

## Churn Valley Hash House Harriers

Run 1592 The Railway Inn, Fairford

Hares: Uncle Les + trusty assistant

The hardy few gathered at the Railway Inn . It was not for the faint hearted and everyone checked their cold weather accessories. I tried in vain to hang on to the sheep's hat but Barry the Spit was hatless and, come to think of it, largely hairless, so I did the decent thing. I understand Pickle turned up wearing a burka – obviously hoping to find himself a rich Arab to whisk him off to his tent in the hot Arabian desert. Fat chance.

The hare gave the usual pre-run chat and we all set off in the same direction. That was the last I saw of the runners who set a brisk pace. We followed the roads for a while and then we turned off across country, heading towards the rivers, crossing bridges and returning along the banks of the river to Fairford. Special K told me that the dogs are becoming very competitive with Willow batting Maizie down the bank and into the river, no doubt trying to shut her up for a while. Mary, Karen and I had a very pleasant, if cold, walk following a well laid trail. Two old men in the distance kept waving to us, but we maintained our dignity and they eventually disappeared from sight.

So that's it, dogs and walkers. Runners seemed to be bent on getting home as quickly as possible, with one notable exception, but alas no keys. Altogether a well laid and marked trail and mercifully not too long. Thank you hares.

No man should be without his hats and bags and this week our best dressed man will be Polepussy, awarded the above unanimously by Chris and your scribe. I admit I was struggling with the award but Polepussy rose to the occasion and freely admitted at 12.28 precisely to ending up on the wrong side of the river thereby increasing his mileage considerably. Mind you I think those added miles and the cold got to his little grey cells. Back at the bar he was rambling on about stealing a map from a couple of unsuspecting house hunters, following the landing lights of Fairford and wading in the river up to his trio of delights. Pity he missed that ferry across the Meysey.

Down, downs: Uncle Les for behaving like the Fat Controller and Polepussy for getting so hopelessly lost (beware 'local knowledge' , it usually ends up biting you on the b..)

That's the last of the Sunday runs for this season. Now we can look forward to the long, hot, lazy days of summer, warm balmy evenings, pims on the terrace, barbecues with the smell of burnt flesh and let's not forget hosepipe bans ....., or is it floods?

8 April 1594 The Village Inn, Nailsworth Boodeoff & Donkey

4 May Dinner Dance, Cirencester Golf Club See GOM

Friday 31 May to Sunday 2 June Camping weekend Porlock, Sparkhayes Campsite.

If your interested please contact Mr Sheep. He will be collecting names on Easter Monday or email him at: [Neil.moorhouse@hotmail.com](mailto:Neil.moorhouse@hotmail.com)