



**Run Number 510**

**3<sup>rd</sup> November 2022**

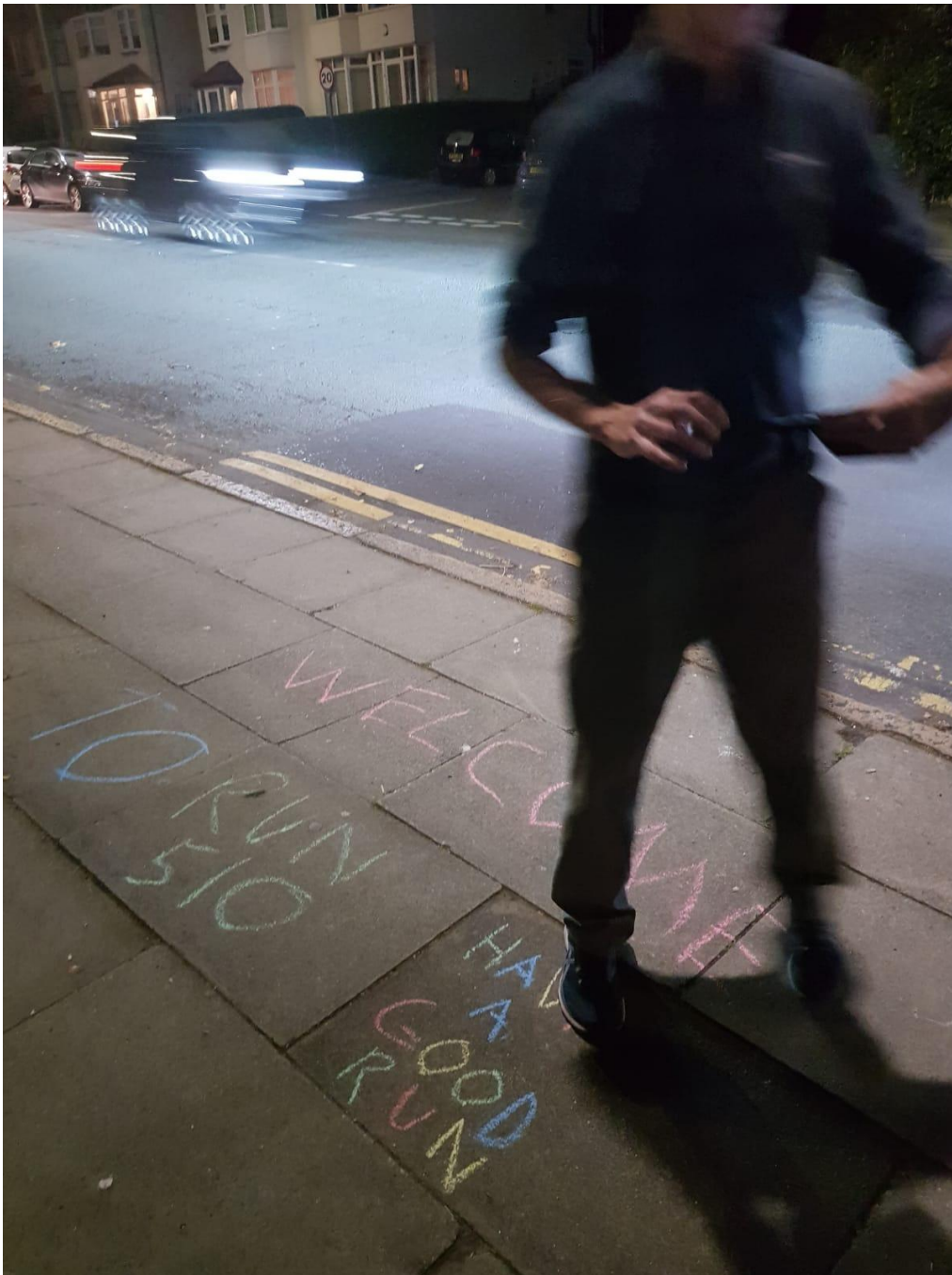
**The Richmond Tavern, Liverpool**

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

The pub was an odd combination of families trying to enjoy a meal and three very drunk chaps milling round in the entrance area shouting loudly at each other.



It was something of a relief to get outside where the hare told us he had finished setting the run early and whiled away the time creating this colourful pavement art.



He told us it was going to be a straightforward run with no falsies and he patiently explained once again that all the markings were going to be on the right-hand side of the road. No not the pavement, the road. Finally I for one actually understood what he meant...





After the team photo we headed off, with a strong hint from the hare as to which direction to try first. Quite soon we found ourselves by Wavertree Playground where a checkback took us to a path leading across it. The hare had promised us a dry trail but in the middle of the park the trail led through a distinctly soggy area of turf.



There was a regroup at a crossroads in the middle...



...and then a little side path brought us out onto Wavertree High Street. Here the hare announced that there was going to be an educational detour and almost led us to think he would be unfurling a screen and showing some slides. But he led us up another side street...





...to Arnold Grove, and invited us to guess who once lived here. It was only a matter of running through all the Beatles until we fixed on the right one, namely George (to be fair, I think Mad Hatter for one actually knew). A couple of obligatory photos and we were heading off to the next scenic viewpoint...



...though the High Street contained many historic buildings such as this old pub...





...a converted coaching inn and some Dickensian-looking terraces.



But the next scheduled port of call was the lock-up by the Picton clock. Someone said that the constables were paid 20 pence for every drunk they rounded up and accommodated here, which must have been a good incentive to their law enforcement activities...





Shortly after this the trail entered a narrow strip of parkland containing various bits of sculpture. Snoozanne was anxious not to be photographed consorting with a Superlambana...





...while it was hard to tear ET away from his chat with Eleanor Rigby.

Shortly after crossing the Childwall Road the hare decided time was marching on and we omitted a loop of trail, rejoining it at a check a little further on. At the corner of Wavertree Green the frontrunners started sensing the proximity of the On In and tried to second guess the onward trail; but a checkback and a sneaky footpath soon had them confused again. The footpath cut through to a maze of terraced streets eventually emerging within sight of the On Inn. There were complaints about the absence of markings, but according to the hare there was a resplendent multi-coloured On Inn sign currently concealed under a car parked on the pavement.

We set up the food in the pub carpark. Once again the hare had maintained high standards with the mahogany table, Thai light and cheese board (not a Thai cheese board which would have sounded like a martial arts funding council...). This time the array of fruit and veg was tastefully colour coded, rather than all in red as at his previous run. He had also brought a Terry's chocolate orange which

was very well-received. The RA called the circle since there were mutters about the increasing cold, but graciously allowed us to continue munching. By now we needed no prompting in the use of irony and the run was as usual criticised for too much shiggy, but then Snoozanne threatened the hare under the Trade Descriptions Act for it not being dry as promised, or was it wet as promised...all this irony makes the head spin after a while...

Down downs were awarded to:

The hare

Victim: watering the trail (having luckily avoided a temptation to do this just before a checkback brought the whole pack back past him...)

No more misdemeanours were recalled, probably due to the increasing cold, and we retired to the pub. The three drunks were still there, and perhaps not unconnectedly the last pint of real ale in the establishment was being pulled as we entered. We discussed the arrangements for the Xmas meal as we do from August onwards. Someone said that the GM should make the final decision on subsidies, which I was all in favour of until I remembered that was me. As we emerged on our way home, Snoozanne pointed to the bolts on the wall outside and said that earlier she had seen someone unscrewing the "Cask-marque" sign. She'd thought at first it was being stolen as a souvenir but it turned out to be a representative from the pub chain, which had decided to abandon this mark of status, probably to save money or perhaps in shame at not keeping any stocks of good beer.