

*Thy Twelfth Pub or What's yours mate*

*A "Play" on words by Shakespears Sister*

*(In that: If Beer be thy food of runners, Jog on;)*

*Verily thy Duke of Escot House (TLK) having such a forthright and honest demeanour hath decreed that 'tis only just and proper all landlords in thy vicinity should hath "Fair Trade", in thy small town of Great Bedwyn.*

*Thy afore mentioned Duke for that reason and also for his fanciful adoration of thy countryside and associated wildlife, doth rise from his slumber. After breaking his fast with a frugal meal on this unrelentingly sodden, chilly, holy-day hath laid forth thy twelfth pub trail.*

*Thy peasant congregation afar and near turnyd up to witness this significant event. Taking leave of thy sick beds and bearing wounded toes ghastly to observe. Some appear, in thy guise of Jan & Laura coming afar as Asia Minor, where 'tis thy most insufferable hotness known to man. But 'twas a far miserable detail that thy benefactor of thy Greater Bedwyn Scuttle was absent from thy throng. Notion has it he's abroad waxing lyrics with thy company of monks from thy Abbey over Wexcombe way, on a commission to thy Merchant of Venice.*

*'Tis almost superfluous to note thy merry band of scuttlers moved off north westerly to a rise, hence many hash start, so this one. On gaining thy head we did next rotate to a muddy pasture in thy insistent precipitation, thus leading us to enter thy forbidden forest of Chisbury. Full of tales of dastardly trade, and dark commerce, 'as been affirmed many times in local court rooms (presiding Judge MM Fisher). At this juncture thy infamous Scots Laird, Jan Mac Wanderer resolute to follow a course of his own making took his leave of thy party, proclaiming that he was away to meet with thy Tamer of thy Shrew, a notorious man found in thyse parts. Following a fine trodden poacher's course thro' this woodland, eschewing thy shrew traps, thy remainder of us emerge in close proximity to a pond south of Chisbury Lane Farm. Famous for its cattle sayed to be thy best beef in thy area. 'Tis whispered thy feed thyn animals on peculiar mushrooms found in thy woods round about! Some sayeth especially good for a Mid Summers Nights Dream. By now Laird Jan hath made goodly time and returned to thy throng.*

*Crossing a sodden grassy field emerging from a short incline on Chisbury Lane, here thy trial spilt. Amblers set off toward Chisbury to convene with us away down thy track; thy mob headed for Horse*



Hill Farm and out on to a single track roadway named thy London Ride. So called as 'twas part of thy revolutionary route from London to Bath around 1730. (I know I was around in thy late 1500's. Just padding out thy text) 'Tis part of an Olde Roman road that did in later years became known as thy A4, having deviated from this its original course when Marlborough in thy later part of thy 11th century stole Great Bedwyn's Mint. 'Twas apparently transferred by a certain Two Gentlemen from Varena to Marlborough (as was thy road way), and thyre after Great Bedwyn appeared to hath been stunted by its proximity to Hungerford and Marlborough who were emergent in size.

From thy Roman road thy troupe took a south easterly passage circumventing a large stubble laden field emerging to a sharp ascent toward thy renowned Chisbury Hill Fort, although only a relic in thyse times, once 'twas an imperative stand for thy Ancient Britons. Narrowly missing thy Manor Farm where 'tis sayed Thy Merry Wives of Windsor took thy goodly country ayr on occasion. Whence they rounded thy farm buildings and attained thy crossroads at Chisbury, thy trail twysted due south following anothe'r ancye'nt passageway bearing t'ward thy eastern periphery of thy afore mentioned Chisbury Forest. \*\* see foot note \*\* Continuing in this southerly direction scuttlers by now were commencing to surpass thy amblers after materializing from thy edge of thy forest.

One by one thy scuttlers and amblers made safe passage along thy steady down hill undulation to join Browns Lane back to thy hostelry. Where upon arrival at thy carriages thyre was Much Ado about dripping and wringing out of clothing.

Thy GOM made abundant speeches of approval and thanks to thy hare for a superbly new trail in Bedwyn; Measure for Measure, having now run twelve from thyre, all were impressed new ground was covered, he also hath welcomed back long lost hashers, and gave a précis of what good times were to come. Pauline would hath awarded thy horn if she hath only remembered to bring it with her! Now wishing she hath as GOM awarded her thy Green kecks for her amiss.

Well; Alls Well That Ends Well it could hath been A Comedy of Errors

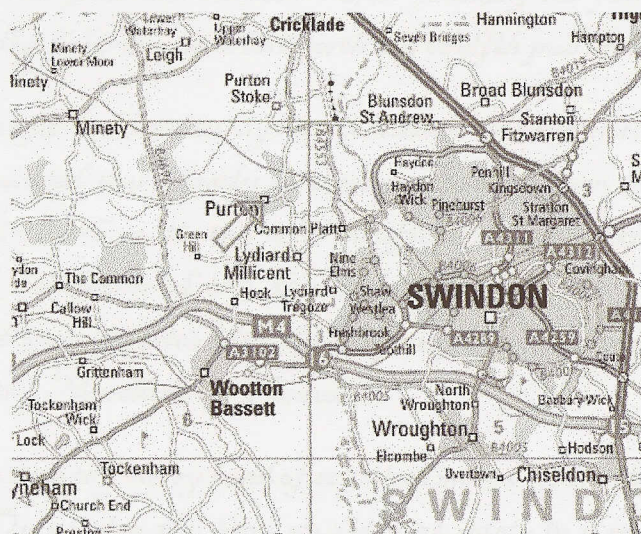
\*\*Your scribe hath sadly acknowledged defeat at this juncture, owing to an attack of thy gout in her left hip. She abandoned her trusty companion known as Clepto with such rapidity as to appear rude, and acquired passage on thy London to Bath midday coach and horse, for thy driver was surely a handsome man and worth spending some time upon, to arrive back at thy hostelry in goodly time for merry making with thy assemble rabble \*\*

My most sincere apologise to Mr William Shakespeare



### *Little Known Facts*

*In the mid 11th century Great Bedwyn was a borough comprising 25 burgages and containing a mint. A hospital in which St. John the Baptist was invoked from the 13th century to the 15th was said to stand in Bedwyn. In 1648 the alehouses in Great Bedwyn, were regarded as a nuisance and too numerous by the inhabitants of neighbouring parishes. In 1754 Great Bedwyn was 'a poor town of farmers, maltsters, and publicans. In the mid 18th century Great Bedwyn village consisted of a rectangular market place and of five streets leading from it. The market house stood at the south-east end of the market place, most of the street was built up, and there seem to have been only one or two farmsteads in the village. In the 18th century c. 14 inns or alehouses were open at various times, including six in Church Street. In 1763 the Cross Keys in Brook Street was replaced by an inn of that name on the corner of High Street and Farm Lane, and in 1784 the Three Tuns was opened on the corner of High Street and Brown's Lane.*



### *Second Coming Flash Runs*

260-	11 <sup>th</sup>	Nov -	Thy Rose and Crown - Mike
261-	25 <sup>th</sup>	Nov -	Thy Angel - Purton - Margaret & Steve
262-	9 <sup>th</sup>	Dec -	Thy Eliot Arms - South Cerney - Keith 2
263-	26 <sup>th</sup>	Dec -	Keepers Arms - Quenington - GOM Pyjamas Fancy Dress (Boxing Day)

*If you want to have a bash at a Flash, or find out where Thy Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email [jer@xyz.port995.com](mailto:jer@xyz.port995.com) or thy late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email [keith@griffins.co.uk](mailto:keith@griffins.co.uk) - website [kvflash.mysite.orange.co.uk](http://kvflash.mysite.orange.co.uk)*