

A Taste of Summer

11th March 07
Pack: 30
Hares: Yorkie, F+N

Alice Holt
Sunny & warm
1hr 20-odd

Oh dear, your unworthy scribe is broken again, this time a calf injury causing a limp around with the scb's. This means that the details of the run are a bit vague. So, nothing new there, then! A brilliant sunny day greeted the pack. Of course, at the first ray of sun, the soft-tops are off. No we are not referring to Flying Docs attire, but Fairy Snows foldaway roof on his nice new Peugeot. The kids found the roof folding mechanism fascinating. I've had a few French cars, sorry Mr Snow, it **will** eventually go wrong! The kids were equally fascinated with what looked like animated talking poo supplied by Velcro (F), much to Hobbles displeasure. Don't know where she got them from, probably a promotional gift from a toilet manufacturer. However, the runners/walkers/limpers gathered to hear about the enjoyment (?) to come, supplied by Yorkie and F&N. F&N was to guide the scb's, so that could mean they might cover a greater distance than the front lot. Not deliberately, of course! So off we went, out of the car park, along the road a bit and into the woods. At this point, the trail diverged as the fit went left and unfit right, until meeting up again at a check. It's surprising how much more of the countryside you can see at walking pace, no wonder more people are joining the knitting circle! It was quite a sizeable knitting circle with Charmaine, Flying Doc, Scribette, Firework complete with bigger knee brace than I had, Primate and many others. Anyway, the pack moved on into the shiggy, good, black and sticky, to take us out past the On-Inn Bluebell pub. Along the way we were accosted by a local, who accused us of being hashers. He knew this, as he himself was an ex-hasher, about to start the Dockenfield chapter along with the pubs' landlord. I feel another hash pub coming on! Unfortunately, there was no beer stop in the pub, so it was on up the road and through a labyrinth of narrow paths until we reached a road, only to find we were ahead of the FRB's. And we were only walking. Tut-tut!!

And so, as the scb's wandered up the road, SPF ran past looking for the On. "Don't ask us, but it's probably up there", said us, pointing to a track on the left. He didn't believe us but No Entry did. Well he had to get back first to pour the beers! At the next road junction we got confused, turn left or right? Firework had the map; it didn't help, as he didn't know where we were. Some went left, but after long discussion between ourselves, myself, Firework and Scribette decided to go right and follow the scb trail as the sun was so nice. Eventually, Mountain R and Primate caught up along with the FRB's. They again went left, us right. 'Er indoors, Scribette and Old T had a bit of a race, but the limpers caught up when the going got tough, until arriving back at the car park to find the other members of the circle sunning themselves sat on a large log. After about 15 mins, No Entry led in the pack, a run lasting 1hr 25. Glad the sun was out!

The circle formed and RA dished out the beers thus:

Yorkie & Fruit 'n Nut:	Hares for this delight in the sun.
F&N again:	Getting his name in the local paper. They haven't come to arrest him yet.
SPF:	Felt it was his duty to check. Check what, we never found out.
Velcro (F):	Stinky looking toys for the kids. Hobble hated them. Poo to him!
Emma:	A century of runs. That's more than the England team could manage at the World Cup. And she got a trophy to drink out of!

ON-ON

