



Hash 138 - Salley Pussey's, Wootton Bassett, 18th May 2003

Despite the withering sarcasm in the previous Hash Mag, we were on time as usual. Eight runners and many more walkers stood shivering in the glorious Christmas weather, waiting for Santa and his little helper to tell us what treats lay in store. There were still some benighted souls who did not understand the symbolic meaning of flour, so after a brief explanation and a gleeful indication of the 7 miles that lay before us, off we went. 35 minutes later we had managed to cross the main road outside the pub...

After a further 3 minutes the rain turned to hail, and many backward glances were cast at the warm and welcoming aspect of the pub. But as he had no doubt done many times before on the foredeck, Navy Mike quelled the mutineers and whipped us on with his cat o' nine tails. The rain soon stopped (after 4 years I have still only run for a total of 1 hour in the rain!), but the gales had blown away much of the flour, and the few remaining grains were hidden in the knee-deep winter wheat. Happily, Laura the masochist was there on her second circuit of the day to guide us on our way. We briefly trebled the attendance at a car boot sale before risking the crossing a railway line - as if a Virgin train was likely to be running on a Sunday - or at all.

Those who were present on the previous Hash (while I was traipsing 32 miles round Dartmoor for charity, in similar weather) began to recognise some very familiar countryside, as we abseiled up the escarpment close to Clyffe Pypard. Past a modern, circular stone house and an embryonic water feature into some delectable woodland, all the more beautiful because it kept us out of the effing wind for a few minutes. But it was bath bun time again as we kept heading onwards and upwards towards Broad Town, and yet further away from the foaming pint and double scotch back at the pub.

Having been the last to begin the ascent of the final cliff face, I was able to astonish the front-runners and GOM by being the first down - a triumph of mind over Mattress. Waiting at base camp was Ian, who insulted me by offering me a lift back to the pub in his pickup. A Jag or Beamer and I might have accepted.....

A long but straightforward road (on which I was passed a couple of times by Ian ferrying lesser mortals, and by Jeremy, Keith2, Steve, Maurice & Laura ferrying themselves) led back to the Salley Pussey. It was like an oven inside, so we hardy Hashers sat outside in a force 8 and a warm, self-congratulatory glow.

Thanks to Ian and Laura for some excellent preparation for the Ridgeway Run! Talking of which, the runners then bemoaned their respective fates as Jeremy produced a stage-by-stage chart of the run showing not only the distance, but also the height we would have to ascend during each stage. Eughhhh! There was also a rather optimistic (in my case) estimate of how long each stage would take. Did I really volunteer for this?

Second Coming Hash Runs

- 139 - 1st June - The Check Inn, Wroughton - Navy Mike
- 140 - 15th June - The Red Lion (meet visitor car park), Lacock - Jeremy
- 141 - 22nd June - Saga Holidays Ridgeway Coach Trip
- 142 - 29th June - The Pelican, Froxfield - Keith1
- 143 - 13th July - Savernake Forest run, picnic & general knees-up#
- 144 - 27th July - KVH³ World Tour, Worth Matravers?, GOM & Dave
(somewhere near Corfe Castle)

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or email her secretary on paulbtracy@hotmail.com

(Hash, geddit??!!) Meet @ picnic site by Wootton Rivers turning at usual time. Bring your own picnic, booze, kids, umbrellas etc. In Town Hall if wet.