

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2004 18Apr16  
Venue: The Royal Oak  
Knowle Hill Common  
Hares: SlowSucker, OldFart

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

Desperate Shitfor Donut Hashgate Spot Adam SkinnyDipper C5 Twanky Blowjob BGB Slapper Motox Iceman NappyRash Roz Rob HappyFeet RandyMandy BlindPew Itsyor TinOpener TC Whinge Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Uplift PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Swallow Lonely Cloggs NonStick OutdoorPursuits... and later WaveRider

## The Bluebell Hash

Grrrrrr!! I would have had the Gobsheet written last night if a nasty little virus, apparently unrecognised by McAfee, hadn't wriggled its way past my firewall and started chomping away at my hard drive and my good nature. Goodness me! I hadn't known I knew such words. Evidently they, and a little IT wizardry managed to scare the thing to death. So. Let us continue somewhat rapidly since I don't have much time tonight...

SlowSucker had invited us all to wear blue T-shirts to celebrate the host of azure bluebells we were going to see and Slapper, true to his spirit of going all out for everything, wore electric blue running trousers and vest... and looked like a bit of a nozzer. Lonely, when I asked him why he was wearing an off-pink top, replied that he never does anything unless he knows the reason and, since the Run Sheet did not indicate said reason, he didn't feel inclined to conform to the request. Crikey, he should have been a lawyer.



Now this pub, The Royal Oak, is a little gem and we treated it with respect by parking three-deep at the far end of the car park. Perhaps our attire, mostly blue and certainly colourful, topping generally filthy shoes, might not have been entirely respectful. We On Outed. The wrong way. The problem with a Trail from this pub is that many of us have been here before and expect to turn left. Not so today. We should have turned right. Though Spot took the slightly longer way round to meet us as we trotted blithely across the teeming racetrack that is the A4 and up the first of an uncountable number of long and steep hills.

Some of the hills were tarmac, some were hard tracks, some were slippery with shiggy. All of them resulted in croup-like symptoms when approaching their summits. However, there were some benefits in the sticky woods. Desperate, Slapper and I became separated from the Pack while Checking out the Trail and found ourselves entering a wire-fence surrounded, mature plantation. As the sound of the Pack trailed off to the right we were surprised by a rush of deer in front of us. A large herd had appeared and streamed rapidly and almost silently across, to disappear into the woods, leaving only silence behind. Quite something to see. And not at all the scenario conjured up by fantasy-monger Motox, who naughtily spread the story that Desperate, Slapper and I had been 'dogging' in the woods...

There was indeed a Regroup at the top of a very long, uphill track after this but I damn nearly missed it, having been dogged by ill-luck and, of course, by being dog-tired after back-tracking from the plantation. However, this turned out to be a disguised blessing since those who had streamed off, like the earlier-mentioned deer, were called back to where the track bifurcated which was where I had just reached, doggedly trying to catch up.

It all became something of a blur after this. Down a filthy muddy track. Up another. Down. Up. It was relentless, though quite fun when you had enough breath to enjoy it. Some had more energy. Such as Adam, who swung out from a minor cliff in the forest on a rope hanging from the tree at its edge. Luckily he didn't break a leg when he landed...

We reached the top of yet another steep hill, where an oldish chap leaned over his split door, beaming at us. As BlowJob and I approached, up the footpath near his house he advised us, in rich, plummy tones of Received Pronunciation and with a twinkle in his eye, "You're rarely too ewld to do this you kneow." Fine old chap. We nodded agreement, being unable to speak at the time.

After a long, long schlep up and down more hills, C5, BlowJob and I were VERY pleased to recognise the gate that would lead us over the Knowl Hill Steam Fair field and to the A4. And finally back to the pub – hurrah! SlowSucker told us the Trail distance was just over 5 miles. It felt more like 7. But the bluebells were just coming out, rugs and carpets of them in the woods, and that made the effort really worthwhile.

Thank you to SlowSucker and OldFart. An excellent, weaving Trail that ensured some grumbling about the hills. Well done. ☺

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,  
I work in a vets and often find myself in canine situations. However, they are NOT the sort of situations insinuated by Mr M. O'Tox. If I hear any more such rumour-mongering I shall have to call upon my veterinary experience to

chastise him severely and tie him up in a kennel... then again, he might enjoy that.

Yours huffily,  
Ms Des P. Rate

## Down Downs

Our inestimable RA, Shitfor, wearing one of his many pairs of summer shorts officiated.

### Who Got It

### Why

Desperate, Slapper,  
Hashgate

Dogging in the woods!

Mr Blobby

Burning out his clutch while attempting (vainly) to park

Roz, Utopia, Uplift

Welcome returnees. Utopia sank hers like a pro!

Rob

Tonight's virgin who also Downed almost in one

HappyFeet

Borrowed her daughter's running shoes and was desperately trying to keep them clean. No chance!

Iceman

Serious innuendo

SlowSucker, OldFart

OldFart certainly hasn't lost his touch

## Up and Coming

### Run

### Date

### Grid

### Venue

### Hares

### Reference

2006

02May16  
\* 16:00 \*

[SU706804](#)

Bank Holiday Hash -  
**Hare & Hounds**  
Woodlands Rd,  
Sonning Common, RG4 9TE  
(Please park on the road. Pub  
grub available afterwards)

Donut  
Hashgate

2007

09May16

[SU474652](#)

**Two Watermills**  
Monk's Lane  
Newbury RG14 7HB

Dwight  
Shylight