

## Scribe's eye view

Date:- 5th September 1999.

Run No:- 294.

Venue:- The Red Lion, Stathern, Leics.

Hare(s):- Scrooge.

### 'Crash, Bang, Wallop, Shame I didn't get a picture!'

Have you ever had one of those days, one of those days where you think that maybe, just maybe you'd have stayed in bed, well this must have been one of them...

...I arose out of my bed, only semi-hungover from the nights B-B-Q festivities the night before, to find that the good weather had, as promised, stayed all weekend, as did Mudflaps, Bugger and Malteaser.

Obviously the first order of the day was to get some fluid down our necks, and as most of the beer had gone, I had to suffice with corporation pop, filtered, not shaken but stirred...

...On gazing out of the window, several beams of sunlight smacked me clean on the back of the retina, which wouldn't have been too bad if the eclipse was going on, as I'd have something to blame it on, but as we were eclipseless, I put the grasping of my head and eyes down to the tremendous headache that I was sure I would gained during the days events...

...As the little hand pointed to the ten, and the big hand gradually made it's way to the twelve, we all wondered whether or not we would receive that phone call off of Barritone asking for a lift, or had he gone away...

...Two minutes to, 'Ring, Ring', "hello it's Barry here...", of course I presumed he was phoning to ask for a lift, rather than breaking into conversation...so I offered the service to him, to which he told me that he'd come up to us...I informed him that we'd be leaving at 10:15 on the dot...

...Ten fifteen came and went, tried to phone, got the hareline message, ten twenty came, and I went, but as I was pulling out of the drive, I saw this straggly haired silhouette down the end of the road, standing still..."What is he doing!"...

...As we approached him, we noticed that there was a fair amount of blood intermingled within the usual amount of sweat dripping off his body...he must have over exerted himself trying to get to us in time...no that wasn't the case...he'd actually decided that he substitute himself as a 'crash test dumble' and had thrown himself threw the rear windscreen of a parked Volvo...much, I must say, to the annoyance of it owner!

...As Barritone stood there, bent bike, dented pride, and a windscreen to pay for we sped off, Mudflaps in tow, towards Stathern, a place I recalled from a City of Leicester hash...not that hill again!

...Mudflaps ain't renowned for her directional skills, nor her 'keeping up with Blow! Skills, as several times we had to pull over and await the arrival of the 'Red bullet'...



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...Arrived at Stathern with a minute to spare, that is a minute to spare before Tom decided to throw both his breakfasts up all over the pub car park...watched by many a pale faced hasher...

...Entered the usual, "Hello, how are you..." Routine, making sure that I approached the hare and asked him about the only memory of Stathern that I had...that bloody hill!..."That's later!", he replies...

...The temperature by this time must have easily been in the late twenties, early thirties...a bit like Mudflaps...

...The early pace was surprisingly gentle, with only myself and a couple of car drivers topping thirty miles an hour...but I was soon over took by the rest of the pack, as I recced a field that only had the one blob of flour...but headed for 'that hill!'

...After what seemed like twenty six miles of tarmac, we reached a check, by the side of a canal...three blobs left...three blobs right, and three blobs straight head...now he wasn't going to make this easy...luckily Durex found the 'right' way...

### Swan leak

...AS I turned the corner of the canal, I was greeted by the site of Jetslag tool in hand leaning over canal, doing and impression of 'The Mannekin Pis'...when question about his choice of location, he informed me that he was admiring the swans as they swam gracefully down the canal...yeah, or was it more the fact that you couldn't wait any longer...at least the swans saw the funny side...

### Killing field

...Then all I could hear was Durex's voice and a pair of waving arms in this field of maize...but by this time I was just totally drained, and I'm not sure whether it was the fact of the heat, the length, or the fact it was up a bloody hill, but I just had to walk at this stage...temperatures must have soared another degree or ten as the sun climbed higher into the sky, and as we climbed higher up the field, we could see the rest of the pack strung out for miles, but this didn't deter us from leaving them behind...

...The trail then took us down a dis-used railway, full of the usual nasties...and I don't mean Jetslag...even though he was the first to venture down the embankment, it seemed a safer option than to wrestle with the bramble bush, like which Durex chose to partake...



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### 'Boy's on the black top'

...Funnily enough, we'd actually managed to find some more tarmac, a nice long, demoralising stretch of it...luckily this didn't lead to the 'bloody hill', but wasn't far off it...but as we plodded on down (or was it up!) this road, and the sun belted down, mirages of bars kept appearing, with tall glasses of ice cold beer awaiting our parched lips, and maidens wafting cooling fans, to tending to our every need...then they faded away as we knew they must have been dreams, because you know how rare it is that women get the first round in...

### 'Hold on a minute'

...As I ran across the parched and barren lands of Stathern, I noticed Jetslag running off in to the distance like there was no tomorrow, little must he have realised that the end of the world had passed by with little incident...so crawling on my hands and knees as fast as I could, trying to catch him up to make him have a holding check...as he finally realised what the words, "Jetslag, hold!" meant, he turned back and stood and awaited the arrival of the rest of the pack...and waited...and waited...and waited...first Doc Crippen and Leo, who immediately decided to go off a 'check it out', R.A's ten a penny, next was Too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome, and the poorly Lucy, who I tried to encourage to drink, by showing her how it was done...but she just seemed to ignore my help...

...Pleasure Gnome at this point decided on what seemed a very late New Years resolution, "That's it!" She cried, "I am giving up smoking!"...well see, she didn't also seemed that confident in her marathon bid anymore as she slumped to the ground, and decided that she'd wasted the eleven pounds entry fee...

...Well we held it as long as we could, and as Wallington got within two hundred meters of us we went off a checking...Doc Crippen choosing the wrong route even though he'd tested the ground not ten minutes earlier...at this point, with that 'bloody hill' in front of us, Too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome decided to leave us, something about tipping some stagnant water over a baby's head to invoke it's Christian believes...

### 'The man that climbed a hill, but came down a mountain...'

...Well it had finally come around, that bit that we'd all not been waiting for yep, that bloody hill..."On On" shouted Durex, or should it have been "Up Up", as the gradient got steeper and steeper, and the pace got slower and slower...and the shiggy got shiggier...but then, all of a sudden, it leveled out, why weren't we going all the way, 'I know you like to!', was Scrooge being kind, well lets not question it



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ay, and so we headed on down that vast mountain, at a pace only liken able to a heard of mountain goats rushing to catch the number ten into town on a Friday night, back to the welcoming sight of the hostelry, or was this just another mirage..."Well I'll have a pint of your finest mirage, please!"...

'Little bow Scrooge has lost his pack...'

...Bit by bit the flock returned to the welcoming hostelry, all looking worn out and suffering from a total lack of beer, so a trip straight to the bar was required to boost life back into most of them...

'I counted them all out, and I counted them back again'

...Apart from two, and we waited, and we waited...well we waited a good half hour after Big Phut had returned, and there was still no sign of Creamy Bristol or Tom Cruise...I was getting a bit worried, as the Lager and Coke that I'd bought them had started to go flat, and I was also getting consciously concerned that...I might have to start my car up and waste some diesel trying to find them...

...So I set off in one direction, and Wet Wet Wet set off in exactly the same sort of direction, obviously this'll narrow the search down, then again the ten air sea rescue helicopters that the local bobby had phoned in might have more luck...where they were!...

...They were last seen....at the canal, turning back to the pub, so dredging began. As this carried on, I followed the roads as far as I could to the field entrances where hoards of police tracker dogs began sniffing the trail, in a hope that they could pick up on the scent...

...I returned to the pub to give everyone the news, only to find a waiting police car, and my heart skipped a beat, 'Oh god no...not another speeding fine!'

...I then decided to follow the trail backwards, just in case they'd carried on...and sure enough, who came hurtling down the hill...Creamy and Tom...the search was called of, and the circle began....

...Down Downs went as follows:-

Scrooge....Hare....'Hot, but why did he bother'

Mudflaps...Sitting in the circle

Big Phut...Berry picking...'Exclusion Zone'

Blow!...Confusing people in the Ratted...'Mis-Leader'

Creamy Bristols...Not returning to the pub... 'Mis-Leader 2'

Jetlag...Birth of Nicholas...'Sperm Bank'

Doc Crippen...Barritone stand in, and welcome back...

Penned by Blow!