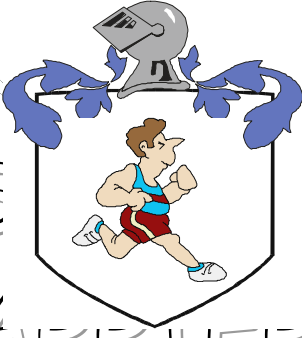


KENNALLEY HASH HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
346	Brewers	Wanborough	13 Feb 2011	Viv & John	Kevin

Despite a cool and very wet morning, around 20 of us had nothing better to do than turn up for John and Viv's Wanborough hash. Hidden amongst the old stalwarts was the surprising sight of three young gazelles. Alex (who rings bells with Colin, apparently, and had sprinted rapidly over the horizon at the last hash) had ditched Colin and brought local chums Matt and Dan with him instead. This reduced the average age of the runners by almost 20 years! Some old curmudgeon suggested the youngsters should be handicapped – perhaps a rucksack full of boulders each would do it?

As 11 am approached, the God of hashing once again intervened and the rain virtually stopped, allowing John to go through a cursory presentation of blobs and arrows before we set off past The Harrow and The Plough before veering left through a narrow hedge-lined track onto a grassy knoll, prompting "I've never been this way before" from one of the local lads which I guess was a compliment to John and Viv's inventiveness. Also, despite the rain, the route remained amazingly well marked – a tribute to their no-expense-spared policy of using Waitrose "Spot the Difference" premium hand-ground flour, a snip at just £2.99 a pack (from *selected* stores only).

After careering around various local features, the trail became a soggy trudge around some very large fields and our feet grew into giant mud balls that weighed a ton. At one circle one of the gazelles returned to say that he'd found two flour dots and what did that mean so naturally I baffled him by yelling ON ON!!! at him and the world in general and off we went. Fortunately it gradually became clear that the sacks of boulders might not actually be required because the lads were considerably better at running than identifying which direction to run in and disappeared quite happily to the far end of numerous fields, leading one hapless follower to remark to Maurice and Des "if they used their brains as well as they use their legs I'd be a lot less knackered!".

Finally we escaped the fields and the mud began to fall off as we jogged around the lanes. By this time the lads, doggedly pursued now by yours truly, were some way ahead of the pack as we veered off the lanes and back into another muddy field with several lethal stiles for the last leg (one of two that I was on by now!) Then came a huge piece of luck. The gazelles stampeded past the last stile, oblivious, and

disappeared into a farm, leaving me a clear ON INN and the unlikely achievement of getting back ahead of them. I know it's not a race, of course, but my reptilian smile of greeting was straight from the Tortoise and the Hare.....

The Brewers has a very pleasant bar at the front, away from the food, and we had an enjoyable couple of drinks augmented by crisps from Dave the Doc and a jolly good natter. The walkers were almost half an hour behind the runners but they finally rolled up, as did Jeremy with the Hash Mag. He hadn't run because he'd been on the 'phone, apparently. Must remember to explain mobiles to him.

Maurice (which, for the avoidance of any remaining doubt, is pronounced Morris like the car - in case there's anyone out there who still wants to give this undoubtedly heterosexual Irishman a dodgy French-sounding name celebrated in a 1987 homo-erotic Merchant-Ivory film of E.M Forster's book about gay life in the Edwardian era, and thereby risk a punch on the nose into the bargain) – Maurice proceeded to thank John and Viv for laying an excellent trail, particularly in view of the conditions.

The horn was presented to Liz for being a solid walker and all-round good egg and the continuing absence of the *replacement* green shorts was lamented. Who was that mysterious woman and why did she never return – had she just come to add another pair of shorts to her bizarre and sinister collection? We'll probably never know.

Finally I was able to enlighten Cath and others as to the whereabouts of Kingston Lisle for the next hash which, presumably (and hopefully) is where some of you are right now! Thanks for coming, if you did!!