

The Vat and Fiddle  
Nottingham

Run no. 227

Hare: Barritone

24 November 1997

For me, this evening run started in the afternoon at work nicking batteries for Pleasure Gnomes torch. Then when we got into the pub before the run started she carefully throw it onto the tile floor and broke the bulb. Would this be an omen of things to come? We formed a circle and Barritone outlined his masterplan. This trail would not be your common or garden one where you could expect to half enjoy a gentle plod through the city. Oh indeedy no. This time our hare had used guile, wit, cunning and an almost fanatical devotion to the Nottingham A-Z to show his rapt audience the History of Nottingham.

"Old News" I hear you cry, "we've already had to endure 8 trails Barritone has set in town." O.K., they were rubbish, but this was Trail 9, this was the one that was finally going to work.

We left the pub, the rain had stopped. T shirt weather for most, shell suit weather for Big Phut, Every single item of clothing I possess weather for Barritone. Barritone hadn't been feeling himself for the last few days and said he felt stiff and wasn't going to take any chances.

Into the Meadows with its warren of houses and cars on bricks. I thought we were never going to leave. Four bloody checks. The pack stayed together, too numbed by boredom to shake off the herd mentality.

Along the canal towpath to the new magistrates courts cleverly disguised as a Hyatt-Regency hotel, all internal voids and glass walls. This was both a check and lecture stop. Models of barge lifting engines inside restaurants and stuff (*Ed, fill this bit in would you, Tufty*). From this check there was no flour as our hare had been too girly scared to set any through the train station, we just got directions of 'It's through the station.'

Up into the Lace Market, former home to hundreds of lace making companies employing nimble fingered young women and the reason why Nottingham has the reputation of being stuffed full of tottie. Well we hung around a lamppost under the pretext of another Barritone lecture but none turned up.

Cutting our losses it was time to annoy the locals by shouting our way across Slab square and up Long Row. Under Maid Marion Way to a check on Park Row at the top of a flight of stairs. I think it was Blow! who found the bar at the bottom. He should have stayed where he was as 10 minutes later we passed those stairs on our way from our loop through the Park to the castle gates. Our final lecture; Nottingham castle, home to the start of the Civil War. On Inn now with the trail taking us through the Broadmarsh shopping centre and back to the Vat and Fiddle.

**Outside for Down Downs had people whinging about getting cold. Deputy RA Bugger dispensed the awards including one to virgin John and one to his sister, M.D., visiting from the Scarborough Hash. You can't beat keeping it in the family.**

**Highlight of the pub talk: Scrooge was complaining that his girlfriend demands sex 14 times a week. Not too much of a problem we all said. " But I only see her on Sundays "**

**Talking to Barritone in a pub a few weeks later I asked him just what had been his health problem that evening. " I certainly felt rough for a couple of days " he said "I think it was malaria." And thats the bloody truth.**

#### Five Stages of Drunkenness

##### Stage 1 - SMART

This is when you suddenly become an expert on every subject in the known universe. You know you know everything and you want to pass on your knowledge to anyone who will listen. At this stage you are always RIGHT. And of course, the person you are talking to is very WRONG. This makes for an interesting argument when both parties are SMART.

##### Stage 2 - GOOD LOOKING

This is when you realize that you are the BEST LOOKING person in the entire bar and that people fancy you. You can go up to a perfect stranger knowing they fancy you and really want to talk to you. Bear in mind that you are still SMART, so you can talk to this person about any subject under the sun.

##### Stage 3 - RICH

This is when you suddenly become the richest person in the world. You can buy drinks for the entire bar because you have an armored truck full of money parked behind the bar. You can also make bets at this stage, because of course you're still SMART, so naturally, you will win all your bets. It doesn't matter how much you bet 'cos you are RICH. You will also buy drinks for everyone that you fancy, because you are now the BEST LOOKING person in the world.

##### Stage 4 - BULLET PROOF

You are now ready to pick fights with anyone and everyone, especially those with whom you have been betting or arguing. This is because nothing can hurt you. At this point you can also go up to the partners of the people who you fancy and challenge them to a battle of the wits or money. You have no fear of losing this battle, because you are smart, you're RICH, and Hell, you're better looking than them anyway!

##### Stage 5 - INVISIBLE

This is the final stage of Drunkenness. at this point you can do anything, because NO ONE CAN SEE YOU, You dance on a table to impress the people whom you fancy because the rest of the people in the room cannot see you. You are also invisible to the person who wants to fight you. You can walk through the street singing at the top of your lungs because no one can see or hear you and because you're still SMART, you know ALL the words.