

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1986 13Dec15
Venue: Reading Lakes Hotel
Pingewood
Hares: Booby, Iceman

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

Party Guests



Butterfly Dribbler Donut Hashgate Dorothy PissQuick Glittertits Florence Zebedee AWOL Twanky WaveRider NappyRash TC Whinge JohnnyWalker Bumwiper and dog Ebony JustMoist Spot RandyMandy BlindPew Dumper OldDog MessengerBoy Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop DragonLady Foghorn Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C4 C5 LittleStiffy Slackbladder and dog Masie Cerberus BillyBullshit CouchPotato Motox Horny Mr Horny Dawn OutdoorPursuit Slippery Snowy Slapper NoSole Rampant Dunny Blowjob Lungs Caboose

The Christmas Party Hash

We were late. Donut and I like to think we're good organisers but occasionally a distinct sine wave kinks our smooth line of life. This one was occasioned by a late night binge at The Flowing Spring, which was celebrating the 5th anniversary of oversight by the landlord and landlady. Not only that but we had to collect some Christmas Pudding sausages from one of the locals who extrudes these and other excellent porcine-based bangers for a hobby! All of which is why I completely forgot the Christmas dress that WaveRider, NappyRash and I had agreed to wear (and had worn at the recent Truro 1500th Red Dress run ☺), couldn't find my recorder (which was actually in the side pocket of my sports bag) and was enjoying(?) a minor hangover. Not that we were the only ones who were late. Zebedee, of course, was slightly late. Dorothy pulled up just after we did and Glittertits was still pulling his bike out of his van. Uurgh.

Off-piste we go – I just read an email from C5 (yes, he does send a few doesn't he?) with the following link in it. It's safe. Just click [here](#) and enjoy ☺

Oh yes. The Trail. There's an old saying: you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The Trail was indeed full of piggin' long straight bits where the trotters among us staggered along with crackling lungs. (Not sure why all these porker puns have suddenly appeared – I'll try to get bacon Trail. Oops! There's another one.) I think all this circumlocution describes the Trail quite accurately. We seemed to go rather a long way to get back to where we started. I know that's generally the idea of a Hash but because the land was mainly flat and open we could pretty much see where we had been and more or less where we were going to go. The green bits were very soggy and the canal bit was very hard going. Our Hares had done very well considering what they had to work with and, as a late arrival, I must thank them for solicitously laying flour arrows after the (necessarily few) Checks.



There were three parts of this Trail that were of particular interest. Allow me to describe them:-

1. As mentioned earlier, Glittertits had brought his trail bike. He was fine until we had to claw our way through a close-growing, gnarly bit of woodland where a tree had fallen. The swearing and cursing as GT grunted, heaved and threaded the two wheels and frame through a lattice of limbs was really quite educational. Finally, our sweating, red-faced friend crashed his velocipede out of the woody tangle and followed it on to the grass. Meaning that the 147 patient Hashers behind him could now move forward. The expression on his face when he looked up and realised there was **another** jumbled mass of fallen tree in front of him filled one's soul with

amusement...

2. We found ourselves finally at a Check on a neglected old road and Mr Blobby kindly found the Trail for us. Which was rather a pity, since it seemed to be heading towards some kind of industrial complex. Indeed it was. Reading's Smallmead Recycling Centre loomed up in an environmentally friendly but visually very unfriendly way in front of us. I banished the thought that there were a few Hashers who could do with a bit of a recycle and slid down the track at the side with the forbidding metal fence after Florence, Booby and with Snowy. We enjoyed the sight of BlindPew and Rampant returning from four blobs and a False... for which Booby, in a fervid display of support for his fellow Hare, blamed Iceman.
3. From the Hieronymous Bosch-like surroundings of the recycling centre we suddenly popped out into an altogether more Constable, but contemporary, style of landscape. Green Park was indeed green, quiet and lush in the grey Sunday light. We tripped along well-raked paths between and across the water features, Snowy and I noticing a long-legged crane, hunched against the damp day, standing on a muddy little island. Since this area used to be a massive rubbish tip, industrial area and wasteland the contrast between then and now could not have been greater.

Catching up with the walkers, we chatted with C4 and Swallow, and watched Booby covering Randy Mandy with squirts from his flour container – highly ungentlemanly – before darting into the hotel car park and getting undressed/dressed as quickly as possible before the grey, damp cold got into the bones.

The Party

BH³ descended on the small bar like thirsty wolves upon the fold. The two bar servers were polite, smiley and had obviously trained at the Marcel Marceau school of bar tending. I felt sorry for Dawn, who was behind me. No sooner had I thought I had finished ordering, when someone else from our group turned up and needed a drink. Whinge kindly provided amusement by answering my call of "What do you want to drink?" with the answer from across the bar of "Anything." So I got him a Becks before realising they had bottles of London Pride beer, which I ordered for me. The disappointment (both in the Becks and in me) as I handed him his drink, then showed him what I had was a masterclass in Sophoclean Tragedy facial expressions. I almost gave him a round of applause.

Twanky and MessengerBoy had worked hard to create for us a photographic quiz (distorted images of Hashers required naming – I couldn't actually identify myself), a quiz based on fires (a burning topic since part of the hotel we were in had burnt to shrivelled cinders a couple of weeks ago) and a musical quiz where several of our more musically challenged Hashers used kazoos to give ear-sawing renditions of various carols whose names we had to guess.

The meal was hot and served quickly by our friendly waitresses. Almost as quickly we ate it. Which was when Billy decided to perform his own cabaret. Thinking he was hot (many of our lady Hashers (and a couple of chaps) would disagree) he stood up and started taking off his jersey. Now, I don't know whether he had forgotten how to do this or was merely caught up in a) the drama of moment, or b) the sleeves of the jersey, but it was another side-aching masterclass, this time in comedy clothing removal. He finally emerged, hotter and sweaty, to polite clapping and impolite sniggers.



Then who should appear but Father Christmas himself. The jovial old rogue waved and smiled at the cheering throng before sitting everyone on his knee (one at a time, you fool!) and handing out the Secret Santa presents. The fact that his white beard slipped down to his chest did not at all reveal to us his identity – we only found out much later that it was indeed Slackbladder.


An interesting Trail and an excellent party, greatly enjoyed by all.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

The 'SuperHare' T shirts and drinks were awarded to C5, Booby, NappyRash, Slapper, Mr Blobby, Motox, Zebedee, Spot, Florence, Rampant, Dunny, SkinnyDipper, Shitfor, Twanky. And Hares Iceman and Booby were rewarded with a drink for their efforts today.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
	25Dec15	Contact the Hares	BH3 Homeless Christmas Day Thatcham Area Contact Hares for Details Run / Walk from our house followed by drinks and nibbles.	LittleStiffy SlackBladder
1988	27Dec15	SU644792	The Sun Hill Bottom Whitchurch Hill RG8 7PU	Spot
1989	01Jan15 * 12 noon *	SU625621	The Calleva Arms Silchester Hampshire RG7 2PH	Hamlet