

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1917 19Aug14
Venue: The Turners Arms
Mortimer West End
Hares: Mr Blobby, Slapper

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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West End Girls... and Boys

Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfor LoudonTasteless Spex Slowsucker Dribbler Butterfly Hamlet Foghorn BlindPew FalseTart Shifty Snowballs Trenchfoot Ms Whiplash Motox Busted and dog Xerxes CabinBuoy Cerberus Dunny Rampant Carlross and dog Teddy NoStyle ChocChuck SkinnyDipper Baldrick Spot HappyFeet Uplift Laura Fannybag Bogbrush Dumper OldDog C4 C5 TinOpener Aqua JJ AIWOL Chopstix Shandyman Adam Loren Johan Ellen Stuart Mick Whinge TC Glittertits Pissquick Itsyor Booby Caboose TT2 Dorothy NoSole TwankyMessengerBoy

In the Forests of the Night

Xerxes. Known as Xerxes the Great. In Old Persian: «𐎧𐎫𐎼𐎿 𐎧𐎡𐎴» meaning 'ruling over heroes'. Son of his unfortunately named mother, Atossa and a bit of a feisty young blighter he was too, crushing revolts in Egypt and Babylon before invading Greece. So it was with no little surprise to learn that the large and friendly labrador led by (or rather, leading) fairly new boy, Busted, was so named.



He was quite the opposite of an insurrection crusher, more interested in having his ears scratched gently and trotting round the Trail at a sedate pace. Busted hails from the Kennet and Avon Hash (<http://www.bristolhash.org.uk/kahello.php>) and he told me that the average age of that group is probably older than BH³. Difficult to believe, I know, though there does seem to have been an infusion of new blood recently, as opposed to the transfusions many of our older members now require just to keep going.

There were three incidents involving cars before we got started. Firstly, as Donut and I sped sleekly towards the pub, we noticed TT2 driving his Mercedes Sports in the opposite direction to us. We grinned as we figured out what he was doing and he confirmed it after the Trail. Now TT2 is very precious about his penis substitute (even more than I am about mine) so he parks it some way away from the madding crowd of the Hash. Which brings me neatly to C5, who seemed on the night to have missed the class on spatial awareness and co-ordination at the School of Motoring. He'd arrived, with C4, in a slightly less glamorous than usual car (perhaps a courtesy vehicle while his is in the garage for body repair...?) and made around five attempts to back into a space the size of Cardiff while the seething throng alternately sucked in their breath in alarm at another near miss and applauded his efforts. Lastly, our smiley Committee Treasurer, SkinnyDipper, inadvertently revealed her evening job as we On Outed. A gentleman cruised by in a car, giving her a wave of acknowledgment. She waved back enthusiastically before her face fell on realising he a) wasn't going to stop, and b) didn't have a fiver in his hand...

Our Hares gave us three choices tonight: Walkers' Trail, Medium Trail or Long Trail. They all started off the same, immediately nipping into the bustling woodland that surrounds this area. And very nice too since we all lost the Trail at the point where we found a flour symbol for 'One Blob Check' with an 'S' next to it. Heads were scratched and chins were rubbed until Mr Blobby appeared, advising us that the signs meant 'S'hort, with the One Blob Check for the Long Trail runners. Well the sky was overcast and the date was August 18th wasn't it? And the Hares were Slapper and Mr Blobby – two of our fittest fellows and note that I use the term **very** strictly in its athletic sense. Those of us who have few neurons still firing put (slowly, I admit) two and two together and realised it was going to get dark fairly quickly in the forest. *Ergo* the Long Trail was for dweebs, losers and those with head torches (well done, Slowsucker). Pity then that, as the even more mentally challenged than we stampeded away Mr Blobby had temporarily forgotten where the so-called 'S'hort Trail was supposed to go. Fortunately, it didn't take too long to find the 'F'alse over which we tripped lightly, along with several others. Of course, the only problem with this is that you aren't sure if you are then running forwards or backwards along the Trail... as CabinBuoy, Uplift, Laura and I found on a number of occasions.



Swedish and better looking than Jonas Jonasson... though probably not as intelligent

One of the pleasures of Hashing is that one can have an intelligent conversation with a fellow Hasher while tramping thro' the sward. Depends, of course, on the Hasher. There are those whose conversational gambits consist of "Er. Ju see da footbaw on Satdy?" and "I say. You just stepped on a fearfully squishy deer turd old boy. What!" Fortunately, I found myself next to the eloquent Butterfly and we conversed on literature, she advising me to immerse myself in a book entitled 'The Hundred-Year-Old Man Who Climbed Out of the Window and Disappeared' by Jonas Jonasson. Apparently, a bit of a cracker though I imagine only a Swede could come up with a title that long and still have a best seller. We were caught up by husband Dribbler just as we contemplated how to cross a knee-deep stream over which the Hares had thoughtfully laid the Trail. We managed to find a handy log and skipped lightly over, the only downside being Dribbler's attempted removal of his 'ham and eggs' on an unpleasantly sharpish, groin-height tree stump that had somehow failed to festoon itself with hazard tape, flashing lights and a big sign, stating "Mind yer cobblers" in red lettering. Dribbler celebrated his narrow escape from celibate old age by showing me the livid yellow bruise high up on his inner thigh where yet another tree stump in his garden had launched an earlier unprovoked attack on his privates. I rather wished he hadn't.

By a combination of low cunning, excellent local knowledge and a walking style akin to a Challenger tank making its way through a field of tulips, Motox had contrived to hit the front of our group. CabinBuoy, NoSole and I struggled to keep up in the thicket, tumbled forest and tangled bramblegrass. Until it all got a bit eggy when I found a False a long way down one of those apparently bulldozed, wide tracks with Motox and CabinBuoy who had found a False down the only other. Fortunately, I remembered a narrow trail only half a mile or so down my False that led off into the undergrowth. Lucky. It turned out to be the right route and some of the rest of the group had caught up so we all steamed off, doing our best to ignore the bramble flagellation on the backs of our calves. As the cloak of night began to drape itself over the forest we carefully picked our way over dark, chuckling tree roots and ducked under almost unseen branches. It was quite a relief when we popped out on the road near Mortimer Scout Hut and we sped up, waking dogs in houses with our cries of "On On!" A swift sprint across the playing field and we were back at the pub, commiserating with Dorothy who had dropped his keys in the darkness of the back of his car (he found them later☺).

Thanks to Slapper and Mr Blobby for a fine Trail, even though the Long Trailers had to cut it short in the almost pitch black towards the end. Zebedee advised me he hadn't got back until 9 o'clock!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Pity our poor RA, Shitfor. The food didn't appear until Lord knows what time. Then everybody split into two groups to scoff it... at opposite ends of the pub. The below has been kindly provided by C5.

Who Got It

Why

Laura

Tonight's very willing (in a Hashing sense!) virgin

Busted

For being dragged round by the dog, Xerxes (see above)

LoudonTasteless

For getting into the Circle late while reading The Telegraph. The cynical figured he'd done it on purpose to get a Down Down because he's too mean to buy a drink ☺

SkinnyDipper

For something unknown

TC

Also for something unknown. After a lot of refusing to drink the Down because it was beer she topped it like an old sot!

Slapper, Mr Blobby

Tonight's Hares. Our RA gave Slapper a sign that had been found last week and C5 had given to him. It had a picture of a bull on it, with the words Beware of Bull on it. He gave it to Slapper because, on the trail as it got darker and darker, he kept saying that the Pack was nearly back and directed Shitfor and Desperate down a supposed short cut when he himself was lost! The plan is to give it to someone different every week.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1919	01Sep14 * 19:00 *	SU702729	The Foresters Arms 79 Brunswick Street, Reading RG1 6NY	Ms Whiplash Booby
1920	08Sep14 * 19:00 *	SU547734	Berkshire Hash House Harriers AGM 2014 Frilsham Village Hall Hatchers Lane, Frilsham RG18 9XQ	Spex Chopstix