

13 pints in 13 pubs . I have completed the infamous Longridge pub crawl , but where am I now ? Sitting up after a drunken slumber on a gravelly path . I see a red flashing and slowly the rear light of my bicycle comes into focus . I push myself up to stand and though the cold night air sobers me my legs are unfeasibly uncoordinated . I stagger forwards and find support on the brick wall behind my bicycle . A wave of nausea sweeps over me and my head throbs . I close my eyes to compose myself as the damp seeps through my shirt . I stagger to the bicycle and wheel it onto the tarmac road . I climb on and meander from one side to the other . Snaking along I progress . I miscalculate and veer into the ditch . My front wheel dips into the abyss and I somersault over the handlebars and splash down on my back . Lying in an icy pool I gaze at the starry sky . I see the constellation of the swan and close by the bright star Vega . The thin body of the dragon curves around the Little Bear who's tail leads to the North star . A faint hum in the distance slowly becomes the sound of a car approaching . The bright headlights wipe clean my romantic view of the heavens as the engine thunders close by . The car pulls over as my eyes adjust . The door opens and closes and I hear footsteps approach . The paces stop and a dark figure looms above me . A man's voice " Are you alright ? " . I consider the question and cannot decide how to answer . Aware of my delirious state the man takes my bicycle and moves it to the hedge further away from the road . I sit up and decide to follow the initiative . I shuffle back and lean on the hedge . The hawthorns pierce my skin as I find support in the branches . The man returns to his car and drives away . I now have a different view of the stars . The striking profile of Leo the Lion twinkles on the horizon . Mars glows red as he edges past the bright star Regulus . The temperature falls and once more I take up the challenge . I mount my sturdy velocipede and describe a slightly less parabolic curve along the lane . I encounter no cars until I reach the main road and carefully cross into the village of Broughton . The streetlights light my way as I pedal along the pavement . I turn down Oaklands avenue and into my father's driveway . I park my bicycle and turn off the rear flashing light . In through the back door and up the stairs to the safety of my bed . At last I lay down to sleep .