

Run 2136 10th-13th April 2026 - A Good Bolleke-ing in Antwerp

The Antwerp expedition began, as all good Hash adventures apparently do, with optimism, over planning, and a meticulously researched Hash trail.

Seven intrepid Hashers made the crossing: Pulled Out, Compressed Fart, Dr Deaf, Liq Allsorts, Arse over Tit, C*unt Dracula, and Comes Not a Lot — a group united by strong legs, weak navigation discipline, and an appetite for Belgium's finest refreshments.

Dr Deaf led an official Hash Run, after painstakingly plotting the route using Google Maps well before setting foot in Belgium. Top marks for effort, a gold star for execution, and universal approval for a route that delivered us on a cultural march through Antwerp, taking in history, architecture, parks, scenic vistas, notable landmarks — and ultimately to the excellent De Muze Jazzcafé. Down Downs followed for various unrepeatably transgressions, sensibly conducted with slightly less lethal beer to take the edge off the ever present 7–8% Belgian offerings lurking on our tabs.

After a suitably lengthy refreshment stop, seasoned Antwerp almost-native Compressed Fart assumed command, hoisting a tiny Belgian flag to lead the group on a grand sightseeing procession through the city, taking in places of historical and cultural significance, with beer stops so frequent they began to feel like officially listed landmarks.

Under Compressed Fart's leadership, one drink quickly emerged as both fuel and compass: the mighty Bolleke. This local De Koninck classic was Compressed Fart's drink of choice, often appearing in his hand moments before the rest of us had even located the bar.

Over the course of the long weekend, the group walked extensively, drank deeply, and visited around a dozen bars and pubs — many of them more than once — eventually leaving on first name terms with at least one barman and on eye contact terms with several ladies of the night in the red light district. Antwerp, it turns out, is nothing if not welcoming.

The city's diamond heritage (something Liq Allsorts can speak to with authority) added a suitably luxe backdrop, complemented by beautiful architecture, including the magnificent neo baroque Centraal Station.

In a pleasing full circle moment, the last trio standing found themselves back at De Muze Jazzcafé one final time before departure, proving either excellent planning or an inability to let go.

Naturally, no great adventure ends smoothly. The return to the UK featured delays at border control and a strong sense that Antwerp wasn't quite ready to let us leave — or perhaps simply wanted a few more rounds called.

On On!
Arse Over Tit