

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2012 13Jun16  
Venue: The Four Points, Aldworth  
Hares: Florence, Zebedee

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

Desperate Shitfor Donut Hashgate TT2 Slippery Snowy Potty Spex LoudonTasteless Pyro and dog Whisper TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Vanessa Posh Bomber DragonLady Foghorn Motox Twanky Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot ChocChuck NoStyle Slapper SkinnyDipper Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Uplift C5 Dunny Rampant Julia Shylite Dwight Dorothy Caboose Swallow SlowSucker

## The Flo and Zeb Sneaky Hash

Our Hares for the night, Florence and Zebedee, must be commended for finding possibly the most capacious pub car park we have ever had the pleasure of parking in. And with excellent views of the nearby lush, green fields and cosy, thatched Four Points pub. Not only that, but GM Slapper's welcoming speech was mercifully short. Altogether too comfy and pleasant a start to the evening's event... as we found out when we On Outed.

Filtering out through the entrance, we turned sharp right. Ouch! A long, steep, winding, tarmac hill stood between us and the first of many Checks. It's at times like these one needs to stiffen up the sinews and summon up the blood. All very well for the first hundred yards but then the sinews became somewhat



jelly-like and the blood (along with just about every other bodily fluid) had either emulsified or evaporated, meaning forward movement was like running waist-deep through treacle while wearing a rubber hood. Now I know some of you might like that sort of thing but it's pretty exhausting isn't it?

Our first Check at the top of the hill gave us a bit of insight into what to expect from the rest of the Trail. Flo and Zeb had pulled on their Ms and Mr Sneaky masks before laying the route. After much confused ferreting about by the Pack Zeb pointed down a track that almost went straight back down the hill. This being the track that Bomber had checked earlier. Apparently, a lady with a dog had mentioned to him that she had seen a flour 'F' along it and Bomber, being used to the obedience required in his household, promptly believed her and turned around, calling out, "False Trail." The lad freely admitted to obsequious behaviour. We forgave him.

There were a number of similar, perfectly nasty surprises. Every now and again we would come across a Two-Way Check where we would be led entirely the opposite way to that we had been going, crawling under propped-up tree trunks and through sink holes - Snowy ran so fast into one without realising the bottom of it was full of shiggy beneath the leaf covering that the top half of his body almost reached the other side before his bottom half and he had to stop to let the two synchronise before he could continue. In another part of the forest we lost the Trail at a muddy gulch until Zeb pointed out the little flour blob that led us back on to the road... where we turned immediate left and approached the muddy gulch from the other side! Near here was where Shitfor advised that he was still a little rough from having eaten something that caused near gastro-intestinal Armageddon the day before. He had apparently woken feeling desperate but when that didn't work he slugged down a milk pail of Gaviscon before taking up almost permanent residence in the crapper. However... Desperate tempered his explanation with a few gastronomic facts. Rather a lot of curry, lager, wine and liqueurs had been ingested by the lad prior to the internal Judgement Day activity. Shitfor replied rather heatedly to this by saying, "N t w sn't. S m th ng w s ff!" Sounded like a case of irritable vowel syndrome to me...

Our Hares had a nifty way of keeping the Pack together on one of the long, straight forays that characterised this Trail. Not only were there three Regroups but, when we completely lost the route through one forest, Zebedee joined us – and he'd lost it too! After about five minutes of crashing around we found a blob of flour and after about another five minutes we managed to catch up with the walkers.

Aargh! Here we are on Thursday night, trying to tune in to Hash mode after a fairly busy week. The above was crafted on Monday.

Two back Checks in one field had the directionally challenged scratching their heads. Having reached the edge of a corn field we had to run back, then dive off along one of the tractor tracks where we ran all the way along to a Check only to have to turn around and come half way back again! Over the past few weeks, the Hares have started laying proper, confusing Hash Trails again. Perhaps the friendly ghost of Shep has been providing some input across the ether ☺

We had just the two more Regroups to go. At the second, Bomber and Vanessa completely missed the large flour arrow and stonked off down the road in the opposite direction, returning in an appropriately sheepish fashion when called back. The last was in a farmyard, where groups of interested bovines poked their large brown heads out of their barn to see what was going on. Desperate, being something of a cow whisperer, tore up a handful of the lushest grass and approached one of the beeves. After a quick sniff at her offering she gave a rather disgruntled "Moo!" and backed away. Evidently, the epicurean delight supplied by the farmer was far tastier than that proffered by Desperate. Here's a cute pick for the cow lovers among us.



Having reached The Bell at Aldworth we realised we didn't have far to go. But, of course, the Hares took us on a circuitous route through fields and little tracks, on one of which Mr Blobby and C5 almost came to blows trying to find flour. Fortunately, lumbago, arthritis, rheumatism and the inability to remember what had happened two minutes ago intervened and they trotted on their way.

There was a last, almost enjoyable, run down that long, long hill we had run up much earlier in the evening and we were back at the car park... before the heavy rain began to fall.

Thanks to Flo and Zeb for a most enjoyable (and confusing) scurry around some beautiful countryside... and it wasn't quite as long as we'd expected ☺

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,  
Since very little happened on this most enjoyable Hash I shall not be writing to you this week.

Yours disappointedly,  
O. M. Igrid

## Down Downs

Since we were the only patrons in the pub and it had a nice, beer impregnable, stone floor, RA Shitfor presided over the Down Downs inside. Given that it was raining cats and dogs outside no-one was for going out anyway.

### Who Got It

Uplift

### Why

Her 200 Hashes. She received a rather nice fluffy fleece. Well done!

Donut Curiously mistaking the outline of Slapper, some way off up a road, for Florence. I think Flo was the most insulted! Since Caboose had 'dobbled in' Donut she got him to join her in her pint of Coke. He was unimpressed with the taste since he was trying to drink beer.

Mr Blobby For having a dog following him all the way round on the recent Moonlight.

Shylight Today's Hash Crash was awarded a Coke... which he gave to his Dad.

Hashgate "Allegedly" kicking a Check out the wrong way (I'll get you for that, C5!)

Dunny Gloating over 'beating' her partner, Rampant (who's injured, poor chap)

Florence, Zebedee Tonight's Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Extra Event	20Jun16 * 04:30 *	<a href="#">SU582807</a>	<b>Longest Day Sunrise Hash</b> NT Car Park at Top of Streatley Hill Streatley Hill (B4009) Streatley RG8 9AF (ish)	Spot
2013	20Jun16	<a href="#">SU661740</a>	Euro Qualifier Double Hash <b>The Royal Oak</b> 69 Westwood Glen Tilehurst RG31 5NW	Motox
2014	27Jun16	<a href="#">SU717781</a>	<b>'Shiver Me Timbers' –</b> <b>BH3 Pirate Hash</b> <b>Abbey Rugby Club</b> Rose Hill, Peppard Rd RG4 8XA	WaveRider NappyRash