



Hash 177 - The Bell, Langford, Lechlade - 17th October 2004

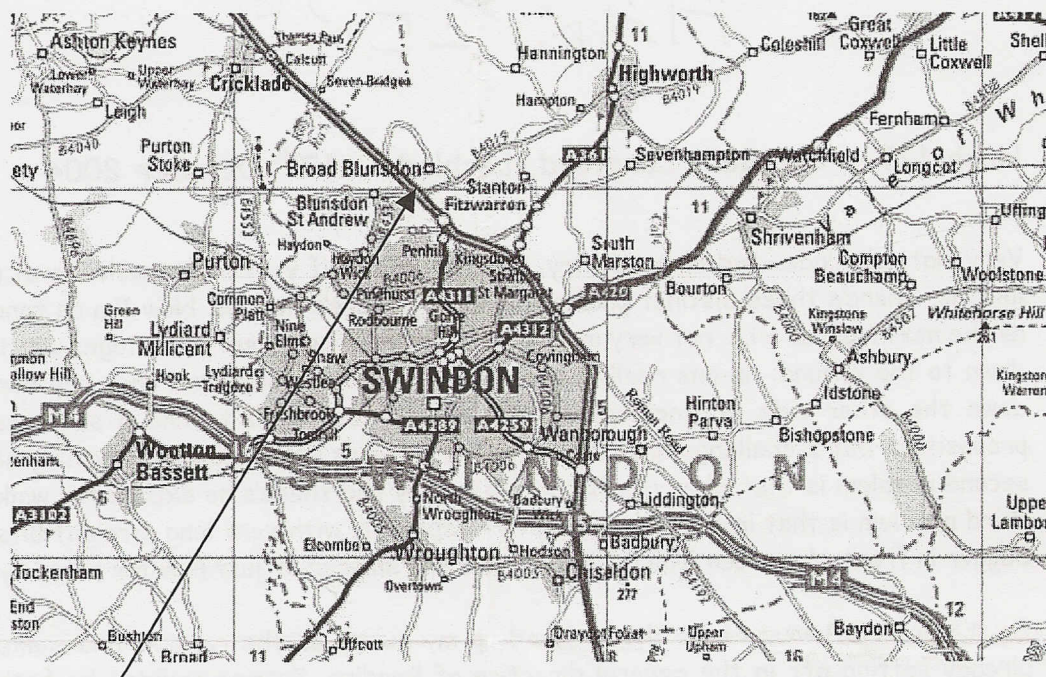
Very flat, Lechlade. And open country. Bummer, really, if you're not much cop at running - like me. There's three distinct problems - firstly there's no hills. Now I'm as fond of hills as the next Hasher - i.e. not very much - but hills have two great advantages which suit me down to the ground: no-one really expects you to run up them; and they are easy to run down the other side of [incidentally, you are not supposed to end a sentence with a preposition, but I challenge anyone to end the previous sentence with anything else]. The second problem is that when it's flat, it looks easy and there's no excuse for walking. The third problem is that in wide open country - especially with very long straight bits - every bugger in front of you can look back and sneer and snigger at just how far behind you are.

So it was with heavy heart that I laced up my pumps as the runners and walkers were already setting off in the general direction of Reading. Katrina couldn't be bothered to wait while I stretched my lissome limbs, and so I was in last place before I'd even started. I soon caught up with the 15 walkers, and saw the four other runners [plus Brian, who was showing off alarmingly by running his own trail] spreading out into the distance. I never actually managed to catch up with Dave, and we were halfway round before I was able [courtesy of some very long false trails] to pant a brief hallo to Mad Mike, Laura and GOM. Katrina eventually succumbed to a stitch, and without the sight of her trim posterior to lure me on, I wound up merely jog-trotting across the featureless landscape.

I thought we were going to wind up in Goring, as there seemed to be no turning off the path as far as the eye could see. But then a small black dot - which turned out to be Dave - veered off across the field to the right and led us back towards the pub.

I was just about last to arrive, and was astonished to find the entire Hash sitting outside in the distinctly chilly sunshine - what hardy souls we are! Our fair lady GOM tooted the horn [which Dave had forgotten to take with him; he forgot to write the Hash Mag too until he was about to set off, and then managed to get the name of today's pub wrong - and bugged up the forthcoming Hash numbers - it's his age] and thanked Brian for setting an excellent trail. Dave awarded the horn to GOM for a reason which I forget [it's my age]. My own personal congratulations to Brian for the neatest flour markers I remember seeing - each one round, compact and perfectly-formed, like little plump.....

We are having a Hash Christmas Office Party, which Sally is arranging - so be sure to keep your diaries empty for mid-late December! We look forward to snogging under the mistletoe, photocopying buttocks, drunken jokes, karaoke, passion in the stationery room, insulting the Chairman's wife, being sick in the taxi home and all the other shenanigans which I am told happen on these occasions.



For those who don't ackshully knów the place, the Cold Harbour is the bloody great pub on the A417 just before you hit the dual carriageway on the road to Cirencester.

Second Coming Hash Runs

178 - 31st Oct - The Well with the Inn, Ogbourne St Thingy - Keith1

179 - 14th Nov - The Cold Harbour, Blunsdon - Keith2

180 - 28th Nov - The Lamb Inn, Marlborough - Laura

181 - 12th Dec - The 5 Bells, Wootton Bassett - Iain

182 - 26th Dec - The Buggers Arms - GOM

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com>