



The Hashrunner's Guide to the Galaxy

Page 066 Ref 29082000 - Entry: 3tuns@greatbedwyn.co.uk

A horn, some flour and a frog are the three most massively useful things a hashrunner can have (writes Kenny Vallet).

The horn has great practical value - you can signal for help when you are trotting lost and last across the arid plains of Wilt; you can scare off Shalburnian sea-donkeys; you can collect rainwater in it (though not much); you can mimic the mating call of the shy, blue mikefisher; and with a really loud horn, you can amuse and entertain other drinkers in the pub when the hash has finished.

Flour comes in handy if you want to bemuse and confuse other hashrunners by leaving meaningless hieroglyphics along a trail (this works especially well on snow); lady hashrunners have been known to use it as emergency make-up if they meet an attractive male of the species (highly unlikely). Flour is also jolly good for hiding cocaine in if stopped by the Forest Rangers - although it tends to make snorting a line afterwards a fairly messy business.

The frog, of course, is for when you feel peckish.

Hashrunners need these vital pieces of equipment, because hashrunning can often be a lonesome and solitary pursuit, especially if your name is Keith. Whilst they have been known to stray from their natural breeding grounds in the Vale of Kennet - specimens have been found as far away as Nudebeach-on-Sea - they tend mainly to lose themselves round Great Bedwet, reputed home of the Grand Old Monster. Frequent sightings have been claimed of this hoary, grizzled beast loping through the woods. Only a fortnight ago he vainly chased a band of hashers around the village - and this is where the value of the horn, flour and frog was shown to great advantage. The hashrunners - a superb body of finely honed athletes - were

able to lure the vile creature along the canal, where it became enraged and muddled by a succession of idiotic, contradictory flour doodlings, thus enabling the main body of the crowd to walk safely back to base. The frontrunning hasher (modesty forbids etc) tooted his horn to lure the infuriated fiend on through the forest, where panting, gasping and foaming at the mouth, it collapsed sobbing to the ground. The local RSPCA took pity on the enfeebled wreck and revived it with copious draughts of 6X at the 3 Tuns pub.

The frog was delicious.

Fifthcoming hashes:

067	10 th September	The Royal Oak - Bishopston	Jeremy
068	24 th September	The Plough - Wanborough	Napoleon
069	8 th October	The Catherine Wheel - Bibury	Margaret & Dave
070	22 nd October	The Freke Arms - Hannington	Richard
071	5 th November	Somewhere in Hungerford	Keith M

If you would like to lay a trail, find out where the hash is, or adopt a frog, ring the GOM on 01672 871374 (home), or 01793 481220 (office), or completely flummox him on mjf@mfisher.co.uk