

Hash 118 - Ray's Diner, East Kennet, 11th August 2002

It was a small but select bunch of hashers who met for a barbeque run at Ray's country retreat, in the shadow of one of the most astonishing ancient relics of English civilisation - Mike Fisher. The four runners and a similar number of walkers were instructed in the arcane arts of flour arranging, and then set off into the cradle of Neolithic history.

I found myself in the unfamiliar territory of 'the lead' on several occasions, but by the time we had crossed the A4 with Silbury Hill in sight, I was to be found in my traditional position. We headed towards Avebury, but were led back across the arterial and, after only 30 or so minutes, Ray's house hove into view once again. Was he that keen to get his gnashers round the rashers? But no, he jests, and we are sent off towards the primeval coombes of Salisbury Plain. The erstwhile GOM can be seen flagrantly running - but I can't akshully see anyone else at all - Ian, t'other Keith and the iron-thewed Ray are now somewhere near Stonehenge.

I have never seen the Long Barrow before, and on the basis that I can't be more last than I already am, stop to admire this most impressive bronze-age artefact - although I assume that the glass tiles in the roof were added by pot-noodle-age man. I plough my way through a filed of waving corn, to see the runners several centuries ahead of me. A delightful long incline enables me to lope down and overtake the walkers, a promising sign that we are almost back at the ranch.

As I remove my running shoes and scatter a fair amount of corn round Ray's drive, Ian lowers the tone by starting a fight with a stuck-up toffee-nosed 4x4 driver. We participate in the Barbie – some more than others – and thank Ray for a splendid run.

