

KENNALLEY HAS JOSE HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare	Scribe
376	Bull Hotel	Fairford	4 March 2012	Brian	Olly

I realise now that when I hear Maurice say “it never rains on a hash!” I should just turn up the music in my head. You might think I’m a little cynical, but to be fair he is the man who also claims that it never rains in Ireland.... well Mother Nature had obviously cocked up again, seeing we had all assembled under the cover of a nearby bus shelter, and poor Brian looked a wee bit drenched. To avoid catching hypothermia Brian kept the briefing blessedly short, and we were able to get running. Very rarely do I start running and wish that I had stayed in bed, but as we stepped into the high street and out from behind the cover of a stone wall, the full force of the wind hit us, cutting through every useless layer of gore-tex clothing and prompting audible groans and squeals from the group. We hadn’t even run 100 meters.

However, the blood soon started pumping, reinstating feeling from my fingertips to my frozen ears. The charm of Fairford lightened my mood and the smell of damp country side sharpened my senses. As the slap of my shoes became steady and rhythmic, I began to enjoy myself. The drizzle had sharpened the greens and browns surrounding us, and we soon crossed over a sturdy iron bridge where under us the flow of the stream had intensified due to the rising water level. We followed the stream until we began to shrug off the last few houses and the landscape turned to fields. We then veered left down winding footpaths and from the tortured grey sky came freezing sleet and hail. By this time though we had too much enthusiasm and the competition between Vince and me stepped up a notch.

After we tired ourselves out trying to sprint, Harriet bobbed steadily past us, showing that steady running always wins the race. It’s funny how you forget the basics sometimes. We hit civilisation again for a short while, and another small trail led us past some intriguing bike jumps. Soon however, the path became water logged and I briefly wished that I had a slow motion camera capturing my dramatic splashes as I made heavy progress through the would-be stream, instead of sensible skirting the vast puddles. I tried to remember the joys of running with soaking wet shoes... oh yeah, there aren’t any.

We then came out onto a long stretch of road, testing our psychological endurance, which eventually took another left, bringing us back towards Fairford.

A twisted road lead us to a sign telling us to beware of the bull, but when seeing none, I decided I had already encountered it on the sign. A couple of styles later we came to another stream, with a couple of charming little bridges leading over it. By this time I found a new reserve of energy and broke away from John, chasing the stream back home. As the trail came back into recognisable territory it squeezed through a... well I'm not sure what it was really, but it was beautiful. It could have been an old stable with wooden benches installed to take cover on days such as that day, but whatever it was it had sturdy walls and aged wooden beams. After stopping briefly to admire its beauty I skipped over a main road and put on a spurt of speed to bring myself home.

I noticed that the path had in fact found its way back on to its opening chapters, but after I had run just over a mile of the track for a second time I decided to pause. Perhaps I had not used common sense when trying to figure this one out, I mean, Brian was hardly going to make us do half the course again and sneak an 'On Inn' sign in there somewhere. So I decided to double back, down past the first stream, over the iron bridge and back to the first fields. At this point I met Paul, a seasoned runner with the skill to improvise that I am yet to develop. After a quick discussion we decided that we would cut into Fairford in our own way, and either reap the rewards of an early finish or the admiration of being viewed as fearless explorers, ready to bend the rules just to prove something to ourselves. Wet and shivering, we stepped into the warmth of the Bull hotel, reasoning that our confusion could be played to a personal strength. We soon found out that there was no need for this, as we found our motley crew clutching pints and layered in warm garments, glad to be housed.

As we reclined on the luxurious seating offered by the room and sipped on frothy pints, we reflected that after whipping off our sodden kit and pulling on a set of warm jeans and a jumper we felt more refreshed than we had in a long time. And I even made Kathy break into a sweat when we took off our clothes, but that's probably another story . . .

Thank you to Brian for braving the elements for us, just so we could feel the rewards of fresh air and aerobic exercise. It's pretty obvious you're going to make a fine GOM.



Fourth Becoming Hash Runs			
379	1 Apr	Blue Lion @ Colingbourne Dulcis	Colin
380	15 Apr	Buggers Arms	WALKERS
381	29 Apr	Buggers Arms	Keith