

Hash 107 - The Daneway, Sapperton, 10th March 2002

One of the most beautiful runs we have been on got off to a bad start. Some comedian had turned the 'Daneway' signpost through 180° , and I joined a forlorn troupe of hasher-driven cars maundering through south Gloucestershire in search of our destination. Of course, by the time we runners and walkers arrived, all that was left of the main body of hashers were a few circles and dots of flour in the car park.

But Lo! As we changed into our tutus and pumps, chugging gently along the path beneath came - the Hashers! who had been sent on an initial short circular run seemingly with the sole purpose of taking them through a river. We dutifully fell in behind them (on the path, not the..) and ran along a glorious valley, then - having waded through another (or possibly the same) river - climbed high to the exceedingly 'in yer face' windswept ridge before galloping gratefully back down into the valley again. Back along - or at one stage through - the disused canal, to the pub just before the rain started. Definitely one to do again during the summer - Many thanks Steve.

It was particularly unnerving that, no matter how fast I ran, and how much distance I put between myself and Striding Mike, the bugger seemed to be breathing hotly in my ear every five minutes. As I had got way in front down the road on the way home, it was even an even greater shock to find him getting changed in his car when I sprinted into the publ He cheated and took a short cut. And I thought he was a gentleman.

