

Run - 473

The Carpenter's Arms - Dale abbey

( but with the drama we had it could have been Emmerdale!)

Hare: Barritone                      Scribe: Creamy Bristols

10.50 a.m on a surprisingly, sunny Sunday morning and Malti, as well as Louis, are chomping at the bit. Time for the circle she declares and is surprised when it's too early. The hash crowd ( well small gathering) are keen today and have been milling around for a bit. Some have even had time to pedicure their feet (Spurt)! However to regain his macho image I have to say he was using an industrial sized pumice file ! Others ( his daughter Christine and her friend Charlie) have had time to meet, and indeed stroke, the locals. Loius, Malti's "Grand - pup", is interested in the locals too - "first time he's ever seen horses before!" - Dog-whisperer Wallington points out.

As it's early, isn't it time for Blow! to arrive? I phone him up to see if he's coming as 10.55 is very late for him. " There's no hash today" he tells me authoritavely. I gaze around and wonder if the flour covered Barritone and co are figments of my imagination. Finally I convince him there is a run but he's in Yorkshire so the information comes a little too late.

At 11 the briefing begins and Barritone manages to explain the hash rules to the virgins in such away, that even I as an experienced hasher, can't follow them.

Still some things are explained better by doing, than saying, and the newer members soon catch on to all that is happening. In fact they are dead keen and merrily check some trails out. Just what we need some new blood to help solve the mystery of Barritone's sneaky trails!

At one point everyone's checking around a field, scattered all around, apart from Wallington who has some how found the right way and snuck out. His sixth sense has told him to keep a low profile. When Barritone finally gathers everyone and indicates the right way. Durex is disgusted having past that point and not seen the footpath sign hiding beneath lots of tangled overgrowth. " that wasn't well marked!" he declares.

Suddenly a Mount Etna sized eruption takes place on the other side of the stile.

" NOT WELL MARKED? WHAT KIND OF IDIOTS ARE YOU? THERE ARE YELLOW ARROWS EVERYWHERE!"

The farmer's wife is exhibiting the Dale's usual sense of hospitality. After a few more snipes at the group's prowess for trampling over her land, Durex decides it is time to pull rank.

" Excuse me! Do you know what I do for a job?" he asks assertively. The woman yells some more. Of course she doesn't know what he does for a f\*\*\*ing job - she's not a mind reader. Durex offers enlightenment - he is a geologist and is trained in knowing all about access to Public Footpaths. He even has a card that allows him access to what ever land he likes!"(Later in the pub, he discovers the permission is only if he has requested it in writing first). In any case, the woman is suitably unimpressed, her husband stands apologetically by her side. I feel sorry for him - he can't do what I consider the best move right now - I run off.

"That woman needs some chill pills" Christine declares! "She should go and eat some grass with the cows" I chip in.

The next adventure is the whole hash passing through a gymkhana. Teams of young girls prepare for their horsey event. Louis is very good, he has got used to the locals looking a bit strange.

Then it's fields and woods for quite a while. Eventually, we see the Abbey arch and know we are nearly home. Only there's another possible conflict. The painted sign nailed to the tree says " no footpath through here", but Barritone says " there is I have even seen the yellow footpath sign. Further up - the trail is this way"

Durex remembers we have angered this particular farmer twice before and bows out of further conflict. Spurt's eyes gleam and he rubs his hands. "Excellent!" he states following Barritone up the forbidden path.

" My dad's such a shit stirrer!" Christine smiles, shaking her head and heading for the safer short cut. It isn't always best to follow in daddy's footsteps.

We get back safely to the pub, then the sound of police sirens screech past. I wonder if Barritone and Spurt have been arrested for trespass, but suddenly they appear. A field of cows had tried to block their way

but they had emerged victors - the only two to complete the trail successfully.

Down Downs

Mad dog - look - a - like R.A. ( Tuf might question the wisdom of this choice for looky Likey!) anyway he covered the R.A's down down for NOT arranging suitable weather.

Virgin Charlie - for being a virgin.

Christine - " stroppy bitch" looky likey - the farmer's wife not being available to present a drink to.

Barritone for having a good run and managing to maintain the Dale's reputation for a "get off my land" award.