

Run No: 1998

Date: 15-Jan-2017

Venue: Plough, Debden

Hares: Shiggy 2 shoes & Deep Shit

Scribe: Legover

Well where does one start? It was an Eggar run so of course it was sunny, short and simple.....

err no!

Let's start with the weather! Where the hell was the RA today? I don't ever remember such shitty conditions in my (nearly two) years of RA-ship - all together....."It wouldn't have happened in my day!!!". I guess her only feeble excuse is that at least the resulting conditions suited the hare's names – Deepshit and Shiggy-two-shoes, although in truth much of the run was more like very deep shitty quagmire and shiggy-every-bloody-thing below the neck!

In the post-run late evening circle, the Grandiose Mattress described conditions as "a little moist". She must have been describing her state of arousal (she had just stated that she was about to "come in the circle") as it certainly did not do justice to the conditions out on the run, which can only be likened to being as muddy as the very muddiest of muddy fields with extra mud added by Mad Muddy McMudville, the King of Muddiness, making the conditions in the Battle of the Somme look fairly comfortable!

In the sparsely attended pre-run huddle, Deepshit made two mistakes. Firstly he admitted to being a lazy arse – since he decided to change the symbols to something other than those traditionally used with the feeble reason that it was easier for the poor old dear to bend down and create a circle without the added torture of having to put a wittle crossy in de middle. His second mistake was picking me for the run write up – fit your own glove box hinges sunshine!!

Their chosen pub was only 400 miles from Cambridge and thus over 350 miles from the nearest civilisation – so most of the hash fitted right in! Also, the main route to the village from the nearest main road was closed, meaning quite a proportion of the hash, rather than just the Whittles, were late and so missed the crucial piece of information about the mixed up symbols. It has taken the hash many tens of years to teach some of its more neuronally-challenged members what the symbols mean (Yes Taxi, I mean you) so combining this with the weather and the conditions which were waiting for us, meant total confusion for a good 20 minutes into the hash!

We started up a muddy and slippery path directly opposite the pub and things went quickly downhill from there - which is ironic as the rest of the bloody run was almost entirely uphill, which is fairly sadistic this close to Christmas! The trail immediately entered the first of many ploughed fields, but not content with making us run across it with an extra 5Kg of mud on each foot, when we got to the other side, we found an unexpected symbol and so after much discussion, arguing and sorting out of the order in which we would lynch the hares, we begrudgingly re-entered the field to endure a further 5 minutes of mud torture until we escaped by running – you guessed it – up-bloody-hill!

A short reprieve of on-road and not uphill followed where we met a large contingent of the aforementioned late-comers (and the Whittles - who ran past us and much of the chasing pack, certain that we must be going in the wrong direction as we were now heading back towards the pub). At this point we found the next one of the confusing symbols, well Pedro did, and since he had done a Whittle and arrived late, he had no idea that on this day only a circle is a square, a cross is a triangle and up is down! Oh how we laughed about this later – NOT! Much mingling and running in random directions followed but to no avail, so we return to the last sighted position of the hares and followed the walkers past Pedro's symbol and in a dead-end allotment.

After backtracking yet again and running past the hares, walkers yet again and circumnavigating several more muddy fields, we enjoyed our next full-blown muddy field crossing (Muddy McMudsville had obviously worked hard on this one) and on the other side were greeted by the rarest of things on this day, a tarmac road. I was so please to see it that I didn't even mind that it was up-bloody-hill. It didn't last long however and we were soon balls deep in shiggy again - umm, maybe I should rephrase that?

As we joined yet another field, we were so relieved to find a grassy edge to run up (yes it was up-bloody-hill again) that we all completely missed the completely obvious (NOT) path which left the comparatively grippy wet grass and struck off across yet another muddy field and yes, it was even more up-bloody-hill than the beautiful grassy edge!

Another muddy field of two soon lead us to a distant sight of that sweet nectar that is tarmac, however the hares were just toying with us and instead the trail lead into a another field, which this time was not muddy and not uphill – Strange eh? What it did have was a rather sweet, and apparently icy cold stream which we jumped over a number of times as we rampaged around the field looking for a more muddy field to run in to. A few crossings later and we found a checkpoint which lead to, well, several more fields of nothing much really and certainly not enough mud! We found two blobs and then basically ran around looking whilst just trying to remain ahead of the hares, who at this point had an entourage consisting of most of the bloody pack!

Eventually, several fields later a blob was found and then another randomly shaped spattering of flour which we interpreted as a checkpoint because the hares were still heading our way. The choices at this point were limited to just two, straight on to another boring field (boring for the hares as there was a grassy edge) or up what can only be described as a near vertical cliff! Knowing the hares, we agreed that it must be straight up – it was – and it hurt – a lot!

Those who survived the hypoxia of the accent were greeted with a 3rd (very short) section of tarmac (oh these hares - they are spoiling us!) which was of course up-bloody-hill.

NOTE: Look, this was my first run since before Christmas, you know, that period of time where you eat like it's going out of fashion and then keep eating until it hurts. Then you lie on the sofa moaning that you have eaten too much, until someone offers you some cheese and crackers followed by a HUGE slice of Christmas cake, whereby you haul your bloated body up into a semi-vertical position and forgetting your promise not 45 minutes ago that you would never over-eat again, you start over eating all over again! What all that means is, immediately after Christmas, all hills should be downhill only!!!!

Where were we, oh yes, running up-bloody-hill again, past a hidden entrance to a muddy..... track – Ah hah, you thought I was going to say field didn't you? Technically you were correct as this track quickly turned into a muddy spacer between two fields. At this point we were so high that we

passed a trig point – you know, those things you find on the top of mountains in Scotland, but strangely, the path kept going up yet further.

By now we were down to just a handful of FRBs as the mid-pack had been dwindled down through altitude sickness or just a lack of will to live. The FRB's battled on, noses bleeding, oxygen tanks nearing empty, until we found a small but very soggy forest/wood/thicket/copse/collection of trees. Those with GPS watches reasoned that left or straight on were the only options since right was A) in totally the wrong direction and B) across yet another of Mad Muddy McMudsville's finest works. A light joke from yours truly suggested that no one had checked out in that direction and to our utter amazement, Blowback stuck out across the field. The hares arrived and confirmed that he was indeed ~~an idiot~~ off trail and proceeded to yell at him to "stopppppp" - which he did and then "to come back" – which, well, he errr, didn't! Instead, he turned and ran and ran and ran – to calls of "Run Forest run".

Several muddy fields, strange symbols and check backs later (well I say check backs but who really knows what the symbols actually meant? In reality, most of the front runners simply ran around a bit and then ran after the hares who had just walked past them in opposite direction) Blowback was spied on the horizon actually heading in our general direction, having got so lost that he had stopped to ask some natives where he was and where the hell was DebDen. What we have here is nothing short of Klinger levels of fuckwittery!

By now, the FRBs were starting to sense that there might be a slim hope of making it back before darkness and hypothermia killed off the remainder of the pack and with a final flurry of standing in the middle of a muddy field looking lost, we struck out towards the first house that we had seen almost all day. This next section confused many of us as it stopped going up and started doing the reverse, which was so foreign to us by now that we had forgotten the word of not up-bloody-hill.

As we finally descended below cloud level, Pedro, obviously drunk on the increasing levels of oxygen began to look decidedly unsteady on his feet and I am told unreliably made several trips to the deck, but since most of the pack were lost, this was not reported back to the RA and he was not punished for being a clumsy oaf.

Back at the pub, the staff complained that 30+ survivors had the audacity to come in and try to spend money. The circle was in its usual late afternoon slot, by which time most of the sinners had given up or died of old age. Even the GM had buggered off because he could wait no longer!

All in all a pretty good day!

There were various down downs handed out by the said moist-Mattress, who had chosen a rainy 3 Degree Celsius day in mid-January to break in a new set of flip flops!

- 3 virgins who said it was the best trail ever (what the hell do virgins know?)
- The Hash shi(r)t was shrunk by Blowback and so Slaphead was punished as the supplier. (Of cheap clothing that is, not class 1 drugs – we stay quiet about those)
- "Balls deep in" Shiggy was charged for changing the symbols and confusing the easily confused.
- It was declared that Klinger was to be preserved for posterity, but I am unable at the time of writing to confirm whether the plan was to make a wax replica of him in Madame Tussauds, or to simply throw him in a vat of formaldehyde and be done with it!
- I was unfairly picked on (again) for merely asking the RA who the hell was in charge when the circle was not run by 1:30 (remember this was after the GM had buggered off because the circle was late!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

- Pedro was called into the circle to celebrate 900 runs – or so he says. I have actually done 1499 runs so my next will be 1800. Since the presents start getting worse after 300 runs, What do I get for 1500, a 1 penny chew?

After that, we were now all cold and gaining on the Mattress on the moist scale (due to the rain) so we buggered off home!

On-i-on
Legover

P.S. The run route is a fairly good outline of England, not including Scotland as they seem determined to fuck off and Newcastle because they release Cheryl Cole on us all!



