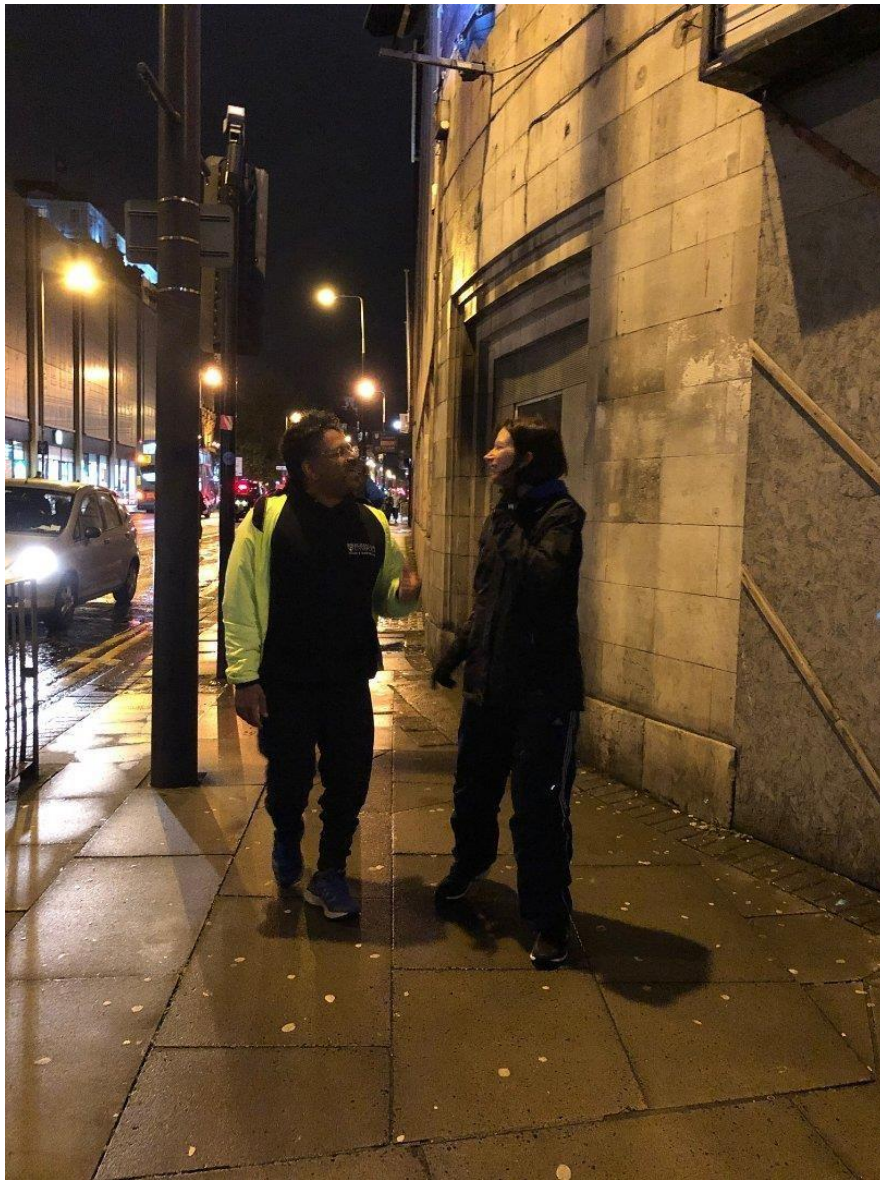
And here is the standard hash trash which probably looks better, despite (or partly because of) omitting the Hare, who was well on his way after giving Compo sealed instructions as to the whereabouts of the Beer Stop, to be opened only in case of dire emergency.

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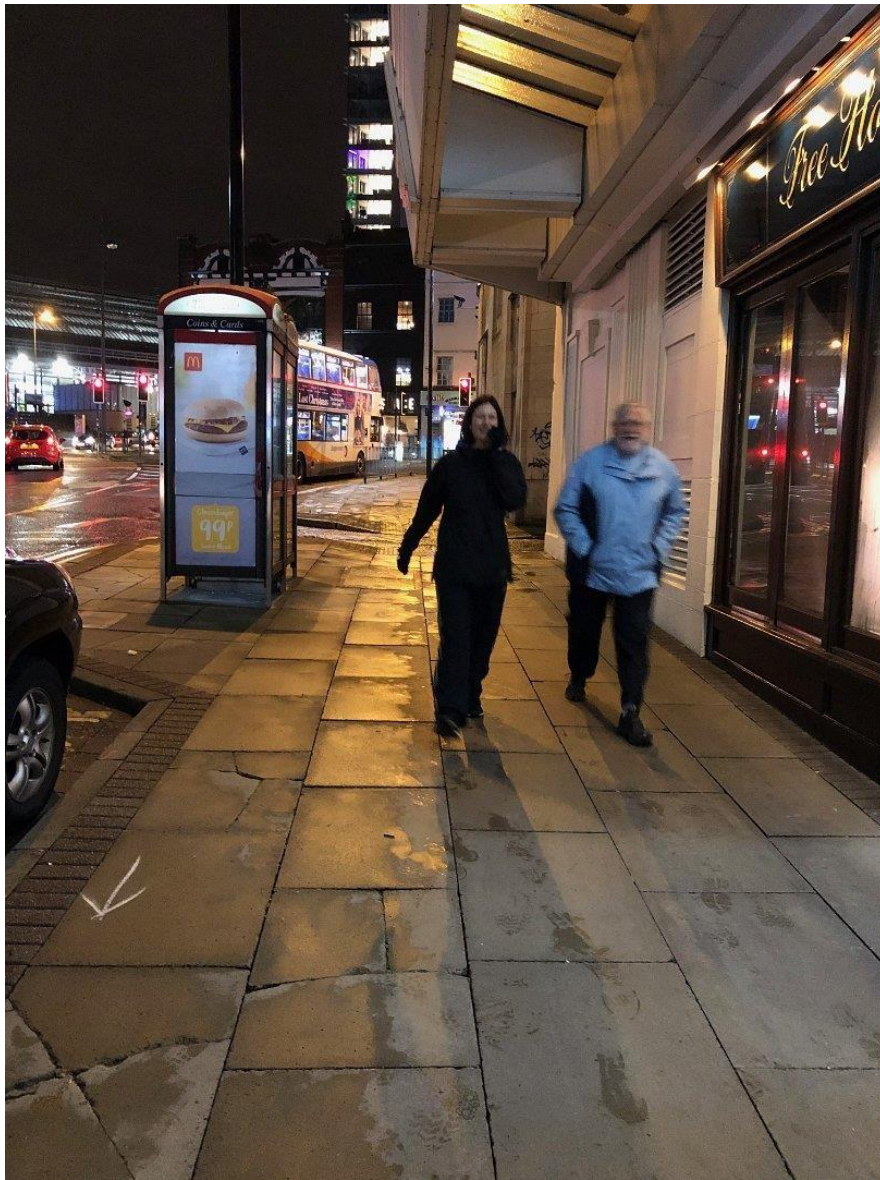


Luckily by this time the rain had stopped. Meanwhile the hare was setting a trail heading down past St John's precinct and through the Matthew Street area, then past the Victoria monument into Liverpool One.



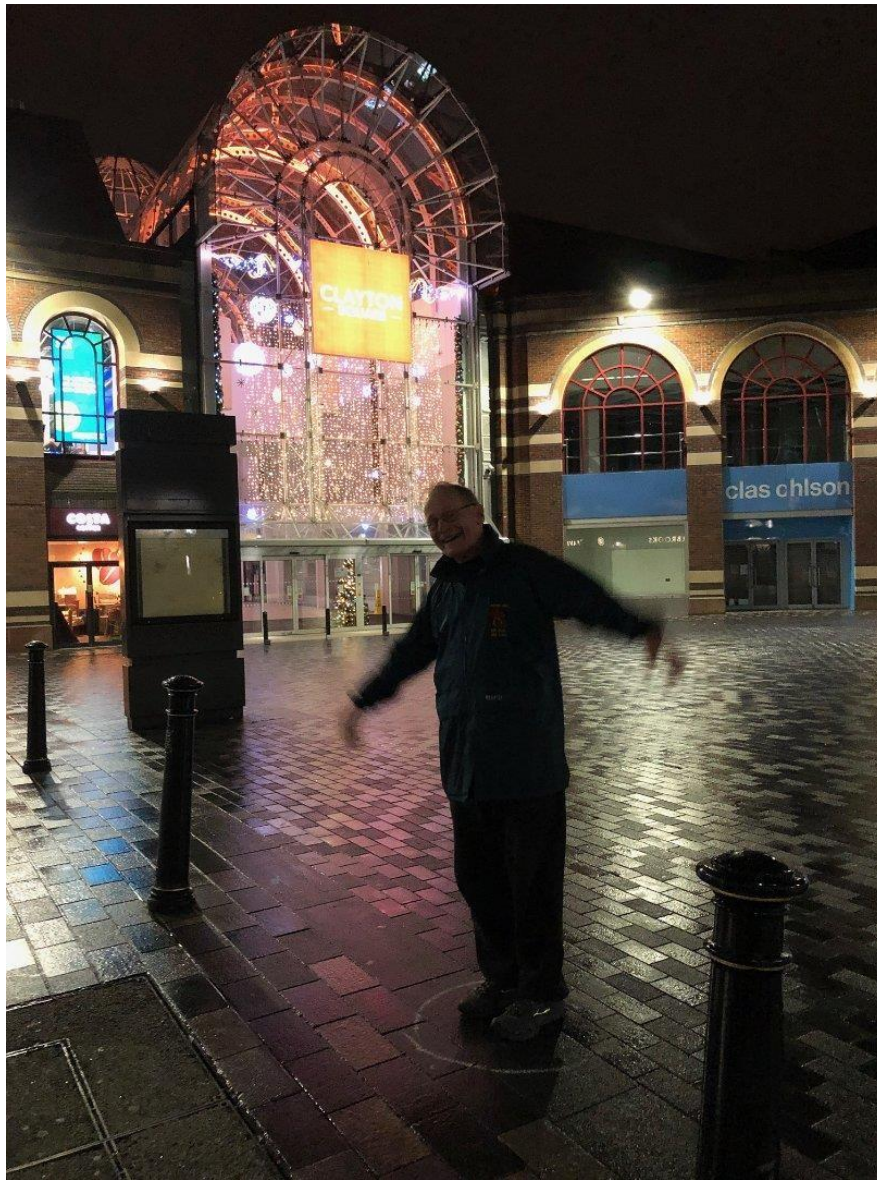


Shortly the pack was on its way.



They were able to follow an impeccably drawn trail with copious arrows...





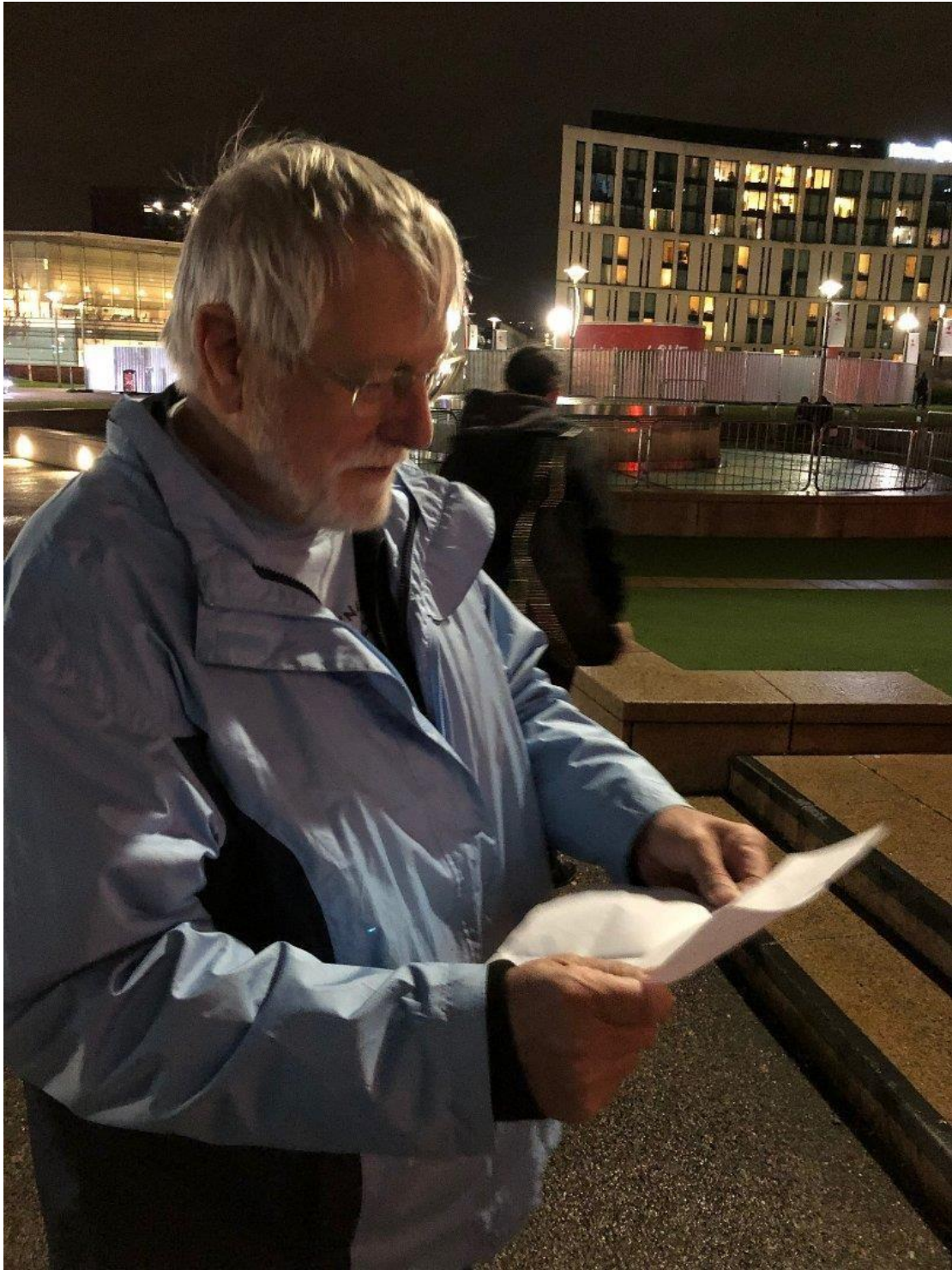
...and unmistakable checks.

Nevertheless a splinter group missed the left turn near Castle Street, and headed straight down to the Pier Head. The rump of the pack (is that the right phrase?) ended up sitting around waiting to regroup by the Victoria monument. Some frenzied phone calls ensued with the Hare giving hints as to where the trail could be found.



While waiting for the stragglers some other stray hashers were swept up, namely Cl'Oysters and Dildo.





By the time the pack was reunited time was marching on and Compo took the momentous decision to open the sealed instructions, revealing the Beer Stop/Regroup to be the Baltic Fleet. The pack therefore set off in this direction.

Meanwhile the Hare was having his own problems. He had reached Liverpool One in what felt like no time and decided to add a slight digression on to the route. Soon without being exactly what you might call lost, he didn't quite know where he was, or indeed where the Baltic Fleet was either. While



wandering disconsolately around he noticed an inviting looking microbrewery tucked away on a side street and wished he'd chosen that as the Beer Stop. When finally he emerged onto the main dock road he realised that he'd overshot the Baltic Fleet by a few hundred metres. When he finally got there most of the pack was converging from the other direction and Compo was already at the bar. But the pub was unusually busy and the Hare had the brainwave of going back to the microbrewery. Luckily Compo had not yet ordered a beer and soon we were in the Love Lane microbrewery tap. They had (of course) a wide range of their own beers, plus some guest beers on draught.



And Cleo was very excited to find that they had on draught her favourite Austrian beer, Stiegl.



The Hare once again shot off in advance of the pack but came back very shortly on recalling that the whole neighbourhood was criss-crossed in all directions with markings he'd made earlier, which could be a bit confusing. He was instructed to add a cross bar to his future arrows and set off again.





He headed up towards the Anglican cathedral, turning left towards the Chinese arch but then fooled the pack somewhat by heading up Duke Street. He made the left turn towards the city centre at Pilgrim Street, finally cutting through past the Hard Times and Misery micropub and then back to the carpark behind the Adelphi where AE was parked. The pack followed the trail pretty well until the last few hundred metres where a feeling of “sod it, we know where the carpark is” gained the upper hand. What’s more, AE had thought the parking meter wasn’t working and was only putting money into it in order to take a photograph of it in the act of not working. It was a surprise when it actually took the money but it had only been enough for 2 hours, so time was running out. It seemed a bit unlikely that her story would stand up in court if she got a ticket and it did come to legal action; even I find it slightly implausible and I was there.

AE’s new green machine (a small van) was perfect for setting up the food; Cleo had made excellent leek and potato soup and even though it was not vegan (since it contained butter) and might contain lactose (which was in the whey?) both AE and the lactose-intolerant fcuk wolfed it down. In the

absence of hash beer we decided to do a communal down-down in the pub and headed off to Sanctuary.

Down downs were awarded to:

Peter Pong and AE: welcome returnees, also Peter Pong had shown initiative by using the Park&Ride and AE had provided her car as receptacle for Hash food etc.

Cleo: for providing the excellent soup.

SF: for pointing out that the American IPA was a contradiction in terms since the I stands for India.

OD: for the magnificent panoramas with which this Trash begins.

The Hare

We continued to sample the range of beers on offer. Compo and 10secs decided that their Pumpkin beers smelt funny and tasted a bit off, but nothing daunted SF knocked them both back. (The beers, that is, not Compo and 10 secs.)