

Run No. 380 - The Rancliffe Arms – Bunny,
Sunday 6th January 2002
Hares – Too Tuf, Chicki & Lucy

First run of the New Year, the weather was damp & muzzie, and Durex was wearing Wellies – obviously a New Years' resolution being actioned – Q. How was so certain that there would definitely be sheep on the trail though?. The snow that had hung around since the end of December had melted on the Saturday, so we all anticipated a wet run. Also the *all* the hares were decidedly shiggied up – when Two Tuf gets his socks muddy, it *must* be bad. Maybe Durex was on the right tack after-all

Quick pre-circle, Bugger the scribe (old joke, but I think there's still some life in it), out the car park & turn left. We followed the black top until the first turning on left and a check. Now we've run from the Rancliffe Arms about half a dozen times in the last 4 years, so there was a great enthusiasm for checking down the lane & up the footpath to the woods. It therefore took a while before anyone ventured over the road, to find the trail continuing down the road towards Gotham.

Que. mad dog incident:

Man & 2 dogs try to cross road.

Man & 1 dog succeed.

Other dog wanders about in the middle of the road while man bugger off

2 Tuf tries to control wandering dog

Wandering dog continues to wander about trying to get run over

Man continues to bugger off

To Tuf shouts at dog

Dog runs in opposite direction

Man continues to bugger off

Malti takes dog by scruff of neck & drags it back to man who is persuaded to bugger off with both dogs.

Reminds me of an accounting joke (yes they do exist):

Why did the auditor cross the road?

Because he looked in the file and that's what he did last year.

After that we followed some more blacktop for about half a mile, past the Pine Factory (with a sale on) to the second check. Smutley found the correct trail, I think this was the last time we saw him 'til we were back at the pub – bloody runner!

Now we had about 0.5 hour of running across ploughed fields – Oh what fun, because after about 5 seconds, it feels like you're trying to

run in flippers.. Down the edge of the 1st field up to the dyke and a check. Barritone (Mr False-trail is certainly loosing his touch) checked left & found flour & disappeared into the fog. (First misdemeanour by the hares – dyke & no enforced river crossing.) The back hare at this point was doing a sterling job – so much so, they were offered a short cut by the front hare – however this was originally declined on the basis that they get lost. Eventually sense prevailed when one of the *hashers* convinced the *hare* that she, sorry they, wouldn't get lost as they only had to follow the river until they came to a check next a bridge!

Across another couple of ploughed fields to a check, then looped back across another field to the river, and a check, and a bridge, and the back markers including 1 of the hares, who has now, realised in which direction the pack will come from (but not of course where it is going). Check turned into a holding check whilst the young lads caught up. Pack crossed bridge (2nd misdemeanour & far more serious this time, as there was clear crossing points – as found by Josh, who didn't even get his feet wet).

The trail continued on hard surface round 3 sides of the next field & then cross another bridge (That's 3 times now), over an electric fence and into a field of sheep. Sheep looked surprisingly old, (a rare sight these days) & worried (must have heard that both Barritone & Durex were on route). Too Tuf & Chicki (with help from Barritone) insisted on dismantling the fence at the far side to get Lucy out, who promptly went loopy. The knitting circle had now grown to include all the harriettes, sprogs & welly wearers.. The pack (less Smutley of course) decided to wait for the knitters to cross the electric fences, but they fuffed about for so long, that in the end Durex had to walk around the field & therefore lost his chance to fulfil his New Years resolution. Back along a shiggy track to the village and we were at the pub, within 1.5 hours of leaving it – purrfect.

Couldn't stay for the circle due to a slippery engagement, but I am reliably informed that the following down downs were duly awarded:

Rocky	100th run tankard
Creamy	Talking in circle
Scrooge	Birthday boy
Smutley	New shoes in circle – a lucky escape for me apparently.
Barritone	Wearing "Barrisocks"
Chicki	Hare
Tuf	18th anniversary of Hashing and Hare

Bugger
8th January 2002