



Run Number 416

5th December 2019

The Ship and Mitre/Sultan's Palace, Liverpool

The Pack: Snoozanne and Mad Hatter (Hares), Eccles, Grutel, SF, Gladrags, VR, AE, OTT, Hansel, Overdrive, Cleo, SMS, Grasshopper, Carthief, ET, BS, fcuk, 10secs, Brookside

We started gathering at 6.30 and slowly started taking over the Ship and Mitre's tables.





AE was very gratified to find that there was a beer called Ursula and what's more it was vegan.



We trooped outside and found a cheery passer-by who took the team photo and even returned ET's thrusting lens.



Mad Hatter gave us our instructions. One was on and there would be at least one and possibly two beer stops. There was nothing more we needed to know, and we were off.



The trail took us right along Dale Street; though at every check the pack headed to the right as one hasher, convinced there must be a diversion somewhere. But in fact it was eventually left into Castle Street,



where a couple of twists and turns brought us out by the Victoria Monument.



The trail headed down James Street but became a little hard to follow.



In fact we had overshot the first Beer Stop on account of a homeless person sitting on the BS sign, so some guidance from the Hare was required.



But before long the pack was gathered together and trooped into the pub.



SMS and 10secs set up a joint beer supply operation...







...and soon everyone was taking advantage of the free beer, except Cleo who was taking a principled stand against the iniquitous Tim Martin.



Duly fortified, we sallied forth into a slight rain shower. Nothing daunted, we continued down Matthew Street...



...and through Williamson Square, where most of the pack couldn't resist cramming into the giant Christmas tree for a regroup...



...and admire the cosmic view overhead.



Meanwhile the FRBs had not been distracted by this tomfoolery and had already discovered the 2nd Beer Stop – the Fall Well, another Wetherspoons emporium. They spent the intervening moments speculating on Cleo's likely reaction...







Finally we tottered out since 8.30 and The Sultan's Palace beckoned. Judging by the merry grins, everyone is having a whale of a time...



...even Cleo who must have been distressingly sober by this time.

In no time at all we were heading down the steps into the Sultan's Palace. 10secs had some misgivings about returning here, having being ejected some weeks ago after an altercation over a salty curry and a stomach ache; but the Santa disguise appeared to work.







Snoozanne hopes none of the staff will notice that all the glasses and cutlery have vanished around her.



SF decides that one pint of Kingfisher will not be enough; while fcuk is caught cocking a snook.

Soon trays of beers and trolleys stacking with food were arriving and everyone appeared to get the right meals at roughly the same time, not bad for a large group of hungry hashers. Soon the time of last trains was approaching and everyone sallied forth into the night replete and satisfied.