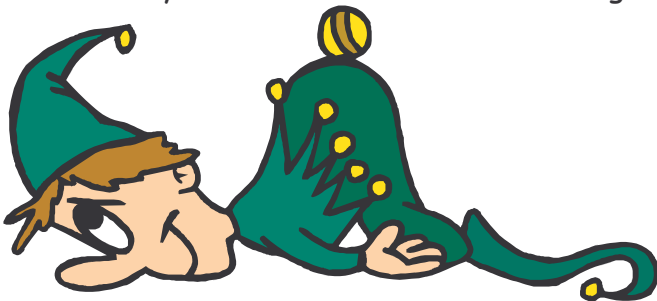


**Run 1494 01/06/08 Shortheath Common**  
**Hares : Silvier Fox and Petal**

This saw a good turnout including a injury-absent Karl Marx, now in walking mode, and an immaculately shod Nettles - what was he thinking of? The evening was sultry (posh for sweaty) but shiggy was promised, and we leapt off into the woods by the lake . The 2<sup>nd</sup> check saw an offer of a short cut, which peeled off half the pack, and the long bit had a fast twisty trail . It is a mercifully flattish area around here so even your scribe managed to keep up...and the next check found Mary running around shouting then falling flat on his face for no apparent reason other than a variation of the Gerald Ford syndrome (couldn't chew gum and walk at the same time). Shiggy there was, as promised, most carefully placed across the width of tracks so that only by dint of clinging to the edge could it be avoided - oops, of course this didn't apply to any of the pack except Old Thumper who , when caught, had no explanation for dodging shiggy . There was a generous number of regroupings including a beer (or rather shandy and cider) stop on a pretty village green. A drink helped Specky recover from a huge fall which left him with a nasty bruise - a lot of hounds falling over today?



The energetic Hares kept the trail well updated so nobody got lost this time...and then a check marked S and L split the pack again. The SCBs followed JGG as he On On 'd his way along a winding heathery rabbit track, anxiously looking for an On In which never appeared and we suddenly found ourselves back in 45 mins, with a soggy bunch of FRBs arriving 10 mins later. The general consensus was that this was a well marked trail with nice scenery, no hills, no rain, plenty of shiggy, lots of checks, a good beer stop - come on, what is this, surely there has to be something to whinge about?

No Entry then almost equalled Deepcut in the number of DDs he awarded:

**Mary** - well, just for being Mary really, there is no end to his misdemeanours, but principally for saying he "felt like shit" after getting off his face on *white wine* (!) so his wish was rewarded with a mug of lukewarm John Smiths.

**Nettles** tested the waterproofing or lack of in his new shoes (he had new shorts as well but they don't hold so much beer) and it also turned out his shoe purchase advisor was Karl Marx, he of the red slippers....

**Sex Slave** modelled an interestingly torn rear hem of his Tshirt, suggesting that a gale force fart had been at work

**Old Thumper** the Shiggy, not Jammy, Dodger

**Bruce** for finally reaching 100 runs after - yes, over 27 years! His next century will be posthumous

**Head Plant** for not needing to be carried for the entire run, having been bribed to run by the promise of a beer (and a very enthusiastic go he made of his DD too)

**Specky** was attacked by our very own Florence Nightingale, Flying Doctor, with a Wet Wipe to sooth his injuries

Then we were On Inn to the Cricketers at Kingsley to round off a good run.