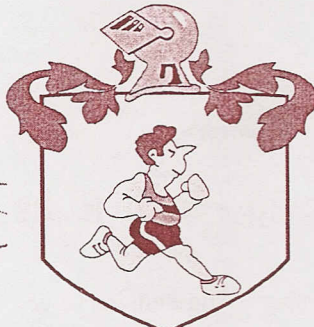


KENNELLEY  
HASSEY  
HARRIERS

The logo consists of a central shield containing a cartoon runner in a red singlet and shorts, running to the right. Above the shield is a key with a red ribbon. The shield is flanked by two red leaves. The text 'KENNELLEY' is at the top, 'HASSEY' is in the middle, and 'HARRIERS' is at the bottom, all in a hand-drawn, blocky font.

### Hash 126 - The Bolingbroke Arms, Hook 1st December 2002

This run was arranged in conjunction with the slack-jawed, knobbly-elbowed, pimply oiks from North Wilts Hash. Ray went round with the runners, armed with a map (having helped to lay the trail that morning) - and promptly got us all lost. But the trail was the brainchild of Ian, and was a typical Ian trail - need I say more? Well, as this is sposed to be a newsletter - yes! This is what it was like:

We met at that noble testament to the vision of Gothic architects - Hook Village Hall. We stood beneath its soaring buttresses, watching the falcons swoop to settle on the noble Lord Ian's delicately outstretched arm as he described the magic symbols we would find on the trail to Purtonnell. Bidding us adieu, he wrapped his cloak around his tumbling grey locks, struck his staff on the ground, and vanished in a puff of smoke.

The hoary Grand Old Mistress was not put out by the task that lay before us. Summoning her trusty pixies - Jeremy and Dave - she sprinted off into the mud and across the Bassett Downs. Round her gambolled Laura, Steve and her other Elvish warriors, fighting off the evil Orcs of Northwilts. The Grey Strider followed close at hand, whilst valiantly failing to keep up as usual, was Balrog the Backmarker. Scattering the deer, we forded streams, climbed mountains, were led into deep dark ravines by the flour-wights, were mown down by the black horses of Swinedown, and entangled by the ents of Wessex Forest. Just when angry red sun was setting in the West, the mists cleared to reveal the Noble Lord in all his majesty, welcoming us into his bolingbroken arms. There, the Balrog sounded a blast upon his mighty horn, which he presented to Strider. Many thanks, Ian!

Don't forget to let Mike know whether you will be attending the KVHHH 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary dinner, which will take place on the evening of Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2003.