



Run Number 570

26th February 2025

The Love Lane Brewery, Liverpool

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, BS, fcuk, ET, PA, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, Fur Knickers, Dave



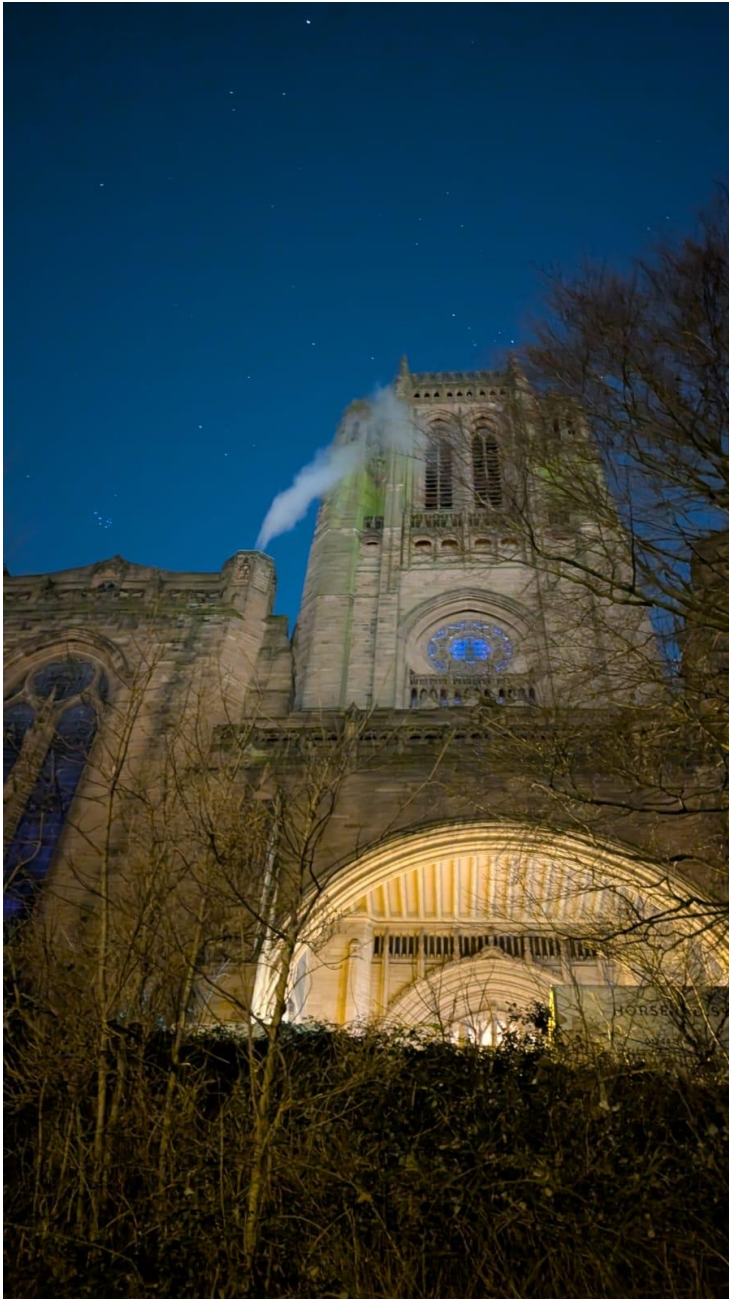
Wigan Pier and Now and Then were first to arrive after the Hare, having taken the opportunity to come by train and avoided any navigation or parking issues. We were joined

by fcuk's friend Dave who had also attended the recent beer festival. There was some kind of corporate event taking place in the main area of the brewery so we were relegated to a sort of upstairs gallery – but there was still plenty of seating. It took a while before we were all assembled outside due to the difficulty of finding the toilets which seemed to be in an alternate universe up a different flight of stairs where there was another corporate event taking place...or was it just a mirror image of the other...

Anyway in due course the markings were explained in some detail for the benefit of our neophyte and we were off. Though there was fair amount of aimless milling around at first and it was a pretty sluggish start. The trail led up through the outskirts of Chinatown to the edge of the cathedral precincts. As often happens, the Dave's fresh enthusiasm led him to be out in front much of the time; it will take time for him to get used to the pack's usual world-weary plod. Wigan Pier's maternal instincts were aroused when Dave seemed to disappear into the distance quite early on. We headed towards the cathedral, passing a group of lads engaged in hash activities of their own. As fcuk recalled, Marx said opium is the religion of the people...or was it the other way around.



Maybe this was connected with the smoking bin which we found as the trail passed through St James's Gardens...



...but the cathedral itself seemed to be enjoying a quick spliff too...or did it signal the election of a new Bishop of Liverpool?...or was someone disposing of evidence?





The trail led across Upper Parliament Street and into the Toxteth/Dingle area. As we roamed further away from downtown and approached Brunswick Station, PA was heard to become restive, saying "this hash is longer than I thought". But soon afterwards he was reassured as the trail turned around and started heading for home, passing the old Cains Brewery, down Upper Parliament Street and then turning into the Baltic Triangle area.



Soon the On Inn was spotted, though there was one last obstacle in the form of a cross placed by the Hare to deter the pack from finding the inward trail right at the start; this created some confusion in the ranks and the Hare had to reassure the pack that they were allowed to cross the last 20 metres back to the brewery.



But soon we were back at Love Lane. We were slightly earlier than expected and the corporate event was still in full swing; but Mad Hatter boldly approached the manageress for permission to have our circle indoors. Soon he was on first-name terms and Daisy, for that apparently was her name, kindly allowed us to take our food upstairs.

The RA rang the bell to call the circle to order and soon the corporate guests had the choice of listening to someone's inspirational speech or to our down-downs. He started by renewing an old tradition of Compo's, opening with a couple of sermons:

"I just deleted all the German names off my phone. It's now Hans-free"

"How do coeliac Germans greet each other? Gluten Tag"

He then invited comments on the run, and it was described as having too much shiggy, not enough litter, not enough checks etc. Dave sportingly said he had enjoyed finding the checkback and that the walk back up the hill had not been too steep. fcuk said there was not enough variety in the hash (meaning the various kinds of marijuana); he also deplored the fact that at first we seemed to have forgotten how to hash. Round about now MH bemoaned the lack of Hash attire whereupon various pack members pulled up or down their woolly jumpers to reveal Hash T-shirts being worn as undergarments. It seemed particularly unfair since Wigan Pier and Now and Then were actually resplendent in two layers of luxury Hash haberdashery from a Hash down in Stroud. But possibly what had aroused MH's ire was FK's shameless sporting of a Liverpool shirt.

Down-downs were then awarded to:

The Hare

WP: Mother hen award for worrying over losing Dave

PA: the RA suggested changing his name to “Plaintive Agitation” for his complaints about the distance.

Dave: was awarded FRB and then asked to guess what it stood for – which he actually did pretty well.



The RA then suddenly remembered that he was determined to offload the Hash Shit onto some unsuspecting victim (with a small “v”!). The Hash Shit was brought out and flourished,

and the slightly worrying-looking brown marks on the hem turned out to depict various landmarks such as the Eastgate Clock in Chester and the Mersey Tunnel ventilator in Birkenhead all issuing forth from the Liver Building. At first we seemed to be in the presence of a Turin shroud-style miracle, but in fact it was all the work of PA. It set a new standard for additions to the Hash Shit when compared with adding an extra scrap of T-shirt or just ripping it a bit more. One of the attachments was GladRags' Hash Face Mask; fcuk can be seen reminding everyone how disturbing it is. Fcuk selected FK to be the lucky recipient on account of the Liverpool shirt. Snoozanne collected the subs, showing how things have moved with the times on the Hash Cash front, with a handy bubble wrap bag for petty cash as well as the main receptacle - the Coffee-Mate jar is rolling in its grave... After a final beer for the die-hards we all headed home.