

15th December 2000

At last I finally remember that the Quorn
Run Number 339 was held at The
Bradgate Arms, in a village call Cropston,
Leicestershire on Sunday 19th November
2000

The hares were Organ Grinder and The
Ringer.

From what I can remember that Organ Grinder was so wound up, worrying, and wondering what had been happening to her darling partner The Ringer. After hanging around for almost 30 minutes the hashers decided enough is enough, we could no longer wait for The Ringer. So off we went headed toward Quorn Railway Station, but atlas we turned left and over the stile leading us away from the railway station. After the first muddying/slipping field, we greet the first check point. I the bastard went uphill good 700 metres only to find it the wrong trail. I then finally caught Blow up, that strange Blow reckons to be in front of the pack as he is known to be Superfit. As Blow had hurted his heel and was unable to run he still had kept me company for a while. He did decide to take short cut back to the pub. On On, myself, I caught up with Organ Grinder at the Swithland Village, There I have pointed out that this pub in Swithland has banned us from drinking there for reason many years ago. I wonder if the same landlord still there, I hate to think so.

Organ Grinder has instructed us, that Multi Teaser, Sleazy Rider and myself to take short cut that leads us to Swithland Woods, and the other front running

bastards will eventually catch up. In the Wood the three of us tumble across The Ringer looking stagger!!!. We explained that Organ Grinder was very worry about him. Anyway we glad that The Ringer was O.K. and Organ Grinder will be relief to see him after us. After a brief conversation with The Ringer the three of us again decided to skip the beer stop. On, On out of Swithland Wood and car parks, we jogged through Bradgate Park along the tarmac road, where we can see the reservoir on the left and the glorious country view on the right. We then turn left at the little brook bridge that leads us out of the park that also leads us into a horrible more muddle fields. At the last leg before reaching the pub home was a rough farm track prove difficult to run, hence walking was the only to get back safety. Soon as I arrived at the pub car park, the fastest runners have finally caught up despite that they had a beer stop which the three of us missed out. By then I couldn't stop for a company in the pub and the Down Down Drink as I had to go to Christopher 2nd birthday party!!!

Down Down Awards did went to

Hare ~ Organ Grinder

Late Comer ~ Pleasure Gnome (also Too Tuf)

R.A. Abuse ~ Rockhopper

Haircut ~ Barritone

For Short Cutting ~ Sleazy Rider (with Multi Teaser &
Wallington)