

# Run No: 2064

**Date: 22-Apr-2018**

**Venue: Black Bull, Brampton**

**Hares: Slaphead & Big Swinger**

**Scribe: Spickey Bear**

On the same day that competitive bastards ran the hottest London Marathon on record, our ragtag bunch gathered at the Black Bull in Brampton (not Godmanchester, **Gorilla** and **Chimp!**) for a gloriously sunny outing along the River Great Ouse.

At least, it would have been a glorious day. But no, our illustrious Grand Master, **Hold It for Me**, could not be arsed to arrive on time for the circle. That left **Big Swinger** in charge, and she felt compelled to find a scribe before we set out. I very specifically did not volunteer, especially considering I still owe **Toed Bedsores** a write-up about **B@stard**'s 1995 Run from the Cambridge Blue on Christmas 2016, and I was standing next to **B@stard** in the circle! But did she ignore me? No! Wah! (For the record, **Auto-Nag** seems to lose heart after about a year, but it does not stop. It never stops.)

Hare **Slaphead** sent us off to a check in front of the pub, very specifically stating not to go right. So, of course, **the Earl of Pampisford**, **Wrong Keys**, **Squeak** and **Hold It for Me** immediately went right and had to be called back by a foot-stamping **Slaphead**.

.ti kcufo s, ti etaicrppa dluow eno on dna, krow fo tol a fo lleh a s'ti tub, siht ekil sdrawkcab yrots eritne eht gnitirw deredisnoc I, setuor tsap morf snihsreddiw saw liart eht gniredisnoC

The first landmark we passed was a lovely Frosts Garden Centre, which held the promise of a cuppa in a café while planning the spring planting. Apparently the hash could not pass it up – the pack attempted to run past, but all ended up coming back. It is unknown how many in our party were lost to the tea room.

We next travelled through a golf course, where we were joined by other people in funny clothes carrying clubs. **Big Swinger** was heard to try to recruit a few of them to join us, but **Poppy** chose instead to join them. A chorus of "**Poppy**" could be heard along the trail as a multitude of Hashers tried to lure the wayward pup off the links.

The trail along the river was beautiful – so much so that **Googly** was loathe to turn away. He stopped to turn a log in to a bench rather than leave the river trail.

**Slaphead** proved himself to be a great lay. The FRBs were fooled at every turn. Soon after leaving the river, the walkers arrived at a check just as the runners were on their way back from yet another turnback. In this case, however, all the alternative routes were marked private. It was decided that the turnback must have been a checkback, and we all turned left past the campground. We did not find trail again until we reached Huntingdon, but trail was found! (At one point **Big Swinger** took a phone call, and we hoped she was calling a **Taxi** – but he turned out to be behind us.)

We eventually found **Slaphead** sitting comfortably on a bench perfectly situated for a beer stop by the river. Except that there was no **Beer Stop** (since he had not yet returned from Florida.) So we made our way back to the hottest pub in Brampton. No, really, it was boiling inside. Thank goodness the drinks were cold and the garden was lovely!

The circle was called promptly at one o'clock-ish with the following sinners in attendance:

- **Just Maggie, Fuck Me in Public** (not an invitation, she said), **Just Ruth** and **Shit Retainer:** Visitors, Virgins and Returnees
- **Tie Me Up Buttercup:** for alcohol abuse!
- **Slaphead:** For stamping his foot peevishly when the Grand Master went right instead of left
- Religious Adviser **Big Leg:** For providing perfect weather (*Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah!*)

- **Antar**: New shoes! And since they represented two pairs, he had to drink out of both of them – after **Kermit** took a moment to make sure the beer and sweat were well distributed, of course.
- **Blowback** and **Little Blow**: For forgetting to pay their pub tab the previous week. A down-down was also given to **Chimp** for not only paying their tab, but then forgetting that she did it!
- **Papparazi**: For forgetting she was complaining about her husband **El Rave** in front of the RA – and not telling **Big Leg** what he did!
- **Gorilla** and **Chimp**: For going to more Black Bull pubs on the day than strictly necessary.
- **Poppy**: For causing distractions (**Wrong Keys** took **Poppy's** drink, of course.)
- **Unmentionable**: For trying to buy drinks with cash she found in her purse. The pub refused to take the £10 note, £5 note and the pound coins she offered – none were legal tender anymore.

The above is reported truthfully and faithfully to the best of my recollection (which was pretty good, since I took notes.)

And because write-ups are like busses – you wait and wait and wait and wait until finally two come at once – I am turning in the write-up for B@stard's Christmas run at the same time.

***CH3ers!***  
***Spicey Bear***