

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1992 24Jan16

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: The Fleur de Lys
East Hagbourne

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Spot

Mud Larks

Dumper OldDog Donut Hashgate OldFart CouchPotato Mother Theresa Lemming Slowsucker Lonely HotLips Iceman Motox Shitfor Desperate Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby BGB C5 Lilo and dog Minx HappyFeet DoorMatt Pyro with dog Whisper Centaur Dwight Scoot John Cloggs and a large contingent of Didcot H³

Larks in the Mud

Interestingly, for those who may actually be interested, there are 3 'Fleur' pubs not **that** far from each other in this area. The one at East Hagbourne, that we visited today, one in Dorchester and one near Stokenchurch, High Wycome that spells itself as the plural 'Fleur de Lis'. In the unlikely event that anyone doesn't know what the term means, it relates to the heraldic form of the European lily and it appears extensively on French coats of arms. Here endeth today's geography/history lesson.

Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop had arranged for Didcot H³ to join us today which was just as well, since a large group of BH³ are currently away ski-ing. Due to all the shiggy around today we did quite a lot of ski-ing ourselves. This was a source of chagrin for virgin DH³ Hasher, John, who turned up in an equally virginal pair of shoes, bought especially for this occasion. They didn't look nearly so pristine after *schlepping* through acres of mud. Another thing that our lady Hares had arranged was for Spot to assist with the runners of our group. Despite never having been round the Trail and carrying a map to orient himself, the brave lad did a great job – no-one got lost and he marked the Trail with arrows to help any stragglers... which brings me to a slightly surreal conversation between Spot, Lemming and me as the three of us reached the 'On Inn' just after the railway embankment. Somehow it was mentioned that perhaps ladies one had, um, known could be marked with a chalk arrow (obviously, ladies, it could certainly work the other way round) and Lemming described for the us in amusing detail (but not too much detail©) the horror and amazement Mother Theresa would exhibit should he arrive in the bedroom naked, but for a bag of flour. I know; I've been trying to expunge that particular visual from my memory too.



I have to own up at this point and state that I really didn't see too much on today's Trail since I seemed to be largely on my own. This was due to either a) only just having jettisoned a debilitating cough/cold (by passing it on to Donut), or b) total laziness. I'll let you be the judges. Whatever the reason, after the first bit of very pleasant East Hagbourne geographical circumlocutio I found myself with very little in the way of company or indeed, oxygen. Lucky was I then that, when Slowsucker caught up with my lone figure along a shoe-sucking mud track, I was not in immediate need of the kiss of life (I'm sure he felt the same way).

One thing I, and many others, noticed during the Trail was quite how warm it was. People were stripping off their tops and running bare-armed in the January air, heated by the winter sun. Unseasonal or what? Especially when thinking of last week when the temperature fell to around -7 Celsius of a morning.



It was probably the warmth (following some heavy rain) that made one particular stretch of this Trail turn into the gloopiest, festering, trench-foot inducing shiggy track we have ever been unable to run on. To the right of us ran a stream. One that had been fairly recently dredged, the mud, biscuits and dead badgers having been spread and flattened on to the area (i.e the footpath) between the stream and the barbed wire fence. The consistency was somewhere between a chocolate brownie and partially treated sewage. Which meant that, as you placed your foot on the surface to step forward, that foot became engulfed and encased in gelatinous slurry which was very reluctant to let go. People were lifting their legs almost

A bit like this... but worse

up to waist level with sloppy batwings of muck swinging from black feet swollen three times in size. The sound of sucking and squelching was almost deafening. HappyFeet made the wise decision to slide between the wires of the fence and trot down the side of the field, throwing great gobbets of mud off her shoes, like some athletic muck-spreader.

After this was where I met up with Spot and we both attempted to find the Trail that sneaked by the side of a farm. In the field there was a flock of sheep. One of them seemed a bit odd until we laughingly realised he was a small Shetland pony when he raced out of the woolly group towards us. His animal identity knowledge was further strained since he then seemed to be herding like a sheep dog. Fine little chap.

From here in West Hagbourne it was but a step to the railway embankment where we found Lemming alone and palely loitering. Less a 'knight-at-arms', more like a disappointed dogger in an empty car park. We gathered him up and took him home.

Must thank tuppence (Penny and Penny – geddit?!) for our fine Trail of shiggy today. Tough Mudder eat your heart out! ☺

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,
I didn't see anything today either. But then I was in the pub the whole time.

Cheers,
A. Lush

Down Downs

RA Shitfor, dressed in seasonal January shorts, officiated under the pub's highly decorative outside awning.

Who Got It

Why

Lonely

Rampant sexism and ageism. He mentioned, while checking, that two old ladies couldn't possibly have put a False so far away from a Check. The boulder!

OldDog


Learning some new tricks (got me – I can't remember what this was about)

Lemming

Extracting his weenie during the Trail and frightening women and horses... with very long sightedness. Since he is having a 'dry' January he sent Mother Theresa up in his place and she done well!

Hotlips	Today's award for sartorial elegance. She was wearing one of the BH ³ Czech T shirts.
Cloggs	Trying to get out of crossing a Bar by saying she 'walked round it'.
John	Today's virgin. Nicely downed, John.
Ms Whiplash	Her birthday today. Happy one!
Ms Whiplash, Penny Pitstop, Spot	Our Hares today.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1994	07Feb16	SU725648	The Crown The Street, Swallowfield RG7 1QY	Spex LoudonTasteless
1995	14Feb16	SU807687	 Hope & Anchor Wokingham RG40 2AD (SU807687) Park in the The Paddocks Car Park, Elms Road, Wokingham RG40 2AA	Slapper BlowJob Booby