



### Hash 206 - The Horseshoe, Axford! - 13th November 2005

You've heard of Saul - you know, bit of a hard case, forever making havoc of churches and haling men and women into prison and persecuting them. A thoroughgoing nuisance, he was - you might have seen him on 'Neighbours from Hell'. Maybe it was the scales in his eyes. Anyway, after he was given an ASBO by the Jerusalem justices, he needed somewhere else to give the locals a bit of a duffing-up. He was on the roadside, thumbing a lift to Damascus, and not having much luck - not surprising, what with breathing out threatenings and slaughter - when he heard a Heavenly voice saying unto him "Will you stop all that kicking against the pricks?" And he got such a shock, he fell to the ground, the scales fell from his eyes, and he changed his name to Paul. He gave up haling and persecuting on the spot - though he then started making a thoroughgoing nuisance of himself by writing epistles to all and sundry.

It was a bit like that at Axford....

That Mad Mike Fisher - might be able to organise a piss-up in a brewery, but he certainly can't organise one in a pub. First of all it was that SNAFU at the Carpenters Arms in South Marston, where we were unceremoniously moved on down the road, then this week we were booted out of the Red Lion at Axford. Someone even more important than Mike wanted a beer there apparently. So we congregated in the community car-park a short way away - hundreds of us! That bigwig must have been some beer-drinker, for the landlord to turn us away... 13 Runners (excluding Hares) and many more Walkers.

Our new friends Andrew and Phil immediately shot off into the lead, and my old friend Kevin immediately shot off in front of me - not an especially taxing task, as most of you will know, but not bad for someone who had already swum 52 lengths that morning - show-off! Having set two Hashes in and around Axford, I was somewhat embarrassed at being unable to find the trail at the first circle, [which confusingly was next to an "On Inn" arrow pointing back the way we had come] but eventually we found the path across a field, then up and up into the woods and over familiar ground. As the temperature had been minus something the night before, I had started with long-johns, three tops, gloves, woolly hat - the works. Kevin thought I was in fancy dress. Climbing the hill in the burgeoning sunshine had warmed me up a bit, and when I stopped to commence my strip-tease [and repair Katrina's left/right cock-up], I had settled into what seemed like my traditional last place. With no-one in front or behind, I stopped for a leak, a breather and a bit of a stroll.

It was then that the Lord spake unto me....

"Oi! No stopping!" he said - well you can imagine, it gave me a right turn, what with me heart and all - almost brought a new meaning to the expression 'poop deck'. Then I thought - hang on, 'Oi' doesn't sound very biblical. Further exploration revealed that the voice from Heaven had in fact come from the top of one of them wooden towers, and it was GOM rather than God who had shinned up there, to wait for Catherine and her mate. Duly chastened at having my sins found out, I sprinted off down the path....

Passing MMF at the spot where I had shivered in the drizzle waiting for him some years back (whilst he had taken a wrong turning and was already back in front of the Red Lion fire drinking beer), we wound up at the road above Stitchcombe and a gentle trot downhill led us back to a pretty and familiar path alongside the Kennet, and then to the start in the MMF statutory one hour. As I towelled my magnificent torso on the chilly roadside, whom should I see but Brian the Bold trotting towards us. As he had not come under starter's orders, this was somewhat of a surprise, but like me he has recently taken to the joys of late and solitary Hashing. We all cocked a snoot (whatever that is) at the Red Lion as we sped back to the roaring fire in the Horseshoe, a couple of welcome pints in the bar specially reserved for us, and a fine speech from our GOM. Well done Mike & Margaret!

A note from GOM: please email him (address below), so that the next time Mike lays a trail, we can contact everybody to tell them where it has been moved to....



### Third Coming Hash Runs

- 207 - 27<sup>th</sup> Nov - The George, Vernham Dean - Katrina
- 208 - 11<sup>th</sup> Dec - The Daneway, Sapperton - Steve
- 209 - 26<sup>th</sup> Dec - Monday - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - Margaret & Dave - **Fancy Dress!**
- 210 - 8<sup>th</sup> Jan - The Westbrook Inn, Westbrook (Bromham) - Laura
- 211 - 22<sup>nd</sup> Jan - The Buggers Arms - Brian
- 212 - 5<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Buggers Arms - GOM

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email [jer@xvz.port995.com](mailto:jer@xvz.port995.com) or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email [keith@ariffins.co.uk](mailto:keith@ariffins.co.uk) - website [kvhash.mvsite.wanadoo-members.co.uk](http://kvhash.mvsite.wanadoo-members.co.uk)