



Trail: - 383

Date: - 11:00 Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2002

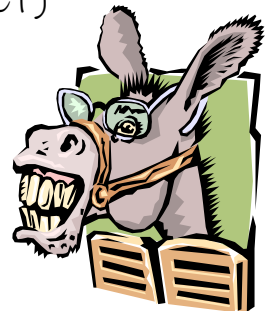
Venue: - The Wheatsheaf, Cropwell Bishop, Nottingham.

Hare(s): - Sleazy Rider & Scab

## Expedition

Do you ever get one of those feelings, not the one's in your trousers when a sex person walks by, but the one's of impending doom, well today I had one...but more about that later...

Well the usual expedition began, starting at the Blow! & Creamy's (base camp), and once the pack mule (commonly known as Pussy Magnet) was loaded up for the vast trek over to the East, we were on the way. Second base camp was found in Chilwell, quite close to an army encampment, this is where we collected Sherpa Porca. Then another short but arduous trek to the deepest darkest region of 'The Meadows', to collect Sherpa Scrooge.



With all baggage stowed on the faithful pack mule, the expedition could begin in earnest, not before stopping to collect some extra rations for Sherpa Porca, who insisted that he kept his rotund figure, as it would provide warmth on this epic journey we had ahead of us. There was a certain amount of reading material purchased for the long haul over to the far reaches of Nottingham.



These took the form of a newspaper. With Sherpa Porca being of good education, and being a father, one expected him to purchase a broadsheet, something like the Sunday Times, or maybe even a tabloid, like the Mail On Sunday...no, the only link this paper had to the last two suggestions was the word, and did you notice I never called it a newspaper, as it also had no link to news...The Sunday Sport, was Sherpa Porca's chosen read on this day...

Obviously Scrooge wasn't that bothered, as he quite enjoyed leeching...sorry looking, at the ample amount of picture news found in this rag. Obviously Creamy wasn't that impressed, but so much for the fact it undermined the female form, but for the fact that Sherpa Tom Cruise was sat between the two lecherous old men, picking up on phrases, such as 'Gang bang', and 'Threesome'...

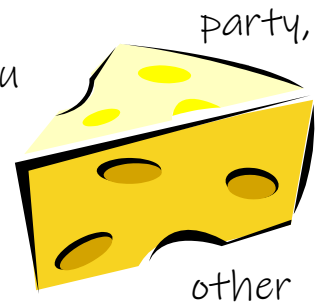
It was a long and hazardous journey, with the winter sun blinding the driver all the way to the East...the east of West Bridgeford, as the sun decided to disappear, and was swallowed up by a huge grey cloud. Was this sign, a sign of snow falling on the intrepid travellers...or were we just going to get piss wet through again whilst running around the countryside of Nottinghamshire...



## Final Base Camp

After, what seemed hours (twenty minutes), we caught sight of a couple of peaks in the distance, no it wasn't anything to do with the pictures in Sherpa Porca's paper, but the hills surrounding the final base camp...so with a crack of the whip, the mule sped forward, and entered the lonely village of Cropwell Bishop.

The arduous journey had paid tolls on members of the party, and had entered into a state of hunger again (need I tell you who!), as we were asked to divert into this cheese dairy. Which at 10:40 on a Sunday morning, was obviously quite closed, but Sherpa Porca insisted in trying to salvage some morsels of cheese from the lone outpost. Sherpa Blow! Had ideas, and cracked the whip, and reared the untamed beast back onto the beaten track.



We pitched base camp at 10:43 Sunday 2002, and awaited the arrival of the other groups of exhibitionists...sorry, expeditionary groups. The first of which was Sherpa Josh, who arrived towing some form of sledge behind his mule, maybe he was expecting poor weather.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the others, Sherpa Porca decided to tuck into his rations, and scoffed his way through, a giant bread role, and a yoghurt.

The next to arrive were Sherpa Clementine, Sherpa Durex, and Sherpa Malteaser, who were I believe were actually on time for once, well at least they arrived before the Hares. Sherpa Bugger, and Sherpa Goblin were the next to arrive. Sherpa Too Tuf, and Sherpa Chicki were not long behind...then came Chief Sherpa Sleazy Rider & Sherpa Scab, dressed in what I could only describe as

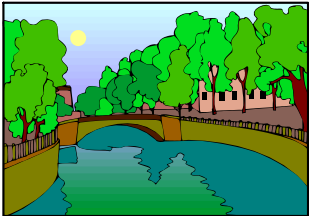


clothes for a trip to Artic. Both of them were wearing big thick fleece lined gortex coats, and long leggings...not really the vision you'd expect to see on a run...

Once everyone had arrived, we all got out from the warmth of our wagons, and made way to the gathering point, to find out what the expedition had install for us.

Bob here, bob there...usual stuff, so before we all froze to death, in these near artic conditions we were off...and before long we encountered a local marking set on the floor, in the shape of a circle. This caused them amongst the group who were good at tracking, to venture off, to see what could have made such a mark.

Some of the trackers were not long gone, as they found a false trail, but some were gone a while, looking everywhere in search of the trail, but soon the call came, and the rest of the party were off, back on track again...



We then encountered a watery expanse (the canal), were the trail seemed to disappear again, so the trackers were dispatched again to find the correct, and safest route to take the party. Soon the cry came, and we were off, running along the water edge of this water obstacle.

Before long, we came across this bridge spanning part of this watery trap, and the trail seemed to lead across this structure. Further along the trail we encountered a vast gorge, obviously cut into the side of the hill by a fast moving glacial slide. Unfortunately we need to be over the other side of this perilous gorge, so one by one, we made our way down. Due to the overnight rainfall, that you expect in these remote areas, the ground was very soft, and slippy, and most of the men fell the vast distance to the base of the gorge.

The women mind, decided to find an alternate route around this hazard, not only because it was obviously very dangerous, but they didn't want to get there arses dirt, when sliding down to the bottom...



The trail went on for many, many a mile, finally lead back to a small out post, which contained welcoming hostelry. The decision was made not to partake in their warming meads, but to press on to find the end camp, which was rumoured not to be far away...

We pressed on into the wilderness of this harsh land, and finally saw what seemed like the end camp...sure enough there was habitation in

front of us, but as we turned the last corner, it all came apparent to us...we'd been going in a circle...

We'll the spirit of the trek had gone, and we furtively changed, so we could partake in so ale from the local inn, The wheatsheaf I believe...

Chat sprung up all around of the vast journey our intrepid adventurers had just under taken, and of all the challenges that it presented to the team...the heart banter soon turned into a circular discussion of wrong doings, of which I can not remember, I was just glad to survive the circum navigation of Cropwell Bishop...

Cheers, and On...

Penned by

Sherpa Blow!