



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
333	The Wheatsheaf	Chilton Foliat	15 Aug 2010	Fiona and Maurice	Kevin

A cool and wet Saturday (when some feeblies had even put the heating back on) had turned into a warmer, friendlier Sunday with the sun peeping through the clouds and rising to 22c, as we assembled along the busy road that runs past the Wheatsheaf. Cath was dismissive about the condition of the pub, noting the lack of paint and excess of weeds but the rest of us were not unduly discouraged. Holidays had clearly taken their toll but we still managed 5 runners + dog and about 7-8 walkers/short-runners.

By 11 o'clock there was no sign of our official hares, Maurice and Fiona, but a few minutes later a breathless Peter turned up to brief us all. It seemed that our gallant trailblazers were hobbling, waving sticks about and sweating profusely as the last of the trail was being completed! In words, the significance of which would only become clear later, Peter said that he'd "been told to tell us" that the run route was about 6 1/2 miles. That was greeted with a mild groan which would later prove to be a gross underreaction!

Anyway, off we duly trotted at 11.10 but the excitement of the start proved too much for Tim's dog who proceeded to defecate copiously before we'd escaped the village bounds. Tim dutifully bagged the offending objects and then asked a local resident if he could put the bag in their bin. We didn't hear the response but it must have included "off" because shortly afterwards Tim was sheepishly hiding a small package in a hedge for retrieval later (at least in theory).

The route led us gently uphill from Chilton Foliat to Crooked Soley (I think). A very smart stud farm was encountered and a lovely farm house followed by a beautiful thatched cottage complete with roses round the door (Crooked Cottage). This stunningly lovely route contained a number of fine buildings, culminating in Littlecote House and was an idyllic mix of downland, woodland and quiet lanes. It was too warm for non-stop running so we walked quite often and ate blackberries from the bush. After 5.9 miles on John's measuring device (tachometer?) we were looking forward to an "On Inn" sign but all we got was Maurice telling us that there's still 2 miles to go and that we'd better ignore the circles and just keep on going. Viv complained that she'd waited for everyone early on but now that she was beginning to flag, no-one waited for her! Kevin's subsequent chivalry covered his incipient exhaustion and he kept her company from then on. Maurice popped up again after about 8 miles to tell Viv and Kevin (now well-established as the stragglers) that there was just 3/4 of a mile to go and would we like a lift? Well, as it was such a short distance that we stoically said no, only to discover (as he pulled away) that we were only then entering the grounds of Littlecote! By the time we staggered back to the pub, John had recorded 9.86 miles!! Well done to the runners: Tim, Paul, John, Viv and Kevin!

Maurice feigned genuine chagrin and bought beers for the wounded but we knew this was really all a secretly-crazed Irishman's revenge for mistreatment of fellow countrymen received at the hands of English King Richard II in 1397, as he'd recalled with alarming venom on an earlier hash as he spat precisely on Richard's grave whilst running past! 703 years is not such a long time in the Irish memory of our many misdeeds, of course. Oh must we go on suffering for the sins of our forebears (or just three in your case, Goldilocks)?

Meanwhile, back at the pub, the walkers had enjoyed a pleasant 1 1/2 hour ramble and had arrived back

40 minutes earlier, so they were tucking into chips and whitebait in the garden as we staggered in. Mike generously and graciously thanked the hares for their beautiful, if rather long, route and, there having been no other acts of major idiocy, the horn was awarded to Maurice for his outrageously poor measurements. It was remarked that promising 6 ½ and delivering almost 10 might possibly be welcome in the bedroom but was definitely *not* welcomed by friendly hashers! The green shorts remain with Bruno who was absent this time. After just one drink everybody started leaving so we gave up the battle with the wasps and cleared off too.

ON ONs

335	12 Sep	Queens Arms, East Garston	Paul
336	26 Sep	TBA	Des
337	10 Oct	TBA	Pete
338	24 Oct	TBA	Tim

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Maurice on 07887 608109

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