

Hash 203 - The Masons Arms, Meysey Hampton - 2nd October 2005

What is the connection between Ronnie Corbett, a doll's house, Kylie Minogue's bum and Brian's Hash from Royston Vaisey? Answer - they are all small, but perfectly-formed!

This was an unusual Hash in many respects – not the least of which was that K & I were on time... There was no Mad Mike Fisher, no car park, and the Walkers out-numbered the Runners by a ratio of 2:1. All present were perfectly familiar with the arcana of the KVHHH flour signals, but Brian the Bold still gave a thorough demonstration, for all the world like a bored Ryanair trolley-dolly miming how to remove our high heels and slide into the H_2O when their state-of-the-art Dakota ditches in the drink at Stanstead Lido.

At 11.15 sharp, we all ambled off and eventually broke into a trot - two Keiths, and one each of GOM, Laura and Katrina - plus our Hare, who selflessly volunteered to run round with us. Had there been an early long-short loop, the Walkers would have been astonished to find *me* the first to run through them. Owing to some confusion at the early checks, I found myself in the lead, a position I was unable to shake off for the first 13 minutes - a KVHHH record. It was only when I stopped for a call of nature by a very picture-skew pond that I was able to let some other bugger shoulder the responsibility.

As I was readjusting my dress upon leaving, I saw The Late Keith in the far distance behind me, gallantly making every effort to catch up with the pack. 'Hold on', I thought - 'I'm the Late Keith - who can that be?' Closer inspection revealed a petite fragrant blonde lady - our gracious Lady Margaret - who had been to all the Meyseys, Marstons and Hamptons in Wiltshire, Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire before hitting on the right one.

A lovely wooded trail beside a stream led up to a slope to the long-short divide – the short leading all of 50 yards back to the pub, whilst the long took us out into – well, the suburbs of Meysey Hampton, which frankly were indistinguishable from the urbs themselves. At 11.45 we were back at the pub. I instantly decided to run round again – not to show off, or because I was feeling particularly fit – but for the very simple reason there was still 15 minutes before opening time, and I would have been obliged to buy the first round. K & Laura decided to follow at a respectful distance, and spurred on by the challenge, I was back at the pub again <code>still</code> within the hour. And the Walkers too had all completed the entire long trail – another KVHHH first. As I said, an unusual Hash.

Inside the very welcoming Masons Arms, we were delighted to see MMF, who, whilst unable to walk, still showed great enthusiasm for downing several après-Hash pints of Fursty Ferret. Our noble Lord GOM thanked Brian for a splendid trail – assisted, it turned out, by a jolly couple who had carried the flour for him..... I was awarded the sodding green knickers for showing excessive enthusiasm... Many thanks, Brian!



