



Hash 164 - The Radnor Arms, Coleshill - 2nd May 2004

Only a bleeding idiot would go for a six-mile run four hours after landing from a transatlantic flight. Ladies and gentlemen, I was that idiot! And as Laura kindly pointed out, it makes no odds whether I have travelled 4 miles or 4,000 to the Hash, I am still late! Welcome back, Laura (and Ian)!

Someone else should have written this, really. All I saw of the Hashers was a few runners hurtling through the estate gardens as I entered the gates. After that - not for the first time - I was entirely on my tod. Nevertheless stiffness, jet-lag and time differential notwithstanding, I thoroughly enjoyed the Hash.

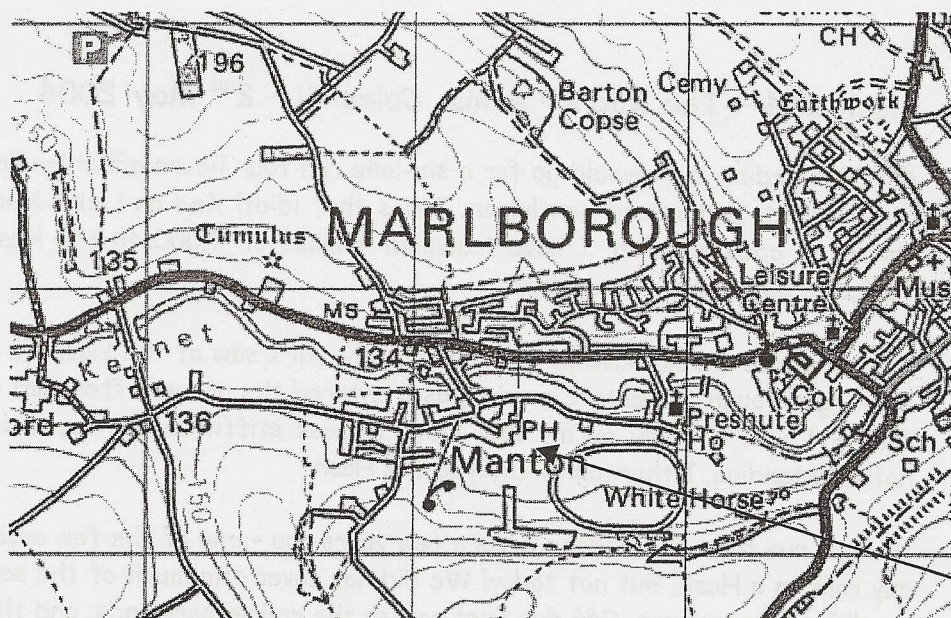
We had run from the Radnor Arms a few years ago - one of the few occasions I remember any rain on a Hash. But not today! We did not cover the much of the same trail, and what we did was in reverse. Off due East across the rolling parklands, and then passing several farms into what for me was uncharted territory. I vaguely remember Brian smiling urbanely as I arrived at the split between the runners' and walkers' trail, and then it was time to remove the T-shirt in the entirely accustomed warmth, and reveal what my son refers to as 'the carcass' - although I prefer the expression 'gleaming, lissom, bronzed torso' - to the blazing sunshine.

Not having a clue where I was, I was only slightly surprised to wind up running through a village which turned out to be Great Coxwell - big brother of the Little version where Katrina (sensibly walking) had laid the trail earlier this year. It seemed to me that this was probably a long way from Coleshill, and a signpost soon proved me right. Wotthehell. Modesty and grey clouds behove me to replace the outer apparel, and it was round the church (was that the A420 not far away?) before heading back homewards.

After a (long) time, I could see a shape in the distance which my spec-less eyes eventually distinguished as Brian, leaning languidly against a fence. "You're lost" he beamed. "Lost?" I said - "then how did you know where to find me?" "No, not lost - *last*". Like, tell me something I didn't know. He told me that I could follow the trail back - in fact the walkers' trail - or hop in the car with him. Rebuffing this affront to my manhood with a haughty sneer, I turned my back on him and ran sturdily until he was out of sight, then slowed to a hobble. The way was very beautiful, through lush green woodlands down to what I later discovered to be the River Cole - I did not know there was such a thing. I thought Cole was a hill. Or a King. Or a gnat.

Entering the village, I was bad 'Good Morning - no, Good Afternoon' by a local, and summoning up my last reserves of free in-flight whisky-induced strength, ran up the bloody hill to the pub, to be greeted by ironic cheers from the Hashers, who were already on their second pint.

The glorious, bitter, brown beer went down exceedingly well, as did the speech by our fair lady GOM, who thanked Keith2 and Brian for the trial - sorry, trail - and politely praised the devotion of K & myself to the Hashing cause (see 'bleeding idiot' above). All in all a wonderful return to the fold on a beautiful day in beautiful England.



Fifth Coming Hash Runs

- 165 - 16th May - The Crow Skies, Bedwyn - Ian
- 166 - 30th May - The Oddfellows Arms, Manton - Keith1
- 167 - 13th June - The Bugger's Arms - Some bugger (hopefully)
- 168 - 20th June - The Ridgeway Geriatric Gallop
- 169 - 27th June - The Bugger's Arms (again!)

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 the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com>

Volunteer to lay a trail - NOW! Or we'll just be sat in the pub!