

Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
351	The Crown Inn	Cerney Wick	24 April 2011	Kevin	Olly

Our hare, Kevin, began to explain the usual rules with blobs of flour and then stopped. He recognised that we were all familiar with the rules of the hash and just said "ah, you all know what you're doing, there's nothing that you should particularly watch out for... oh apart from the route leads you through a rape seed field" at which point all the hay fever sufferers in the group winced.

The regulars made a big fuss of Brian who joined us again after a long absence. It was good to watch as I had not met Brian before. It just shows that you can come and go as you please and still be warmly welcomed back.

Kevin set a mercifully flat trail around Cerney Wick, which afforded us some breathtaking views of the local lakes and took us in and out of some interesting little nooks and crannies. The landscape varied between open fields and enclosed woodland footpaths. The part most memorable was the rape field from which our runners emerged looking like Pudsey the Bear... or like they had bad jaundice. Anyone disgruntled by this found it easy to forgive him when they found "WELL DONE!" written in 2 ft letters made of flour on the other side.

It seemed that fate was against me as every time Paul Woodley and I found a circle, he chose the correct trail and I had to double up my efforts to keep up with him, but he eventually managed to jinx himself as we approached the third circle and I asked "left or right?" He smugly replied "whichever you pick it'll be the wrong one!" When I found the two blobs of flour I decided to catch my breath for 30 seconds... and allow Paul to run just a little further in the opposite direction!

Paul definitely ran a gentleman's race, giving up pole position several times to make sure Angela had the right route, and still managing to give me a sprint race to the finish line!

This is my first mag to write and before I sat down to it I decided to flick through my pictures on Facebook from the very beginning of the album two years ago. I have grown in so many ways over this space of time and the Facebook pictures recall good memories. My favourite part is definitely the last

four months. Over this short period, I have managed to go from being over 17 stone to less than 14, and have also become a more confident, self assured person and the Kennet Valley Hash has played a big part in my new passion for running and, at the risk of using a cliché, my passion for life.

When Maurice first met my Mum nine years ago, he and I bonded through running. He gave me tips and techniques to help me improve my running style as well as coaching me up hills while I was in floods of tears and ready to give up. We would spit on those hills when we arrived at the top exhausted, and now as I run with the hash, I never forget to save the last droplets to spit on each hill. From this I have taken my motto: *no hill defeats me*.

As I waited at the crown for the rest of the runners, I decided to go back and cross the line with my mentor, which I decided was only fair seeing as he had given me his running shoes and was therefore running in shoes that were too small (!) We spat on the last hill leading onto the motorway bridge that led into Cerney and began the run down to the Crown.

After our run we decided to loll around on the grass outside The Crown looking like typical beatniks (except for our running attire) and enjoying the bizarrely hot sun in late April. I discovered one of the most refreshing drinks for a hot day from Kevin - a ginger beer shandy. We decided to make our presence known by rearranging most of the pub garden furniture so that we could sit on the benches instead and regaled each other on this beautiful Easter Sunday with stories. A wonderful end to the day and a big thanks to Kevin.

