

# Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hares: La Crease  
& Prison Pussy.

Pub: The Three Horseshoes,  
Garsington.

The Beer Stop Crew: Bollard Naked & FBJ.

Next runs:  
19th March: The George, Littlemore.  
26th March: The Bricklayer's Arms, Old Marston.  
2nd April: The George and Dragon, Sutton Courtney.

Phew! That hill into Garsington is quite a bit steeper and quite a bit longer than yer scribe remembers. I'm too knackered just from cycling up here to have the energy to run a hash too. But hare La Crease had some comforting words (which weren't so comforting the previous night when she said exactly the same thing): "It's a short one."

On out and the interhash-bound hashers were taking it steady – careful not to twist their ankles before their trip down under. On out and the trail took us down the road then back along the pavement – a classic piece of Prison Pussy trail-laying if ever there was! Made all the better by the fact that FBJ had run along the pavement (safety first – don't want to be knocked down by speeding cars) and had not seen any of the blobs! Back to the church which Big Stiffy reminded us (again) is the dead centre of the village and this is where Garsington comes into it's own as a hashing venue. There are so many paths and everyone knows where all the paths go, but there's a difference between knowing where the paths go and knowing where the trail goes. At every check everyone spreads out with a confident "It always goes this way!" and an "It went this way last time." or a "When I laid the trail, I took it down here." and every time they find a false trail. Or mostly they do. Meanwhile the shortcutters never have to break into so much as a jog to keep up because the FRBs manage to confuse each other and the pack keeps nicely together.

And that's about it really. Since yer scribe was one half of the beerstop this week, he missed out on any other shennannigans.

But anyway, never mind the trail. All the entertainment happened before the hash was even run! La Crease and Prison Pussy had intended to take the trail across a field, but when it came to laying the flour they were besieged by horses. They were big buggers apparently and prevented our erstwhile hares from crossing the field. OK, they thought; it may be best to bypass this field. So they turned back to the stile by which they'd entered the field. La Crease managed to get over, but the horses were not about to let Prison Pussy get away so easily. One of the horses blocked his passage [Ouch! – *Scribe Ed*] forcing PP to clamber through (and carve his arm open on) the barbed wire fence to the side instead. Straight into some thorn bushes. Or were they trees? Preparing to climb his way out, PP rested his bag of flour on a tree stump and then promptly knocked the bag into an unnoticed hole and into the dark recess of the tree trunk. Still yet to escape the thorns, Prison Pussy climbed a short way up the tree trunk and then leapt for freedom. La Crease says that he took up a Superman pose to fly through the air, but as he leapt, he caught his foot and plummeted to the ground rather less gracefully than he'd intended. Still, at least the nettles cushioned his fall.