

Gargrave Pub Run – 9 April 2014

by
Stephen Chew

It was Gargrave tonight for the weekly pub run. Not my favourite run, but as always, it depends on who you want to spend an hour of your life with. There were six again tonight; me, Dave Halliday and Screw out of the regulars. Then there was junior Chew, Rob Weir, Big Alan Davis and his faithful pooch Buzz. Pleasantries were exchanged in the car park. Rob showed us his axe wound (not his minge) from the weekend's race at Pendle. Then there was big Al. Standing tall and proud with his new six pack and tan. He looked awesome. Now let me tell you, Al has been training exceptionally hard recently and the results are starting to show. So a tip of the cap is in order, but the sun bed? Anyway moving on, we shuffled out of the village car park and made for Sharp Haw. We didn't have the navigational experience of Palin and Massive this week, so I managed to get some road into the run to stretch the legs. Once we were off the road the banter started. We reached the pinnacle in good fettle and enjoyed the view, as you do. We then decided to do the run round the back of the forest and back down to Gargrave. We were coasting and enjoying the Craic and such like, with the odd shout of "Buzz" coming from the lips of Big Al. Apparently Buzz usually does as he's told and is very obedient. Unless I'm not mistaken, a well behaved hound doesn't hear the sound of his name ten times a minute. Alas I know nothing of dogs or how they think, but this bugger just did as he wanted. Although Al's mixed signals of "come here Buzz" to "get the ba*#%*d Buzz", probably confused the poor beast somewhat. Anyway this was nothing compared to the next event. There are two lines off Sharp Haw down the Rough Haw side of the hill. One is through bog, the other is through extreme bog. Having run this route a few times before, I decided that I'd sit back watch people go bog hopping, then pick the least boggy route. This proved to be a master stroke as me and Halliday followed Screw. Screw lost his shoe. Me and Dave found this highly amusing and skipped to the right of the bog and let Screw fend for him sen. I will admit to laughing at his poor fortune and also shouting "see ya, wouldn't wanna be ya!". Halliday followed and we dropped down and met up with Rob and Junior. We waited, and waited and waited some more, but no sign of Screw or Big Al. So I drew the short straw and went back. As I reached the top of the little hill I could see Big Al looking for his beloved Buzz as Screw was stood in a bog frantically searching for his footwear. When I got closer I could hear, £90 you b£*#%\$d bog. Not only was poor Screw talking to himself, he was now arm and knee deep in s*#t. Not just normal faeces, but what I call Sam Watson S*#t(that's big ginger highland cattle s*#t). It soon became clear he wanted me to help in routing around the bog with my fair pincers. So I moved a bit of mud about like a teenager that has been asked to do something he clearly couldn't be arsed doing. I then gave it up as a bad job and convinced Screw that the bog was to be the final resting place of his fell shoe. To be fair, he did say he was coming up the day after with his shovel. We then carried on down to Gargrave with the usual banter interspersed with the occasional ow and Buzz shouts. In a bid to give Screw some confidence, I mentioned Ron Hill used to run barefoot. Junior's response was quick, "not in this s*#t he didn't!". Cheers for the help! We made it back to the pub and had a couple of pints and a committee meeting in true Barlick style. Plenty of talking, swearing and drinking. Screw joined us after he'd had half an hour in his car crying. Another good night, Palin and Jackson were a big miss tonight, but I suspect they'll be getting us lost again next week.