

CH3 Run 2001, Sunday 5th Feb 2017

The Cock, Broom

<http://www.thecockatbroom.co.uk/>



Hares: Toed Bedsores & Goldfinger

Runners 17?

Newies :0

Returnees: Hooker

General level of enthusiasm:0

The Words

Don't be fooled by the nice picture above, the sky was a sheet of monotone grey and the cold scythed through all clothing and made you feel like there was no point in bothering with anything as the cold still withered the flesh of all like some special type of Bedfordshire frost-necrotising-ebola mix.

Nice.

In their defence, the evergreen hares **Toed & Goldfinger** are very very experienced at this and if this had been in mid-summer with the warmth of the sun and not the middle of winter having just followed the legendary 2000th run, then it would have been a classic.

The trail was fantastically well marked, well thought out, did keep all 3 front runners guessing and was brilliantly planned.

Except, reality intervened in the form of mother nature.....

As we were in Bedfordshire it was cold, slate grey and well, cold frankly. It was no match for a summer run at the same venue. Even clan whittle didn't arrive (Decimating the pack numbers further still) and as Biggleswade had been randomly shut down with a truly unhinged one way system in the middle of it, I suspect most people trying to come through Biggleswade, thought, 'F*** this, I'm off, and had then gone home.



This photo is more like it- there's even a touch of cold/grey/gloom – in fact the visage of the pub on the day wouldn't have looked out of place on a Norwegian Death Metal album cover.....

Changing tact and for matters of alacrity, the Cock is a WONDERFUL old pub, listed as;

*"The Pub with No Bar" we are a unique ale and dining pub close to the A1M at the **Biggleswade** North turn.*

*Broom is a beautiful village close to **Jordans Mill**, and only a few miles from the Town of Shefford. Now a thriving Freehouse The Cock has been licensed since 1836.*

Originally a row of early 19th century cottages, the pub has grown from a single room with beer fetched from the cellar into the adjacent cottages.

Since becoming a Freehouse (July 2013) the pub has undergone improvements to all rooms and can now offer a warm welcome and superb ale and food.



So, of the approx. 120 currently active members of the hash (*which is a massively debateable figure – define 'active' for example?*) I can only remember our illustrious hares, **Toed & Goldfinger, Slaphead, Taxi, Only Me, Kermit, Hooker, Double Top, Computer, While You're Down There, Googly, Pedro, Benghazi, Checkpoint, Klinger, Kling-On & Hooker.** Even **Antar** didn't make it for some ineffable reason and Broom is very close to Ickleford so 17 of us (I might not be accurate here, but who's going to sue me then?)

So, there a few trails in the area and at 11.00am someone muttered something and we were off. Oddly enough, there was only **Pedro, Checkpoint &** yours truly as 'FRB's (!), Yes I know that sounds unlikely, but that's the truth of it.

The trail snaked past the now sadly closed White Horse, meaning that the only pub in broom is the Cock..... past a dog club (yes, dogs, not dogging, it was too cold for

any, or even some of that) and out into a bleak, slightly boggy harvested field of sprouts to add a touch of seasonal joy to the proceedings.

A check sent **Pedro, Checkpoint** & I in all directions (well, three at any rate) and the true on was spotted and we crossed an industrial looking road/farm track and then zig zagged across several more fields as the cold gradually shut off all feelings to the fingers/toes.

We arrived at what is usually a pleasant riverside area with a variety of checks, but as it was still a greasy slate grey sky and colder than a very cold thing. Accordingly, no-one hung about for long and we finally found a trail leading alongside a lovely looking wood (well, it would have been in the summer, but bare trees in the mud didn't summon up a Turner-esque country idyll to be honest).

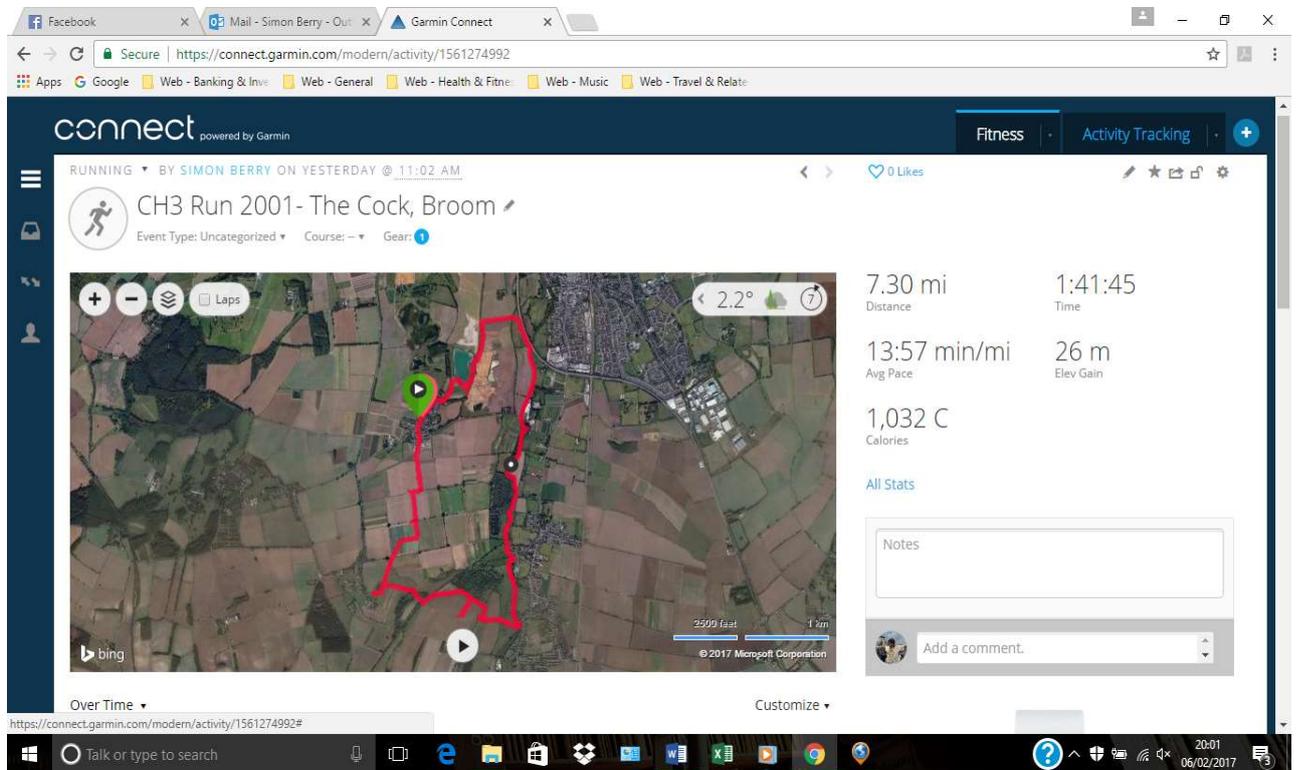
Some enterprising horsey types looked at us in wonderment and several dog walkers looked smugly at us. Pausing only to beat one of the smug supercilious bastards to death with a branch and hurl the oozing carcass into a ditch, I mused on the fact that death by severe exposure would have been more likely.

A short hop around a farmers' field lead us neatly into the back of a meadow with some rather pointless looking very mini bridges in it and aside from noticing Broom & Langford appear to have a massive mole problem, we ended up at the back of Langford by the river and the trail was called on towards the Jordans Factory at the weir.

Arriving at the mill, I looked longingly at the road to Broom, but the hares had cunningly laid the trail up & over the lock gates and the trail disappeared in a 90 degree opposite direction and headed towards Biggleswade. Realising that we were several days away from civilisation, beer/warmth and the chance of rest, I nearly unravelled, but chose to steel myself and follow **Pedro & Checkpoint** who were clearly on some personal fitness regime and determined to see this through to the end.

A massive wide loop snaked alongside the A1M and cut across land by a farm building bringing us back beside a new quarry and a landscaped former quarry, while the quarry had been tastefully reclaimed with trees, epic planting schemes and tasteful complimentary fencing. As we followed the footpath alongside the reclaimed quarry, I noticed that they had a serious rubbish problem and **Checkpoint** noticed that there were dozens of bags of excrement tied/hurled into the bushes, giving them a tatterdemalion air of turd & despair – disgusting and a real blot on the otherwise peaceful surroundings.

The trail finally lead back to the on Inn at the outside edge of the village and arriving back into the rear of a farmyard, I was dementedly happy to be on the way home and into the safety of the pub.



Having realised that the hares had laid a brilliant, but leg mangling 7.00 mile + trail, my legs were ruined and it was a trifle late owing to my complete lack of ability. So, I looked at the huge queue in the pub and flotilla of cars that had arrived and decided that my legs/body were beyond help, I didn't have enough life left to spare queuing at the bar and left.

I didn't stay for the circle so I've no idea about the down downs that were dished out, but the hares had laid a great trail. The irony of life is that mother nature was evidently against the Hares and the turnout was not good following the 2000th r*n.

Anyway, don't berate me for not attending the circle, I was there, I was scribe again and if you feel like it you can always lead by example and lay a trail or submit a riveting and amusing run write up for the benefit of everyone.

I loved it, but sunny & 20 degs warmer would have been a different story.

Thank you, hares.

On On

Big Blouse