

Run No: 1996

Date: 01-Jan-2017

Venue: White Hart, Gt Staughton

Hares: Slaphead & Big Swinger

Scribe: Bastard

Run 1996 Jan 1st - [White Hart](#), Gt Staughton

Hare – Slaphead and Big Swinger (who admitted to having done nothing!)

It'll come off looked out of the window and said 'it doesn't look very nice out there' so, like the fool I am, I volunteered to drive, suddenly, it was nice enough for her to go! We set off in drizzle and I thought if it stays like this it'll be fine....so – as the rain got heavier and heavier as we progressed towards the midlands I started to regret getting up!

There was a good crowd for New Year's Day and, despite the rain and the cold, spirits were high. I asked Slaphead how long the trail was, he enigmatically replied 'it's not that long, mind you it's not that short either'. My heart sank – and then sank some more when he said it took him three hours to lay! Erk!

The circle was called after one of the committee members owned up to being there (thanks Blowback – especially as Big Swinger is a joint mistress and was keeping a very low profile). Slaphead sent us off and away we went onto the foul stinking weather. I heard Goldfinger saying 'that's it, I'm going out for a short walk and then going home' – which he did.

The first check kept the pack together and I found myself unusually near the front. It wasn't to last, unsurprisingly. Blouse went past saying he'd already checked down here and there was no dust – Blowback ran further and, sure enough, there it was. There were only three possible routes from the check and the other two were turnbacks so it was a no brainer really.

We got to a road to find Slaphead helping the slow coaches (ie me). He appeared again a bit further along at which point I could still see the front runners. By the next check, which was already marked, I could see Unmentionable and Jetstream and then Klinger appeared from behind me – I assume he'd been heading off in the wrong direction for a change!

Falling further and further behind and getting colder and wetter I was wondering how much further misery I was going to go through! I saw Jetstream going up a distant hill but I kept on. Fortunately the view of Jetstream was a tromp d'oeil and he wasn't more than a quarter of a mile ahead. My spirits lifted as I saw buildings and prayed it was Gt Staughton – it was! And Slaphead was there with a glass of port to raise the spirits and the pub was only a few hundred yards – hooray! Horny and I walked in which is when I started to look for It'll come off (I assumed as she was walking today she'd be in the pub). No luck and she had the car keys. As I went back out to the road I asked El Rave if he'd seen her and he said 'no, in which case I'd better buy you a drink then'. Bless your heart, sir – a wondrous pint of Bateman's XXXB.

Everone was back at the pub by half twelve – Daffy said he'd got there at five to, so a well planned trail and definitely not too long.

We held the circle in the back room and chips arrived – it was getting better by the minute. At this stage no scribe had been appointed so when a volunteer was asked for and Blouse put his hand up, yet again, I felt it was only fair to volunteer myself as otherwise he'd have done about 50% of write ups in the last twelve months. Not being prepared I can't remember who got down downs or for what.

There was a great atmosphere in the pub and we set off back to Cambridge in good spirits. Thanks, Slaphead for a good trail in poor weather and making the effort on New Year's Day. Onwards

B@