

The Royal Oak  
Great Dalby

Run no. 245

Hare: Doc Crippen

26 May 1998

A rare Tuesday night run due to: a.) the last Monday in the month was a Bank Holiday and people might be away, but mainly b.) it's half term and Doc wanted to rub it in to people with proper jobs just what a cushy life teachers have.

With our R.A. working down South it was a bit worrying to be arriving at the pub with the rain still coming down. Fortunately Durex was on hand to assume the missionary position and be stand-in R.A. Calling on only some of his vast Hashing experiance he promptly banished the rain and at 7.15, after a taxi had decanted Barritone, off we set. The pack was small but with Wallington, Barritone and Durex all keen to be front runners the trail was going to have to contain some devious checks to give the rest of us a chance to keep up.

And did it ever! This was one trail not to try and short cut. It turned and twisted like a twisty turny thing. On those rare occasions when the trail ran straight it was straight through a field of marauding cattle or straight through a field of high corn with no path or alongside an electric fence with a kick like a mule. Laugh? I almost started.

At last a regroup. All the beer stop lacked was a balmy summer evening with swifts flying high in the sky and grasshoppers chirping and beer. The beerless-stop quickly over with we were off once again, Pleasure Gnome and myself actually front running. Wonders never cease, and they didn't as we then came across a badger heading down the track towards us before ambling off into the hedge.

Up the road back into the village and a check which really shouldn't have fooled Barritone, then through the church yard and back to the pub. This was the kind of place where the typical customer spends a wedge on a meal rather than drink but it did still have a public bar at one end with fine ale and an attractive barmaid ( Doc had to point that out as naturally I hadn't noticed ).

If I were to call Down Downs restrained I'd be lying. A more truthfull description would be we didn't bother with them. Tut tut. But that did leave more time for the few non drivers - me and Barritone - to drink loads.

The pack size of six would have been swelled enormously by Bugger & Goblin had they not gone to Old Dalby instead.

ON ON

*Tufty*