

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2119 02Jul18

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

Venue: The Unicorn, Kingwood Common,
Sonning Common

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Pyro and dog Whisper,
ably assisted by Spot

Unicorns



TC Whinge Donut Hashgate NappyRash Dunny Rampant Iceman Spex LoudonTasteless Lungs Twanky MS Whiplash Penny Pitstop MessengerBoy Foghorn Desperate Shitfor Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 OldFart Lonely Posh Bomber SkinnyDipper Dipstick Valhalla FlashBangWallop Swallow SlowSucker Florence Zebedee Dorothy

A Nice Trip

Given that everything Unicorn-based at present is all the rage, this pub was a perfect venue. And the evening was perfect too. Azure blue sky with evening sun and hot. Most unusual for July in England, but very welcome. Even Donut had shed many of her layers, with much flesh on show. Lovely (though I am, of course, biased).

Both Foghorn and MessengerBoy also showed rather a lot of flesh (though I am, of course, biased) while getting changed next to their parked motorbikes, directly opposite the front of the pub. Foggy was right outside a public telephone box and NappyRash and I discussed whether he would be changing into his Superman costume.

At the Gather Round Pyro and Spot (Whisper declined to opine on the quality and length of the Trail) warned us to take care while running since there were many roots sticking out of the hard ground.



Prescient advice as I found out in the first ½ mile. In an effort to detour around a wide load (Motox) my leading foot caught a root, hidden amongst leaves. One moment my world was viewed in the vertical; the next in horizontal as my supine body crashed to the (luckily for me) leafy floor. Most of the consequent activity was unusual: no spiking of shoulder with a sharp stick, no face-plant in the dust, no additional root or tree stump to knock all the breath out of me and leave me gasping like a landed trout and no potty-mouthed tirade that would make a sailor blush. Though, of course, there was the usual round of applause and tittering from those behind me and Motox made it very clear that it was my fault for overtaking him. Fair point. I brushed the dirt of a quite mucky right arm, plucked a fairly prickly holly leaf from the leg of my shorts and trotted on. C5 caught up and was keen to show me the dried scabs on his elbow and leg from where **he** had recently fallen over. These looked like pieces of cold, fried

bacon and I realised how lucky I had been. But then most of C5's skin looks like cold, fried bacon. I again realised how lucky I am... 😊 Actually, given that C5 has recently tripped over many roots I was considering having him renamed 'RootMaster'. Or possibly 'LSD', given that he had a bad trip.

There was quite a lot of trotting through gnarly, rooted forests. Spot had told me earlier that about 90% of the Trail was in shady woodland. Not a bad thing considering the heat of the day in which the Hares laid the ting, let alone when we were running along it. I found myself behind Florence and TC, Flo saying that she and Zebedee were going to see Madness. OldFart was nearby and observed in a sepulchral way that that was what he does at the Hash every Monday night in the Summer. He does have a deliciously dry sense of humour.

The first of tonight's three (yes, three!) Regroups appeared and Slapper managed to count eight (yes, eight!) possible routes (that word again...). That was probably why it took us so long to find the right one. Spot pointed us after Motox, who had selected the right one and we pelted off into more shady forest.

Eventually, we fetched up at Wyfold Court, a neatly manicured and well-architected, fairly recently built village in the grounds of an old manor house that has been converted into luxurious apartments. It is a seemingly nice place but has little character. Albeit pleasant to run through. I ran through it and into the wood the other side with Lonely and enjoyed a pleasant chap on a variety of topics, both deep and meaningful (I know, ladies, difficult to believe of two chaps) and shallow and lacking in substance (much more like it). Eventually, we popped out on to the windy and slightly hilly road that leads back to the pub, the more serious among us opting for the loop off the road that went a long way through the woods to the right.



By the way, Whisper, Pyro's lovely dog, had invested in a fairly serious haircut which, given the hot weather was a pretty good idea. I mentioned to Pyro that it made her (the dog, that is) ten years younger. She replied that it might make her look ten years younger but that after yesterday, running around on Weymouth beach, Whisper was as stiff a board and tonight would sleep the good sleep. I like Whisper.

Just before we got back to the pub we came upon SlowSucker, running towards us. He and Swallow had ben held up in traffic and, finding no arrow to indicate the On Out, he had selected a direction randomly, then found he was running the Trail backwards. Unsurprisingly, he got back to the pub somewhat later than the rest of us...

Absolutely superb Trail by Pyro, Whisper and Spot this evening. Thanks to them all.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Did you watch the England vs Columbia World Cup match last night? Phew! What a typical England team nail-biter. When it went to penalties we were all thinking the same thing, but the chaps actually pulled one out of the bag and won the shoot out! The Daily Telegraph front page headline was 'World Cup Shock – England Win on Penalties.'

If you'd like to watch something rather amusing on the penalty front check out: https://img-9gag-fun.9cache.com/photo/a1oE8dD_460svvp9.webm :-)

Down Downs

Our veneravble RA, Foghorn, presented the following:-

Who Got It

Why

Lungs	Wearing SkinnyDipper's shoes and top...
SkinnyDipper	Forgetting yesterday to pick up Motox.
Slapper	He forgot the sheep apron so was awarded a ½ of water.
Desperate	Performing leg stretches on the Hash and saying she is injured.
Donut, Dorothy	Birthday people. Happy ones to them.
Twanky	He had said he was going on the mid-Summer Sunrise Hash, woke up at 3:30, fell back to sleep and dreamt he had done it.
Hashgate	Perversion on the Hash. Advising various that he likes wife Donut in black. (Whinge suggested it was black rubber and, considering Donut's slenderness, that this was an inner tube!)
Pyro, Spot	Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

2121	16th July	SU655645	The Horse and Groom, The Street, Mortimer RG7 3RD	Dr. Pooh and Spot
2122	23rd July	SU706804	Rampant's BIG birthday trail! The Hare and Hounds , Woodlands Road, Sonning Common RG4 9TE	Rampant and Dunny