

KENNELLEY  
HASH USE  
HARRIERS



Hash 279 - GOM's gaff, Ramsbury - 20<sup>th</sup> July 2008

This week we extend a hearty greeting to The Letter E, which has been away on holiday for the past month, causing one or two of us a few headaches!

Once again we were fortunate to have beautiful seasonal weather - the season being early spring, with the temperature on the computer dashboard of the executive SEAT showing 15°C as we drew up in Ramsbury just the 15 minutes late, having come the short route across country via Chilton Foliat and Aldbourne. I must get a new Kat-Nav.

Once more I ran off and K walked off down the lane to the source of our spiritual home, the River Kennet - through which some brave souls (a.k.a. eejits) had earlier waded. But before long I was climbing away from the river, and caught up with the Walkers in a vain search for flour, milling around aimlessly until GOM and Popsy appeared on the skyline to get us back on course. GOM looked shifty when we enquired about the absence of flour, and avoided my eyes when I accused him of having laid the trail the day before. "Something has come and eaten it all" he lied lamely. Perhaps he was right; perhaps the fairies had picked it up to make their pretty little cakes with...

Close to the river again, Walkers and I parted company as I headed up another of the many hills which GOM had thoughtfully provided for the Runners. Pastures new for me, I think, in the general direction of Littlecote, through and past pretty woodland and open meadows before hitting tarmac on the road which led back to Ramsbury and a barbie du côté de chez GOM.

By the time I had risked imprisonment for cottaging by stripping off to the buff in the village hall gents to change into my smart Hash polo, the rest of the Hash were well into the bangers and kebabs, but a beer and a fag were my prime concern. It was nice to see so many people there, including the entire MMF clan identically dressed in matching plaster casts, and the long-lost Kathy. Popsy was being a complete tart, bestowing her favour upon anybody eating anything, especially the delicious brownies (cake, that is, not little girls). With what passes for a British summer, we kept removing and replacing our jumpers like a Darby & Joan burlesque, but it was a very pleasant lunchtime in a very pleasant location, and a big thank-you to GOM and Catherine for their hospitality.