

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2003 11Apr16  
Venue: Peacock Farm Pub  
Bracknell  
Hares: Iceman

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## The Elite

Vlad Drac Hashgate Twanky BlowJob DragonLady Foghorn Itsyor OldFart Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor Yana Adam MessengerBoy Spot Honeymonster RandyMandy Caboose BGB

## (Sub)Urban Running

**B**racknell. Not the first place to spring to mind when deciding on a good place to Hash. At night, the town centre is a concrete canyon with tumbleweed a'blowing surrounded by dual carriageways where blank-eyed car drivers travel forlornly in the hope of leaving the place and finding somewhere pleasant.

But Iceman, tonight's intrepid Hare had worked out a Trail that weaved in and out of the geographical warp and weft, creating a comfy blanket of a Hash. Albeit we ran through a couple of rubbish tips along the way. Particularly memorable was the area to the rear of the ski slope where worn-out sections of ski carpet mouldered, unwanted. BlowJob and I got quite metaphysical and somewhat maudlin here, likening the gleaming attractiveness of the slope, with its unattractive underneath, to certain members of the human race.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Our group was really quite elite this balmy evening since many of the BH<sup>3</sup> p\*ssheads runners were in Cyprus, 'enjoying' the Limassol marathon, half marathon, 10k, 5k, Hash and a variety of internal lubrication events. We hope they all had a great time. You can find details at <http://www.limassolmarathon.com/>.

Shitfor and my start to the evening did not go well. We could have sworn we counted four blobs by the time we looked back to see that absolutely no-one was following us and had actually run off in exactly the opposite direction. Iceman swore also that he had laid an 'F'alse. We assumed, breathlessly, that something or someone had eaten it...

So began our meandering, switchback Trail through newly-built houses, where children and parents looked wonderingly out from behind the safety of their windows at the strange group of running, shouting and laughing older people (Yana and Adam excepted) and off-road paths.. There were bluebells in some of the slippery shiggy copses, contrasting their sylvan beauty with the occasional pieces of rubbish carelessly thrown or blown there by the wind. BGB propositioned me at one point, saying, "You just stay with me 'cos I just live over there." With a knowing wink. Kind though his offer was I felt it best to decline. This was just before OldFart, exhibiting a rarely seen quality of complete insensibility, ran off up a dead end, apparently to inspect the bins that nestled silently there.



Spot then got all contemplative, advising me that, since we had been running in an area the size of a postage stamp and were now moving on slightly, we were investigating its serrated edges. I replied that we were indeed 'pushing the envelope' and he replied that the Trail was the smudged address upon it, without a postcode. As you can see, we were beginning to hallucinate.

On the advice of a youngish chap and some lads, Itsyor decided to investigate a boggy culvert. Quite why, we will never know. There was absolutely no flour down in its fetid depths. As we ran further down the road at the point where it went over the boggy stream we found him stuck, trying to get over the railings that stopped the mentally challenged from entering said mere. He eventually managed to jump clear without (sadly) tearing the back of his shorts off and giving us all a good laugh.

It was only a matter of time before we went over the bridge that spanned the A329M and railway and we tripped lightly down the other side to find Caboose giving free rein to his interest in all things rail-oriented by reading intently the sign on a padlocked gate to the railway that told him that this was an access point information board at Amen Corner (remember them, anyone – Andy Fairweather-Lowe – ‘Bend Me, Shape Me’?) Foot via Beehive Roadbridge 32BA. Ah to have an all-encompassing hobby.

It was from here that it became like we were running through a rubbish tip. Particularly the bit where we squelched our way along a narrow track between rotting trailers – quite delightful – and a thrilling jog by the side of the busy A329M, trying not to slip over on the mossy path and assorted detritus. And there was the Regroup, at the entrance to a dingy tunnel beneath the road. Once through this and out on the other side the land opened up into a large field with the only Field Check of the evening. Followed by the Long and Short split.

Most took the Long, where we seemed to be under surveillance by a dark helicopter that hung in the deepening blue sky like a wasp poised to strike. Fortunately, it buggered off and we trotted round that long loop in the open field before finding a wandering Foghorn... who pointed us in the wrong direction into the new housing of Jennett’s Park. Interestingly, all the roads are named after birds so we enjoyed Tawny Owl Square, Swift Fields, Pipit Green, Blackcap Lane to name just a few, before somehow linking up with Iceman again and trotting back to Peacock’s Farm and our own reserved room in this rather nice pub.

Our thanks to Iceman for organising this interesting Trail. Who knew that there were so many tracks, paths and woodland to run through? ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto: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,  
Perhaps you will advise Mr Hashgate that my offer was made purely in the spirit of friendship and concern that he may have found himself geographically tested. However, should he ever find himself looking for a loose end I would be happy to oblige.

Yours with no strings,  
Mr B. G. Blouse

## Down Downs

Since we were in the pub with others dining nearby, Shitfor exercised his well-known facility for diplomacy and asked us to sing quietly. He presented the following:-

### Who Got It

Adam  
Itsyor  
Foghorn  
Caboose  
BillyBullshit  
Honeymonster  
Iceman

### Why

Stroking a pussy in the road and in front of his lady, Yana!  
Emerging from that culvert like The Creature From The Black Lagoon.  
Who sent the Pack the wrong way at least twice.  
Apologies – didn’t hear why.  
Ditto. Doh!  
Tonight’s returnee.  
Tonight’s excellent Hare.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2005	25Apr16 19:00	<a href="#">SU611624</a>	<b>The Pelican</b> Silchester Road Tadley RG26 3EA	Mr Blobby C5
2006	02May16 16:00	<a href="#">SU706804</a>	Bank Holiday Hash <b>Hare &amp; Hounds</b> Woodlands Rd, Sonning Common, RG4 9TE (Please park on the road. Pub grub available afterwards)	Donut Hashgate