



Run no: 140
 Venue : THE TRIP TO JERUSALEM
 HARE : GROPE-HER
 SCRIBE : BARRITONE

As the Big Six rode into the cave, they were greeted with the words, "No checks, no false trails - this is virtually a live run." So, the Magnificent Seven climbed up the hill into the heat of the night.

After a good gallop up Standard Hill (Where the civil War started), the trail bent left into town and under a subway, where Barritone took one of those missing false trails. On was called the other side of Maid Marian Way, and by the time I had crossed, the rest of the pack were nowhere to be seen. Never mind, I had easily picked up the trail, and eventually caught up with the hare at the top of the Park. But where was everyone else? "My flour's blowing away!", cried Grope-Her, plaintively. Furthermore, the hare had lost the point where the trail was supposed to emerge. You see, dear reader, what I had been following was the next portion of the trail - backwards!

We returned almost to the point whence I had come, and the rest of the trail passed without anything really noteworthy. . We ran down all sorts of crooks and nannies we didn't previously know existed, eventually ending up at the Lace Market.

It was a short run, allowing for more drinking time. A visit to the Trip is an experience in itself: it literally protrudes from a cave underneath the Castle, and claims to be the oldest pub in England - dating from 1189. Pity there weren't more people - Bet you're kicking yourself wishing you were there.

Present: Grope-Her, Josh, Moby Dick, Doc Crippen, Bleat, Dame Shame, Barritone.
 Non-runner: Mango

• "I cannot remember how it got there," brick-layer Arcadio Javier told hospital authorities in Higüey, Dominican Republic, after a surgeon had removed a hundred-watt light bulb from his colon. "It is like a dream. I recall going to see a hypnotist at my local theatre. I remember that I was given a lemon to suck, and he told me that I was a Roman god. Then I was informed that I was Thomas Edison, and was asked to demonstrate whether I was AC or DC. After that, everything became misty, but perhaps that is how the bulb got there."
 Mrs Javier has filed for divorce. "It's no mystery to me," she told reporters. "He's a liar. He's been to no hypnotist. Arcadio regularly goes on 15-day drinking sprees with a transvestite who calls himself Maria. I've had enough. They get up to all sorts. I've found no end of things up in the attic."
 After reconnection, the light bulb was found still to be working. (Rochester Courier [US]. 26/1/95. Spotter — E.D.P.M. Kingston)