

**CVH3 Hash Trash**  
**Run 1590: The Rose & Crown, Nympsfield**  
**Sunday, 10<sup>th</sup> March 2013**  
**Hares: Barry TSB & DC**



I have no idea what happened on this run! Except for the first five minutes.

**It's Mothering Sunday**, and in the car park of the Rose & Crown, a reduced contingent of motherless hashers shivered in the perishing wind. Many sported woolly hats, some even more ridiculous than my official Sheep's Hat. Dogger Phil kept warm by re-organising the parking, achieving a good 3 inches expansion of the 26 foot access gap. Claude seemed unusually cheerful, clearly thriving on the British climate.

**The Hares promised** an "on average" flat trail, so for the first time ever hares were truthful (if you run uphill 1km and then downhill 1km, then divide by two, a graph would indeed show a flat line average). Barry then leapt on a bicycle with a huge rucksack on his back (presumably full of flour), never to be seen again (except in the pub). DC stuck faithfully to his duty..

**The pack split out** from the car park. Heading north-west, then left, Hung Low was the first to spot the initial check and the on-on, closely followed by your scribe. Turning off the road into a field, and to the second check. Then it all went tits up for me. While the entire pack galloped speculatively along the dry left margin of the field, I foolishly checked along the muddy right edge. Weighed down by mud-caked clogs heavier than Andy Carroll's football boots, the gap to the pack grew longer and longer.

**Crossing the Uley road** and following part of the Cotswold Way, the trail now encountered the first of many hills, climbing up to Coaley Peak before circling south-westwards. Thankfully now we were generally sheltered from that wind. From there we were treated to a vista of hills, valleys and woods, progressing through Coaley Woods, down to Uley Bury and skirting Owlpen to return back up north to Nympsfield. (This may not be strictly accurate but that is the way I would have gone.)

**Always playing 'catch-up'**, the only time I saw the pack again was at an impromptu regroup ordered by Special Kay, just 10 yards round the corner from the hares' official regroup where we could grab another 30 second breather. After this I was flagging so badly that I was actually caught up by Darling, who subsequently only failed to get us lost by my diligent checking. Thanks to DC's dedicated markings for stragglers we only once lost the trail, in one huge field by a road. Julia observed "Barry must have done this bit".

**This was** a picturesque but demanding trail interestingly laid - surely one of the best. (That's a couple of pints I'm due from the hares.) Sorry I couldn't observe the glories of the scenery or mis-doings and strange goings-on by the pack, but today they were too fast for me (bastards).

**Apres in the pub**, some hashers (who were probably scb's) were still waiting to be served at the bar when the stragglers made it back after 1 pm. Pickle awarded Phil the bags for no good reason (which is a good reason) and Verity got the Sheep's Hat (maybe because she took a nap while I was talking).

To use up the space I have some observations regarding some of the hashers' dogs. A lot of animal cruelty was going on (especially by Willow).

*Willow*: named after a tree. Appropriate - that's where two short planks come from. Kept beating up Elsie.

*Tumour* – (I think that's how it's spelled) – of the Bananarama breed I am given to understand, which Lynne & Mark tell me is Bi-Curious. Very street-wise to be accompanied by a breed that is (tenuously) associated with the Wimar Republic, whose economic wisdom is in our day and age closely shadowed by the Coalition Government.

*Jeffers* – named after a failed if ancient Arsenal striker. Time you updated that name Jeff – maybe 'Ludo'? (See KY for a biography.)

*Elsie* - seeing Bood-Off struggling over a stile with his soap-on-a-rope, I suggested he might like a dog with longer legs. He growled "I'd like one with a bigger brain".

Apologies if I haven't mentioned your pet, but especially if I have.

Thanks to the hares for a great trail.

**Breaking News:** "The comedian Miranda (Hart) will attempt to set a Guinness World Record on day one of The BT Red Nose Challenge, by waxing 16 hairy rugby players' armpits in three minutes. Unfortunately she has an injured knee and so will be starting on crutches." (Radio 2 March 11, 2013.)

ON-ONS:			
<u>Date</u>	<u>No.</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Hares</u>
24-Mar-2013	1592	The Railway Inn, Fairford, GL7 4AR	Uncle Les
01-Apr-2013	1593	<b>(FIRST MONDAY RUN)</b> Cheltenham Motor Club, Upper Park St, Cheltenham, GL52 6SA	Carlos
08-Apr-2013	1594	TBC	Boo'd Off & Donkey
<b>04-May-2013</b>	<b>DINNER DANCE</b>	<b>Cirencester Golf Club</b> Cheltenham Road, Bagendon, Cirencester, GL7 7BH	Tim is taking names

Sadly, we hear that the Seven Tuns is closing this very evening. Hashers have enjoyed the hospitality here and the great hashing country on its doorstep on many occasions.

*Bellend*

As seen on TV