



Run no. 123
 Venue: The Fox & Hounds, Skeffington
 Scribe: Mr. E Mann
 Hare: Bummer

Firstly, a disclaimer.
 Most of the information herein, if not all, may be entirely false. You have been warned!

Among the 12 of us gathered in the Skeffington sunshine were Big Phut and Warmers, who had only got off the plane from the USA 8 hours earlier, and not a hint of jet-lag (Some sense of deja-vu, here?) A couple of strategic false trails fooled the pack immediately - the real trail gave the impression of going through someone's back garden before going through lots of fields of richly pollenating long grass.

After crossing a road, your scribe found a trail down a farm track, but the rest of the pack just stood by the road, gawping in bewilderment. Now, would I lie to you? The trail then went across a field, but to where? I found a gap in the corner of the field, and the trail bending sharp right the other side of the hedge. This confused everyone totally, running in all sorts of directions at the hedge, not finding a way through. However, it soon turned out to be a false trail.

This clever little twist managed to get the pack completely together again, and we climbed the hill to a check by a track. Not wishing to check downhill most of us plumped for the two false trails. However, the trail was downhill, along a field to another check. Rough Passage found the trail, and went bombing along like a cheetah on speed (Diane Modahl?) The woods smelled wonderful (Doc Crippen's aftershave?) as we went along a long farm track and up another hill to the road.

Another long hill and another falsie (Still, it was a good view), then back down the hill to a check with at least 5 false trails off it. Warmers went down one of them, Showman went down one, while Barritone checked two of them out. Your scribe found himself running parallel to the trail. There must be a way through up there...just keep going. Eventually I found a clearing, and joined the pack at the next check.

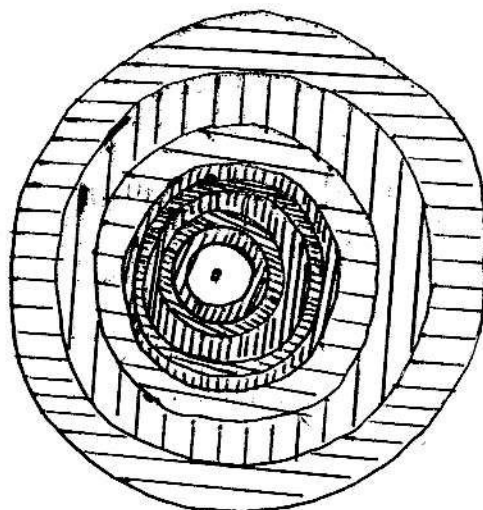
At this point, my magnetic sense was telling me that we had done roughly a straight line going away from the pub. Everybody checked this way and that, but the trail went... straight on. We were now following the course of a railway that had been removed by that vandal Beeching. Every now and again there was a check with footpaths left and right, which Barritone checked out like a demented rabbit. But surely we must go back sometime? "These were just to fool him!!" They certainly did, and suddenly there was a ringing tone from the hare that struck terror into every hasher's heart:

"YOU DO REALISE WE ARE STILL RUNNING AWAY FROM THE PUB, DON'T YOU!!"

Eventually we turned 180 degrees, and confronting us was a big hill. Rough Passage bounded up it like a mountain goat, while the rest of us ambled up slowly to a regroup at the top, where we all had a well-earned rest and watched the kids playing with their kites. Aaaaah!

Warmers eagerly checked down a false trail, with Barritone in hot (!) pursuit. The real trail went the other side of the wood, through a gap in the hedge and across a field to a ditch, which Doc Crippen decided could benefit from a few more gastric juices. After jumping across the ditch and nearly missing, it was through a field of maize to a farm, where someone very senior in Quorn Mismanagement (I can't remember who) asked one of the locals the way back to Skeffington - a cardinal sin if ever there was one! "straight across the field", they said. From there, it was back across a few more fields to the pub, which was at least a mile closer than I expected it to be.

This trail had everything - hills, woodland, fields, tracks, roads, a water jump; the pack also stayed together most of the time due to the cleverly thought out twists. When we arrived back after nearly two hours (Too long for many), dying of thirst and starving, what a welcome sight the pub was!



PROFESSOR KRANKOVSKI'S OPTICAL ILLUSION

Stare hard at the spot in the centre for one minute, then look away.

Is the room spinning?

If it is, this means you are pissed.