

Where did that year go?

Good Friday birthday

Charmaine C, Old T & 'Er Indoors

Run: 1430

Pack: 40

Spring had sprung!

The years just seem to be flying past. It seems only months ago that the hares were just girlies. Well, maybe quite a lot of months have gone by. Time dims the memory! The venue certainly seemed quite recent. So it was back to the familiar car park next to the bottlebanks where a gathering of 40-odd revellers waited to hear the words of wisdom delivered by No Entry and GM cum hare, Old Thumper. They told us about the trail, but we pretty much guessed where it was going, anyway!

And so it did, the pack heading off towards the pub and round the rec. ground. We emerged at a road junction to a check where we nearly brought the wrath of God upon us by interrupting an open-air church service taking place on the corner. But the RA was with us, so we were spared! The trail then followed some paths alongside the ranges towards the canal, with Whale showing a surprising turn of speed but still being outpaced by Lukey! There then followed a long stretch along the towpath to a regroup at the turning basin. At this point, my calf went again so it was back to the knitting circle, so FRB's, you're on your own!

Regroup over, it was over the bridge to a cunning checkback that gave Old T a giggle watching the usual culprits hoofing it in the wrong direction. We were then treated to a view from the other side of the canal before disappearing onto the ranges. A further regroup followed, meeting up with the walkers, after some perambulating about which saw Hobble almost follow the fit ones up a loony hill. He turned back, unable to go through with it. Courage, Hobble, you can do it!

There then followed an amusing sight as the FRB's ran along the top of the shooting range, like a row of ducks waiting to be shot. The runners and others split at this point with Charmaine C attempting to lead walkers to the next regroup. Oh dear, she became somewhat directionally challenged, leading us all astray into the featureless flatlands. "I'm no good with a map" she pleaded. Lucky she didn't have one, then! Also luckily, we found the next regroup, the one with the celebratory bubbly. JGG fired off the corks, Horn just avoided getting concussion. Photos were taken and Ponce was given a special award for services to hashing. He had to carry back the empties. Well, that should slow him down a bit.

We hung around a bit to wait for missing walkers, but not too long, before opening the last bottle. Well, they should keep up!

The walkers then formed a self-help group with Whale, Firework and Hobble attempting to follow CC's and Er' Indoors instructions. Despite this, we all arrived back at the beginning an hour and a quarter later.

The RA, at the usual table close to the car park, performed the DD's. In keeping with the religious nature of the day, hymns were handed out to the gathered throng. The songstress, Little Prick had modified the words to suit the occasion. So between verses, No entry handed out beers thus:

CC, Er Indoors & Old T.

Heiresses. A girlie threesome?

Little Prick:

The Bard!

Christian & Lukey:

Shirtless nudity. I will say no more. Don't want to be accused of being a paediatrician.

Firework:

Not making the previous weeks run, still being steamed up from the ale train.

Goofy:	Singing voice
Petal & Silvier:	Wedding anniversary. Many more of them!
Ponce:	Biblical quotations. They didn't help; the RA still got you.
Firework, Horn, Spy with no name, Hobble, Petal, CC	
Double Digit:	Tankards for various milestones. Seems like miles, anyway.

And so it was On into the pub, or rather the garden as the sun was out, for beer, food, chat and a game of avoiding breaking windows with the kids football. It was a good game, only some beer glasses being affected.

On-On 'till next year. (Or this, if the year goes really fast!)