

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1965 20Jul15
Venue: Duke of Wellington
Twyford

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

Hares: Shitfor, Desperate, Cerberus

Party Guests

Snowy Slippery Mrs Donut Mr Hashgate Cerberus BillyBullshit Diver NappyRash WaveRider Treacle Foghorn Dunny Rampant Twanky Julia BGB Iceman Simple Horny Brian and dog Robbie Blowjob CrustyToasty HappyFeet Steve and dogs Minty and Pickle Potty WhingeTC TinOPener Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia Uplift BlindPew RandyMandy Mike Wendy Charlotte Vanessa Andy Caboose NonStick Cloggs DampPatch Lonely Itsyor and a number of Reading RoadRunners and hangers-on after the free barbeque

Shitfor's Birthday Party

Mr Blobby turned up at the party after his latest cage/cupboard fighting escapade. While struggling with a cupboard door recently, the beastly thing whacked him on the nose, leaving a couple of extremely manly welts. It certainly made me want to agree with everything he said. Apparently, after this experience he will turn his hand to jelly wrestling. A lot less dangerous and good for the soul.

So this was Shitfor's annual birthday bash where we get to enjoy the sight of the poor chef engulfed in clouds of thick, black oily smoke while poking indeterminate (and hopefully inanimate) animal parts that are roasting in an oleaginous way on the barbeque. Our landlord and chef, after we had On Outed provided cheap cabaret for the assembled outdoor drinkers. They swayed down the steps by the back door of the with a small skip full of oil and proceeded to accidentally tip a large number of gobbets on to the patio. The landlord, well versed in the perils of litigation, swept the gloopy mess on to the car park



Shitfor in party mood... and fairly p*ssed

with the Hares' ploys.

tarmac. This had the effect of not so much dispersing the unguent but forming an ever-spreading slick that turned the car park into a warm skating rink and threatened passing birdlife. That litigation threat began to spread as fast as the oil and the swift-thinking host rushed to sprinkle a mountain of what appeared to be salt on top of the slimy pool. When we returned later my thought was that, if they had set fire to it and chucked in the burgers and sausages they could have saved themselves the bother of setting up the barbeque. **And** we could have had the enjoyable spectacle of Hashers prancing through the flames with toasting forks to spear their charcoal-burger. A kind of modern pig-sticking. Ah the things pub landlords do to attract trade ☺

Though Twyford is a pleasant place with many routes to run through and around it we have run most of them so it was pleasing that our Hares had managed to find some out-of-the-way places among the tarmac and grassland that is this area. We had originally thought, as we On Outed down towards the wetland nature reserve, that we were on a familiar route. But oh no. The Hares tweaked us about way past that with a variety of Checks and blobs of flour teasingly placed to tempt the unwary on to tracks with no flour. It all worked a treat and Shitfor, who was running with us, was rightly delighted

I found myself chatting with NonStick as we ran along behind Diver through the greenery, following the straight-along Trail. We were both a bit surprised when she nipped off along a leafy, narrow track to the right but thought, ok, she's trotting along with purpose and determination so we'll follow. Twenty yards along she stopped and turned in exasperation. "Don't follow me!" She squeaked. "I was only going for a wee!" "Ahem." We harrumphed, blushing slightly. "Certainly. Er do carry on. Wouldn't dream of disturbin' a lady about her business." Crikey, Close call.

Of course, there is absolutely no way we could pass by the Land's End ford without a wade through it. The last time we were here it was almost waist-deep, freezing cold and running so fast we had to hold on to each other to avoid being swept away to watery doom, our bloated cadavers pecked at by moorhens and sucked by incurious fish. Not so this time. The ankle-deep, tepid water flowed languidly and we waded through easily, though a number of us nearly did a 'SkinnyDipper' and fell flat on our a*s'es as we stepped gingerly across the slippery, underwater concrete. There were those who



eschewed the soothing waters and went through the horse field that bordered the stream. Including Lonely and Itsyor. The latter tried to wriggle his way out of it by saying he was protecting the ladies. Though it seemed to me that the horses were whinnying and running about frenziedly **because** he was there. A number of them had obviously been watching re-runs of the old 'Champion the Wonder Horse' TV programme since there was an awful lot of imperious mane-tossing and stamping of lordly hooves.

After all the previous serpentine Trail that had many times neared the pub, then broken away, we were pleased to enter the path that led through the lake-dotted nature reserve on the way back. Lonely and I had a fine old chat about a variety of erudite subjects (not that our conversation veered anywhere near the scholarly) including that of old age and the perception that, one day long into the future, we might have to walk instead of run. This was when we both looked at each other, having realised we **had** been walking for some time. Erm. Moving on to the *après* Hash party...

The magnificent barbeque was everything we had expected, with our smoke-blackened, wheezing chef staggering about in the billowing, poisonous clouds. Hieronymous Bosch couldn't have asked for a better scene to paint. He would step forward quickly towards the flaming hob and prod the bubbling, squeaking, popping, 'meat'-based products that have done thousands of miles of worldly travel and contain several hundred different lines of DNA. Then arch back as the searing flames roared out of the inferno, intent on removing his eyebrows. The queue of potential 'diners' clutched their paper plates apprehensively, then dived in during a quieter moment in the volcanic turmoil to retrieve a rotund pellet of indeterminate, singed, fleshy substance. A joy to watch. And interesting later that our chef, having completed his demonic shift, was collecting rubbish from the tables while smoking a cigarette.

Diver and mother WaveRider meanwhile were selling copies of calendars for charity containing semi-naked lady rugger players cavorting about in showers and on the pitch wearing aught but scraps of lace. As a gentleman, I felt it my duty to support this honourable effort and forked out a tenner. Tastier, if I may say so, than even the burgers ☺

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,
May I propose we have an official birthday for Shitfor as well as his personal one? I feel that two free barbeques a year would certainly benefit the Hash.

Yours hungrily,
A .Grasper

Sir,
May I propose that BH³ produces a lady-Hashers-nearly-naked calendar. Thumbing shakily through Diver's ladies' rugby calendar did wonders for certain parts of my body that haven't seen the light of day for years. I can only believe that a similar effort by BH³ would produce comparable uplifting effects.

Yours throbbingly,
Mr B. Ullsh*t

Sir,
The Duke of Wellington is pleased to announce the opening of our very own skate hire shop. Everyone is welcome to slide in and slip on a pair.

Yours for a tenner (same price as a calendar)
The Pub Landlord

Down Downs

Since our venerable RA, Shitfor, was hosting this event and enjoying his birthday, Simple stepped in to award most of the below.

Who Got It

Why

Diver	Advertising her charitable 'wares'
Shitfor, Rampant	Their birthdays! Happy to them.
Charlotte	Who came up behind Simple and advised him that, despite the evening getting dim, if she opened her legs they would be able to see everything!
CrustyToasty	Was unable to find the trousers he had just placed behind him when changing. And took his shirt off instead of his shoes when he went through the ford.
BlowJob	Never doing anything stupid.
4 virgins	Boys versus girls in the ½ a pint with 2 straws competition. I believe the ladies won.
Vanessa, Judy	Taking their shoes off when fording the stream.
Andy	Who, while on the train coming to Twyford, spotted the Hares and texted Shitfor to advise him he knew where the Trail was going.
Shitfor, Desperate, Cerberus	Tonight's Hares. A spot of beer abuse between the first two.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1967	03Aug15	SU639712	The Volunteer 65 Church Street Theale RG7 5BX	Tequilova Iceberg
1968	10Aug15	SU742592	The Shoulder of Mutton Hazeley Heath Hartley Wintney RG27 8NB	OldFart Itsyor