

Date: 28 June 2004
Run Number: 472, Lucy's Birthday Run
Venue: The Plough, Wysall
Hares: Chicki and Too Tuf
Scribe: Mad Dog

Our hares were somewhat late back from setting the run and this should have been a warning about the length. Bugger had spotted them on the road a mile or so out near Old Bunny Wood and this turned out to be the final slog for the On In.

Weather was good, though, and RA Too Tuf is still working his magic [*Editor's note – obviously Mad Dog hasn't been on too many runs since 1st April!*].

We started from the car park and hit an immediate check near the pub. Confusing after finding the On On meant that most of the pack was adrift from the beginning. Our front running bastards headed off into the fields.

Nicest of these was the field of barley where we ran into the setting sun. Bugger had a moment of whimsy and wanted a spitfire pilot to fly over and waggle his wings. However, then things got longer and harder as Bugger and I missed two great potential short cuts and became the rear of the pack all the way round the long trail via Bunny Old Wood.

Tuf was waiting for us near the mysterious gypsum mine and a hasher I think goes by the name of Gobalot was bitching about us not calling her back after she ran so far down a false trail that she couldn't hear us shouting to her. Bugger knew exactly where the trail went by this time and how we had missed both short cuts.

On the way in we passed a limping Clementine who had pulled his calf muscle again. Hard luck, Clemmie.

This hash was a major dog exercise session with 3 dogs Lucy, Louis, and another beast with a limp all out pulling their owners or minders round the trail.

We got back in daylight and Down-Downs commenced. Rewarded were:

Chicki for 250th run with the Quorn Hash

Malti for failure to handle new technology; asking Chicki to read a new text message for her that was dated Easter.

Mad Dog for using new technology to make notes for this trash.

A virgin for being a virgin

Clem for his bad ankle, possibly caused by dehydration and him requiring a beer

Durex, for being front running bastard supreme

Ballcrusher, Chicki, Lightning Rod, saluted as bloodbrothers for being blooded on trail

And then it was all over. Baritone suggested beer in Old Basford at the Fox and Crown Beer Festival on Friday. Baritone is also here for Run 473 in Dale Abbey on Sunday.

On-on
Mad Dog