



Run no: 143  
Venue: The Bradgate Arms, Cropston  
Scribe: Rockhopper  
Hares: Wallington

By 11:10 the pack could wait no longer and set off on the trail leaving Barritone in his best shoes praying for the arrival of his hashing shoes. So keen were the pack to get on, they did not notice that they were off trail and had to be called back by Wallington. Once on the trail there was enough checks to allow latecomers and Barritone, complete with hashing shoes, to catch up.

Eventually the trail lead into Swithland Woods, and the fun really began. There were so many loops in the trail that there were few tracks through the woods without footprints and flour. Inevitably, some bits of trail got followed more than once, often in opposite directions, and the pack broke up into smaller and smaller groups. Just when we thought that we were getting lost, most of the hashers found Wallington in the middle of the woods and it soon became apparent that we were lost. When Wallington was asked the way on, his reply was "Has anyone seen any flour recently??" From here we set off with Wallington leading until eventually, more by luck than judgement, we found the trail which lead out of the woods. A cry of "On On" in the distance from a small group who had somehow found a quicker way out of the woods sent us in the direction of Bradgate Park. On the way up to the park we were joined by a fell runner who was out on a training run

Fortunately the hare had resisted the temptation to lay the trail up to and around Old John, and so we had a pleasant down hill run in the hot sun to an ice cream stop. On the way we lost the fell runner - obviously the pace was too much for him!!

Suitably refreshed we ran along the road back to Cropston. By the end of the trail most of us were on automatic pilot and so did not notice that the on i lead to the wrong pub.

Down Downs:	Wallington	- Hare
	Barritone	- For being Barritone / wrong shoes?
	Clive & Sergio	- Virgins
	Too Tough & Letti	- New recruits to Quorn H3

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Nigel had applied to join the SAS. He was ushered into the interview room by a Recruiting Seargent, who waid, "If you want to join the SAS, son, there are two tests you should pass. First, here's a lump of Semtex. See if you can do something impressive with this". The boy duly left, and half an hour later there was an almighty bang. The seargent was pretty impressed with this, so he continued with the second part of the test, which was to recite the alphabet.

The lad cleared his throat, and began:

A-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-Z

"Oh", said the seargent, "What happened to B and Q?"

"Well you heard that big explosion a moment ago.....?"  
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