

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1959 08Jun15
Venue: The Hare & Hounds
Sonning Common
Hares: Donut(Blushing Bride)
Hashgate(Dashing Groom)

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

Wedding Guests



Swallow Slowsucker Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit TC Whinge OldFart Itsyor Lonely OutdoorPursuits Simple Foghorn Potty MessengerBoy Victoria Iceman Honeymonster Escort Shandyman Slapper Motox SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dog Masie 2Bob and dog Lucy Diver Treacle PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash TinOpener Dunny RampantRabbit Florence NappyRash Graham HappyFeet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Uplift Spot SkinnyDipper Blowjob Anorak Gatecrasher Lungs Glittertits Pissquick Lorna Pyro and dog Whisper Diane Adam. And later... WaveRider Motormouth Chelsea

The Hash Wedding Trail

My thanks to Iceman for pulling on his writing boots last week after Billy (who had originally agreed to write the Gobsheet) had frightened his pc so much that it instantly froze every time he went near it.

Donut had issued an ultimatum. "Expensive highlights in my hair. I see anyone with a bag of flour near me, they're toast!" One could understand the bride-to-be's trepidation. I had less of a worry since my hair is the same colour as flour. In the event there was no problem. The bride looked beautiful and not a bag of McDougall's in sight. More of the wedding ceremony later.



We had gathered together in sight of the pub to run the Wedding Trail that Donut and I had laid, in glorious sunshine, with skylarks soaring, the day before. We had even managed to save some flour by using a small part of the Moonlight Trail that Lonely and OutdoorPursuits had laid on Saturday, in the same area. The land around here is perfectly lovely, with lush, green rolling countryside that is a pleasure to be in. So we decided to run along some roads to start with. We On Outed **away** from the forest at the end of the road, known by many and which foxed a large portion of the Pack, who had to be called back. Hares find this kind of thing amusing and we continued to enjoy our Trail when another large contingent of FRBs hove off up the flour-free footpath where a single blob had been laid at the

start of it for precisely that purpose. This is called 'Keeping the Pack Together'. It was certainly nice to see the walkers and slower runners taking the lead while the faster group collided with each other up the narrow path as those in front stopped in order to turn round.

We had deliberately implemented a policy of laying as many One-Blob Checks as we could, much to Shitfor's disdain. The reason being that we were both knackered after a heavy week of travelling, working and, in my case, a fearsomely nasty cold virus that some kind soul had donated to me on the plane to Dubai recently. Oh yes, and we couldn't be bothered to lay lots of Falses. Actually, we've found that these kind of Checks tend to hold up the FRBs better than standard ones so I reckon they did a good job. We had included a couple of Bars, 2-way Checks (with False trails), a Short and Long split and an unintended diversion for those who decided to follow Lonely's flour despite the clear 'F' that we had laid in the forest towards the end.

One of the problems with being a caring Hare, looking out for the tail-enders and marking the Trail with arrows after everyone has gone through, is that you get left way behind and have to run like bu**ery to catch up. Exhausting business. Though taking the Short Trail and lounging languidly by yet another One-Blob Check, waiting for the Long Trailers to get there gave some respite. Especially when Simple

insisted the Trail went along the rough road and dragged quite a number of people with him, while the rest of us trotted diagonally across that lovely grassy pasture. There were a couple of other points where the Pack got very confused – largely due to some excellent Trail-laying. But the best was at the end of a forest where almost the entire group shot off up a steep, earthy hill for no good reason at all. Well, maybe it was because someone (Billy?) had kicked out a Check in that direction. It meant that Donut and I could catch up and enjoy the sight. And, indeed sound, when Rampant, for the umpteenth time (he was obviously having a good Trail ☺) advised us that he had gone the wrong effin' way.

I must mention Mr Blobby, who has developed a running style all his own – the 'Leaning Tower of Pisa Technique'. It involves inclining as far over to the right as possible, making it look like his feet and legs don't belong to his torso. I was just waiting for him to keel over and circle a few times – running himself into the ground, as it were. Hope the hip gets better soon.

In anticipation of the nuptial event we hadn't laid too long a Trail. If you did the Short version you ran just under 5 miles – a little shorter than **some** of the Trails we've laid. We hope you enjoyed running around this lovely area as much as we did.

The Hash Wedding Ceremony



Crikey! If the actual wedding (on July 10th) is half as good as this, Donut and I are in for a real treat. The only slight disappointment was Shitfor's, since he was unable to sleep with the bridesmaids. However, since the bridesmaids were Whinge and NappyRash – two strapping fellows in lurid wigs and long dresses I can imagine that his disappointment turned to relief in a very short time.

The congregation gathered in the pool room of the pub, a buzz of excitement (or was it that revolving, electric bow tie I had been forced to wear?) clearly evident as we waited for the bride. Shandyman was officiating and wore a splendid, black, Catholic-style outfit that made him look like Cardinal Richelieu on a bad haemorrhoid day. Best Man, Shitfor, dressed appropriately in bright T-shirt, shorts and a silver top hat stood by him. As did I, anxiously awaiting my beloved, dressed in a similar silver top hat and tails. As the congregation struck up with "Da dum di dum"

(believe it or not, Wagner's Wedding March) in walked the bride on the arm of the giver-away. Namely Billy, who looked like an out-of-work chimney sweep in shorts, a dress coat and battered grey top hat. The bride's train was held daintily in the large mitts of the dual transvestites, Whinge and NappyRash, who clunked along in large boots as the group tripped around the pool table, coming to a halt in front of me.

Donut was perfect in every way. White, long-sleeved T shirt. Floor-length white dress. Bright flower bouquet. Pink (and very springy) deely boppers. Sash displaying the proud boast: "Mum to be". What more could a prospective groom desire? It was Kate and Wills all over again – though neither Whinge nor NappyRash have a bum quite as glorious as Pippa's.

As Shandyman intoned the ritual, inviting first Donut, then me, to repeat his words, we gazed into one another's eyes... desperately trying not to burst out laughing. Mind you, since everyone else was, it was rather difficult. Cameras flashed. Witty badinage filled the air. Squidgy, sugar fruit rings were exchanged. The bride and groom happily shared a kiss. We Down Downed glasses of zesty Prosecco and were duly pronounced Hash bloke and wife.



Great fun and the best Hash wedding we've attended!

Check out the [BH3 Facebook site](#) for pictures.

Some of our ladies had kindly baked and bought a selection of excellent cakes (thanks so much!), a couple of which were piled on top of each other for the cake-cutting ceremony, which we managed to do without pushing off the top layer. The BH³ cake locust swarm descended on the cut slices, devouring every one. Not surprising – they were delicious. And we particularly liked the cake that had been decorated round its edge with mini doughnuts – very witty.

Then came the serious bit. Desperate and SkinnyDipper stood shoulder to grim shoulder as Donut prepared to throw the bouquet. The room grew silent. Even rough, tough chaps like Glittertits and Motox drew back, fearful of the carnage that could take place. Desperate surreptitiously drew her hand from her jacket pocket, now shiny with brass knuckles. Skinny tapped her foot on the floor to reveal a Rosa Klebb-style blade protruding from her shoe. The girls hunched, waiting for the moment. Donut drew the flowers slowly forward in front of her, then back and over her shoulder. Every eye in the silent room marked its trajectory as it slow-motioned towards the two of them. They leapt as one, each with an arm outstretched. SlackBladder swiftly reached out from the side and tapped it into the waiting arms of LittleStiffy as the two girls crashed on to the pool table with a harmonious “NNNNOOOOOO” of despair. Well, something like that ☺

Donut and I want to thank you all for being there on the night (especially those who had travelled a long way) and making this such a happy occasion. We are very lucky people to know you.

... and now for the honeymoon week at Challaborough!

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,
(Ed: some slight lightening of the text was necessary to spare feelings)
I would like to wish Donut and Hashgate all the best. Despite that miserable c*w SkinnyDipper shoulder-barging me when **my** bouquet was thrown I really enjoyed the evening.
Yours desperately,
A. Kitchen-Slave

Sir,
At the recent wedding ceremony my dog loved the coffee and walnut cake. Though it tasted like damp cardboard to me I bow (wow - apologies, a minor joke there) to her greater gastronomic appreciation. Perhaps the lady who made it will kindly let me have the recipe. I am advised it would be even better with a spoonful of Chum. I'll let you know how it

goes.
Yours bakingly,
Mr A. Florin

Sir,
Swoipe me, Oi'll 'ave yew know that bein' a chimney sweep is a 'onourable profession. Oi've been up more flues wiv a stiff brush than you've 'ad 'ot dinners. If this is yer attitude it's the last time oi'll give Donut away. Well it woz anyway but yer know wot Oi mean. Jus' remember there's gold under that soot and a brush in yer 'and is worth two in the, erm, bush. Cheeky b*gger.
Yours darkly,
Billy The Soot

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Extra	21Jun15 * 04:30 *	SU567923	Longest Day Sunrise Hash Wittenham Clumps Nr. Little Wittenham (Nearest Postcode!)OX14 4QZ	Spot & Didcot Hares

1961	22Jun15	SU709818	Red Lion Peppard Common, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5LB	Lungs SkinnyDipper
1962	29Jun15	SU661740	Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst RG31 5NW	Motox