

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1944 22Feb15
Venue: YMCA Hut, Padworth
Hares: MessengerBoy, Debbie

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

Village People

Desperate Shitfer Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Cerberus BillyBullshit 2Bob and dog Lucy Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Tinopener lilo and dog Minx Slippery Snowballs Pissquick Glittertits Dunker Dr Poo Iceman Motox Florence Zebedee Lemming Mother Theresa Skids Simple Slowsucker Don Spot SkinnyDipper Blowjob Dunny Rampant Twanky Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop DampPatch Julia Scoot Dwight Foghorn Mick Stuart

The Shiggy Festival

Has to be a less verbose Gobsheet this week since I am a little short of time.

On June 25th, 2012 Padworth YMCA hut was razed to the ground. Luckily for us it has risen again, like a phoenix, and it provided a superb location for our post-Hash frivolities. We were extremely lucky that the driving rain started just after most of us returned, mud-spattered and cold, from a fairly long and exhausting Trail. Our Hares, MessengerBoy and his willing assistant, Debbie, had laid a, let's say, challenging course which included much shiggy, four streams, two or three Regroups, a couple of bogs where, if one stood still for more than a minute, sticky green fingers would appear from the sodden ground, trying to pull your feet further into it, horribly difficult to run on wet, sand and shingle tracks and bramble engulfed forest.

Shitfor fell foul of a particularly disgusting piece of farm track. Thinking the slightly smoother looking ground to the right of the waterlogged shiggy we were running in looked firmer underfoot he switched over to it, only to find that the surface was actually sodden mud into which he sank up to the ankles, desperately squelching out of the burping mess and wishing he had worn snow shoes.



We had started quickly from the Gather Round, missing everything our good GM said because we were eager to get going in the cold, damp wind. We plunged into scrubland and forest... then plunged into a bog, followed by a stream, where the gentlemanly Mr Blobby assisted the uneasy. Unfortunately, he

wasn't there at the stream where Desperate managed to slide in ☺ Simple also managed to Hash Crash. Unfortunately, I didn't see it but I could imagine the plumes of shiggy that burst upwards as his body splashed into the ordure.

We scrambled over the slippery trunks of felled trees, struggled up brambly hills pock-marked with rabbit holes and skidded out of control down steep, muddy tracks, eventually and gratefully spotting a clear 'On Inn' before fording that final stream... just as it began to rain. I've never been so glad to get into a warm changing room. Though I don't think TinOpener was quite so pleased. We had started getting our sticky, wet running clothes off in the shower area when I inadvertently pressed one of the shower buttons. You know, the kind that keep the shower on for a couple of minutes. The damn thing nearly managed to fill my shoes and partially soaked poor TinOpener. I apologised to him as profusely as the water sprayed out of the shower head. The lad took it well, though Zebedee laughing like a drain may not have helped his humour. Oh well.

We drank delicious, warming soup and ate crusty French bread. Both took the edge off the cold. A pint took it off even more. Our thanks to the helpers and to MessengerBoy and Debbie for organising this event and laying the Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Sir,
What is it about weddings on the Hash? It just puts pressure on us happily committed. I don't know why you women can't just settle for a new kitchen.

Yours,
Dee Vorce

Sir,
Despite being among the group that feels that the previous letter writer should certainly be committed I would like it known that a new food preparation and cooking area would certainly be appreciated. Until that happens, of

course, he should be aware that he certainly will not be placing his bun in my oven.

Yours,
Ms(!) K. Itchen

Sir,
May I ask the Committee to pass a motion calling for the banning of assisted showers during Hash events? Many thanks.

Yours,
Mr T.N. Opener

Down Downs

Hosted by our letter-writing RA Shitfor (see above).

Who Got It

Why

Slapper	He forgot to bring the sheep's head.
Desperate, Simple	Today's Hash Crashers.
GT	He cycled to the Hash today. The new Caboose, perhaps?
Florence	Talking while the RA was speaking. The poor girl was only trying to collect the Tick!
Zebedee	For announcing that he "came seventh" today. We didn't know it was a race.
Dunny, Cerberus	Attacking poor Motox on the Trail.
Andy	Today's virgin. He approached it a little timidly, then tossed it off in one!
Shitfor	Awarded one by Simple because he thought an 'RG' (Regroup) was an 'FC' (Field Check). His Down consisted of beer, lager, coffee, tea and sugar. Well done old boy!
Laura, Nora	Possibly not their real names. Today's bread choppers and soup dispensers.
MessengerBoy, Debbie	Today's intrepid Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1946	08Mar15	SU581622	Coffee and Cake Hash Heath End Village Hall, Baughurst.RG26 5LU Coffee & Cake Provided, Bring a Glass and A Drink	Old Dog, Lonely, Dumper
1947	15Mar15	SU642858	King William IV Hailey, Ipsden OX10 6AD (Joint Hash with DH3)	Gatecrasher