



Hash 147 - The Bakers Arms, Somerford Keynes, 7th September 2003

I see that it was on 26th June that I last wrote a Hash Mag - almost 3 months! Disgraceful dereliction of duty - why have I been wasting time at jazz festivals, playing cricket in Slovenia, and touring France and Spain in an open-topped sports car with a good-looking woman, when I could have been flogging round the parched countryside in 35°C?

Anyway, enough of the excellent food and cheap wine - back to reality, in the form of a 'not very long' - Steve's words, not mine - Hash through the Cotswold Water Park.

You will be astonished to hear that we were late, and though Katrina soon caught up with the walkers, I never caught sight nor sound of the runners until I dragged myself into the garden of the Bakers Arms - giving them all such a surprise that they almost dropped their beers!

The walkers and I spent a happy five minutes trying to fathom where the trail led after a devious check-back, and were only rescued when Steve appeared on the horizon and gesticulated in a general direction.

After which I lugged my overweight, unfit and sweating (but brown!) body round a pretty - and mercifully flat - trail, which soon led back to the outskirts of Somerford Keynes. Good Lord, I thought, this really *is* not very long. But I should have known better, since the route (marked by one of many UNscrubbed-out circles - cheers guys!) took me and the walkers down several quiet paths around a few lakes and field edges before winding up back at the pub. Alas, I had time only for a small orange juice and soda (BOF) before I had to dash off to cricket - and yet another duck - just as the walkers straggled in at 1 o'clock from their not-very-long route march.

Yet another lovely day, and super trail - thanks Steve - and I now look forward to being fully back in the swing before next year's duck-hunting season begins.