



Run no. 132
 Venue: The Navigation, Barrow-Upon-Soar
 Scribe: Stan
 Hare: Mango and Cyranose

Mango and Doc Crippen parked their jeep in what they thought was Big Phut and Warmers' drive, and strolled up to the pub. Having coaxed the already half tipsy early arrivals out of the pub, we met outside said jeep, where the hares briefed everybody about the run. Suddenly - oh shit - it was realised with dawning clarity that this wasn't Big Phut's drive at all, so we decided to warn the tenants. This may appear trivial, but in the light of a recent feature on CRIMEWATCH UK of 4-wheel drive jeeps parked in suspicious places in Barrow-Upon-Soar, this was, with hindsight, a wise move.

The speckled display of lights wound its way round the back-streets of Barrow (Looked like an early Diwali celebration). At one point Wallington checked a false trail, and was gone for so long we had to send out a search party (Well, Pisscophrenia, actually). "Let's get this trail moving", said the hares, pointing up an alleyway. This led across some shiggified fields into the dark unknown.

At the next check, Barritone found the trail, but Rough Passage soon took the lead. We eventually came out at a cross-roads and a new housing estate. Barritone checked left, Rough Passage checked right, Both wrong - it was straight on! Barritone second-guessed a shiggified path leading down to yet more new estates. From there, it was over the fields and into Barrow the back way, where a Barbour-clad woman walking her dog shouted "It's not that way!" I didn't know whether she was talking to us or to her dog. "Don't answer and be rude then, I don't care" I still didn't know whether she was talking to us or to her dog! Back in the streets of Barrow, a sweet old lady said "The powder trail's that way!" This led down to the canal, and On Inn down the towpath (So what's new?) Great trail - Just the thing for those winter blues

After 3 delicious pints of Lloyds (John Thompson of Ingleby fame), and some general hash gossip, we trundled of to Cyranose's pad for the main part of the evening - the pyrotechnics!! We weren't disappointed, as Cyranose had made some delicious soup, and Barritone had made the traditional Bonfire Night Parkin, plus some Gluhwein!! Thus suitably warmed we went into the garden for the Oooooohs and Ahhhhhhs. Rockets whizzed, bangers banged, and Roman Candles flaunted themselves only they know how. Nanski got the best vantage position, watching from the inside of the french window. Then it was back inside for bangers, bacon and beans - chilli beans in preparation for more pyrotechnics from the rear end. Cyranose, by now thoroughly enjoying herself, led the dancing.

I bet some of you are kicking yourselves wishing you were there!