


# KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



## Hash 210 - The Westbrook Inn, Westbrook - 8th January 2006

The 10<sup>th</sup> year of Hashing in the Kennet Valley - that far-flung fluvial phenomenon which flows through the shires of Gloucester, Oxford, Wilt, Hamp and Berk - began in a thick covering of damp low cloud, high above which the only begetter of the day's trail was surely smiling down upon us. I mean of course Laura, who had the great good sense to bugger off with Iain that very morning to warmer climes for the rest of the winter, leaving the donkey work to GOM.

Talking of donkeys, I was of course late arriving, owing to lame excuse no 137 - a hacking cough which had kept me up most of the night, to be awakened in the spare bedroom to which I had been banished, only at 10 a.m. As my mentor Mad Mike Fisher would have let nothing short of death - and possibly not even that - keep him from a Hash, it behove (good word, eh) me to drag self and cough off to Westbrook, wherever that was, and faff around for a further 10 mins trying to find somewhere to leave the trusty Skoda; not in the pub car park/turning bay/roadside/ditch/anywhere in Wiltshire etc. Having eventually managed to double-park in Devizes, I sprinted back to find a great many good-natured Runners and Walkers waiting patiently to give me a well-deserved kicking.

GOM struggled to make himself heard over my hawking and spluttering, but gave the usual Homepride homily, and off we set looking for the trail. "Not that way" explained Andrew helpfully - "I went for a slash down there and found a T". The true path lay down what turned out to be the first of several verdant (i.e. soaking wet) valleys leading to the eponymous brook. As is his wont - or even his will - our Hare, the noble GOM, loped round with us again, encouraging the laggards (i.e. me) and leaving copious floury arrows for the latecomers (i.e. me) and the Walkers, who have lately developed a tendency to wander round in circles whenever they come across circles.

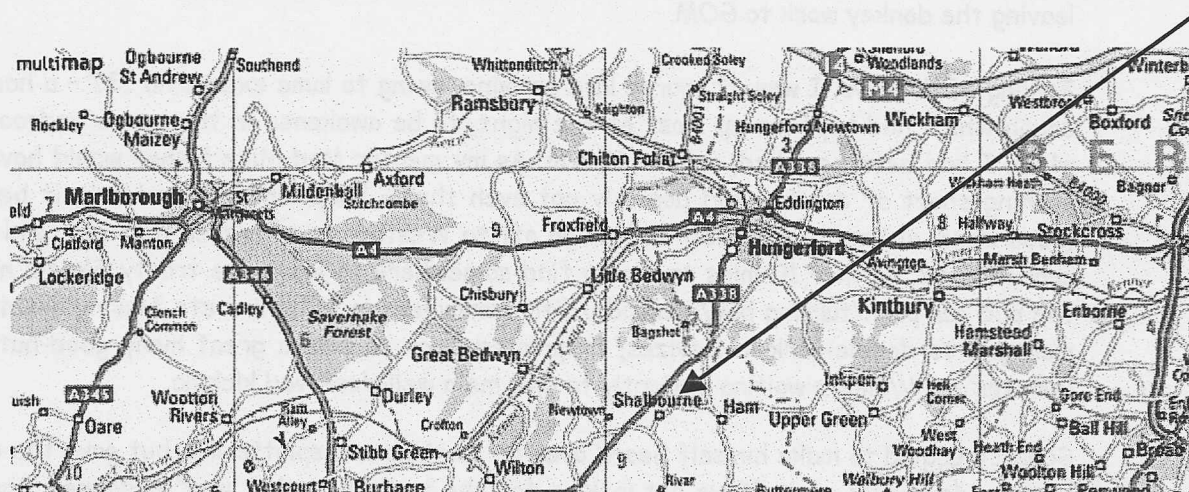
We wound up after 30 mins or so almost back at the pub, which seemed like quite a good idea to me; but it transpired that we had run only halfway - the Walkers trail, in fact. We were cruelly led across the road, and back down into another bloody muddy valley and back up the other side into what I take to have been Westbrook village, before a few more verdants and home to the pub.

I confess I remember little of our journey that day. I blame the Night Nurse - who was fast asleep in bed when she should have been plying me with my favourite cough remedy of whisky, lemon, honey and hot water - preferably served without the lemon, honey and hot water. I do remember: Keith<sup>2</sup> acting as a beacon in his day-glo orange t-shirt; MMF jangling merrily in the ghastly green kecks; Margaret & Katrina cheating by taking a short-

cut down one side of the most boring field in Wiltshire, whilst the rest of us ran round the other three sides; the grey, mouldy cauliflowers in said field, which looked like brains on stalks; Steve finding the weather too hot, and stripping off most of his clothes at the half-way point; and being in the lead for two minutes, thanks to a big hint from GOM at the one and only check-back.

As Brian & I swept up to the pub, vying for last place, we were met by cries of 'Where's Mike?' Having previously seen the beardless wonder well ahead of us, this came as somewhat of a surprise. The SOS had obviously taken a wrong turning. However, as he later explained by the searing heat of the gas furnace in the bar, since reality was clearly at fault, he had in fact followed an entirely separate trail laid exclusively for his benefit by our tireless GOM.

The plucky Walkers arrived back at much the same time as the Runners, and GOM thanked Laura and himself for the splendid trail. The Horn was awarded to its current holder, since the SOB had left it at home, and cough & I were given the green drawers by my supposed friend MMF. Thanks to all concerned for illuminating such a grey day!



## Second Coming Hash Runs

211 - 22<sup>nd</sup> Jan - The Bell Inn, West Overton - Brian the Bold

212 - 5<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Plough, SHALBOURNE - Mad Mike Fisher

213 - 19<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Who'd a Thought It, Lockeridge - The Late Keith

214 - 5<sup>th</sup> Mar - The Buggers Arms - Lady Margaret & Duke Dave

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@xyz.port995.com](mailto:jer@xyz.port995.com) or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email [keith@griffins.co.uk](mailto:keith@griffins.co.uk) - website [kvhask.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk](http://kvhask.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk)