

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1934 14Dec14
Venue: The Calcot Hotel
Bath Road, Reading
Hares: Motox

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Confused? Yes.



Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate Swallow Slowsucker MessengerBoy Booby NappyRash WaveRider Iceman Slapper NoSole Slippery Snowballs OldFart Spex LoudonTasteless C4 C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Ms Whiplash PenelopePitstop AWOL Spot Twanky Whinge TC LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Butterfly Dribbler 2Bob Carlross and dog Teddy ChocChuck JohnnieWalker Bumwiper and dog Ebony NoStyle Lungs Dunny Rampant Caboose HappyFeet DoorMatt Don JustMoist BlowJob

The Christmas Mystery Trail

"Bah! Humbug!" NappyRash, hands tucked under armpits and shoulders hunched against the cold as he tramped across the hotel car park, presented a very believable Scrooge, despite the bright green Christmas tree hat clamped to his head. For it was a bit cold. Not the fresh breath of crisp winter air recently puffed in by the rosy-cheeked ghost of Christmas (nearly) present. But the damp, miasmatic, post-morning frost chill wafted in under the grey cloak of whatever it was that shrouded the skies this morning.

To add to the depressive state of the morning a number of turkeys strode about around us. Notably, Iceman and Zebedee, both wearing *Meleagris gallopavo* hats with long necks that bounced as they walked. They could be said to have a nodding acquaintance with the birds...



OldFart, in the grand old spirit of Christmas, had opted to wear those dreadful 1970s deckchair-design running tights. It's really time they were burnt. At least he wears them **under** his shorts. Everyone else wore 'Santa hats' or Father Christmas tunics, ChocChuck wearing one that had apparently been subjected to the attention of a nest of hungry mice. Either that, or string-vest style tunics are in this year. HappyFeet and DoorMatt, who actually started with us today because we were (literally) running late, wore much more densely woven affairs. They must have been the only ones warm during the Hash.

Our revered GM, Slapper, kept it short again with his introduction, merely cleverly interweaving the names of pantomime dames with dames of the arts and asking us a question about other dames who have been awarded Oscars. As far as I am aware no-one remembered the question, let alone supplied the answer. However, Slapper, if you could give us an update? One item we were short of

during the Circle was... the Hare. Motox had parked himself festively across the busy A4 for reasons known only to himself and we had to 'On Out' ourselves in that direction, fetching up around him like a crowd of Antarctic penguins trying to keep from freezing. He advised us that some Checks had little scrolls of paper nearby which, for the lucky finder, would translate into prizes of epic magnitude after the Trail. We "Oooh"ed delightedly, like children at a pantomime. Er, well, no. We actually moaned that we needed to get going since it was freezing, bl**dy cold.

We certainly warmed up, especially when clog-slopping across that treacherous length of dredged mud on the side of the canal. Dunny had just advised me that she was very pleased not to have lost a plimsoll when she went calf-deep into the foul shiggy. It may have looked like the Dead Sea mud that improves one's skin texture but I got the impression that just a smear of the stuff could bring up septic pustules in about 5 seconds. We got out of it quickly. Snowballs got the first scroll.

And then it all went turkey-shaped. We were, just like the festive bird, stuffed. A number of us followed the Trail into a pleasant urban area. We found a couple of Checks and... no more flour. Booby and MessengerBoy went up the hill. Caboose ran down a road with a footpath at the end. TC and Cerberus ran off down the road in the other direction. They all came back. We started off back the way we had come. Then decided not to. We all went up the hill a couple of times. A kind of Trail debating society formed. It was very democratic in that everyone could have a say and, unusually for a debating society,

we all came to the same conclusion. We had lost the Trail. Or there was no flour. Or both. Dribbler and Butterfly were most sensible. Knowing where they were, they tripped lightly off back to the hotel. The rest of us ran all the way up the hill and turned right before running a fair way down a road with large houses bordering it. Surprisingly, we actually found some flour later. But only by running along a private road that had a footpath at the end of it. Thing was, as C5 pointed out, we didn't now know whether we were on the Out or the In Trail. Some of us were beginning not to care. There was, after all, ice on some of the fields through which we were running.

I won't bore you with a long description of the times we lost the Trail or quite how long it took to get back to the A4. Let me just say that DoorMatt and I found ourselves completely alone, having run across a railway track and had to run quite hard to catch up with the perfidious Pack again, who had backtracked rapidly along the Trail we had just taken, and that Booby, having spotted a flour arrow that pointed across a stream by the railway thought he test the depth. One leg went in right up to the hip while dead bodies and a variety of detritus swirled past him and the rest of the Hashers thought silently, "No way I was going in there even if it wasn't deep." We, and by that I mean WaveRider, actually managed to find a single scroll at one of the many Checks. I didn't see what prize she won but I sincerely hope it was worth all the effort.



After crossing the A4 and skipping merrily through a recreation ground, those whose mental faculties had been shredded by the exigencies of the 'Trail' continued upwards and onwards for, apparently, another mile or so through woods and pastures, before descending to the hotel. Those of us who retained at least a single firing neuron hot-footed it along the A4 ☺

Our thanks to Motox, who provided a 'different' Trail to usual. We certainly didn't go the way we expected. Ho Ho Ho!

BH3's Christmas Bash

It was like one of old Fezziwig's excellent parties. Bright Christmas jumpers (did you all see C5's North Pole dancer?), decorated tables, a photo identity quiz, a sound-only television advert quiz, a snowy Father Christmas handing out presents to all, a well-presented and well-served 3-course dinner, Christmas earrings, table-based Secret Santas (who gave me that pair of red drawers?!) and a hopeful attempt by the GM to garner Hash improvement suggestions from the throng. There was laughter and chattering, crackers being pulled *en masse*, chocolates being handed out, presents for close friends, party hats, the reading of cracker jokes to groans. A superb time was had by all and many thanks go to Ms whiplash, Booby and MessengerBoy and anyone else I have missed out. Here are a couple of pictures:-





On On. **Hashgate.**

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Unregistered	25Dec14 Time unknown!?	SU462607	CHRISTMAS DAY HASH/ WALK Meet at Carpenters Arms , Burghclere RG20 9JY Santa's Secret Grotto – Thatcham Area HQ 110 Bath Road, Thatcham RG18 3HH (SU507675)	AWOL
1936	28Dec14	SU610624	The Pelican Silchester Road, Pamber Heath RG26 3EA	Spot
1937	01Jan14 12 noon	SU591636	NEW YEARS DAY LIVE TRAIL Paices Hill Country Park , Aldermaston, RG7 4PG On2 Hinds Head , Aldermaston, RG7 4LX	Hamlet