

# *Run No: 1983*

*Date: 02-Oct-2016*

*Venue: Crown, Litlington, Royston*

*Hares: Kermit & Antar*

*Scribe: Shamcock*

It was a bright and sunny day as I recall....with a middlin' sized pack but still without our Grand Mattress Double Top sunningg herself upon some Greek beach, awash with OUZO....

Assembled on the pavement outside the little boozier (DOOM BAR and obscure IPA) the GM immediately FORGOT to appoint a scribe (hence this woeful attempt to cast the mind back a week or more..).

However, he did remember that that day was 'NATIONAL ANIMAL WELFARE DAY' so the harriett owners of the two wee doggie mutts were given a round of applause for helping the doggie world thrive.....

The run was scenic, if somewhat demanding of the brain as the 'Get out of Litlington' checks were devious in the extreme....rolling, freshly harvested wheat fields and long, long check backs to startle the front runners into action....with only one hill in sight (the one with the chalk quarry atop it) it was a no brainer where the trail would go. The Whittle tribe, Unmentionable in the vanguard, cracked this code straight away and try as one might Penny was out front again...

Kermit and Antar thought ahead....hedgerows provided many a fistful of fine autumn blackberries to keep the pack awash with natural juices and sugars to fuel the 10 odd kilometers of the run....

Googly knew all as usual..he had a MAP....

The best check was the one up and around the chalk quarry (Unmentionable ignored it, as she does, and was trotting for home DOWNHILL)....FRB's found the quarry before realising their error....

The final 'Get into Litlington' check was a Lulu....even when the village church was clearly visible off to the left.....this is where, after half a K awry, the GM and FRB's (after carefully examining the freshly ploughed field that stood in the way between false trail and home trail) declared that it had NOT been seeded.....half way across it was clear that he was GROSSLEY in error.....DOH !!

Oh well..the maudlin beer led to a fine circle....doggie lovers were awarded with beer and the wee mutts themselves awarded with a fine bag of Mundersley Butcher's Pork Scratchings...the very same ones that had demolished the new GM's molars a few days before...

No such pain for the wee doggies as they crunched these morsels down...

Debonair was in attendance and became the proud executioner for the first awarding of CH3's new, clean as a button, bright yellow hash shit shirt....It was une animal ous... form fearful crop bashing and leading the FRB's astray your beloved GM was dumped in it and covered in ale..the shirt will never be the same again...

Meanwhile Haberdash Slaphead was rolling in the \$\$\$ with his new '2000' purple and white CH3 hash fleeces....was he doing 'Buy one get one free'???

At the end of the affair, Big Blouse sloped into the meeting, looking very sheepish....

And that was about that.....

So says Shammy.