

Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
344	Cross Keys Inn	Bradenstoke	16 Jan 2011	Des	Maurice

Des's father delayed the start. Can you believe that? Ray, you have to get up earlier next time Des is the hare . . .

Des gave the usual briefing by explaining the flour symbols until he came to the arrow. "Arrows never lie," he intoned, and then added "usually." That threw Kathy into a kerfuffle from which she never quite recovered. Our Kathy likes things to be ordered, clear, unambiguous and without surprises. Mmmm, I can see why the hash would appeal.

But the rest of us had no time to ponder and we were away. It was great to be running with Kevin again. He has put on a bit of weight which meant I could stay with him but he must have lost it because I saw nothing of him in the second half!

It was a great Hash. Des did not flinch on flour and the trails were well marked. He offered three options with varying mileage from 3 miles to 6 miles although most of us took up the long route and it was well worth it. We ran around the airfield at one end of Lynham and traversed several fields with wonderful views on this cold sunny morning. The trail along the canal and through woods varied the run although the mud was tough going in places. It has to be expected at this time of year but that urge to let go and race madly downhill was tempered by a good chance you could break your neck.

I ran most of the route with Margaret. In the open areas with the wind blowing it was hard to hear so we ended up shouting and for me anyway half-guessing the exchanges. Margaret probably thought it was all a bit odd but, bless her, never said a word. Or, maybe her hearing is faltering as well and she was also half-guessing what I was shouting. In fact maybe that's normal for Margaret and I screw up conversations for her when there is no wind. Yes, that's it. Must be interesting for everyone else to observe.

We did get lost once. It was no fault of the hare. We just made an assumption and ran on where we should have turned right. It's the one problem with being at the back as you are cocky about the front runners marking the trail for you and you don't pay attention. The worry is that it is becoming a habit.

Which brings us nicely to Kathy. What on earth happened to her and Anne? They came in about an hour after everyone else, not completely exhausted, as Kathy was still talking. At one stage Margaret and I saw them heading back out on the trail instead of heading in and gave them directions to follow us. We caught up with the walkers about five minutes later and followed a clear trail back to the pub so they should have been ten minutes behind the walkers at most. Of course, the problem with getting lost is that there is no point in having a conversation about how it happened unless you run back around again. It was an offer that would definitely have been refused!

Before we started Des gave us some background on the Augustinian priory of Clack which we passed as we came back into the village. It was founded in 1142 by Walter D'Evereaux. Its great barn and guest house were taken down and carted away, some to St Donat's castle in South Wales, and the Tithe barn to the USA by William Randolph Hearst. Recently they discovered the stones in the original shipping crates. The residents of Bradenstoke have been trying for a Lottery grant to buy the crates and return the barn to its rightful setting. We gave a nod to it and the flag as we passed and then ran downhill into the village and the pub.

What lovely landlords! They made a fuss which was very much appreciated. Mind you, if you live in a village that is itself a dead-end with no through traffic other than those who get lost you would probably be very welcoming. Kathy, take note!

Well done to Des. It was another of his series of interesting hashes in this area and they just seem to get better and better.

