

**A VIRGIN DE-FLOURED**  
OR  
**THE TALES OF NOTTINGHAM**  
(A load of hash really)

*Your unnamed scribe describes a Monday night out in the fair City of Nottingham.*

Trail- QH3/350 - The Lion, Basford, Nottingham  
Forecast-snow; actually-rain for the hare-dry for the pack!

Those in attendance (in no particular order! ): -  
Baritone; 2 Tuf; Durex (hare); Blow; Pleasure Gnome and yours truly

The hardest (those in shorts) arrived at 6.30 and started to take in nourishment in the form of water flavoured with hops (is it Isotonic?). Blow joined Baritone shortly thereafter in body as well as spirit (well a half anyway). Your scribe was there early but there was no sign of the hare or his car. Panic started to set in, especially when 2Tuf and PG arrived. *[reluctantly leave warmth and shelter of pub and move out into car park]*

All was not lost; a backpacking hare (looking like a drowned rat) appeared. No time was lost: he ushered us on to follow the flour, pointing his Marrigold clad hand yonder (he later explained to me that the glove was not for when he went to the toilet but to prevent “elephant flour-hand” –a form of foot and mouth?) *[pack sidle off onto the Queen’s Highway]*

The pack quickly gathers pace with 2Tuf striding out effortlessly in front. His partner in pleasure bringing up her rear. Quiet quickly we came upon the first (of what turned out to be many) “O”. *[the more adventurous ones peel off in various directions whilst others, far less energetic, feign concern]*

We had now reached the Forest, that dark and mysterious place where no one dares venture. The hare was laughing at this point. The route was on-on and away up towards the Arboretum (I always thought an Arboretum was a green coloured area, not red as Nottingham’s is). Mystery set in half way up the hill. The trail though not knotted with an “O” seemed to disappear in the darkness. Search parties went out again and this gave Baritone his opportunity to flash in the Forest. That sensible man from Beeston had brought a light. Whilst the rest of us were looking at pieces of white paper that stood out in the dark, our man was on-on again up the hill. *[rest pretend to be pleased by this good fortune]*

On up the hill again, (as yours truly tried to catch up over the “cross-country” route) and it was here that I caught up with a walking Blow, only for him to reveal...his secret-he hates hills! (future hares take note!). We had now reached the top and Forest Road. *[first encounter with painted(umbrellas) ladies-all pretend not to notice]*

The route went on uneventfully from here until we got to the top of yet another, even bigger and longer, hill. Here the fun started. It was summited by a walled round water reservoir and of course, with me being the first up there, seemed to go round and round, which it did. *[wait for rest to catch up for collective brainstorming]*

Those more experienced in the wily ways of hares soon fathomed it out and we were off again. Up we went again; and then down. *[second sighting of painted lady- still do not look interested]*

Half way down we came across, what turned out to be, consistent type “O’s”. [*crowd walk around puzzled*] The trail goes straight on, that dastardly hare.

We had reached Mansfield road and from here to the finish your scribe was off and away in a valiant attempt not to get lost again, as at Hucknall. You will have to guess what fun the others could have been having! [*all others pretend to be weary and falourn*]

Back at in-Inn the bedraggled pack returned; all except 2Tuf and PG- they had bigger fish to fry (with some chips of course).

The usual rounds of drink were bought and Baritone repaired to the toilets with his beer! Sometime later he emerged and an almighty smell descended upon us-what had he done with that beer? His reputation was kept intact by the appearance of your friendly local tramp (you smelt him before you saw him!) who later, in a friendly way asked us if we could see him right.

The debrief revealed that PG had said on her way round that she had not seen any hookers-2Tuf told her that we had passed two already! (she comes from a sheltered background in Norfolk, o-ah)

The time came for us all to secrete ourselves outside in the car park in preparation for, what I was to find out, was a secret ritual! PG was RA.

We gathered in circular formation and it was whilst in this position that we were to discover that a baritone is not a male vocal, but a wind instrument! (I think he was looking for his note in the absence of a tuning fork!) The droll singing was started by Baritone (it worked!) with the same being the recipient of the first down-down. Expertly downed, it was the Hare’s turn to down one to the mournful sound of Aboriginal chant.

Now the bit you have all waited for; who was this anonymous scribe, and was it his third outing? The answer was obviously yes it was and I was formerly called David. After much gnashing and grinding of teeth the elders and wise of the pack choose a name, deftly corrupted by the RA.

To the mind spinning chants of the frenzied pack, high on the thought of fresh blood, the RA did her duty. [in case of prying eyes I miss this bit out] Yours truly downed that nectar produced by Beowolf (another one of the pack?). Being a virgin and inexperienced in such goings on, I failed to down that precious brown liquid totally and was informed that I had to have a beer shampoo. Such a waste.

The events and business of the evening being over, we retired back into the warmth of the hostelry (even Baritone complained of the cold so it must have been!). The evening was rounded off by more ale and the tune-full fun of Pete “The Feet” on the piano...and well, yes, it’s “Smutley” actually.

Adieu,  
Scribe Smutley