

Run 285, 28th June 1999
The Olde Thatched Inn, Stanton under Bardon,
(Live)Hare: Bugger & Goblin

The notion that the last person to arrive at the pub, should also be the scribe, is usually a sound premise, unless the last person to arrive is the hare, who still hasn't set half the run - hence why the 1st half of this run was with a 'live hare'.

It all started to go wrong for me (the hare) when I took a day off from my 'normal' job to attend a morning board meeting in the family business, which then dragged on until 5.00, leaving me about an hour to set a trail which should have took about 2.5 hours to set. I got Goblin to drop me off about half way round (it was well after 6pm by this time) while she went and a) bought and stashed the beer for beer stop & b) went to the pub to delay the pack from starting the run, before I got back.

I finally dragged myself into the car park at 7.25 to be greeted by a pack eager to get off - only 1 small snag prevented them leaving -there was no trail to follow. I managed to beg 5 minutes head start and slowly plodded off with about half a bag of flour to set a mile of trail X-country, Live - challenging!!

Now in the traditions of hashing, to set a live trail, you ideally need:-

- To be bloody fit, to be able to stay ahead of the pack,
- To know exactly where you are going & where you can throw the pack,
with some cunning falses so you can re-join the trail without being seen.
- To have enough flour to cover the trail you want to set
- And finally, ideally to have set most of the trail the night before,

I had none of the above!

I turned right out of the car park & started back up the hill into the village. I chose to take the 2nd footpath on the right, between 2 houses, because it 'looked like someone's back passage', into the playing field behind. I put a blob of flour on one side of the field & one on the other - simple to find! Up the hill, through the newly planted woodland to the main road, where I panicked as I thought I could hear the pack catching me up, so I chucked a check in and the laid the flour on the far side of the road. At the next junction, I threw in another check in and used my last half ounce of flour to put 3 blobs on a footpath just inside a field, quite a distance from the junction, then legged it!

I sat on the Armco on the Motorway bridge for about 15 minutes before the FRB's emerged from the field - apparently it was the 1st field that had thrown them, so I couldn't have heard them after all. I directed them across the bridge and then to take the 1st left turn & up the hill at the back of Markfield.

At the top of the hill the FRB's found a cunningly placed arrow (luckily) to direct them on to the footpath towards Markfield. The trail then looped around the top part (top being highest elevation) of Markfield. A loop is good description as the trail came right back almost to the arrow (well it was on the opposite side of the road) and then turned and descended towards the Motorway, through a tangle of nettles, brambles & shiggy.

Over the motorway, then diagonally across & up the field towards the farm, avoiding the tractor en-route, to emerge on the road to Stanton from Junction 22 of the M1 and a check. Happily (for me), Barritone checked left and found the bar, whilst Wallington (who was still complaining that I had invaded his territory) found the trail to the right along the road & onto the footpath by the side of the quarry, which even in summer was knee deep in Shiggy.

The footpath emerged just above the top end of Stanton village (after passing what must be the only garden in the country which includes a collection of rusting Allegros & Marinas), and crossed the main road, then continued along the lane between Billa Barra Hill (location of a cracking run by Rockhopper 2 years later!) and the quarry. Hopefully a couple of cunning checks along this lane managed to slow the pack down a bit, I have no idea if they did, as I had now dropped off the back of the pack - luckily the beer stop was near.

Goblin had stashed the beer for the beer stop next to a bench overlooking a mother of a quarry, which unfortunately meant before I could drink the Co-op (Markfield) bitter I had to climb the steep path to the rim of the quarry. The pack then enjoyed a beer watching over the activity in the quarry below, with Rock Hopper giving explanations of what was going on. Having set off fairly late, it was now getting dark, so after everybody had been 'encouraged' to empty the bottles, we headed for the pub along the rim of the quarry, until the trail drops steeply to the fields that back on to the village. 1 final crappy check took the pack along the edge of the fields behind the houses until emerging virtually opposite the pub.

Down Downs were held in the Car Park, and apart from the hares, I can't remember who else got one.

Bugger 02/02/02