



Hash 261 - The Angel, Purton - 25th November 2007

Bowled up at 11.01 sharp, having given the executive Škoda its final run in the country, and there in the car-park, coated in flour like a Homepride grain-grader, stood our Steve. Slightly more of him than I remembered, but since he last turned out what seems like several years ago, my memory may be at fault. There too was the fragrant Lady Margaret; they had joined forces to lay the trails, so we were clearly in line for an extremely long Hash with very little flour...

Of Runners there were five, and me. Mad Mike Fisher and his hangover had risen at dawn to drive from the Quantocks - alas, not in his prize-winning Wee Willie Winkie costume. Making a scarce appearance were Kevin and Gareth, and JackieandPauline - minus Pauline - was there, with her bloke Ray making up the round half-dozen. Walkers slightly outnumbered us, and after Steve's favourite slapstick routine with the elastic, and clear instructions about an optional loop which we all had to follow, we were let loose on Purton.

As is often the case when Runners are few and far between, and we have no Superheroes like GOM and...well, just GOM these days, we kept fairly well together. Once outside the city limits, I looked back to see just 4 Walkers striding out. Where were the others? We spent such a long time minning around looking for flour at one point that the Famous Four caught us up again. Still no others in sight, most mysterious.

We then entered a very long field, at the end of which the others kindly waited for me whilst I vainly raced after a stupid fat old cow. Once through the gate, another stupid fat old cow - this one driving a Land Rover - raced after *me* to give me an English lesson. We came to the Long-Short divide - which the Walkers managed to overlook - crossed the road and pushed off round the south of Purton. As we headed back to the town centre, I was beginning to worry that the pub would not yet have opened, but there was Steve to guide us down the mandatory optional loop. This took us through the muddiest bit of Wiltshire, but no matter. We were back in just over the hour, and neither were the Walkers, one of whom had my car keys. How I enjoyed standing outside for half an hour, the chill wind blowing through my tousled scalp and up my baggy shorts...

Margaret, knowing what a crummy pub it was (*and Arkells to boot*), had gone to Wales to avoid our censure, and Steve was out reeling in the remaining Walkers. The rest of us were about to drift away when our Hare returned with the still seemingly happy stragglers.

Many thanks to S&M for sorting out a thoroughly good trail, and we look forward to Steve restoring Bernadette to the flock. What *has* he been doing with her, all these months?