

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1929 09Nov14  
Venue: Duke of Wellington  
Twyford

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Hares: Desperate, Shitfor, Cerberus

## Desperate Followers

Slowsucker OldFart Donut Hashgate Itsyor Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Shifty FalseTart Whnge TC Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop CrustyToasty Spot Lungs Slippery Snowballs Blowjob MessengerBoy LoudonTasteless RandyMndy Skids Simple Spex Iceman Caboose Hamlet Lemming Mother Theresa BillyBullshit Slapper Lonely Crazy Steady and dog Deefer ('D' fer dog... geddit?!) Honeymonster Foghorn Nicki Martin

## Remembrance Sunday

This morning (Tuesday, November 11<sup>th</sup>) a single red poppy brightened my pinstripe grey suit as I raced along Bayswater Road and into Lancaster Gate Tube station. Something wasn't quite the same as usual. Station staff and travellers stood silently, eyes down. It took just a moment before I joined them, for it was 11 o'clock on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month.

One poppy and two minutes to remember the dead and the wounded who fought to give us our comfortable lives and our freedom is not much. But an estimated 5 million people have been to see the 888,246 poppies – one for each of the British and colonial soldiers who lost their lives in the First World War - that make up the 'Blood-Swept Lands and Seas of Red' artwork at the Tower of London, with many more viewing online or on TV.

BH<sup>3</sup>, in its own small way on Sunday, paid its respects, with GM Slapper reading the poem 'Remembrance Sunday' by Maria Cassee and the group observing a respectful 2 minutes silence.

Whether in that long ago and terrible war and more recently in Afghanistan, they shall not be forgotten. A single poppy, a multitude of poppies, reverent silence in the company of strangers or friends – they shall not be forgotten.

## Tin For Ten and a Tale of Two Trails

You may be wondering what on earth the first part of this alliterative title means. I certainly was. Actually, Sunday was Desperate and Shitfor's 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary together and, as everyone knows, a decade of domestic bliss is celebrated with the gift of tin. We must praise them for their perseverance and fortitude



Figure 1 - The tin of pilchards

in the face of almost overwhelming... but I wander from the congratulatory path. A simple example of their relational persistence would be related to the time when Desperate pushed a raspberry in his ear during a restaurant meal. Another, Shitfor's quiet, calm and measured approach to map reading – especially when cycling. They were made for each other. We wish them all the best.

Our be-poppied group (must mention FalseTart and Shifty for wearing knitted(!) poppies) left the car park at a rush and got lost just as promptly. Luckily for Itsyor, I'd pointed out to him a flour blob up the rarely used (in Hash Trails) Wargrave Road earlier and he hared along it like a rat up a drain, finding the Trail and calling the Pack On. All except Donut. Despite having visited Waitrose just some 15 minutes earlier she decided another visit was in order. This time, not to purchase a tin of pilchards as she had done as a present for the above mentioned loved-up duo, but to, um, inspect the state of the porcelain in the supermarket

conveniences. Moving swiftly along, which we did, we entered a large, grassed, recreation ground with a Field Check and Shitfor and I watched the entire Pack disappear about a mile diagonally away from

us (we were waiting to ensure Donut wasn't left behind, of course) then went straight across the area, cutting off a reasonable sized loop before meeting RandyMandy on the main road, who was FRB-style pasting towards us and missing the 'F' that a thoughtful driver had parked on. We pointed her, huffing at the unthinking quality of some people, in the right direction.

Now this Trail was a careful mixture of tarmac, park, suburb, narrow tracks, fields and filthy shaggy. Not a bad mix. Pity then that a recalcitrant splinter group decided to run its own Trail about ¾ of the way through. And after all the Hares' work! More later.

Mr Blobby nimbly and kindly led us up to and past the magnificent and peaceful Ruscombe church (after pointing out to me a little earlier in an ankle-wrenching field a crowd of shaggy inkcap mushrooms that had pushed their way up through the tumbled sods). Delightful the church was, but sadly devoid of all flour blobs. We noticed him skipping lightly back along the road (or should I say garden path?) up which he had led us, the blighter. In fact, if we had continued we would have found the Trail since the Hares took us on a bulbous loop that brought us back in a little further down from where we had turned back. The blighters. It was here that RandyMandy and I chanced upon Cerberus, striding along with the walkers. Mandy and I noticed and mentioned to her that her perky bosoms seemed covered in flour and asked innocently if one of the Hares (the one with the larger hands) had been, er, messing about with her upholstery. She blanched at the thought and denied all knowledge, pressing the flat of one shocked hand to her chest before realising that this just emphasized the issue. We trotted on, grinning.



**Figure 2 - Couldn't find any flour-covered hooters so here're some chicken breasts**

It was around here that Hare Desperate told me that poor Slowsucker was very irritated by the Trail. We discussed briefly and reached agreement that it must therefore be a roaring success ☺

That field with the delightful little white Shetland ponies appeared. We ran on one side of the field while they trotted rapidly in a snorting group over the rest of it, occasionally stopping dead and regarding us with inquisitive stares. Perhaps if Mother Theresa had utilised a more inquisitive stare she might have realised, when she first entered the field, that they were actually ponies, not the large sheep she thought they were. Doh! She was rightly awarded a Down later – see below.

It all began to get messy after here. We reached a muddy track where FRBs MessengerBoy and RandyMandy were firkling about away to the **left**, allegedly having found a Check. Then Hare Desperate appeared and led us off **right**, marking the way with flour, until we reached a road across which was a track that we ALWAYS take. Many of us streamed up it... despite the complete absence of flour. It's seems about ½ a mile until you get to the road and we weren't turning back even though it was obvious that the Trail didn't go this way. I certainly knew exactly where we were and decided on the pretty route back to the pub, over the stream by the mill, a couple of tracks, through the rather pleasant nature reserve with lakes and Bob's your uncle. C5, Simple, Iceman, Lonely, TC and Caboose were among those who thought this a worthwhile route. So we did it. Receiving only minor (and well-deserved) abuse from our good Hares as we re-entered the pub car park. Our thanks to them for a fine Trail (the bit that the splinter group did, that is) and for inviting us to be a part of their 10-year celebration!

On On. **Hashgate.**

## **Down Downs**

Since RA Shitfor had officiated as one of the Hares today, Motox took on the role.

### **Who Got It**

Mother Theresa  
FalseTart

### **Why**

Mistaking ponies for sheep (see above)  
Blaming Mrs Blobby for finding short cuts. Then smashing pub glasses!

Simple                      Awarded his 300 runs badge. Actually, he had been awarded it some months before but accepted it gracefully.

Slapper                     Advising Motox to award the badge incorrectly!

Nicki, Martin              Today's virgins. She did ever so well with the Down.

Crazy, Steady              Today's visitors from the High Wycombe H<sup>3</sup>

Desperate, Shitfor        Awarded a glass of champagne and a ½ pint for their 10 years in purgatory together, drunk with their bums together and holding hands between their legs. Messy.

Caboose                     Who, despite having the On Inn directly outside his front door in Twyford, joined the splinter group in their off-Trail experience

Shitfor, Desperate, Cerberus      Today's Hares. Well deserved! Minor spillage down Desperate's *décolletage* ☺

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1931	23Nov14	<a href="#">SU775797</a>	Movember Hash <b>The Baskerville Arms</b> Shiplake, RG9 3NY	WaveRider NappyRash
1932	30Nov14	<a href="#">SU627620</a>	<b>Calleva Arms,</b> Silchester RG7 2PH	C5 MrBobby