



### Hash 262 - The Eliot Arms, South Cerney - 9<sup>th</sup> December 2007

I had to look it up. *That* Hash. Of Steve's. You must remember, first one he ever did. From Cerney something, about this time of year, ooh, six or seven years ago. Just like today, pissing with rain, floods everywhere, Ray & Iain almost drowned. I was the only one to finish the Trail as laid. In two-and-a-half hours. What I mostly remember is after about 90 minutes, soaking wet, freezing my nuts off, standing underneath some spooky railway arches, not a clue where I was or which way to go, flooded fields and paths all around me, not a soul in sight, thinking "This is fun. I wonder if I shall die?"

Well this time it was South Cerney, not Cerney Wick. And it was Keith2 (a.k.a. Noah), not Steve. Other than that, nothing much else had changed, except I was smart enough to wear two vests. When we bowled up in the executive SEAT (yes, I've moved sideways in the world), it was through fairly convincing rainstorms the like of which we hadn't seen since, well, about the last time Noah laid a trail at the aptly-named Swan at Swimbrook. That one, you'll remember, had to be considerably re-routed on the day, and it was déjà-vu all over again (eeh, I do like a good bit of tautology) as our prophet of doom explained that since Wiltshire was waterlogged, we'd have to run through Gloucestershire instead. Oh - and not to expect to see any flour, either, as it was last seen floating off towards Reading.

At least it had stopped raining, but as we splashed our way between two swollen rivers (one about 3 ft above the level of the other - how do they do that?), the lack of flour soon became evident, as I stood like a lemon vainly waiting for the others to call "on-on". Giving it up as a bad job, I eventually lumbered after them - they obviously had a better sense of smell than me - and finally caught sight of a ghostly shape vanishing into the swirling mist underneath... yes, those creepy railway arches. Being a decent sort of soul, I hung around until some Walkers hove into view and pointed them in what I hoped was the right direction, a service which I was selflessly able to render on several more occasions.

After winding up in the middle of a housing estate, I at long last chose the right route to find the Runners scratching their heads over more flour than we needed - Ts this way and that, arrows pointing 'Long', and even an 'On Inn'. After a few minutes someone found the right route, and again I nobly waited for the Walkers whilst the Runners bugged off and left me. We plodded alongside a lake, and I generously made an arrow out of sticks to help the Walkers - who soon caught me up as I milled around aimlessly (can one person mill? Discuss) at a T-junction wholly innocent of flour. After several false starts, we were rescued by Noah himself, and made our way to the long/short divide, where Noah again put me on the right road. Except, being a bloke, I heard something entirely different to what Noah told me, and wound up on a trail I invented myself. This mostly involved wading ankle-



I dunno about anyone else, but I enjoyed myself, and had a decent pint whilst MMF made a decent speech of thanks for what was probably a lovely trail, if you happened to follow it, and Kathy revealed that she would be on the Boxing Day Hash wearing only her pyjama top! Some people will do anything to win the fancy-dress prize...

263 - 26<sup>th</sup> Dec - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - GOM  
264 - 6<sup>th</sup> Jan - The Kingsdown, Stratton - PaulineandClive  
265 - 20<sup>th</sup> Jan - The Trotting Horse, Bushton - JackieandRay

Notice the absence of forthcoming Hashes!

Don't just sit there - *VOLUNTEER!*