

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1885 05Jan14

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

Venue: The Butcher's Arms
Sonning Common

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Donut, Hashgate

Spotty and Striped

TC Whinge Donut Hashgate Caboose Barefoot Glittertits Pissquick Waverider NappyRash Iceman SkinnyDipper RandyMandy BlindPew Chopstix Shandyman Twanky Dunny Rampant 2Bob Motox NoSole Slapper Snowballs FannyBag BillyBullshit Cerberus Bumwiper with dog Ebony Ms Whiplash AWOL DoorMatt HappyFeet

The View From Hare

I think we got away with it. As far as Donut and I are aware, no-one went to the The Flowing Spring (our original venue) instead of going to The Butcher's. The Spring, as I'm sure you are aware, has the waters of the Thames lapping at its footings and, given the deluge that I can hear against my windows as I write, is not going to see its car park any time soon. So The Butcher's Arms kindly agreed to host today's BH³ Hash.

Being a Hare is a quite different experience. There is, after all, the event to organise (fairly minimal effort unless you have to switch location at the last minute) and the Trail to identify and then lay (rather more effort). Though my knowledge of the area is pretty immanent geographically, Donut is still paddling out towards the 'Seventh Wave' of local knowledge rather than surfing it confidently. Which is



Figure 1 - Donut and Hashgate celebrate a successful Hash

why, after a New Year's Eve drinking Adnams Broadside (6.3%) and champagne with the stupendously inebriated WaveRider and NappyRash I found myself, the next day, sloshing and slithering about in very muddy forests in the rain and wind. Not the most pleasant of experiences with which to usher in 2014 but, as one warmed up from the running and the head began to clear, one could appreciate the artistic merits of the rolling swirls of rain across the fields wherein we squelched.

We enjoyed the experience so much that we repeated it last Saturday afternoon. But this time laying the Trail with blobs of flour placed where we thought them least likely to be washed away by the rain or

scoffed by peckish woodland creatures. Again, we were dead lucky, for although it was raining and almost dark when we finished the skies cleared overnight and when we checked the Trail on Sunday morning almost all the flour was where we had left it – not much was in need of 'refreshment'.

We had opted for a themed Hash – Spots and Stripes. Why? Well, no particular reason. It's fun to have a theme and this was an easy one to join in. NappyRash and Shitfor wore FC Barcelona tops, though NappyRash admitted he had a cheap version, purchased from an oily spiv outside Camp Nou for a few Pesos and half a pack of Woodbines. TC had on the stripiest tights I have ever seen and her *beau*, Whinge, sported not only black and white, fresian cow running leggings but a multi-coloured, spotty hoodie and green/black striped hat. SkinnyDipper had opted for the 'zopard' look: zebra leggings and leopard spotted top. Quite animalistically ecumenical. I half expected to see David Attenborough sidling up to her, commenting slightly breathlessly on eating, hunting and unusual mating habits. Donut had been out shopping and bought us both two ladies stripey tops for a knockdown price. Hers, a size 12, hung off her like the skin of an elephant on a successful Atkins Diet while mine, a size 14, stretched tautly over me like a sausage skin. So much for realistic clothes sizes!

We had decided to lay a Trail that would keep everyone together and speed things along before the predicted rain appeared again (hence a number of Bar Checks and One-Blob Checks) with what we ingenuously described as 'A Runner's Loop' option near the end. Since the 'Short' Trail was 6.1 miles long and the 'Loop' was approximately a mile further, with some extremely hilly, slippery bits, the foolhardy who decided to run it certainly got their money's worth (50p to be exact).

Hares have a mixture of feelings during their Trail. One is sporadic, utter exhaustion as you desperately try to catch up after hauling people like AWOL and Iceman out of a lengthy snicket after they have gone wrong at a Check. The other is breathless delight as you pop out of a narrow track to find almost the entire Pack returning from the Bar-3 near Peppard church. Or indeed the Bar-4 along an even narrower track above Harpsden valley, later.☺ Apart from the pleasure of greeting each Hasher as they ruefully return you know that the ploy has slowed the front runners and allowed the rest to catch up. Zebedee and Shandyman took this one further by believing someone (possibly RandyMandy?) when they said they had seen a Fishhook (i.e. FRBs have to run to the back of the Pack). The two honest but naïve fellows duly ran to the back of the Pack, where I assured Zeb that if indeed a Fishhook had been seen it certainly had nothing to do with Donut or me.



After a lot of fanning about at the Check in Harpsden Bottom we heaved ourselves up the steep hill in Crowsley Park. I say heaved – I saw Donut skipping lightly up it. No wonder she was knackered later! It was on the top of this blasted heath that Slapper gave us a glimpse of his comic potential. He was running away to the left in front of me as I yelled out "On On" while angling off to the right. His legs twisted into a double-corkscrew in an attempt to change direction and he crashed to earth with a girly squeal, disturbing a small group of discreetly coughing badgers some ten feet below who thought their time had come and who were crossing themselves desperately and hoping St Peter didn't own a herd of pedigree Herefords (you wouldn't think badgers would be High Church, would you?). I did the only thing possible in the circumstances and laid a flour blob on the left leg of his black running tights. Well, you have to ensure everyone follows the Trail, don't you?

It began to get colder and a number of the Pack were glad to reach the Long and Short split that denoted the start of the 'Runners Loop'. The crazy headed off down the hill to the enjoyment of physical achievement or the embarrassment of physical exhaustion. Donut and I would have followed them but figured that enjoying that loop three times in one week was too much pleasure for anyone and, anyway, the Pack would need careful shepherding round the rest of their Trail wouldn't they? We duly shepherded and enjoyed the sight of Iceman, Shandyman and Bumwiper all getting caught out by the last, sneaky Bar Check on that little country road, just yards after the hidden track that led off to the right, across the exceptionally muddy field and a mere step away from the welcoming warmth of The Butcher's Arms... just before it rained again☺

I hope you all enjoyed your Spots and Stripes Hash today. We did, despite the weather during the Trail checking/laying!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

RA Shitfor rightly decided it was too darn cold and wet to haul everyone outside so we stood and sat around the fire for the Down Downs. Excellent decision.

Who Got It

Why

Zebedee, Shandyman	Being suckered by the invisible Fishhook!
NappyRash	Wearing exceptionally camp, lavender running tights. Bona lallies NP☺
Slapper	Our comic Hash Crasher today
Desperate (nominated Whinge as her champion)	Dogberryism – she used 'provocative' instead of 'prerogative' while defending my Trail-laying against Shitfor's unfounded fulminations. (Actually, I felt some of it was quite provocative!)
Shitfor	Presented by Whinge on a point of order related to the above for being a 'miseriest b*stard'
Donut and Hashgate	Today's excellent Hares

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1887	19Jan14	SU524679	'Skids' Mid Life Crisis Hash' The Mill House Inn Bradley-Moore Square, Thatcham RG18 4QH	Skids Nutty
1888	26Jan14	SU928623	Joint Run with North Hants Hash The Crossley Club 113 Guildford Rd, Lightwater GU18 5RA	TA FullFrontal ShutupWally