

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1932 30Nov14
Venue: The Calleva Arms
Silchester
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Friends, No Romans, Countrymen

Snowballs BillyBullshit Cerberus Donut Hashgate Whinge TC Desperate Shitfor WaveRider NappyRash Centaur Dunny Rampant Tinopener Lilo Motox Iceman OldFart Mother Theresa Lemming ShutupWally Dumper OldDog Slapper NoSole MessengerBoy Honeymonster Shandyman Lungs Carloss and dog Teddy ChocChuck NoStyle Zebedee Florence AWOL C4 Ms Whiplash PissQuick Glittertits Spot Swallow SlowSucker Mrs Blobby Don BlindPew RandyMandy LoudonTasteless Spex RedRum Cinderella and Ben Dwight Julia Scoot Nick FullFrontal The Tremblers Booby DoorMatt HappyFeet Flash... and later, Aqua and JJ

A Bloody Mess



Is this the face of Hashing? The true nature of this previously gentle sport was revealed today when your editor (pictured left) suffered grievous facial carnage at the hands of... well, several rumours surfaced like the gas bubbles out of the bogs we had run through today. One was that C5 and I had entered into an altercation over the route and quality of the Trail, resulting in a bout of ungentlemanly gouging, kicking and biting. And C5 had joined in too. Whinge and BillyBullshit swore it was gospel truth that Donut had dug in the fingernails during a moment of unbridled (she rarely wears one any more) passion. Yet another insisted that I had disturbed a particularly vicious, jumping mole while out on the Trail and the be-taloned creature had attacked me just as I had removed my soggy running shoe from its rear end. The truth is slightly more mundane and appears at the end of this scribbling. Needless to say, I milked the event for all it was worth and several attractive lady (and unfortunately a couple of gentleman) Hashers offered sympathy, stroking and in one case, a flannel. As pointed out during the Down Downs, my lady Donut viewed the incident rather differently. As her beau limped into the car park, dripping with blood and staggering slightly (nice touch, I thought) she said brightly, "Don't clean it up yet. I'll get my camera and take a couple of photographs." Nice.

We have run from The Calleva Arms any number of times and this is a popular venue, as evidenced by the volume of Hashers who turned out on this cool, but bright and sunny morning. The place was heaving with people determined to take part, despite knowing who the Hares were – they have been known to lay slightly lengthy Trails on occasions. GM Slapper stuck to his shorter introductions by advising us that in 1932 (the number of this Hash) Mars bars first appeared. Apparently, there are now 3 million Mars bars made every day. He handed over to the Hares by introducing them as people who would help us work, rest and play. After the Trail we figured that 2 out of 3 wasn't bad and we could always rest later.

When we finally left the tarmac environs that confused us quite dramatically early on we entered a variety of countryside that had a common denominator. It was messy. Wet, slippery leaves covered deep shiggy and floated on puddles of mud and dirty water. I nearly had to pull Dunny's leg out of the soft, sucking morass that had enveloped it up to the ankle. New Hasher Nick almost disappeared into a stream while jumping from one side to the other and landing in something that resembled muddy custard. Some bits of it stank. No sooner had your foot slid into the soft surface than an odour like old beer and well-rotted donkey assailed your nostrils. And if that wasn't enough there was a mass of very prickly furze to contend with. I felt quite sorry for Scoot. Being rather shorter than the rest of us his face was just at the height of the nasty stuff. He didn't suffer any serious damage but a welding mask and gloves might come in handy next time he is with us.



Of course, the forest can present the Hash with many and various problems. None perhaps more serious than a stream with a Lemming in it. Our Hares had carefully laid a Bar Check on a small bridge so that we had to skip through the ankle-deep water on one side. Lemming had decided this was an ideal opportunity to soak everyone and proceeded to do so with well-aimed kicks in the stream. RandyMandy and Dunny decided to 'deck' him, running down to grab him. This didn't quite work out since RandyMandy received a frontal tidal wave from our water baby just before he ran off faster than, well, they could. However, summary justice was meted out by MessengerBoy and Bobby who towered over Lemming before dragging him down to the bridge and throwing him off into the deeper water. Rather a good splash it was. I overheard them a little later on the Trail, worrying a bit because they should have checked that a) the water was deep enough, and b) there were no supermarket trolleys or basking sharks in there. I pointed out that since Lemming came out without a scratch they had rather proved the safety point by throwing him in. They agreed that this made good logical sense.

HappyFeet provided us with a huge laugh as we negotiated yet another sticky mess of a track between bushes. She was concentrating on keeping herself upright as she tackled the downhill trail and let out a shrill scream as a large, black, cow's face appeared out of the shrubbery next to her. I'm not sure who was more shocked. She ran off in one direction and the cow ran off in the other.

Got to thank our expert Hares today for a Trail that included just about every type of countryside (with a bit of tarmac thrown in) and every possible wet, underfoot situation. The sun came out fully as we tripped lightly back to the pub, warming us and providing an enjoyable end to an enjoyable Trail.

What caused my injuries? Something as simple as sliding down a muddy bank and finding a tree half way down with rather sharp branches! Ouch! ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Dressed in summer clobber of T-shirt and shorts (brrr!), RA Shitfor presented the following:-

| Who Got It | Why |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Glittertits, Lungs Whinge,Lilo | Chivalrously assisting Lungs, who was stuck in shaggy. Chivalrously <u>not</u> taking advantage of Lilo who was on her knees in the mud. |
| DoorMatt | He tried to hide them but the new shoes outed him. He drank a fine Down from the shiggy-covered object. |
| RandyMandy, Slapper, NoSole | Filthy innuendo on the Hash. |
| TC | She might be renamed BC as 'Bog Cuddler' since she did rather a lot of this today. |
| ChocChuck | Threatening to push the RA into a stream. Excellent drinking technique. |
| Swallow, Hashgate | It is her birthday on Monday and I looked as though someone had razored my face. The two items went together well and she won the drink race! |
| C5, Mr Blobby | Today's Hares deserved their pints. |

Up and Coming

| Run | Date | Grid Reference | Venue | Hares |
|------|---------|--------------------------|---|------------------|
| 1934 | 14Dec14 | SU661717 | HASH CHRISTMAS LUNCH Calcot Hotel 98 Bath Road, Reading RG31 7QN Ticket Only. Secret Santa (£3 limit!) bring on the day. | Motox |
| 1935 | 21Dec14 | SU759613 | Bramshill Plantation Car Park, RG27 0PR On To The New Inn, Heckfield RG27 0LE | SlowSucker C5 |