



Hash 188 - The Horse & Jockey, Ashton Keynes, 20 March 2005

Day 1 - The Great Trek of 2005 began in unseasonably warm weather. Our revered leader, the Grand Old Margaret, was unable to join the first leg of our circumnavigation, owing to a debilitating attack of holiday, but she had entrusted the navigation to Steve a.k.a. Jonah - and the leadership to the intrepid Lt. Cdr. Mad Mike Fisher, fresh from his expedition to find the North West passage around Swindon. As the runners exercised their thews - a species of desert husky dog - and the walkers loaded their camels, Jonah pored over his charts. "We go over there, and then back here" he muttered. "About 8 weeks for the runners, and half - or is it twice - that for the walkers."

Day 4 - Already we are down to the last pack of camels. Fresh water is at a premium, and before long we will have to drink the dehydrated stuff. I pray we find civilisation before we have to start eating our bus passes. Find confusing and contradictory signs in flour, reading 'Livingstone was here - where the hell is Stanley?' Find road, but no cars, only elk.

Day 17 - Reduced to drinking own urine - anything is better than Arkells. Wander blindly round so-called Nature Trail, which appears to be a large pond spattered with 6-ft piles of flying dinosaur droppings. Lucky we arrived after they left...

Day 23 - Stumble across a long barrow, the burial-ground of a long-dead Hasher. Jeremy deciphers the runic symbols to read "wait till I get my hands on that bloody Steve".

Day 35 - Food is running low. We try to remember anything useful about which plants and insects we can eat. Dave mentions the TV programme by that pillock who makes a thorough nuisance of himself on Wimbledon Common and thinks he's in the SAS. We capture and kill a cabbage white. I fight Katrina for a wing.

Day 42 - We draw lots to decide who will be eaten first. Katrina finds that she can run after all. Keith2 explains that we can't eat him because he's a vegetarian...? Jeremy's daughter is excused because it's her first Hash. Dave goes for the skunk defence and removes his trainers. We're nowhere near hungry enough to even consider Mike. A dozen red eyes and slavering lips turn towards me.....

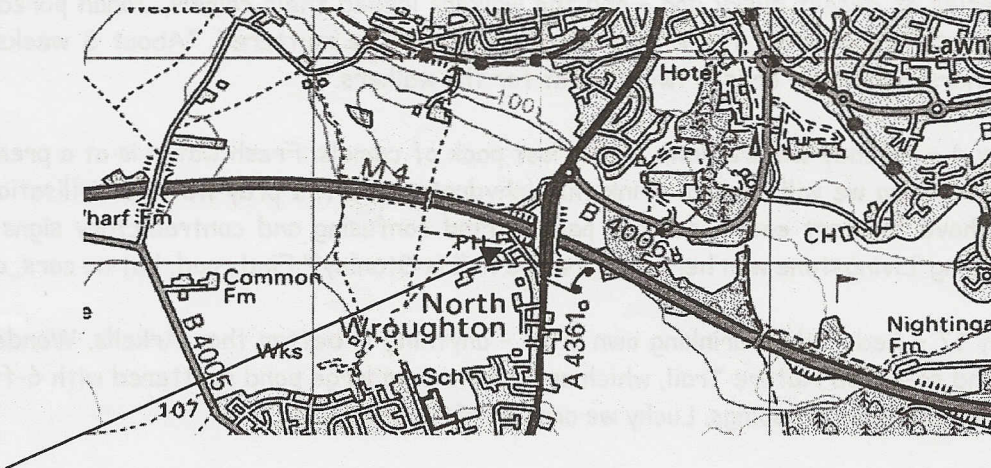
Day 50 - After 8 days in the lead, I begin to tire. Pass a sign which says South Georgia, or South Utsire, or South Cerney - doesn't really matter, as we are still less than halfway round. See a red haze in the distance, which I later find to be a blazing pyre, upon which a long-lost tribe of Neanderthal Walkers are burning an effigy of Jonah...

Day 63 - We capture and kill a few plankton, the first ever to emerge from the primeval swamps of the Cotswold Water Park. The course of evolution is put back by several million years. Katrina keeps tripping over her beard. Jeremy covers his nakedness in woad, and is resplendent as he howls at the moon and beats Keith2 mercilessly with the thigh-bone of a North Wilts Hasher - who was still alive and using it at the time, but no matter.

Day 79 - The gaunt, haggard figure of our commander awakens from a trance. He parts his filthy, matted hair and points a wizened, trembling finger at a curious sign. He mumbles something which we dimly recognise as 'English'. "A-s-h-t-o-n...." he falters, as we summon the last remnants of our strength and trample all over him in the rush to the pub.

Day 85 - We clamber over endless stone stiles, and collapse in a heap at the Horse & Jockey. "About bloody time", says the landlord - "I could have filled these reserved dinner tables 473,079 times over. 12.30 you said you'd be back - p.m. not BC."

The Walkers arrived back shortly before Thursday, and all agreed it had been a splendid - if slightly long - Hash, and Mike thanked Steve for his manifold efforts. The late Keith awarded the Horn to Livvy for cheating him out of last place.



Fifth Coming Hash Runs

189 - 3rd Apr - The Harrow, Wanborough - Keith2

190 - 17th Apr - The Check Inn, Wroughton - GOM & Mike
Margaret's Last Hash as GOM - party time!

191 - 1st May - The Roebuck, Marlborough - The Late Keith

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Buzzer's Arms is please ring GOM Margaret on 01793 703744, or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mvsite.freemove.com>