

Run no: 240, Palm Sunday
Venue: The Kings Arms, Scalford
Hares: Durex
Scribe: Barritone

For Lo, it came to pass that the Scribe rode from the mighty citadel of Bees-ton to the small village of Scal-ford. And there was no soul at the inn. But fear not, for the hare soon appeared and claimed, "Behold, I shew you a sign". And he withdrew from his body a bottle of Ariel Automatic and drew a circle of flour. Thou shalt seek the Holy Water from the Fount of Safe-way, which is hidden in a dark place. But there shall be a trail to guide you, three blobs and thou art on".

And the Scribe led the way for the first three checks, round fields, through woods and across streams. However, he soon went the wrong way and found an inviting path where the shiggy was ankle deep, and had to run to the other end just to make sure. The real trail went round the flooded field, where Warmers washed her boots. "You don't have to try so hard to glean material", cried Bugger, "You can always make it up".

For the Pharisee known only as Josh had already found the Holy Water, and he saw that it was indeed a dark place, for it was a tunnel nearly a mile long. And we drank the Holy Water and we found it tasted good. However, Scrooge had none, for it had all run out. Then the Lord said, "And soon you will see a great light, but first you must walk in darkness". And by torchlight did we traverse the Mighty tunnel of As-fordby. And Bugger touched the tunnel walls with his hands. For he had no torch, and the tunnel was increasingly infested with rabbit hutches. "I can't see Jack shit", he exclaimed. But soon the light appeared, first as a church window in the distance, then as a blazing inferno. Blinking and eyes burning, we found the trail which bent sharply up a steep wooded bank and up a steep grassy hill. But Lightning Rod had found the next check, and a trail which led across the Raging Torrents of Cow-Shit. "I think this is a false trail", he said hopefully. But lo, we checked all the other trails and found that false it was not. There were various ways of traversing this passage, from wading straight through it, to doing as Blow! did and bypassing it completely and SCBing, to gingerly stepping on haphazardly placed lumps of concrete and perilously gripping the top of the cow shed. And the cows were bemused and amused at the strange hands protruding into the byre. Just then one of the cows wretched the entire contents of its stomach onto Mudflaps' leggings. And mudflaps looked up and saw the cow was smiling, which is good, as every Japanese man knows, a contented cow is a succulent cow. And as the cow had obviously been fed sweetcorn and bolognaise sauce, Saki and beer, it must fetch at least £100 per kilo in Tokyo.

And we saw Scal-ford over the hill in the distance. And soon we were over the cattle grid and piling into the pub. And it was disclosed that the GM had committed the heinous crime of stating on his CV that he was "President of a local running club". And the hounds shouted "Crucify, Crucify". And then the Erections were buried, and on her third day it was Rose again. For she was to be Rose no longer, and on being anointed with the holy water she shall forever more be known as "Creamy Bristols". Durex also was awarded a down-down for a great trail, as were the new Mismanagement. And then we all drank more beer.