

Run 221

The Royal Oak, Cossington

Hares; GPS and Womb Service

By 7.15 the wisdom of letting GPS set his first trail in the dark was looking suspect particularly as co-hare Womb Service did not know the whole route. At least the bar was open. GPS eventually turned up and after warning us to be careful on the railway line and the dual carriageway, we were off..

Late comers Hen Pecked and Jet Slag caught us up and after an early check we were off across a newly ploughed field which caused a few problems for those without lighting. At the edge of the field was a wire fence which caught Too Tuff out, or was he just lying in the ditch waiting for Pleasure Gnome ??

A short steep climb brought us onto the railway line, there was no obvious path across but flour had been laid along the track, allegedly. Despite the lack of flour, the way on was found and soon we were back on a road where a long run brought us to the next check. From there a gentle down hill run across flood lit fields brought us to the dual carriageway which despite the heavy traffic we crossed with only virgin Jen almost not making it, a short run then brought us into a village. Again the trail was lost, the way on being found by following GPS. Although this is not usually recommended, as he had laid the trail, this was our best option. After crossing more fields, we came out onto a road and found the beer stop.

From the beer stop the trail followed a river for miles and miles, alternating between stinging nettles and trees and bushes, many obstacles were found including several rabbit holes but despite these, nobody managed to fall in the river. At last the trees and nettles ended and the trail went through a field of maize which was fun in the dark ! At the end of the field the trail went under a road bridge, one of the arches under the bridge was partially flooded and Hen Pecked and Blow were lured into this by the lights and shouts of on-on from other hashers. Most of the pack short cutted along the road but for those who didn't, there were miles more running along the river back to Cossington.

In the absence of Barritone, Wet Wet Wet was chosen as a substitute to lead the singing. The two hares got a special down-down of water, for such a crap trail, as well as beer, Womb Service getting his during a re-Christening which included Mud Flaps massaging eggs and flour into his groin. A trace of flour ended up on the floor which, despite offers from hashers to clear it up, was later cleared up by bar staff who hinted that we would not be welcome there again.

Down-downs:

Womb Service - hare

GPS - hare

Ken - visitor

Jen - virgin

Josh - not noticing Showmans wallet and phone left on his fridge for nearly a week