

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2072 07Aug17

Venue: The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen,
Tilehurst

Hares: Motox

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

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Water Boys and Girls

Dunny Rampant Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Florence Zebedee AWOL Spot Georgie RandyMandy Foghorn NappyRash OldFart PoisonedChalice FlashBangWallop Iceman Dumb NoWaiting and dog Poppy Slapper NoSole SkinnyDipper Rebecca Duncan TheBoyNamedSue IcedKitty TC Whinge HappyFeet Twanky Dorothy Posh TT2 TinOpener... and later WaveRider

The Pluviophile's Trail

It was just starting to drizzle when I carefully turned the car on to the 1 in 5 road that led up to the pub. There were two reasons for the caution. 1 was because FlashBangWallop on his bicycle had just turned on to it too, and 2 was because if you drive on to it too fast you can rip off either the front of the car or take out the sump. Rampant had no qualms and drove on to the ramp, with Dunny in the passenger seat, at a fair speed, whacking the underneath of the car quite solidly. But he had two reasons for not worrying. 1 was because FlashBang Wallop was nowhere near, and 2 was because it was Dunny's car! What a cad! He was rightly awarded a Down Down later on.

The grey skies turned greyer and the rain began to fall more steadily. Tonight's returnee, PoisonedChalice, was wearing some kind of large headscarf to try and keep the rain off. a) it didn't, and b) it made him look like a down-at-heel, female, Eastern European refugee tractor driver. Aside from



An example of the kind of rain BH³ experienced

that, he looked very attractive. The rest of us dripped steadily in a rough Circle around GM Mr Blobby while he welcomed returnees and handed over to a damp-looking Motox. Not surprising. The lad had been out since 4 o'clock or so, in the wet, laying the Trail. Full marks to tonight's Hare. There was a Walker's Trail, a Medium and a Long. Up and down through woodland, across large fields and along partly overgrown tracks. Must've been miles...certainly felt like it.

Motox had advised us that the Trail "went the usual way." So that was the way we On Outed. Left out of the pub, up the hill and turn right towards the first of the woodland. Then, cripes, we seemed to go all over the place. HappyFeet got so

confused that she ran into a large, fairly new and pretty obvious, galvanised gate. No particular reason for this and it certainly gave her a bash on the shoulder. No doubt the ever-increasing, cooling rain would have helped dull the pain.

The Trail was a tale of two halves, both lubricated with rain. The first had runners and walkers cleverly meeting every now and again, squishing down muddy tracks or cleaning off shoes in the long, wet grass. The second had the runners split off from the walkers and, occasionally, each other. Or indeed, crash into each other. The section of the forest we were going through was very wet and full of ups and downs, all slippery with shiggy. Perfect for squirrel mud-slope ski-ing. NappyRash and I just about scrambled and slithered up one such steep hill and had congratulated ourselves on doing so when we saw Dorothy attempting to do the same, followed by a gaggle of BH³. He struggled for toeholds, leaning forward to grab at tree roots. None of it worked. With a whoosh he slid backwards, face down, and took out the entire gaggle. There was a lot of hooting laughter from those coming up from behind and a lot

of puffing and grunting from those who had been skittled so spectacularly. Got to thank Dorothy for laying on this admirable piece of comedic theatre for the benefit of all... apart from the 'skittles'.

While running along a muddy switchback mountain bike trail I found myself behind NoWaiting who was running behind his Dad, Dumb, and dragging little Poppy along. I haven't spoken much to the lad before but I now feel he and I know each other much better. He and his Dad were breathlessly talking about genes and how features and similarities get handed down from father to son. "At least," Panted NoWaiting. "I didn't get your height. Haha." Referring to his marginally diminutive Dad. I felt it best to interject at this point, if only to avert a family dispute. "Good things come in small packages, you know." I tossed out lightly. "Is that what your wife says, Hashgate?" Came the immediate response. Goodness me! I mean, I hardly knew the chap. He was actually highly apologetic and slightly embarrassed immediately after. In Blokeworld, insulting another bloke is the ultimate in friendly badinage. Guess I've made a friend. 😊



Not Poppy, but a reasonable approximation

There was a Long and Short Trail split by St Nicholas Church at Sulham. Divine guidance intervened and pointed me firmly on to the Short Trail. Since we already seemed to have toiled along for many miles and I didn't want to risk heavenly disapproval I took the advice and offered a silent thanks, which was received with a tacit and invisible Holy nod. A little later I found out that everything has a reason...

I caught up with RandyMandy and Georgie and the three of us gasped and slopped our way up the steep, damp, shiggy track into the dusky Sulham woods. There was no-one else about. By the time we had reached the flatter section at the top of the hill in the woods we were all wheezing bronchially and staggering about. Then FlashBangWallop trotted past. Absolutely no idea where he had been. We waved him on and continued. There were only the three of us and we had a perfectly enjoyable journey. Until we realised we were lost. We must have missed some flour somewhere and wandered about in the ever-darkening forest. However, we were all together and worked it out logically. Maybe we wouldn't have done if we hadn't all been together – thank you divine guidance. 😊 We finally found an 'F' and a couple of blobs. And then we found PoisonedChalice, who was almost as lost as we were. When we found the 'On Inn' we realised we weren't that far from civilisation and the pub. That sense of relief as the night descends is quite pleasant, isn't it?

Georgie trotted off and RandyMandy and I talked about grandchildren on the way down the road to the pub. Yep, I know. Slightly weird. Motox drove up to us in his car, asking after PoisonedChalice. We pointed out that he was only a couple of hundred damp yards behind us and the blighter sped off to pick him up. Never mind the ladies, Motox! Our final damp problem came in the form of TT2, who was stripping off under a tree (since it was still raining, he said) on the side of the road, under a street light. Not pretty and I advised the ladies to avert their eyes. It was very pleasing to finally get back into the dripping car park and look forward to the vast amount of food that had been prepared by NoSole and SkinnyDipper. Well done ladies!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

You can tell a lot about people from their fridge magnets. Ours consist of a couple of New York views and a Corfe Castle steam railway sign – indicating a fondness for travel and breathing in smoke. There is a miniature of 'The Sheaf' by Henri Matisse from the Tate – illustrating a certain arty pretentiousness and a tight-fisted approach to purchasing gallery products. An Adnams Ghost Ship sails spectrally on the white ocean of the fridge door – showing that at least one of us is a p*ss artist. Another is a pair of wings from the RAF Benevolent Fund – a certain charitable element then. Though perhaps not a major fund contributor. A little Chinese coolie hat – from our friends Desperate and Sh*tfor. Meaning that at least somebody either likes or feels sorry for us. A Devon Chilli Farm Scoville Scale – we must have throats lined with fire retardant. A black and white foot with 'On On' written on it – most people wouldn't have a clue what this meant, possibly some kind of JuJu totem. Weird religious beliefs then.

Put that all together and at least one of us is a miserly drunk who eats scathingly hot food in faraway places while practising strange spiritual rituals. Somehow I don't think Donut fits the profile.

Do let me know if this is about right. Oh... and do check out your own fridge magnets. I'd be interested to hear of particularly exotic specimens 😊

Down Downs

GM Mr Blobby asked me to be RA this evening. Always fun to do. So I did. 😊

Dorothy had left or he would certainly have received a Down Down.

Who Got It

Why

The landlady of The Royal Oak

For hosting our event and to wish her well when she leaves the pub son. She sent out a barmaid to quaff the ale since she doesn't drink it.

NoSole, SkinnyDipper

Providing the feast that was laid out on the covered pool table. Well done ladies!

HappyFeet

Being a gatecrasher!

PoisonedChalice

Tonight's returnee...and itinerant tractor driver.

Rampant

Being so ungentlemanly in Dunny's car.

RandyMandy, Georgie

Being delightful company in the forest when the three of us got lost.

Motox

Received a pint for being tonight's excellent Hare.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2074	21Aug17 * 19:00 *	SU611624	The Pelican, Silchester Road, Pamber Heath Tadley RG26 3EA	C5 Mr Blobby
2075	28Aug17 * 11:00 *	SU451646	Bank Holiday Hash 11am start The Bowlers Arms, Enborne Street, Wash Common, Newbury RG14 6TW Food available all day	Potty ChocChuck NoStyle