

Churn Valley h9

What a wonderful day.... For sticking a cucumber through someone's letterbox and shouting, "Help, help, the Martians have landed! We could not believe it was October, the sun sunned brightly, it was almost too hot to run. Gathering at the Poulton Cricket Club, excitement was mounting, it was clearly going to be a good day as Verity and Kippernicks were sunning themselves in the garden, a squawkless run. I haven't spoken Verity for for eighteen months. I don't like to interrupt her.

Frank obviously trying to convey some important message waved his arms around a lot but personally I had no idea what he was on about.

So off we sent, Grizzle disappearing into the distance, where he was occasionally glimpsed jumping around in the long grass, seen but not heard.

Over the lovely flat footy pitch and over a couple of fields, through some beautiful but curious cattle and to a check by a large farm complex. All directions were checked and rejected, eventually the correct route was found, the confusion was caused by a reverse T, kept the pack together though, so very good.

Here the medium runners were caught, if there were any, and Robbie. We spoke about the glorious Liverpool team for a very short time, until I got pissed off, so off I shot sprinting away from the scouser nutter. Coming out onto a lane, with puddles, I think we regrouped before heading off back towards the main road.

Carefully crossing we came upon the Red Lion, no money so couldn't stop. But Pickle having seen this unique pub, could not resist the pull and returned here after the run. The longs and mediums split here, the longs going on a jaunt around Ampney St Marys, whilst the mediums headed up the road then onto a bridle path which returned to Poulton. Meanwhile the longs were running flat out down the road, a straight run of at least 2 miles, I am told. I did the mediums, which was a bit shorter, not so fast, but most importantly led me to the Butcombe beer quicker. When we arrived at the bar I saw Fishfingers staring for hours at a bottle of orange juice, I said 'Oi Fish, wot ya doing?', he told me that the bottle said concentrate.

We sat around in the bright sunshine, supping ale, what a glorious time we had. But it was to be trumped very shortly.

Going back to Verity's gaff, the barrel of beer followed us and we were treated to a fabulous feast, the chicken and leek pie by Verity was outstanding. Lovely deserts, cheeses, Butcombe and bright sun. Trying to help I got a handful of ice and threw it down Nicki's top, I thought she wanted a chest freezer. Apparently not.

In conclusion, a wonderful day all round, thank you very much hares Robbie and Frank. Also a big thank you to Verity and all the people who provided the nosh. I love you all.

Bye bye

Maddog