



Run no. 127  
 Venue: The Wheatsheaf, Edith Weston, Rutland Water  
 Scribe: Bummer  
 Hare: Pigeon Shit & assistants

Not too far for Bummer to travel for a change; about 10 miles - what luxury. So plus marks already before the run has even started. A warm and sunny day, 10 minutes down the road, all was truly good with the world.

Straight to the pub - no wrong turns - only to be greeted with "He wants us to park in the road!" Second class citizens, are we? It soon became apparent the average 6-pack was going to be well and truly outnumbered. Even a little "Ooh la la" from France - nudge nudge wink wink - things are looking up and down and up and down!!

Soon enough a shirtless Pigeon arrived around the corner with a bag of sawdust. More and more folk arrived to swell the gathering to maybe even 30 "ish". GM called a pre-hash circle to explain the rules, of which there are none of course except "27B" (please see Bummer for explanation of rule "27B"). Many introductions, much mumbling about sawdust not flour, tight git that Pigeon, etc. etc. ...all normal stuff.

On On and Off Off, let the fun begin a gallon before Rutland Water. The bit in Pigeon's brief about the front runners picking up the trail left me with sawdust bulging from every orifice. Can I put it down yet Pigeon? Thank God I was soon overtaken!! Good old Barritone took up the chase and took some keen young hounds off down to the water. Nice one Pigeon, a sly falsie - who needs a check.

Grope-Her, Dog and Boy Seat took up the challenge and led us onto the round the water path. Josh and Yours Truly pushed on ahead only for the Barritone Brigade to charge past. A sneaky bit of short cutting (tactical running) brought me swiftly to Check One at last. Like a fool I took the cornfield, ruddy great big cornfield, and obviously it was straight on the path.

A little more tactical running was required, finding a bloody way through the hedge. First hole I found was a large rabbit hole, which took my right leg up to the knee. A quick look around to make sure no one noticed and I was through Hedge One and could see the pack still heading along the path. One more field, one more hedge, back on sawdust!

On and on along the path, the flies had caught up and were hungry. Josh managed to hold up Barritone and gang. A few minutes passed and the pack arrived, so we moved off round a corner to Check 2. I went left through a gate, knowing it would really be on down the path. Someone's got to do it, and after nearly chopping myself in two with the gate latch I found the trail. On up, on over to darn tarmac!

Charging home with Josh and Cyranose, truly believing we were "on in" - what fools. We even ran straight by a bridleway - the whole pack tried a track with no sawdust in sight. Lied to by the R.A. who is always right, isn't she!!

Run 127 - Continued

It was down the bridleway of course, and into the bullocks and one mean looking beast who was fully tackled and huge!! Now feeling inadequate having seen Mr. Bull, we did a quick lap of a church and village before picking up the road back. A little trail to the right took the gang, Josh and Barritone in totally. I spotted sawdust straight up the road and tipped Grope-Her off, and led the pack home - Yes me, Bummer, with Wallington next home.

Not a bad run for Pigeon, an Irish midwife and someone from Stamford whose name escapes me. However, said lady has frogs in a dog bowl, any dogs in her frog bowl? On on to the Wheatsheaf at Thurcaston and Wallington.

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Professor Krankovski's weather guage

You can guage the weather by simply hanging a sock on your washing line with a piece of twine.

- If the sock is dry - This means it is not raining.
- If the sock is blowing about - This means it is windy.
- If the sock is covered in frost - This means it is cold
- If you can't see the sock - This means it is foggy.

