

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2009 23May16
Venue: The Jolly Anglers, Reading
Hares: RandyMandy, Slapper

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

Fishers For Flour

BlindPew OldFart Donut Hashgate MessengerBoy Twanky Dorothy Desperate Shitfor Nicole PissQuick Glittertits Itsyor Fiddler TC Whinge Mr Blobby NappyRash WaveRider Dunny Rampant Slippery Snowballs Lungs Iceman Motox Utopia Uplift HappyFeet Swallow SlowSucker Booby Spot Caroline Georgina Adam Yana Lonely Bumwiper and dog Ebony

The Reading $\frac{1}{2}$ Marathon (well, maybe it felt like it ☺)

Apparently mayflies live between thirty minutes and twenty four hours. The delicate little creatures that we saw, while waiting in the car park next to the river Kennet, were obviously making the most of their time. They whirled and flitted in the air, enjoying as we did (without all that whirling and flitting) the warmth of the evening sun and the mild air.



There was mild consternation in the RandyMandy camp since she had found out that the landlord of the pub had not asked Newtown School management (within whose car park we were ensconced) for permission for us to park. There was a damn great big padlock adhering to one of the tall iron gates and the thought of Argus Filch, accompanied by Mrs Norris, curling her bottlebrush tail around his legs, pulling the squeaking-

hinged gates slowly shut and applying the key with a squint and a sly smile on his face was too much for Mandy. She hopped off over to the school before you could say *Ephemeroptera*. And the lesson for today is: if you want something doing, do it yourself. ☺

Whatever one might say about the rest of the Trail, the very first bit followed the 'devious' style that seems to have been adopted since Donut and I led everyone a merry dance a couple of weeks ago. SlowSucker was particularly miffed (always a sign that the Trail is going well) that the False he found on the bridge almost immediately after the On Out turned out not to be a False at all! It was rubbed out by our Hares when they realised that most of the Pack had raced off along the towpath towards the Bar-8! Ooh there was a bit of fulmination, expostulation and, yes, even pursed lips and narrowed eyes when the extent of the Hares' underhanded, naked chicanery was exposed. Well good for them – there are no rules. ☺

This was to be a Trail that wound and wriggled its way around Reading, tying it and BH³ up like a Gordian knot. We went to places that, for those of us who have lived nearby for a long time, had not been before. Including, in my case, that new pedestrian/cycle bridge over the Thames, where we held the first of our two Regroups. This delicate steel structure, with a tall, single supporting mast imported from the Netherlands was only officially opened last week and is still awaiting a name, the public having been asked to contribute suggestions. Iceman, Lonely and I debated whether Bridgy McBridgeface might be appropriate. Lonely, who lives nearby and next to the river, wanted to show us what he goes cruising in so, since we were not quite sure what he meant, we accompanied him to the far side of the bridge where he pointed proudly to a moored craft. You remember The Black Pearl in The Pirates of the Caribbean films? Shredded sails, mightily barnacled and a tendency occasionally to sail **below** the surface? You've got it. A dark, oily mist swirled only around the vessel and we could easily believe that if we saw her in moonlight her (literally) skeleton crew, doomed for eternity, would be swarming and rattling about in the rigging. We shivered our timbers and headed for the railway station...¹



¹ Only joking, Lonely. 'Tis a foine barque. Aaaarrrrr!

... through the town, past beggars (one had his hand over his dog's eyes so protect the beast from the sight of us) and surprised late shoppers in The Oracle. It was particularly amusing to watch Glittertits trying to get his bike (he can't be bothered to run any more) into the revolving doors on the way out of this mall. It was almost as funny as when he forced the thing through several bushes at the Christmas Lunch Hash.



Our second Regroup was by here, next to the Kennet as it flowed quietly between the shops and restaurants. Slapper advised us that there was an opportunity to take part in the 'Sixty Foot Hill Climb Challenge'. Which turned out to be a run up to the top of the car park where a "Cooeee!" from the parapet announced the arrival of the breathless nutters. I can report that Glittertits eschewed the opportunity. A shame really. I'm sure a lot more people would have done it just to see him try to push his bike to the top of the stairs, then ride back down and attempt to push his gonads back down from just behind his ears.

The Trail got very clever, or very sneaky, from here, depending on your point of view. We snaked around and across the river by the Loch Fyne restaurant. Seemingly, several times and taking in such inviting viewpoints as the empty bottle-strewn steps beneath the IDR where unfortunates obviously congregate. We even went over the very wobbly pontoon bridge near the weir. When we reached the top of the IDR bridge we spotted Booby going the wrong way towards The Oracle and shouted at him. Turned out he had arrived late and got a little lost in town. Which we did immediately afterwards. Largely led by Slapper! Every time we thought we were heading back we turned towards the opposite direction. We enjoyed(!?) a serpentine race around the Market Square area and somehow Snowballs, Donut and I found ourselves at the front and running along The Kennet once again. We slipped quickly past The Bel and Dragon, over the footbridge and were met by the sound of roistering and carousing from The Jolly Anglers, which was holding a 'come and do your thang' night for local hopefuls. Very welcome it was too.

The mayflies were just about still dancing but it was a kind of desperate 'Danse Macabre' affair. A last gasp. The latter description being applicable equally to some of the Hashers, since that last bit had been a bit of a tarmac scurry. Or maybe I should say most bits. ☺ However, a perfectly enjoyable trot around and about the town and our thanks to the Hares for their (devious) work.

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,
As a member of the *Ephemeroptera* order may I point out that we mayflies, despite our very limited lives, actually perform a particular type of dance, the idea being... Uuuurgghhh!

(Ed: this letter seems to have been submitted unfinished)

Aharr Sur,
As a loyal member o' Cap'n Lonely's crew what's only been keel'auled twice boiy 'imself durin' a quite understandable fit o' rum rage, Oi'd loike ter point out that if yer blasted sea'orses arse o' a reporter ever refers t' The Black Pearl in such a low fashion again it's the Black Spot for 'e. An' yer know oo'll be a-givin' it to 'im² ye lily-livered scum (beggin' yer pardon fer the swearin').

Yors scurvily,
R. Har (Seaman)

² Blind Pew (of course!)

Down Downs

RA Shitfer officiated in the rather pleasant little garden at the back of the pub, while a kind gentleman brought out lanterns to put on our tables as the dusk gathered.

Who Got It

Why

Slapper	Being so concerned with car park security that he left the boot of his car open...
MessengerBoy	RA abuse – he allegedly suggested he might pee in Shitfer's water bottle. Shitfer wittily started the singing of with 'MessengerBoy in a bottle'.
Glittertits, BlindPew	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them!
Hashgate	For leaving my recording machine on top of the car... where Shitfer picked it up...
Spot, Whinge	Parking like women (The RA's words – not mine).
Bumwiper	Tonight's welcome returnee.
RandyMandy, Slapper	Tonight's Hares. A bit of a competition between the two, with Slapper only just winning by spilling most of it down his front.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2011	06Jun16	SU514674	Thatcham Memorial Hall Car Park (opposite AmericanGolf) Bath Rd, Thatcham RG18 3AG OnTo – The Crickets , 24 High Street	AWOL
2012	13Jun16	SU554788	The Four Points Haw Lane Aldworth RG8 9RL	Florence Zebedee