

Run No. 203

The Black Horse, Grimston (allegedly) - 28th April 1997(ish)

Hare - Josh
Person in charge of seeing if the pub opens on a Monday - Josh

A long time ago, in a galaxy very much like our own, was a pub that opened Tuesday to Sunday.....

Many would say 'more fool you, going to a place (with a pub which is shut on Mondays) called Grimston. The clue', the same people would tell you, 'is in the name.'

Well they'd be wrong.

(Apart from the bit about the pub not opening on a Monday)

Cars had eventually congregated around the (alleged) pub, in the very pretty village of Grimston. Anxious glances were exchanged through rain sodden windows. Was the RA going to be in trouble again? In the nick of time he did his bit, the rainclouds were sent back whence they came, and we made do with the odd bluster of wind.

When the hare, who chose the pub (shut on Mondays), decided to show up, with freshly floured hands, the pack set off all eager, like. Bummer showed the way, and set a pace quite unlike him before coming across the first check, which was tactically handled.

The checks proved to be suitably vague, flour was sparse, especially if you chose the wrong direction (a game at which your scribe is reigning champion). The trail led us artfully through bluebell strewn woodland, across typically English pastureland and up a sodding great big hill (no problem for Bummer).

It should be noted here that sterling work was done to track down the trails by those tireless FRB's, who often, if not always, go unthanked for their efforts. Well done chaps.

Anyway, back to the customary melee and stalling which is found at most checks - that tricky 'do I follow Condom or Mr Logic, 'cos Hen-pecked's bound to be wrong' decision being made?

'Twas at one of these that a 'nearly Virgin' (is that possible RA?) by the name of Richard, actually believed Showman's suggestion of checking an obviously false trail. With youthful exuberance he bounded away, like a P-reg Marina (automatic) to an MOT.

Bummer was still up there with the FRB's, looking nonchalant and in control, aspirations high and perspirations hidden. Various passing comments were made, obviously with the intention of unnerving those already unnerved by his presence.

This plan would have worked too, if it wasn't for you pesky kids - NO!- what I meant to say was that this plan would have worked too, had it not been for the blatant short-cutting displayed as he and Too Tuff headed for the hedgerow at 90 degrees to the trail. We can only assume it was a short cut as they both appeared with wearing their own clothes, but Bummer's composure was noticeably shaken.

History won't (and shouldn't) recall how Warmers came to be the giver of advice on the circumcision of Excitable's imminent Hashlet(te). Suffice it to say I'm glad I wasn't born in Arabia anywhere near Warmers.

The trail led us back (luckily) to Grimston, where Hen-pecked was seen entertaining some sheep and scaring the local horse community. Then 'On-Inn' to the pub (alleged), where Bugger greeted us with a cheery "Halloo" and "T'pub's shut lads".

After much wailing and gnashing of teeth it was unanimously decided by somebody that the Red Lion at Nether Broughton would be much more likely to sell us some beer, so to Nether Broughton we went. Condom was first off from Grimston and last to arrive at the Red Lion, something to do with looking at a path he didn't get round to checking.

All in all a crap trail, 'cos we ended up exactly where we started, which is pretty pointless, and Josh pretended that this was his plan all along.

Down down's were provided as follows, by the RA with the steepest learning curve:

- Josh - (water) being a crap hare and choosing the (alleged) pub
- Warmers - for sharing here views on circumcision with an unprepared audience
- Richard - for believing Showman would send him down the right trail (Gullible)
- Bugger - for spraining his ankle by lobbing off a pavement while claiming to have no control over his legs (Curb crawler)
- Terry - for being Virginal, and making Bummer run like a good'un (Mr Motivator)
- Too Tuff - for it nearly being his birthday
- Mr Logic &
- Big Foot - for wanking in the circle
- Hen-pecked- for entertaining the wildlife and wearing thoroughly decent shorts.