

Hash 207 - The George, Vernham Dean - 27th November 2005

Our scribe today is Klever Kevin:

What a privilege! Only my second outing and the late Obergruppenfuhrer Mitchell does me the honour of ordering my thoughts on the Vernham Dean Hash. Having only just twigged that "Hash" is not necessarily something put in a cigarette for kicks or indeed something done with corned beef (although kicks, corns and beefs certainly play their parts) and having also failed to master any of the names of my fellow masochists so far, I feel uniquely ill-equipped for the task. Can't think why he chose me unless it's a devious way of ensuring that I keep turning up or perhaps simply because no-one else would do it! [yes - Ed] WOTEVVA, as the young people say, I'll give it a bash.

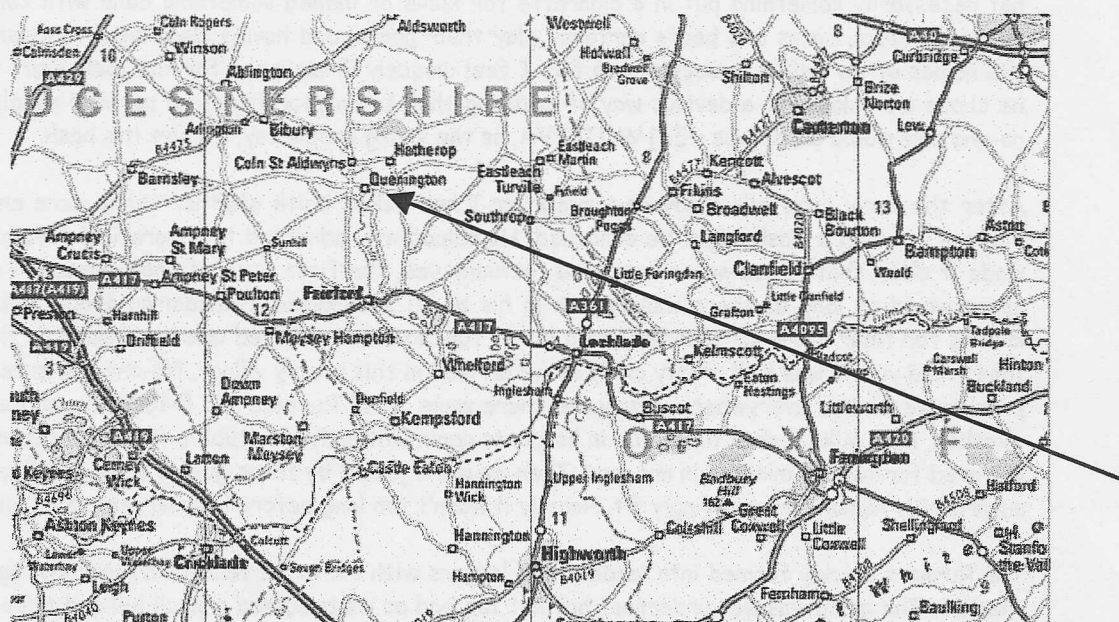
After the early snowfalls a day or two earlier I had asked Keith whether there were any circumstances in which a Hash might be cancelled. He reluctantly admitted to theoretical possibilities but made it clear that it had never happened [actually yes, the first week of foot & mouth - Ed] - and never would as long as there was breath in his body, I surmised. Floundering about in snowdrifts looking for flour markings sounded like a lot of fun, so I was relieved when it thawed in the nick of time. Mind you, it was still pretty chilly as we arrived in this pretty village. No-one was sure where to park so we parked everywhere! I suppose there were 12-14 Runners and 8-10 Walkers. Despite the weather, Mad Mike Fisher turned up in hotpants again with only his stubble to keep him warm. Becky shivered for twenty minutes in my coat. Then we were joined by three guests from R2D2 who looked surprisingly human and worryingly fit. Happily it wasn't too long before Katrina sent us on our way.

The Runners quickly formed into leaders and laggards with me and a fellow sufferer strung between the two. The going was wet underfoot but not too bad as we breasted a small hill and tripped across a field or two. My last contact with a leader occurred when he warned me that we were now heading for the largest and steepest hill in Hampshire. Well, I rather doubt that it was that, but it certainly felt like it as we struggled up the muddy slope, dragging ourselves up with the aid of tree roots rather than sprinting gaily. At the top general confusion over the route provided a welcome breather! On a better day the views would have been delightful but it was all rather cold, grey and damp as we slogged over more fields and into a long muddy avenue. Here I noticed a young girl in the distance taking a photograph of me but later realised this was Katrina in her leggings. Presumably she wanted a maximum-suffering shot for the Hash mag? I duly obliged but found myself yelling "you sadistic bastards" at her and Keith as I squelched past. By now the leaders had vanished and it was just me and my shadow for the next few miles as the route got a little friendlier and we came steadily down the hill and across the valley. Unfortunately our predecessors had not always kicked out the circles but following a trail of muddy hippos is not so tough and we were generally lucky at guessing the route. After an hour or so the legs began to suffer but fortunately nothing seized up and I was still able to enjoy the final downhill stretch through the hedge tunnel into what I'd thought was the pub car park. Alas it was the other end of Vernham Dean (which is charming). A shame that, by then, my physical condition was clearly alarming the local children as I staggered to the finish pursued by Mad Mike and the last of the few to discover a shivering Becky who claimed to have been back for twenty minutes already! What it is to be twentysomething.... As for me, I was pleased to have made it at all as I knew it was about 6½ miles and I hadn't done that for a while.

We rapidly changed and got ourselves into The George for a warming fire, soup for many and shared war stories for all. R2D2 guys were friendly but clearly seriously fit adventurer types. I got to know almost everybody's names and immediately forgot them again. Annoyingly they all seemed to know mine but then I realised it was probably because Keith had immortalised me in the previous Hash note! Jeremy said all the right words to round off the event. Some walkers seemed to have been lost along the way but volunteers for search parties were not requested so I was very happy to get back to Keith's for a hot bath and a wonderful lunch (courtesy of Katrina). Well done to her for a pleasantly challenging and not at all sadistic route. See you all in Sapperton, maybe....

Many thanks Kevin (for the purple prose).

Please remember that the next Hash is on Boxing Day - Monday 26th December, for the benefit of illegal immigrant benefit-seekers - and will be in **FANCY DRESS!** So dig deep in your dressing-up box and prepare to turn up in outrageous attire. GOM has promised to wear his best basque, and Katrina will be in my favourite frogman's outfit.....



Third Coming Hash Runs

- 208 - 11th Dec - The Daneway, Sapperton - Steve
- 209 - 26th Dec - **Monday** - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - Margaret & Dave - **Fancy Dress!**
- 210 - 8th Jan - The Westbrook Inn, Westbrook (Bromham) - Laura
- 211 - 22nd Jan - The Buggers Arms - Brian
- 212 - 5th Feb - 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 GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keith@griffins.co.uk - website kvhash.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk