

obligingly placed a large, luminous red-and-white traffic cone in a narrow path, and I obligingly managed to trip over it. Pausing only to knock up an impromptu splint from a couple of passing boy scouts, and improvising a tourniquet from Katrina's Big Knickers, I gamely limped on.

We crossed the road and ran alongside the old Berks & Wilts canal. I explained to Katrina that we would turn left over the second bridge, and so it came as a surprise to both of us when the trail took us right, and back to the Broad Town road. A few minutes later we were running down a farm track parallel to the B&WC again, and at the end we came to a parting of the ways - me taking the L road and Katrina the S. I was a bit concerned, as K's route took her close to the notorious quicksands, which have swallowed tractors, cattle, sheep etc - talking of which, we must lead the North Wilts Hash There someday.... I need not have worried, however, as after a bit of veering and backing across the boggy fields, I caught up with the other runners as we crossed the third bridge over the canal - to find K in front of me.

More fields and lanes, then all together, we swarmed back through WB. Not far now! Silly Boy -this was Iain's Hash, and so we ran out the other side and down to the lake, where I freely admit I cursed our Hare something very wicked. Mike & K had done their own thing, so it was just the four of us who headed out into open country once more, eventually to pass the walkers on the outskirts of town and climb back up to the pub - where we had our very own room in the stables. Huddling together for warmth (any excuse!) under the paraffin lamps, we listened to our gentle ambulatory GOM - who for once did not have to raise her voice thank Laura & Iain for a splendid Hash. Maurice awarded the Horn to Katrina for constantly reappearing in front of him!



