

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2039 18Dec16
Venue: The Cottage Inn
Upper Bucklebury
Hares: Spot

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Cottagers

Swallow SlowSucker Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Nappyrash Waverider Shandyman Chopstix Foghorn WantedbyICC TC Whinge Potty Nutty Slippery Snowy PissQuick Glittertits Desperate Shitfor CouchPotato Caboose FalseTart Shifty Posh Bomber C5 RandyMandy BlindPew Sharon Florence Zebedee Shylite HiVis Dwight ChocChuck NoStyle Lucy Iceman SkinnyDipper Tequilova Dorothy Twanky Motox Honeymonster Lungs Slapper ShutupWally

A Bit of an Amble and a Rabbit

Surrounded by small plots of land, enclosed by wire mesh, where chickens strutted about and alien-eyed goats leaned their front leg hooves against the wire topping, to be fed grass by RandyMandy, the lop-eared rabbit sat. Quietly nibbling a green shoot he viewed me dispassionately as I climbed out of the car I had just backed up against his fence. After a small cough he established telepathic connection. "Good morning." He thought. "Do you realise that if I was now carbon-dated I would be classified as a 2 million year old rabbit?" Difficult to gulp mentally but I just managed it. He carried on. "There I was, munching contentedly on my mid-Sunday morning snack when along comes an unthinking Homo Erectus blasting Nitrogen, Carbon Dioxide, Carbon Monoxide, Hydrocarbons, Nitrogen Oxides and particulate matter. i.e soot. Which accounts for the fact that my



ears are considerably darker than they were five minutes ago. Well? What have you to say for yourself?!" Not to be outdone by a pontificating rabbit I riposted mentally. "I believe you will find that Homo Erectus was a primitive humanoid. Not modern Man" He snapped back. "Precisely my point. And you should know he came on to this earth about 2 million years ago so would probably have been stupid enough to cut down the trees that turned into oil to make the petrol that you burnt which produced the exhaust gases you blew all over me!" Irrefutable logic really. There I was, berated by a bunny. "Sorry." Was all I could mentally mumble. After a calculated moment he replied, "Very well.

Now run along and play." I'm sure the goats gave a small round of bleating cheers as I shuffled off.

After a couple of reminders (he had forgotten he was acting GM this morning), C5 called the Circle and introduced the event... and Lucy, a new lady with us this morning. The goats had wandered over to this side of their fences and were watching curiously through their letterbox pupils. Mainly at Whinge, who, for some reason, had arrived today with a lilac-coloured moustache and goatee. One could only wonder why... and whether his underarm and leg hair were now the same colour (I know. But some areas are just off-limits). We On Outed.

Due to a touch of man-flu I was walking today, so experienced nothing of the runner's Trail. Can't really report in any depth on that then. Just that SlowSucker, afterwards, said that it seemed to be 'quite long'. Our walker's Trail led us along a serpentine path through damp woods and across wet fields, through some countryside that is extremely pleasant, especially in summer. The Walkers actually go at quite a pace. Probably in the knowledge that they can get back to the pub and order a drink before the runners finish. Very wise. We yomped onwards and Slippery and I discussed kitchens. Not something you

usually have the time or breath to do while running. Really quite pleasant. A chat with Potty. With Nutty. With PissQuick. A joke with Twanky. It was really a rather civilised affair and we became lost only once.

So. Not much more to tell. The pub was welcoming, the food good and the beer tasty. Our thanks to Spot for organising the morning's entertainment.

A Look Back

We just can't end the year without a retrospective. We all live such busy lives that it's easy to forget all the things BH³ has done during the year. Let's highlight just a few. I've added some Gobsheet extracts that captured certain moments. Well I thought they were funny ☺

(Cue wobbly music) We're going back to the past.. past... past

January	<p>Schlepping through sousing rain in Peppard near Henley-on-Thames and fearsome mud in East Hagbourne.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> As HappyFeet and I scaled a cold metal gate she squeaked and advised me: "Eek! I've got a wet crotch!" I thanked her for this, um, interesting piece of information. But just as I jumped down on the other side Foghorn topped it, then cried out, "Ow! I just rolled me balls over the top!" Again, a vaguely interesting snippet but one without which I could have perhaps done ☺</p>
February	<p>Swanning about in Pangbourne, viewing the Aston Martins and ducks. The delightfully camp Red Dress Run in Wokingham. A trot round the old Favourite, The Turners Arms.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> AWOL... well difficult to describe the depths of slatternly tat to which he had sunk. He looked like a cross between Keith Richard (on a bad day) and a somewhat raddled lady of the night frequenting the back streets of Portsmouth during a lean spell on a cold winter night. Cloggs provided the 'Most Alarming Statement of the Day' by saying, "He looks more attractive as a woman."</p>
March	<p>A magical outing to see The Unicorn at Peppard near Henley-on-Thames. The BH³ 200th Hash at Bradfield Village Hall.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> We squelched on along the forest paths alongside of which bluebells would be shimmering in a couple of weeks. Looking forward to that. Then it all got a bit psychedelic when Lilo admitted to Billy, Donut and me that she had once got sunburnt while floating about topless on a pedalo. The admission set in motion a mental video which, truth to tell, I have found difficult to dislodge and can't figure out whether it's funny, erotic, or a combination of both. As ever though, this organ intends to educate as well as entertain so ladies, if you find yourself semi-naked and about to launch yourself on the Adriatic in midsummer, ensure your youthful and muscular manservant slathers your hooters with plenty of suntan lotion before you board your vessel (or vassal, if you change your mind). Incidentally, if any of you ladies would now like to run your own mental video, please go ahead and enjoy.</p>
April	<p>The first evening Trail by Iceman at the Peacock Farm pub just outside Bracknell. A bluebell chase at The Royal Oak in Knowle Hill.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> On the advice of a youngish chap and some lads, Itsyor decided to investigate a boggy culvert. Quite why, we will never know. There was absolutely no flour down in its fetid depths. As we ran further down the road at the point where it went over the boggy stream we found him stuck, trying to get over the railings that stopped the mentally challenged from entering said mere. He eventually managed to jump clear without (sadly) tearing the back of his shorts off and giving us all a good laugh.</p>
May	<p>A very teasing Trail at The Hare and Hounds in Sonning Common (SlowSucker loved it☺). A troll from The Duke of Wellington in Twyford. An enjoyable urban waltz from The Jolly Anglers in reading.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> At last we got off the damn road and trotted gratefully through the long grass by St Patrick's Stream. This turned out also to be rather a long trot that led to the Regroup by a bridge, near where the stream flowed into the Thames. I puffed exhaustedly up to the side of the bridge, viewing a spider's web there, wherein dangled</p>

	quite a number of pretty, but largely empty, mayflies. Mentally, I noted that I felt the same way at this point. The spider was nowhere to be seen. Probably having a gastric band fitted to try and resolve its obesity issue.
June	<p>A Trail at The Four Points at Aldworth from Flo and Zeb. Ah, The Royal Oak at Tilehurst and watching Slovakia stuff England at football. TC and Whinge's Pirate Wedding Hash at Abbey Rugby Club – Yo Ho Ho! A fantastic evening!</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> Near here was where Shitfor advised that he was still a little rough from having eaten something that caused near gastro-intestinal Armageddon the day before. He had apparently woken feeling desperate but when that didn't work he slugged down a milk pail of Gaviscon before taking up almost permanent residence in the crapper. However... Desperate tempered his explanation with a few gastronomic facts. Rather a lot of curry, lager, wine and liqueurs had been ingested by the lad prior to the internal Judgement Day activity. Shitfor replied rather heatedly to this by saying, "N t w sn't. S m th ng w s ff!" Sounded like a case of irritable vowel syndrome to me...</p>
July	<p>The excellently organised and attended Wallingford Orient Express weekend. Brilliant!</p> <p>You really need to read all the whole Gobsheet since there is a Poirot murder mystery entwined within it ☺</p>
August	<p>Fiddler put to the sword by a youngster at The Bell, Waltham St. Lawrence. An urban run by Skinny at The Shepherd's House in Woodley.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> Those of you who went under Sonning Bridge to check out Uri Geller's house on the other side will have been delighted to see the joke front door that someone has carefully attached to one of the brick supports. A year or so ago there was a postbox on the other side, before the Council took it down for 'health and safety' reasons. I am glad to report that someone in Sonning has a great sense of humour and Donut and I often laugh when we see the nipples painted on the bumpy road sign on the way out of Sonning. At times this sign includes the legend 'Way Hay!' or 'Norks Ahead'. All very politically incorrect, thank goodness.</p>
September	<p>The AGM at Bucklebury. (The only one I could attend)</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> MissDirection wandered around the full car park giving everyone the big finger. Not because she is fearfully rude but because the digit in question is massively bandaged and sticking straight out, following her attempt to lop it off recently. We wish her a speedy recovery.</p>
October	<p>The Golden Cross at Twyford for a birthday Hash (for NappyRash). A creep into November with an exclennet Trail at The Black Horse, Checkendon.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> Hash cars were jammed in everywhere and one of our clever band had parked partially diagonally on the single-track road, making it somewhat difficult for the bloody great big tractor that appeared from nowhere, to pass. Fortunately for my sensitive disposition I cannot lip-read too well. Otherwise, I feel sure I would have blushed to the roots at what the gentleman driving (or rather, attempting to drive) the tractor was saying. I managed to pick up a little of the fulmination. As I understand it the diagonal parker had had no married father in the family for several generations, some of their ancestors hailed from a porcine branch and (yes, I think this is right) had the tractor driver had his plough attached to said vehicle he would have (yes, I almost have it now) ploughed a furrow into the parker's ass (didn't know he had one. And why blame the creature?) that could be seen from space. I think I got that right.</p> 

November	<p>Remembrance Day Hash at The Swan, Sherborne St. John.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> And here it was that we got to enjoy the sight of (according to C5) Slapper's erection. Not quite what you think, I'm pleased to say. Since he has rather a lot to do with the building trade he was keen to take credit for the building of the scaffolding around The Vyne. It was generally agreed amongst the gentlemen that this was the first one he had achieved for some length of time...</p>
December	<p>The Christmas Lunch Hash at The Hare and Hounds, Speen.</p> <p><i>Gobsheet extract:</i> Donut proffered some advice as I attempted to back into a somewhat small free slot in the almost full car park. "You want deep space." She said. I could almost hear the puzzlement emanating from the rear seats – WaveRider and NappyRash were with us. I pondered a moment. I know an Audi is remarkably clever but I've never found a section on warp driving in the handbook. In vain I searched for a button on the steering wheel that would change gear to red shift, accelerate us so fast that WaveRider's entire face would elongate and we would slot into an intergalactic parking lot between a Red Dwarf and the Millennium Falcon. We finally figured out that Donut meant a long enough car parking space so that our bonnet didn't stick out like WaveRider's nose would have done had we entered hyperspace.</p>

It's been a full BH³ year. Happy Christmas and bring on 2017! ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**