

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2013 20Jun16
Venue: The Royal Oak, Tilehurst
Hares: Motox

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

Qualifiers

BGB Donut Hashgate Iceman OldFart Desperate Shitfor Snowy Lisa Gillian TC Whinge Cerberus BillyBullshit Chopstix Shandyman NoSole Twanky Swallow SlowSucker Uplift Tinopener Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Slapper C5 Dorothy HappyFeet Caboose Spot Florence Zebedee TT2 Lonely

The Euro 2016 Hash

Sitting here looking at our 'all-you-can-eat' Squirrel Buster (its real name!) bird feeder with a fair-sized flock of feathered feeders fighting for food (great alliteration there!) reminds me of the sight under the shelter outside the pub after the Hash. Our excellent HashMash, NoSole, had provided a banquet, consisting of various quiches, sandwiches, tortilla chips, vegetable sticks with dips and something meaty that tasted delicious but looked like a long-dead, but recently exhumed, shaved mammal with the legs chopped off. BH³ fluttered around it, picking and dipping, flying off to nearby tables or jostling for the best position to watch the execrable football played by Engerland against Slovakia (0-0) before returning again and again – just one more sandwich please. Needless to write, the food was a damn sight better than the footer. Much appreciated, NoSole. ☺



Much, much earlier in the day, 4:30 a.m. to be exact a small band of BH³ druids (17 of 'em) had gathered at Streatley Hill to greet the Summer Solstice with a Trail laid by Chief Druid, Spot. He had also organised a buffet breakfast. Apparently, (not surprisingly Donut and I were tucked comfortably in bed at the time) everyone had a super, jolly time even though there was no sight of the sun since it was raining meerkats and buffalos at the time. Well done to all who attended, many of whom enjoyed this evening's Trail too, and particularly to Spot for being ar*ed to do all the hard work.

Since Motox was eager to get back in time for the second half of the match (we now all wonder why anyone was so keen...) he exhorted us at the Gather Round to 'Work as a Team!' Something that England dismally failed to do. He had, he said, deliberately kept the Trail short. And, of course, we all knew that, at some point, we would be in Sulham Woods, a lovely place to be.

Motox is an old fox when it comes to Trail-laying or buying a round and he didn't disappoint tonight. We twisted and curled in and around a variety of woodland, the most exotic smelling of hastily discarded 'herbal cigarettes'. It must be particularly galling to be a cool teenage group just lighting up that first spliff when a bunch of aging runners in fluorescent gear and rude T-shirts, shouting unintelligible things comes into view. The first action must be to look wonderingly at the ill-made gasper thinking, "Wow! This is some sh*t!" But reality breaks through. "Yo blood!" Squeaks one (voice unbroken). "Dem's old uns like, innit. Runnin'." "May be da fuzz." Squeaks another in alarm and a desperate attempt to imitate what he has been hearing while playing Grand Theft Auto V. "Bruvs, we bet' be runnin' too. I is droppin' ma sh*t." And they take off, leaving behind ten quid's worth of stuff and a nose-wrinkling smell you don't get in the herbal section of Holland and Barrett.

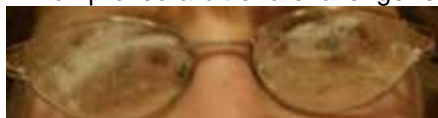
After a lot of twisting about we found a dead woman in a car. At least, Desperate thought so. She was certainly dead to the world. As we trotted on Zebedee let me know he had found a hose leading from the exhaust that had become detached and, being a helpful soul, he had re-attached it... (he was only kidding ☺)

Poor Lonely found he had a thorn in his foot and removed his shoe and sock to display the offending article sticking out. He looked at me questioningly. "No Lonely." I said. "You are not a lion and I am not Androcles." I left him plucking at it winsomely.

The Working As A Team thing was certainly working but there were two teams. And **our** team was blundering about in the forest, completely off-Trail and listening to the “On On” shouts coming from somewhere to our right by Iceman. When we finally came upon a Check, Motox was standing a little way off from it, smiting his forehead and asking desperately, “Where have you been?!” Of course, we couldn’t answer since we’d been completely lost. Lonely was correct when he said we had “Been on a bit of a deviation.”

SlowSucker burst past us as we pelted down a huge open field, advising that, “It always goes into the forest.” And turning off right at the Check in a determined and self-believing way. All very nice but the Trail actually went in exactly the opposite direction so he trotted back, looking slightly sheepish.

Yet more thrashing through the damp forest and slippery shiggy which proved a bit of a challenge for Caboose who managed to knock off his glasses on a bush. C5, Mr Blobby and I helped him to find them, C5 eventually locating them by the track. I felt Mr Blobby was a little unkind in suggesting that C5 should have wiped them in the shiggy before handing them back... When we reached the Regroup and HappyFeet noticed the shiggy adhering to Caboose’s knees she wondered if that was what was running out of him. With a nod to Harry Potter we agreed that he was probably the first Mudblood that we had met.



This was where the Trail split so the foolish amongst us went for a sprint along the Long Trail loop while the rest trudged back uphill towards Sulham Woods again. After the rain this morning the sky had cleared and was a beautiful blue as the sun began to sink. The tall grass in the green fields swished against us as we ran and the countryside was quiet and peaceful. Lovely evening. Donut got the bit between her teeth after we had crested the hill just out of the woods and went hurtling off along the right Trail from a One-Blob Check like the proverbial (not old) bat out of hell. Rarely seen her run so fast. She was even more incentivised when she found the On Inn and she and Desperate swept out on to the downhill road that led to the pub.

A fine Trail Motox. Many thanks. And we got back in time for the second half (more’s the pity).

Since we feasted, drank and watched the football it was a tad late for Down Downs – so we didn’t have any. I noticed that there was a 100 Hashes award waiting to be given so we will look forward to next week to see who gets it.

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,
 Yo yo. I is disgusting wiv da actions of yo
 runnin’ crew. Me and da bruv was chillin’ in
 da woods enjoyin’ da recryate... rekreeayt...
 stuff when yo posse arrived and made us flee.
 We is da Millenyals and deserv respec’ init. It
 happenin’ again an’ us boyz bring down

armageddin on yo’ heads.
 Mus’ go as da Mum is callin’ me fo’ tea.

Later bloods,
 A. T. Nayger

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2015	04Jul16 (‘Staggered’ starts from 19:00)	SU651664	Burghfield Scout Hut Hollybush Lane, Burghfield Common, RG7 3FL (Change of Scout Hut!!) After Party with Weiners, Cold Cans & Prizes (£3 M/ £5 N-M)	Unknown

