

Run 304

The Steamboat / The Navigation

5th Dec 99

Trent Lock, Long Eaton

Hare: Scrooge

Long Eaton. What can I say about Long Eaton?..... Well, it's halfway between Nottingham and, er, Derby.

So that's the scene set, what about the trail? Well, the pack set off at exactly the GM's car is pulling up o'clock. I'd timed it perfectly again. The trail weaved between the two pubs that guard Trent lock from tee-totalers, over some fields and along a lane that led into the outskirts of Long Eaton. At a junction on this lane was a check with two possible routes but Bugger knew it wasn't left as, like the prayer says, "Lead us not into Trent Station" as it don't go nowhere. (This joke is copyright Buggers dad c:1967)

Briefly through the side streets of Long Eaton to the wide open spaces of the Trent flood plain. We were certainly fortunate that the weather was sunny and the wind gentle. Thank you Doc Crippen. At this check Lightning Rod was in luck as Durex went off on a falsey. "Stuff the trail, just as long as I'm in front of Durex." It lasted, but only to the next check.

The trail now followed the riverbank as it curved towards Ratcliffe on Soar power station and on to a holding check. Not often you come across a 3 ft long Celtic cross made out of flour. After re-grouping and collecting the hare the trail was along some lanes then the towpath and the pub.

Into the Steamboat – but not for long. The only beer on was Theakstons XB, or extra best vinegar. Bloody awful so into the Navigation. Much better.

Down Downs awarded by Doc to:

Oriface Flew out of East Midlands recently and took a map with him so he could confirm the earth hadn't secretly changed after the map had been drawn.

Wallington Gleefully insisting that the last person to arrive gets the job of scribe.
Gee, thanks mate.

Pleasure Gnome / Too Tuf PG going on Turkey Trot training runs and making Too Tuf go with her.

Lightning Rod Competitive running and slagging Durex off.

Sex Slave Visitor from Berkshire Hash.

Barritone Bought a pint of the bloody awful XB but didn't stop anyone else from buying one. A down down of bitter, mild, tomato juice, Worcester sauce and cream. Which stained his head when not all drunk.

Scrooge Hare. The circle gave our still non-running hare a good Ribbing about the trail.

On On

Too Tuf