



RUN 117. Sunday 20th. March, 1994.
The Copt Oak, Copt Oak!
HARE. Doc.
SCRIBE. Wallington.

Fourteen in all turn up, including King and Posh Fosh Poodle from Milton Keynes, for what os our first Spring Run of 1994 at Copt Oak Car Park.

Amazing, half of us were dancing, shaking and Rock 'n' Rollin' in an attempt to keep ourselves warm from the blisteringly cold wind!

As usual, GropeHer ended up taking the first false trail only to find he had to run back a bloody mile to where we started. Anyway, On On to the opposite way, through the churchyard into the open fields where horses and ponies can be seen everywhere cos we in the bastard rich farmer's lands with loadsa money!!

Gentleman Jim, whilst jogging, had the most enormous fright of his life from the loudest DOG barking from behind the tall hedge. It turned out to be a tiny Yorkie Terrier - or was it?!

Our first beer stop turned out to be a Sweet Stop! where everyone of us enjoyed a bit of Choc Choc! Greedy lot!

Then, On On into the tunnel. I thought I heard more Rock 'n' Roll singing, something like, "I think I love you", by David Cassidy (Ed. Sorry, bit before my time!!!). As the weather was getting nicer, we strolled down the beautiful gentle countryside. Suddenly, we find ourselves climbing a huge, steep shitting hill, much to our disgust. Struggling with our shoes sticking into muddy holes!

Thankfully, we reached our real beer stop, gratefully drank the Regal, or as much as we could, to replenish our strength. Whilst there, Cyranose enjoyed what I call a first class massage from the Chippendale dancers! Soon after, we were approached by a young Gamekeeper with a huge saw (not a sawn-off shot gun we normally see) muttering that we were trespassing on private land. Oh dear, he was seen to threaten to saw off our heads! only to be saved by our gallant Hare, Doc, with hismauthoritative manner in apologising, etc.

Gentleman Jim was almost pissed off again after his shoe nearly came off in the deep muddy trail. On On to the last leg, but to our horror, it was another fucking uphill (you bastard, Doc). Cos we've already used up all our strength, we had to use every inch of our limbs to crawl ourselves up home to what I call a very well-deserved drink! And lovely little Camilla May turned up to see Gran and Gramps or Doc and Mango! Yes! You deserve to be Gran and Gramps - that's how we all felt at the end of the day!!

DOWN DOWNS.

- Doc - Hare.
- Gail -
- Mango - front running bastard.
- Mad Dog - welcome return drink.
- Poodle - M.K.H3 visitor.

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