

Run 455

Hare: Wallington

Location: Queens Head, Markfield

Scribe: P.E.

Twas, a bright & crispy morning for the 1<sup>st</sup> run of the year. (Thanks to the RA for his divine intervention. First on the scene were PE (living up to his name) with Sybil's Snot. I was hoping for an easy run to work off Christmas Poundage, (this didn't happen - as explained later). The run got off at 11.15 sharp (due to no Chicky or Tuff). It was quite a short run, about 3.5 miles - Wallington used to run it regular whilst training for the London Marathon.

The run took in usual terrain, a bit of urban followed mainly by fields. About halfway through PE was getting quite into it and was pleased to have made it to the front with Transit, this didn't last too long though, as PE got a downhill falsey. It was at this point that the RA went in front never to be seen again. His holiness claims when asked afterwards "I was ensuring that there were no front running bastards, but couldn't tell from the back". Needless to say he didn't find any FRBs, but was probably a good contender himself. The track suddenly turned solid & ran down to a main road. We followed the main road for about 700 yards and turned left onto, wait for it **Hill Lane!**, Wallington you bastard, I was already knackered! Why did you save the hill till the end? Just off Hill Lane we came across a disused quarry (nice change of scenery Wally) this led back to houses and the On Inn.

We were greeted by what looked like the 'Noddle Grungers' off the Jacobs Cream Scurttox - we've always been crackers advert (a bit weird these countryside folk are). Pub was buzzing, warm and well decorated. Landlady very hospitable and even brought us a tray of spuds. A circle was formed inside the pub and down downs were administered as below:

Wallington: Hare

Yet to be named (possibly shitty stick?) Emma: New Shoes

Yet to be named Emma D.C.V hat in circle

Sybil Snott: for being a short cutting bastard

PE: 1 year since namings

Suterball: Hash Flash impersonating

Ballcrusher: slow running bastard

A good run was declared, almost as good as the run of the year '2003'

East Bridgford - but not quite

On On

PE

