

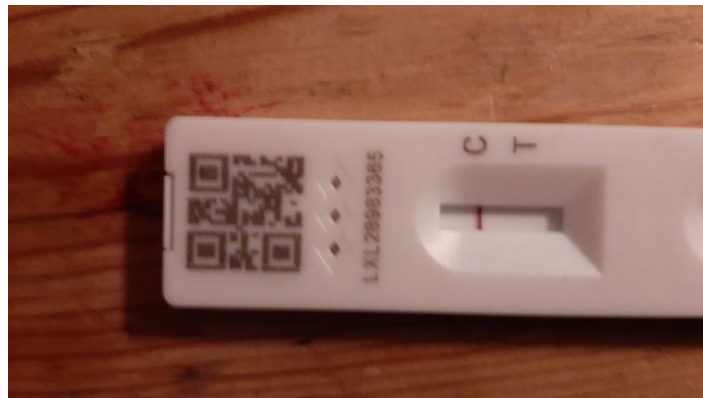
RUN NO: 488 THE RAILWAY, TITHEBARN ST, LIVERPOOL

HARE: E.T

PACK: ET, Victim, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, OTT, Cleo, Overdrive.

It was a small but elite group who assembled in The Railway in Tithebarn Street. The January sniffles had claimed SMS and Grasshopper, and Wigan Pier. FCUK messaged that he had joined the SAS and was on a secret mission over Norway- a brilliant excuse, equal surely to 'the dog ate my homework'. Despite her anxiety about parking, and following Snoozanne's advice, OTT's satnav homed straight in on the sex shop, where there was duly a space. One wonders how Snoozanne had such accurate knowledge of parking patterns outside said shop???

Great consternation ensued when 10" messaged to say he had been near a person testing positive for Covid, and although he had taken a Lateral Flow Test, he wasn't certain of the result and therefore felt unable to join us. This news was met with dismay as he had the beer. He sent through a picture of the offending result...



‘ It was more like a couple of small dots, quite close to the "C" line, which my brain

joined into a line. You have to look quite closely, here's a photo which my sister said was totally clear. ‘

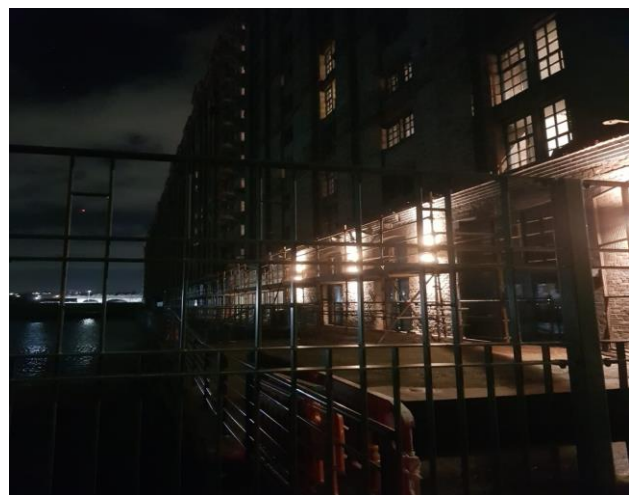
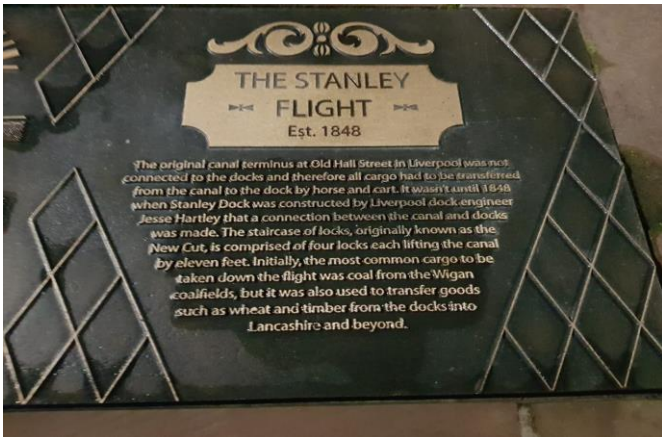
A Whatsapp discussion with illustrations followed, in which both Wigan Pier and Overdrive pronounced the test negative, and an explanation of how these things work was given (yawn!!), but despite it only being 7.40pm, 10" declined to hop into his car and supply the hash with the beer, saying only that he would accept a 'Mega-downdown' next time.

The Hare had given us a preliminary clue that the trail was only on the North side of Tithebarn Street, so we soon found the arrows and ran through several side streets to reach the Dock Road. Not sure what Cleo is doing in this photo!



It turned out this was a historical run with a number of interesting locations, including the biggest brick-building in Europe (an old warehouse, now apartments), and the starting point of the Leeds-Liverpool canal. ET and Mad Hatter were full of historical information, which we were very keen to hear about.....





We had been told we didn't need torches but as we navigated the lock gates of the canal the hare warned us to look out for a large puddle, unseen in the dark.



Victim had boasted at the start that he had received an electric hat to match his illuminating coat, and it came in very useful at this point.



We finally emerged blinking into the light on to Scottie Road, where Mad Hatter took over tourist guide duties as he was brought up hereabouts. He pointed out the old Derby Cinema, close to the old bank building, above which was Cilla Black's childhood home. Down a side street he pointed out where his (?) old primary school once stood. After this stroll down [MH's](#) memory lane, the trail took us across the flyover over the entrance to the Wallasey tunnel, past the famous yellow Lambanana and back to the start.

The food was soon assembled on a nearby wall, and the beer crisis was somewhat mitigated as OTT had brought some hot mulled wine, and cups too, to celebrate the first run of 2022. There was more excitement when she opened a thermos and emptied some hot sausages into a bowl which disappeared in record time. It was suggested we do



downdowns in the mulled wine but most of it had gone by then, so they were deferred to next time. Misdemeanours which need to be punished include: OTT for forgetting her running shoes, FCUK for his excuse about the SAS, 10" for, despite his great intellect as a mathematician, being unable to read a Covid test correctly and hence depriving us of beer, ET as Hare and also for taking us to a pub with no beer, Victim for boasting about his electric hat (and coat), and MH for repeating in the pub his oft-told tale of how years ago he had sent a young junior member of his team at work round to do a survey at the sex shop, without preparing him... As the Railway had run out of beer by this time, we repaired to the pub next door for what was left of the evening.