

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1996 21Feb16  
Venue: The Turner's Arms  
Mortimer  
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Sunday (not Wednesday) Whingers

RandyMandy BlindPew Iceman Donut Hashgate Dawn BGB Motox Itsyor Foghorn MessengerBoy Slapper NoSole CabinBuoy OldDog Dumper Ms Whiplash Penny Pitstop Doctor Poo Dunker PissQuick Glittertits Tequilova Mrs Blobby WaveRider TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor Cerberus C4 Spot Snowy Slips Chopstix Shandyman Twanky Utopia Isabel OutdoorPursuits Dunny Rampant Florence Zebedee Tinopener and dog Minx AWOL DampPatch Jason (renamed DryRot – see Down Downs)

## An Old Favourite

**T**equilova got away with it. Despite blatantly parading around in the most lurid green and yellow new running shoes before we started, RA Shitfor let her off the hook at the Down Downs. However, Tequilova, as one who was given a Down Down by Foghorn 3(!) weeks after I wore new shoes, let me warn you that an RA (like an elephant) never forgets. I might point out here that I am not likening in physical structure our well-muscled RA to a pachyderm.



Writing of Shitfor, the poor chap is well and truly crocked. In more ways than one. This morning, determined to enjoy the Trail, he wore scarlet Croc Clogs like those on the left. His heel, following sudden stop and collision with a rare iron-nosed badger (notorious for their poor eyesight and penchant for all things cheese) has turned into a suppurating chancre that prevents him running at present. We wish him a speedy recovery... if only so we don't ever see those Crocs again.

While referring to collisions (see how this is flowing from subject to subject, joined by an internal reference? Nice eh? It can only go downhill stylistically from here.) may I draw your attention

to the parking pantomime Donut and I enjoyed from our executive space in front of the parking area wall. The entire car park was stuffed full of cars, a large lorry with a grab on the back and, yes it's true, a new Rolls Royce (obviously someone in the mobile home site next the pub is doing well). Hasher after Hasher tried to squeeze into the thing, only to be turned away: WaveRider (slightly disappointed expression), Dumper and OldDog (aghast at the sheer effrontery of being refused access), Itsyor (sanguine acceptance), Dawn... Well, Dawn took today's award for The Worst Bit of Parking We've Ever Seen. She drove in in her Black Fiesta, was waved genially away by Iceman, eventually backed out jerkily, noticed the large enough space in front of the wall opposite us, slowly sprawled the car half over it, decided that at least 2 feet of space either side was simply not enough, backed out, stopped a little way down the busy main road 2 feet (again that distance!) from the kerb, blocking traffic from behind, then finally mounted the kerb, got two wheels on, turned off the engine, opened the door and staggered out, perspiring and breathing heavily.

The last bits of which we did after this Trail (see that flowing thing again there? It can't last, surely) though not because it was too long and arduous. How could it be when it was laid from a favourite old pub by two of BH<sup>3</sup>'s old favourites: C5 and Mr Blobby. These two know this area like the back of their individual hands (can many people actually mean that? Do you really know what yours look like? Where did that emerging mole come from? And why did you forget to shave your fingers... today?) Their Trail was a masterclass of subterfuge, flouxy braggadocio, sinuous virtuosity and rather a lot of fun. This area, of course, is festooned with forest and ferns. Perfect, in fact, for Hashing. We On Outed happily.

Al'on'g the track we went. 'Out' into the woods. Ok, that's probably the weakest link imaginable. I'll pack it up now. Let's mention something slightly weird. Having skipped across rather a lot of alternately boggy and dry forest floor, Dunny, Waverider and I saw Spot slightly ahead of us. He had stopped by a silver birch and appeared to be rubbing something white in the grass by the side



of it. As we drew level I asked him what he was doing. "Oh, just cleaning a golf ball." He replied, pocketing the gutta-percha pellet. You may ask yourself why on earth Spot was cleaning a golf ball in the middle of a Hash. You're certainly not going to get an answer from me. If you do get one, please let me know.

As the Pack trotted down into a small valley, Donut decided on a bio-break, hidden at the top of it while we descended. On reaching the bottom Blind Pew found himself standing in a shoe-wetting stream. "Bet that wasn't there before Donut decided to have a wee." He said. I promised him I wouldn't tell Donut since I can't stand the sight of blood. This from a bloke whose lady (RandyMandy) managed to wee in her running shoe during a Trail from the Red Lion at Peppard.

Foghorn then decided to lighten our mood even more by falling down a rather obvious hole. Cue much chortling. Not least by him. Even more when Dunny announced to a number of us that, "I can't keep up with Motox." Given that he was jumped on and cuddled by a very attractive blonde last week too, the male Hashers running by him gave him the 'You sly dog, you' look. We may have a *studmeister* in our midst.



"It's one of these but I can't remember which one." So advised C5 at a particularly awkward bit in the Trail, giving rise to some ribald ribbing and good-natured cheering. I can't say I was surprised. This Trail had Back-Checks, Bars, you name it. Even four and five blob Falses at one particularly difficult-to-figure-out bit. Rampant, as ever, particularly enjoyed running backwards and forwards like a confused chicken. But we finally found the Regroup and, surprise, surprise the walking group turned up at almost the same time, Motox crowing that he was 'The First Walker' and Itsyor tapping me on the shoulder to tell me he was 'The First Runner'. Curiously, Desperate, my fellow and only other member of The Titanium Club, who was standing just to the right of me, called out "Where's Hashgate." Kind of her to worry about my physical state. I think the rest of

the group were more worried about her mental state.

The rest of the Trail was every bit as enjoyable as the first though it was a little surreal when I was following Snowy when we passed a lovely, hairy black and white horse on the other side of the fence to our shiggy track. The fellow leaned over a bit then spoke to us with an American lady's accent. "You have reached five miles..." Was I hallucinating? No. It turned out that it was Snowy's arm talking. I know. How weird can this get? He actually had an iPhone strapped to his member (perhaps I could have put that a bit better) which announced his progress at every mile.

The other psychedelic moment that sticks in my mind was the slightly hippy lady with her fine old retriever in part of the forest who said (her, not the dog) that we looked like a bunch of children playing hide-and-seek in the woods. Amusingly true I thought. Then noticed that she had an old safety razor and had been shaving the poor hound! What kind of person takes their dog into the woods and shaves it?!

Miles across Mortimer Fairground, twisting around the wet woods, into the pock-marked back roads of Mortimer, across some fearfully windy fields and we were heading along the snicket that took us back to the comfort of The Turner's Arms.

A thoroughly enjoyable Trail. Our thanks to Hares C5 and Mr Blobby. The latter is so exhausted he has jetted off to Florida for a little R and R. Enjoy Mr B!

On On. **Hashgate**. (Will be in the Lake District next week – hope it doesn't live up to its name too much ☺ See you in a couple of weeks!)

## Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto:hashgate@hotmail.com), where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Sir,

I would like to point out an error in your report. Some particularly erudite equines such as I can indeed speak. Should you wish for further evidence I suggest you view an episode of Mr Ed on Youtube. Click [here](#) and enjoy.

Yours without a shadow of a whinny,

A. Horse

Sir,

I got away with it so nuuuuur.

Yours perfectly greenly,  
Ms T. Quilova

## Down Downs

RA Shitfor dragged his injured carcass outside to host the Down Downs.

### Who Got It

### Why

Isabel	Not sure whether she should be called Mrs BGB
Dawn	Unbelievable parking. Unbelievably good drinking!
Foghorn	Hitting his head on the pub sign and HashCrashed down a hole during the Trail.
Jason	Renamed DryRot... since he is going out with DampPatch ☺ The lad took it very well.
Snowy	Making 'snappy' jokes about the RA's Crocs.
Spot	Abusing the Walkers.
Cerberus	Responding as the Walkers' leader.
Dr Poo	For indecision. Saying on the Trail "It could go that way. I'm not sure. It did go that way. I'm not sure...". He got the Black Sheep Hat.
Ms Whiplash	For having a second birthday like the Queen.
C5, Mr Blobby	Today's excellent Hares wolfed down their halves.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1998	06Mar16	<a href="#">SU759722</a>	<b>The Thatchers Arms</b> Fairwater Drive, Woodley, Reading RG5 3EZ	RandyMandy Georgie
1999	13Mar16	<a href="#">SU701819</a>	The Unicorn <b>Peppard Hill</b> RG9 5LX	SkinnyDipper