

Man Within Compass Sunday 15th August Run 292

A glorious Sunday morning in August started early in the Bugger/Goblin household, when I left the house at 7.00 to set the trail. The sun was glistening through the trees as I set off, 6 bags of flour in hand - having negotiated a price for buying 6kg of out of date self raising flour at 7.20am Sunday morning from a corner shop - have you ever tried to buy flour at that time/day?

I had allowed extra time to set the hash, in order to be able to spec' parts of the route not previously checked on reconnoitring trips, as I'd decided that morning to make a slight amendment to the route (actually I'd changed the orientation, added a chunk to take out a road section and chopped a section in the woods to prevent cross-overs) - isn't this *always* the case?

On finishing laying the trail I returned home for a well earned breakfast and picked up Goblin. On return to the pub car park, we found a reception committee of Needa Orgasm, Rubber Dick and their friend John (not a hasher) who they were staying with and dragged along with them (they needed a lift anyway). It took us completely by surprise as a) they were visitors & b) they were at the pub at 10.45 & c) they were eager to run. I left Goblin talking to them, as I went and put the beer at the beer stop - *very close* to the end of the run!!!

The Quorn hashers dribbled into the car park at various times after 11.00 to make a pack of 11 including the visitors and at 11.20 we decided to make a start. I gathered the flock together and gave them details of the run:- 2 holding checks, lots of normal checks, a beer stop, 2 blobs of flour you'll be on or find a bar, a river crossing, plenty of shortcuts, shiggy, another river crossing, etc.

The gaggle of hashers plodded off out the car park, ran for about 4 yards, then stopped at the 1st check. I couldn't believe it but Jetslag actually checked up the footpath that led back into the pub car park! Oh well, luckily one of the visitors found the trail and called on on down the hill along the road. At the next check, Firkin's Oakley glasses obviously hadn't warmed up yet as she failed to see of the 3 blobs of flour on the route she checked. Anyway, it was that way, down to the river and up to the old railway line. As I stood at the check, awaiting the On call, I was so pleased that no less than 4 hashers had found the bar about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile along the railway line. Always satisfying for a hare when a whole group is suckered into checking a trail out right up to the bar.

The trail continued to meander through the back alleyways of Whitwick, then met up at a holding check on the green outside the Prince of Wales pub. That signalled the end of the town section, which was necessary to get to the start of footpaths. To the end of the cul de sac, over the stile and Waaaaarrrrrhhh, straight down a near vertical slope and then up further side. The check at the top stuffed everybody that much I had tell which way to go, sigh... Ah well revenge is sweet, as at the bottom of the hill, Jetslag had found the river crossing and was ensuring that everybody jumped across rather than take the bridge - 5 yards to the right of the trail.

Over the road and up an alley which had the distinct smell of piss. We were now in Thringstone again, which is where the pub is actually situated not 'Near Coalville' as Barritone had described it. At the road junction appeared a familiar face in a Jeep - Lady Dye, who had been looking for the pub for 45 mins, however he was using a map with a scale that had Aberdeen and Athens on the same page. After getting some directions from a Visitor!, he left us to deal with the second river crossing. This entailed walking along the outside of a bridge a full 4ft above 3inches of water for about 10ft. It still took quite a few minutes to get all the pack across. In the meantime Lady Dye had come back again after still not finding the pub even though he only had to make 1 left turn at a T-junction.

We had finally made it to Cademan Woods, which stretch for about 5 miles along a ridge but are only about 200 yards wide - hence the requirement for one way traffic only. The trail had been cunningly set to skirt the edge in order to reach a point where about a dozen trails met by a huge oak tree. Here was the second holding check. In order that it wasn't missed, I drew a rather large circle, which was compared, to the markings of a Heli-pad. Ok, so the entire pack could stand inside it - but you didn't miss it did you. Now for the final bit of news about the trail:- The only way is UP, (boy did it go up) and at the top is the beer stop.

Everyone knows how I love running in woods, I was in my element here, with path twisting around and you cracking your head on the low branches. Halfway up, at one of my checks Wallington & Goblin accepted the offer of a shortcut, which allowed a slow walk up a break in the trees, in the now glorious sunshine with views over the Trent Valley - if we had walked backwards. Perfect timing meant we arrived at the next check just as the rest of the pack was fanning out across the forest floor.

The (fit) visitors and Firkin were still stormin' up the hill and were therefore 1st to arrive at the Beer stop at the Trig point. Beer carefully stashed earlier, was dolled out as we all sat there trying to take in the view of the Trent Valley from Willington Power station in the West to the tower blocks of Radford in the East, with Breedon in the centre and the Monastery behind.

A gentle stroll down through the trees had us emerging in the pub car park, which, for Sunday lunchtime in August was still empty.

Jetslag had been nominated as RA, and proceeded to conduct the seated circle in the garden - as it was now too hot to even stand up. DD's were awarded to:-

Lady Dye - Mis-directed
Firkin - Blinded by light (flour)
Needa Orgasm - Cajun Visitor
Bugger - Hare
Slimcea - 1st time with Quorn.

Bugger
14th January 2000