

Run No: 2095

Date: 25-Nov-2018

Venue: Cock, Castle Camps

Hares: El Rave & Paparazzi

Scribe: Mitten

So truth be told I'd had a bit of a day on Saturday 24th it was my 21st Birthday so my memories of the run are a bit hazy – I do think the Grandmaster was a bit unfair to suggest that I should do the write up on account of me being 'an adult' / or was it a student who did nothing? Well it was something like that – what does she know anyway???

And what a bargain - you got a visit from my Dad – Locust – on account of my great age! Still wearing the same old pink t shirt some of the pack noted!! There were other visitors – Sox had brought her brother and his family along for the day as well and my other half Just Meg.

Our hares – El Rave and Paparazzi briefed the pack and we headed off on trial – events fairly quickly falling into disarray as hashers milled about at a path junction with much chuntering that the trail always went that way / last time we were here we upset the lady with the horses..... the usual!! Despite this, the trail went left skirting round the back of the village and out into the countryside.

Walker and runners were kept well together until we reached a well grazed cattle field rising upwards towards the Church. Much gesticulating ensued as front runners identified the walkers split to the left with runners going right... easily understood unless you were Double Top or Big Swinger who were seen weaving across the field in indecision and deep conversation!! I stuck with the walkers and as we headed up to the church Paparazzi advised that we were approaching the site of the Castle and that the church was worth a look.

I had been keen to see the castle ever since the Grand Master had bought me to the village, I had made lots of helpful comments to this effect as we arrived for the run – odd that she didn't know there was actually a castle there – I thought she knew everything? Anyway it appears that the good folk of Castle Camps left the castle due to the plague so there wasn't too much to see – and the walkers who tried to view the church were out of luck as it was shut! On a Sunday!!! The Church noticeboard advised that it had a Rotating Vicar, causing some hilarity and the 'oh would you like..... etc etc'

As the RA had done his usual sterling job weather wise – or was it because the visiting RA from France (Locust) had put his ha'penny into the mix? – who knows – but we gathered for the circle in warmish sunshine...

The visitors were celebrated, with special note to Just Abigail who managed her OJ down down with true spirit and determination, Round three of the missing map books ensued when the RA discovered pornography and a model of a 'tit' (or was it a woodpecker?) in his bag – though I did find this all a bit confusing having missed the first parts of this saga. I was lurking at the back trying to keep out of sight as I was fairly sure that the GM would have it in for me – inexplicably she seems to think I may have sins to atone – how would she know!! I was getting fairly smug that all was to be well as the number of beers reduced – but then realised that someone wasn't going to drink the one given and the GM pounced – Can't remember what dreadful lies were spread – I am of course entirely innocent and couldn't possibly comment further.....