

New Year, New run (Familiar territory!)

Loc: *(It's no) Surprise Hill*

Hares: *Whale & F.Snow*

Date: *7th Jan 07*

Run: *1416*

So, 2007 is here. Looks the same as 2006, only wetter. Whale looked much the same, only slimmer. Fairy Snow was the same, late for the trail-laying. Surprise Hill looked the same: hilly.

Plus c'est la meme chose, plus ça change!

Probably glad to get some fresh air and exercise after New Year pissivities, a goodly pack of 25ish, including a good few horrors, assembled in the car park, avoiding cars and trailers dumping off the remains of festive trees into the recycle bin. Recycled into what? Plastic trees?

Anyway, the GM called us to attention. Seems that Fairy S. slept through the alarm and had kept Whale waiting. Bad start to the year, I did that once to Whale, never heard the end of it!

So off we went in the usual direction towards the pub and sports field, around the pavilion and then er, lost the trail. A cunning hidden path led back along the field and out onto the road. A lack of Silvier meant that *No Entry* and at least one of the visitors took up leading positions that eventually led into the hilly, muddy territory we all know and love.

A bit of confusion along the fence line saw hashers running in the same direction either side of the fence. Some climbing & tunnelling then ensued so we could all join up again. The trail then became hilly, with the Whale trick of criss-crossing in and out of the undergrowth. So, up a hill we went to find the scb's gathered around Charmaine C. who seemed to be searching around inside a black bin bag. She came up with some (thankfully!) fresh looking sausage rolls and a bottle of Scotch. Funny the things that people dump on remote hilltops.

The horrors found a big puddle to splash around in. Any stretch of water attracts Flying Doc, so she joined in splashing the kids until Whale jumped in causing a small tsunami that emptied the puddle. Spoilsport!!

Alice, after a wee dram or two, was seen levitating whilst wearing a vacant, but happy, smile. You'd think living with Whale would have hardened her to Whisky fumes.

Anyhow, all feeling refreshed, it was down hill again. On the way back up (it was that sort of run), Can Can Man's small son asked the ultimate philosophical question "Why are we here"? After pondering a while to find a suitable answer, I suddenly realised he was referring to that part of the trail. After more meandering, the 'On-Inn' appeared, as did the finish, soon after.

Back at the car park, RA *No Entry* decided to dish out the beers thus:

Hares: *Fairy Snow & Whale*. Another enjoyable romp around The Hill.

Late again: *F.Snow* again.

Racing: *'Er indoors and Luke*. He won!

New shoes: *Visitor & Yorkie*. We can excuse visitors, but *Yorkie* should know better!

Visitors: 3 most welcome people. Please come back.

Celebrations: *Firework & CC*. A massive 800 & 400 runs respectively. Bloody Hell.

Birthday: *Horn*. Still young enough to blow his own horn!

On-Inn to the Standard

