

## CHURN VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run number: 1537 - Hares: Julie and Paul (and Saffie)

Venue: Malborough Arms at Fairford

### The Run

A very select pack gathered in the car park. Only 19 of us and two dogs (Flash and Saffie). Lots of excuses as to why we were down on numbers, eg , three marathons in a weekend (Groper and Caviar); hangovers from 60<sup>th</sup> birthdays (Mr Sheep and party goers); in-laws and outlaws visiting (Pickle, K Why? and Special K) etc. But hey - the ones that were there more than made up for the lack of quantity by their quality, superior athleticism, wit and heroic spirit (no Blameless wasn't in attendance).

So, after Fish Finger's briefing and Flash's barking, we all sped off into the metropolis of Fairford and the surrounding area.

The trail was well laid, lots of flour to help us. The hares kept us all together even though there were many splits for mediums and longs. We scampered around the lakes, trekked through a river, and just as we appeared to be heading back to the pub, off we went again through the church yard and away to the fields beyond. A couple of cunning loops were set and although at the après Julie denied all knowledge about the trail - she was very crafty in her manoeuvres it has to be said. I think she knew more than she was prepared to let on!

Carloss told an interesting tale on the way round about changing after a run, and just as he pulled down his pants, Princess Anne drove past. Poor lady - the things these royals have to tolerate!

Once back, we all headed into the pub, even though the sun was shining down. The reason being, that the landlord had left us plates of sandwiches and sausage rolls which were left overs from a do the previous night. Very nice too, and only slightly crispy around the edges.

Claude made a guest appearance when we were in the pub - apparently he had forgotten about l'heure change!! Always Ultra also appeared too late to run, with some feeble excuse about playing one a side football for 15 hours in the searing sun the day before. Basically he was knackered.

Booed Off tried to explain about his open mic do on Tuesday night, but to be honest I was totally confused by the whole thing, even after the speech was re-run with sub titles.

The bags didn't appear, and the Sheep's hat was due to go back to K Why? who had deferred his duty for a week. Just as we were going, Anorak suddenly remembered that she had been going to give Fishfinger's a down down for taking her to the wrong pub the night before - Suffolk, not Somerset Arms, but due to her dementia she had forgotten. Shame.

Well done Julie and Paul, a brill trail on a glorious day, in stunning countryside.

Lots of love Kippa Nik xxxxxxxxxxxx

### Future On On's

1539	9 <sup>th</sup> April	Craven Arms, Brockhampton	Carloss
	19 <sup>th</sup> May	Dinner Dance at Ciren Golf Club	

**MORE TRAILS URGENTLY REQUIRED - PLEASE SEE CAVIAR**

## HOT OFF THE PRESS - A FEW MORE

1540	<i>April</i>	To be decided	
1541	23 <sup>rd</sup> <i>May</i>	To be decided	Mr Sheep and Dyldo
1542	30 <sup>th</sup> <i>May</i>	The Keepers at Quennington	Anorak and Pole Pussy
1543	7 <sup>th</sup> <i>June May</i>	To be decided	Caviar