

Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
341	Crown & Anchor	Ramsbury	5 Dec 2010	Jeremy	Maurice

If I tell you we dropped like nine-pins then that is exactly what we dropped like . . . The ice was treacherous and Jeremy set the trail in wellington boots with hidden spikes on the soles, so that will give you an idea.

I was the first to come a cropper. Only my second run in three months and there I was out in front having made the correct decision at a circle. I looked back to savour the distance, the excitement of being first, when my head kept going back and my feet left the ground in a wonderful pirouette. The crash to the ground was not executed well and “Chariots of Fire” came to a grinding halt like a needle scratching over the surface of a vinyl record. It was going to be that sort of hash.

The fast runners, i.e. everyone except me, took to the hill away from Ramsbury at a good pace.

Goodness, it was such a beautiful morning – clear blue sky, ice and snow in pockets and a bitter cold that was soon expiated by the run. At the top of the hill the runners headed into woodland and I stopped to catch my breath. I looked back and saw the walkers had missed the turning up the hill so I shouted to them to go back. They were too far away to hear but my exaggerated gestures, so mindful of semaphore signals as a scout, eventually worked. Some of them hesitated but then gradually they all turned back. I enjoyed that, arms on hips, saved the day, being GOM and all. Then I looked back along the track and saw the hash walkers making their way up the hill. I mean the real walkers. The people I had shouted at were another group. Oops - I ran on!

The track across the headland opened up wonderful views. We are so privileged to live in Wiltshire, this very hidden area of rural England.

Going on the track was firm as the mud trail was frozen so it gave us an extra kick to feel great as runners. We had a re-group near the next woodland, or rather everyone waited for me, so thanks guys!

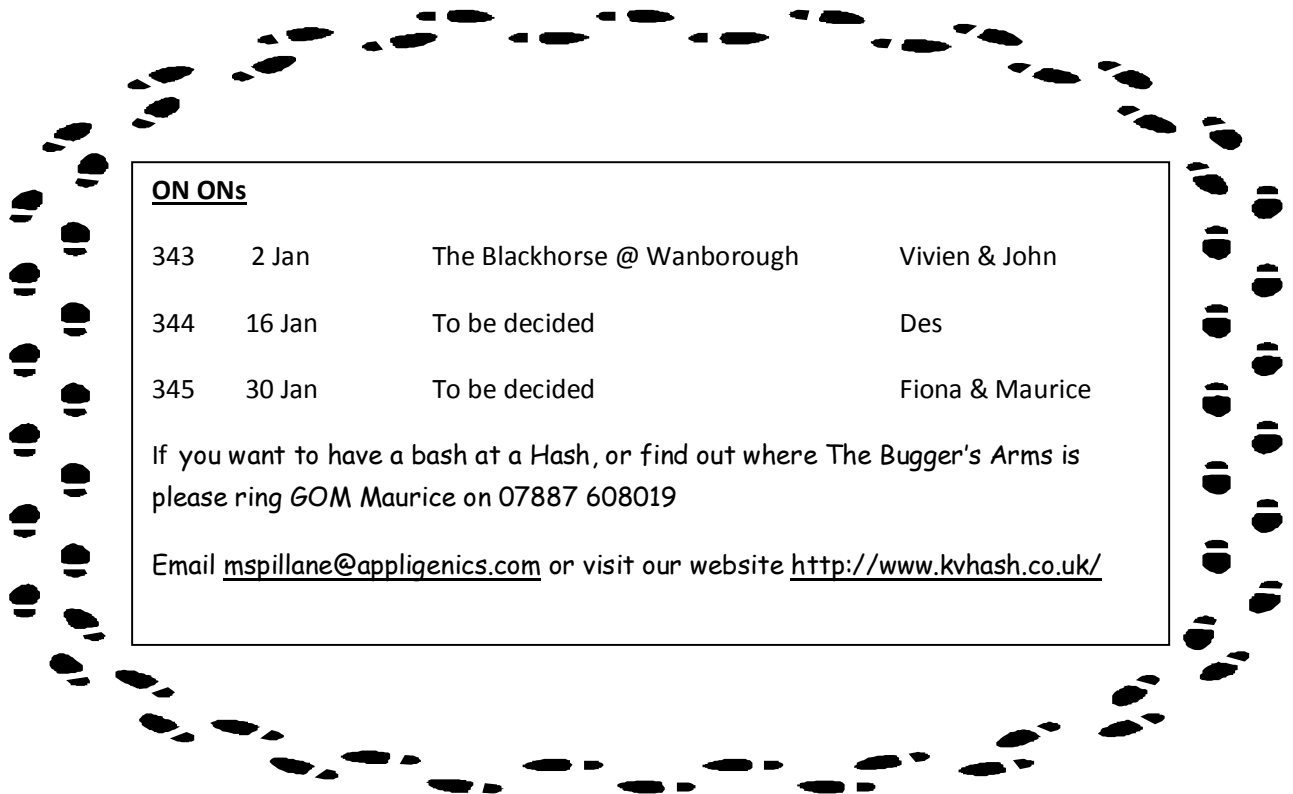
And of course we had some banter with Vivien as the butt of all jokes as usual. Then Des told us about his exploits that morning cycling from Chiseldon to Ramsbury. He got a puncture just outside the village which was lucky as it was so close to the pub. But he also tore the skin off his shin when he missed the pedal on an icy patch and slid along the chain. It looked really sore. But it also highlighted an old scar on his leg and he told us about that, and then each of us had a war story and a scar to show off but Des was not to be bettered. Off with his shirt and there was a perfect circle on his back. He had taken a bottle of Champagne up a mountain to celebrate with Jane several years ago when he slipped and the neck of the

bottle broke and went into his back. He had a great story about hospital runs and operations and it was well told. Re-groups could be a new social feature of hashes in the future!

On we went and the groups broke up as the pace increased and the chat became more colloquial. I love that – the subject could be anything and off we go with our different opinions at speed! Of course it also means we become distracted by the conversation and so it was here as we all ended up at the pub at the same time, but from three different directions. I still don't understand how the other groups got it wrong!

This is a great pub and very welcoming. There were Christmas party lunches and ordinary drinking groups so we had to bunch up a bit in an area that the landlord reserved. We even offered to sing for the nearest group.

Thanks Jeremy, it was a wonderful Hash!



ON ONs

343	2 Jan	The Blackhorse @ Wanborough	Vivien & John
344	16 Jan	To be decided	Des
345	30 Jan	To be decided	Fiona & Maurice

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Maurice on 07887 608019

Email mspillane@appligenics.com or visit our website <http://www.kvhash.co.uk/>