

Run 302 (303 if you believe Barritone) A stile-ish Run

The anchor Inn, Kegworth (hare: Erectum, R.A. Scrooge, Scribe Creamy Bristols.

Our arrival at The Anchor Inn, car park was in marked contrast to most weeks. Since Blow's predisposition to arrive early, means that we generally arrive to a car park filled only with bare tarmac. Not so this week. We arrived to a near full car park. Had everyone poured out in honour of Erectum's virgin - hare run? Unfortunately not! Apparently the pub had had a "bit of a do" the night before, and all the partygoers had abandoned their cars and caught taxis home.

Still this said there were already a fair few hashers huddled in the middle of the car park. Barritone - so cunningly disguised in camouflage, that he had even fooled himself, and denied all knowledge of being able to see it. - These JRB's will do anything to maintain their lead, even if it means hiding from view!

Durex was there with a cap, complimenting his new boyish clean-shaven look. In fact Warmers thought he was a new hasher when she turned up, and hence didn't nominate him for scribe. More's the pity since I got lumbered with the onerous task.

Erectum was there too of course, and provided us with the good news that the trail was going to be longer than previously thought.... Oh well good training for the Turkey trotters. Bugger was there too despite recovering from a cold and Wallington was there with his motor back on the road - at last!

Still where were P.G and Too Tuff? We knew they were coming! Blow, scrooge and I had just left their house with them hot on the trail. Maybe that was the problem! Having had Blow! And I as guests, maybe the refill they said they had to stop for, was not petroleum based. Or maybe it's just that the Mondeo's on a timer, that allows them only to find the pub just as "The Archers" ends? Whatever, they still arrived at 11.15a.m. Aprox, quarter of an hour after us.

Still, finally the pack gathered, and we charged off into the late cool crisp November morning. I had abandoned my tracky top and felt the goose bumps gradually rise on my arms. Brrrrr! Still I did manage to warm up. But only three miles later!

We had been told on the pre hash chat that it was a very flat run. However I don't think I was alone in noticing that there was plenty of ups and downs, still to be had on it, despite it's lack of hills! It was all a question of stile (Well make that plural - stiles and plenty of them!). Seeing as Norfolk has a book (I kid you not!), entitled - " Old Dykes I Have Known" then surely some sadster out there as written " Doing it in Stile In Loughborough."

Erectum certainly managed to find for us, a myriad of different stiles. Some of which were not entirely necessary! One stile had to the left of it, a massive gap, which even the biggest lass in the county could have squeezed around with no hint of even having to use the stile! Apparently if you want to keep up with the farmer Joneses of Kegworth you just have to put up a cracking stile (or two).

Hey what about an extra slippery one? Keep those pesky ramblers in hospital, out of harms way for awhile. I know what that farmer was plotting!(-And nearly fell for it!) Where as his neighbour went out of his way to make sure no one missed the stile of his pride and joy - he painted a sign saying "Path this way" with an arrow. Of course it would have been obvious gloating to say. "Look - come try my stile - it's the best this side of the county."

Anyway stiles aside, I think we've got over them now. I noticed and didn't get to share my views with anyone as I jogged at a unique pace for most of the run, flagging behind the marathon keensters but far(ish) ahead of the injured or recuperating hashers (Scrooge, Wallington and Big Phut). Any way I noticed several fields ravaged by feral pandas! What other animal could be responsible for the decimated bamboo fields, than the lesser-spotted Loughborough Panda? We had been warned about ferocious sheep on the run.(I can still see the glint this caused, in Barritone's eye, to this day). But I recall no panda warnings - maybe it's because Erectum knows it is hibernation season and all the pandas have gone to sha la la in the woods. Well okay! Sleep in the woods, everyone knows pandas are too prudish to do anything else!

God, do you know sometimes I am worse than Ronnie Corbett for getting side tracked! There's more real info. to write, so abandoning the surreal elements for awhile.....

Let's think about the distress of returning to the pub to find that your car had been nicked! It would be enough to make you cry in to your little, mucky trainers wouldn't it? Especially when you spotted all your mates had driven off and left you to face these despicable

crimes on your own! Well until you realised that not only do the locals have a fetish for stiles, they also happen to think "The Anchor Inn" is a rather nice name for a pub and therefore think it's fair enough to name every pub in the vicinity it.

Never mind P.G. and Durex you had a temporary loss of car - the postman has to live this nightmare everyday. (Well apart from getting Sundays off for good behaviour!)

Anyway there must be lots of water around Kegworth, because some genius told us that the pub we had run from was called "the Anchor", because it was near the marina, and boats anchored there. Fair enough. So why's the pub we are in now (for the half time beer stop) called "the Star"? I queried. Durex placed himself high up on my Chrissy card list by responding (in a flash!) "Because you're here." Aaah! I was speechless. What a charmer hey? By the way any other compliments people want to slip my way? Answers on a postcard to Creamy Bristols, 34 Valley Road....

Anyway eventually the real "Anchor" lay ahead and we sought shelter by the fire, warming our cockles. (well those of us with cockles to warm), until quarter to six! A long run. A long on Inn. Why not do it in stile?

P.S. Oh yeah and a long, but enjoyable Scrooge-lead circle too!

Down Downs to (Now do you really expect me to get them in chronological order too?)

Barritone for announcing it was run 303 when it was run 302!

Kentucky! The cool Honda biker, who made a guest appearance at the On Inn - (having been too injured to run.) I can't remember exactly what for but presumably for becoming a biker! He had to nominate a good looking "Looky Likey" (no drink/biking allowed) - he chose Blow! What a good choice!

Tuff for (according to Warmers), looking friskily at sheep. Had he not done "it" recently? (No because Blow! And I had been their guests the night before and they have no bedroom door!) - I guess that will be rectified soon!

Barritone again for admitting the run was wonderful and for tittering at the suggestion he might have fancied the sheep. Oh and for

divulging that Welsh sheep are the best lovers. (Is this because they are more practised?)

Wallington - for - much to everyone's surprise - saying that the run was "boring!" Scrooge twisted this to him having been flaccid.... (Not turgid)He hadn't had a stiffy! - Now do you get it? The joke, not the stiffy.

P.G. Was called in for something she said about Tuff's turgidity / performance.

Durex and P.G. Both called in for having had their cars "Stolen" at the previous pub. I think we named them "the Anchor Wankers". Oh what rhyming fun we have sometimes!

Then of course Erectum got one for being such a jolly good virgin hare. In fact he was brilliant. Really, really very good. Spot on! In fact I am sure you are just itching to lay another trail! So please come and see me, Erectum, (or any one else for that matter) - if your inspired to do another one. Leicester are looking for hares on the following dates.....

13th Feb.

27th Feb.

26th March..... Go on you know you want to!

On! On! Creamy Bristols.