



Run Number 509

20th October 2022

Love Lane Brewery, Liverpool

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, fcuk, ET, Sticky Rice, Victim, SF, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, Cleo, Johann

Most of the pack were at the brewery in time to sample some of their wares before setting off. Wigan Pier was one of the first to arrive, having actually had no trouble finding the pub or a parking space. And luckily SR had ignored her own instructions to look for the pub on James Street... It was good to see Mad Hatter and Victim making an appearance and both looking on good form.





When the hare's attempts to be masterful finally paid off and the pack drifted towards the exit, it was still 5 minutes before everyone assembled, having forgotten to factor in the two storey climb to the toilet.



Outside the hare had to resort to gesticulation to describe the markings, his chalk being currently locked away in the brewery's cellars together with the hash food. Luckily the markings were very simple except for a few of his trademark crossed-out arrows which most people were pretty familiar with anyway. He also tantalised the pack by promising a regroup where special instructions would be required.



After the usual group photo the hare asked the pack to imagine a chalk circle being drawn, and they were off.



It took a while to find the trail in the warren of streets near the brewery and even the hare got slightly disorientated, his map also being locked in the cellar.



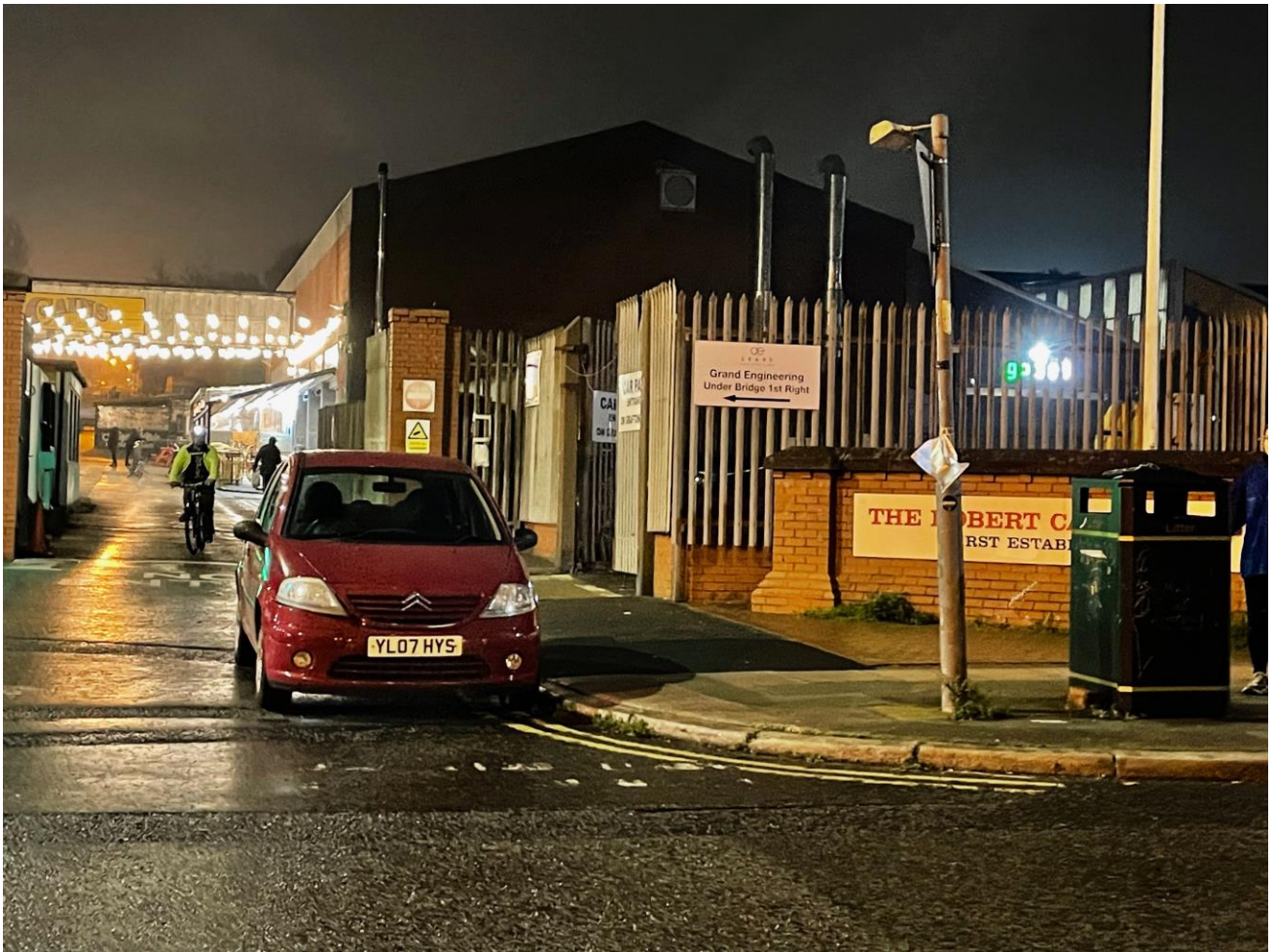
But eventually everyone emerged onto Jamaica Street where there was an appropriate statue...



...and a mural.



At some point on the run fcuk complimented the hare on the symmetry of his checks, and though I say it as shouldn't, they *are* pretty damn good.



After passing the Cain's brewery there was a sprawling area of urban wasteland with decrepit looking factories and warehouses.



Eventually it became more residential and there was even a scrap of parkland with some recreational equipment. Snoozanne was very insistent that she was not playing but training. Shortly after this there was a terrace of houses where the hilly terrain had necessitated a two tier pavement, which foxed the pack for a while. Then emerging onto Mill Street, Victim and Mad Hatter decided on a short cut and were issued with instructions on how to locate the next regroup. By this time a certain amount of straggling had taken place and the pack had split in two. We were all reunited at an impromptu regroup on Park Road. A couple of chaps on bikes seemed anxious to dissuade us from the left turn into Steble Street; it was not clear whether they feared for our safety for some reason, or were concerned we'd stumble on some nefarious activity. Luckily ET and Johann had gone ahead and we heard ET summoning us in surprisingly stentorian tones. The trail then started heading back into town, via a small Dickens quarter with names like Pickwick Street and Dorrit Street.





Before long we were at Upper Parliament Street and found Mad Hatter and Victim awaiting us at the entrance to the St James Gardens by the Anglican Cathedral. The hare had set a regroup near here in order to explain that there were two routes on from here to the Chinese Arch, since he was unsure if one of them would have closed at dusk. In the event both proved open, and the pack decided to take the one passing by the Cathedral.



This week's Caption Competition...

At the Chinese Arch the trail was found leading down Duke Street; though Mad Hatter and Victim correctly spotted that a more direct route would be through the Arch, and headed that way. The rest of the pack found the trail heading left down Cornwallis Street. At some point they espied Mad Hatter and Victim on a parallel road a couple of blocks off and almost unanimously headed off to join them; leaving the Hare to follow the correct trail feebly bemoaning this insubordination and accompanied only by ET. Anyway the On Inn was only round the next corner and here the food was liberated from the cellar and set out on the tables outside the pub.

The RA then called the circle. The usual ironic comments on the run were elicited and it was described as too short, too grassy, etc. Down downs were awarded to:



Overdrive and Cleo: who had been observed canoodling on trail

Victim: watering the trail

The hare

ET: for the second time in as many hashes he surprised us with a personality transplant, this time calling the trail in a deep lusty bellow. He apologised and promised not to be so assertive in future.

Johann: for his unusual style as FRB, carrying a cloak over his arm as if to conceal a dagger or as if expecting to encounter a bull

10 secs made an attempt to denounce just about everyone for short-cutting but was ignored in a shameless display of mob rule.

ET as Hash Choirmaster was very keen that we avail ourselves of some of the hash songs he had recently circulated, so we sang the Battle Hymn of the Hasher at two or three different speeds simultaneously.

We then retired indoors. The New England IPA seemed to be the favourite though it was very frothy and took ages to pour, especially when the barman misheard SF's "Two and a half pints" as "Two half pints" and had to start again. ET and Johann seemed to have made a tactical error in asking for the cask beer as it seemed that first of all the barrels needed changing and then the pipes needed flushing out; but since it enabled them to engage the barmaid in a prolonged conversation, maybe there was method in it. The barman seemed to have hearing issues since fcuk also came back with a pint having ordered a half.