



Churn Valley Hash House Harriers

Run no 1503 Weighbridge, Nailsworth
Fireraiser)

Hare : Bryan and Gerald (plus

A massive field – 67 at Barry-the-Spit’s count. The hashcash will need Securicor at this rate. Threatening skies were not enough to compete with the Weighbridge pies. A clear briefing from Bryan was completely undone by a baffling one from Frank but we all shuffled off anyway. Down the road and up the first hill track – from the Weighbridge the only way is up – through the fields and into the woods led by Stallion. This was the case for most of this trail so the place must be stuffed with geocaches. Then followed a period of rummaging about in gloomy woods until we burst out into those fields behind Nailsworth tennis club that usually presage a long grinding climb towards Avening. So it proved until we all got back together soaked in sweat at a regroup. Off up and over the top to a 5-way junction that took ages to sort out and involved your scribe plodding across a very big field and then plodding all the way back again to discover the remnants of the hash disappearing round a (distant) corner – not that I’m bitter . Across more big fields and back along an endless path broken only by a diversion down to a farm which ended in a bar and a retrace back up the hill again. I kept finding Barry the bionic builder pounding along in front of me – I suspect his new knee has been fitted with those superstrength copper-topped batteries – if he turns up in a pink rabbit outfit we’ll know for certain. Down the backside of Avening, uphill again across the fields and into the trees (sounds like a Hemingway novel!) along a bit more then a hell-for-leather descent to the pub. This was enlivened about halfway by a greasy set of duckboards set in the clay on a blind bend. This was useful to judge how far people were behind by the sudden screams as they hurtled off sideways into the bushes. The après was excellent and bags were awarded by Bryan to someone after a scurrilous speech about braces and the ability or otherwise of ladies chests to support them. The otherwise cheerful chatter of the après was only broken by the occasional appalled cry of “eleven quid” from impecunious hashers as they shovelled down their small but perfectly formed pies.

DeeCee

On-Ons (More Trails always welcome – see Caviar)

1505	22 nd Aug	Ram, Bussage	Ormonde
1506	29 th Aug	Daneway	Carlos
1507	5 th Sept	TBC	Last Monday run
1508	11 th Sept	Star, Wooton –u-edge	Lone arranger (SUNDAY)
1509	18 th Sept	Jolly Brewmaster , Chelt	Mr Sheep (park Bath St CP)
1510	25 th Sept	Daneway	TBC