



Churn Valley Hash House Harriers

Run no 1549

Berkeley Inn, Cm

Hare : Loan Arranger, Hung-lo,

Luckily, I did a final check before setting out to Berkeley so I managed to end up in the Tesco carpark at Cam directly rather than via the A38 like some unfortunates. Given the weather and the fearsome reputation of the hare, a pretty good field turned up. The Hare had taken pity on us and made the planned Medium the Long. Given what the “new” Long was like I dread to think what the “old” one would have entailed. Barry had the right idea and adjourned to the pub with a book just as the heavens opened and we squelched off. The start took some finding - it being a gap in a hedge through a minor tip and then followed by a Tour de Housing Estates. Eventually we did a Duke of York up to the top of a hill for a regroup followed a lot of rain-blinded casting about for a way down again. At some point we lost Maddog as he had been taken in by the Hare's earlier laying of a trail past his front door – unfortunately this was a complete con and cost Maddog a down-down later to add insult to the injury of a pointless sweat up the false. He took it all with a merry quip but I'm sure the Hare does have legal parentage. Meanwhile, back on the trail, after a tour round the playing field exercise kit and a pause to admire the splendid grasp of the possibilities of the English language displayed by the local graffiti specialists on the skateboard park (Banksy, you can rest easy), we made our way round the edge of an endless wheatfield with a crop just high enough and sodden enough to give us all the effect of having a shower in our clothes plus the joys of slimy mud at an ankle breaking angle. Somewhere we tiptoed through the output of some very nervous horses and eventually met some confused latecomers coming round the other way. This proved to be the beer stop (they must have a nose for these things) at a renovated mill whose owner had built his own waterwheel-driven power supply – and very magnificent it was too. After admiring this for a bit, I realised things were rather quiet and found that everyone had drunk up and buggered off so it was back to the muddy trails to catch up. At this point most of the field had a sense of humour failure and took the Short (and sensible) way home whilst a few of us pressed on up the Long/Medium (and stupid) long drag/running stream until we found an L/M option. Still we pressed on up until hitting a road – by the time we found there was really no flour on it we'd descended far enough to say stuff it and kept on under gravity drive until the Train pub and then back in. At this point it stopped raining of course. Pub was fine – even had a proper game of rugby (league) on the Telly for us northern exiles. Apres spoilt only by gradually realising I was sitting in soaking wet pants and starting to give the impression of someone with a very nasty case of incontinence – time to waddle off home.

D(irect) C(urrent)

(Trails Needed – see Caviar)

On-Ons

1550	9 th July	Kilkenny	
1551	16 th July	tba	Ormonde
1552	23 rd July	Old Centralians P/wick rd Glos	Fireraiser