



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
370	The Bakers Arms	Badbury	18 Dec 2011	Maurice	Maurice

Ok, this is unusual. The hare is the scribe. But, come on, I am the GOM and the anarchic structure of the KVHH allows the GOM to do whatever he wants – no chair, no committee, no structure.

I wanted this opportunity to say thanks to you all for being an amazing group of people who have brought a lot to my life these past few years. We have run together, travelled, shared stories, had a lot of fun. How rich is that?

This past year we had some really great hashes. The hares are the great unsung – those who set trails this year know the responsibility, the planning, the angst that it should be special. Of course not all of them go exactly to plan and the joy is that those are the hashes we remember - we are an odd lot!

The magazines this year have been excellent and the spread of scribes has added a great deal to our history. I love the slagging, the personal, the observations, and re-reading them has added to a poor memory that valued the kindling.

So, to the hash from Badbury. It was a pleasure to introduce so many of you to Liddington Hill for the first time – I have to say that was a surprise and I hope you will return. It is a special place for running up to look over the landscape, morph out the modern and see it as our forbearers might have seen it. It has its own character and I hope the poem on the next page captures that for you.

The runners were in their element as usual and Jeremy was certainly in top form as he led the route. We enjoyed a glass of mulled wine and a chat before the rest of the runners arrived. A mince pie for energy and they were off. Then the walkers came around the fort and we had several more wines and mince pies and delayed our return to savour the beautiful day, the wonderful vista and a good chat. Such joy!

Thank you Olly for helping me set the trail and the good conversation we had from early morning. And thank you Fiona for the hot mince pies and the warm mulled wine – although sending me up a hill with a bloody wicker basket is unforgivable. It veered on pink and fluffy! Happy Christmas and a great New Year to everyone! Mx

Liddington Hill

Sometime, you should do this alone.

Walk up the hill past the bunker,

Past the iconic wood,

Past the wire fences

And around the convoluted path

To the old fort, the compound mound.

Stand like you are the first person

In two thousand years to be here.

This is your moment.

Everything that got in the way of you

Being here is dissipated.

You are the light caught in water,

Splashed from a pail, a reflection perhaps,

The birth of the rest of your life.

I don't urge this view or that view,

So reach out through the centuries

To the view that the shadows

Around here would once have viewed,

Still do, if we even half-believe.

Enjoin them as your congregation.

Pray into the past. This is a happy place.

Pray for the travellers of old,

Pray for the travellers of today

Who see the hill as almost-home.

Pray for yourself and leave that sound

Like an imprint on the mound.

You have been here, at least this once.

Fourth Becoming Hash Runs

372 8-Jan Mildenhall

Jeremy

373 22-Jan Highworth

Mike