

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2014 27Jun16
Venue: Abbey Rugby Club(ARC), Reading
Hares: WaveRider, NappyRash

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

Me Hearties



TC Whinge Donut Hashgate OldFart MesssengerBoy Lonely Iceman Motox Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor HappyFeet DoorMatt Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Utopia Uplift Dunny Rampant Itsyor Diver Treacle Alice (Treacle's Mum) Chopstix Shandyman Lilo and dog Minx Tinopener Gillian Slapper FalseTart Shifty Florence Zebedee PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Skids Simple Spot Lungs Caboose Foghorn

The Pirate Wedding Hash

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Ye hev a choice. Oi rekermend ye read this in an advarrnced Carnish accent... but ye dorn't have tew. And it will save me having to try and spell everything phonetically. ☺ Should you wish to do so however and need some tips on pronunciation, may I draw your attention to the excellent Robert Newton, who starred as Long John Silver in the film 'Return to Treasure Island' in 1954. It be ['ere](#) for them as wants ter view it.

Fer tonight be (oops, I can't help it) the wed'n o' Cap'n Whinge and his trusty mate TC. They've been sailing together close to the wind these good many years and have decided to tie up alongside. BH³ wanted to celebrate with a proper Hash wedding. The reason, incidentally, for the Pirate theme is down to a small group of inebriates (TC and Whinge being members of this crew) who meet to carouse every Friday night. On hearing that the actual wedding reception was going to be held on a boat the conversation got very pirate-oriented, with many an "Aaaarrrr" bouncing round the walls of the pub.



Our picture shows, from left to right, Hashgate (bridesmaid), BillyBullshit (father-of-the-bride), TC (the lovely bride), Whinge (the bashful groom), Shandyman (officiating minister), Shitfer (Best Man), NappyRash (bridesmaid). It was only later that Desperate told me I had my dress on backwards...

So to the Trail, me hearties. The Hares raised the excitement level when they told us there was treasure buried at the Checks. Chocolate Doubloons no less! There was a lot of hook waving and cutlass rattling (or would have been but they were all plastic). Exiting the stern of the good ship Abbey we confronted a choice worse than that between the Roaring Forties and the Doldrums. To turn left or right on a slim track with more shiggy on it than the mud flats of the Bristol Channel. Something of a poop-deck. The scurvy knaves who turned right got a surprise in the form of a Bar-9. "Haaarr!" Cried the left-turners. "Devil take the hindmost!" And rushed on for about two chains before splashing into the sludge. Since there was a stables at the top of the track we realised much of the mixture was sea-horse pee and the lumps weren't brown coral. It was along here that FalseTart received The Black Spot. No, not a scribbled-on page of the Bible passed to her by the claw-like hand of Blind Pew (actually, he wasn't here tonight ☺) but a huge spot, nay a spurt, of black mud as she slipped her anchor and keelhailed through the sludge.

It was a long voyage at a rate of knots in that sea-lane and we emerged by the stables looking like we'd just rounded the Horn and been shipwrecked. I experienced Dunny rum-rage when I accidentally



splodged past her, covering one side of her spotless breeches with glutinous shiggy. We laid a course for the calmer waters of a nearby housing estate and came upon the first of the Checks. "What be 'ere me hearties?" Cried Zebedee, climbing a nearby tree in his haste to discover Cap'n Flint's booty. "Avast, ye scabrous dog!" Exclaimed Simple. "Do ye want to feel the cat!?" A small fluffy one that had been mooching by scurried off worriedly into a patch of (sea)weed. Second-mate Shitfor spied the glint in the fork of the tree and grabbed it greedily, scuttling off and squatting down

defensively to prise off the golden covering and feast on the sweet interior, like Ben Gunn with a hunk of cheese.

Those swabs of Hares swirled us around on the Trail like a coracle in a whirlpool. So much so that Dunny, Itsyor and I ran a short loop backwards. Then forwards again – flotsam in the swash and backwash of the tide of Hashers. We were mightily relieved to hove-to at the Regroup harbour where we tossed at anchor 'til near end of Second Dog Watch (20:00).

By now the crew were desperate for grog. Parched you might say. Those scurvy Hares had been feeding us bilgewater about there being a grog-stop for some time and when we slipped our cables and made headway in the direction of their home berth (they live nearby) those of us who knew that were mightily relieved. But no! The blaggards laid a course that circled their harbour, then pulled us away like riptide and into ever more shiggy. It was clear to us that they regarded the Pirate Code more as a set of guidelines (thank you Pirates of the Caribbean).

Donut and I stupidly (ok, I persuaded her) to go on the Davy Jones' Locker Long Trail. Somehow we became marooned with no-one else in sight... until Lonely, who seemed to have gone overboard on the Checking front and found himself adrift and off-course. A sea-anchor a long way behind the BH3 barque. He attached himself to us like a friendly barnacle and we discussed the debacle of the EU referendum and what it might mean for shipping. Which is probably why the three of us lost the course and floated about in our own-made Doldrums for a while before finding fresh Trade Winds (a couple of flour blobs) that took us to within sight of lookout NappyRash who cried "Ahhhhoooooyyy", waving his arms about and semaphoring: D.I.D.Y.O.U.G.E.T.L.O.S.T.Y.O.U.P.R.A.T.S

We slopped back down that disgusting sea-lane by the stables. Never can find a pair of sea-boots when you need them. Once back in the rugby club harbour we careened our muddy selves with a handy hose, NappyRash careening a squealing FalseTart well above the Plimsoll line. Surely the swab was only trying to get the shiggy off?

A masterly course by the Hares, into "'ere be dragons" territory on the charts. Our thanks to 'e both. And particularly for the glass o' rum that awaited us as we finished the Trail ☺

The Weddin'

Flanked by the giver-away-of-the-bride, BillyBullshit, and with two demure and attractive bridesmaids in tow, TC cruised regally towards her husband-to-be in the mess that was the Abbey bar. To great applause and waving of cutlasses she came alongside him with a mistressly display of navigation and seamanship.

The good parson Shandyman stepped forward and addressed the motley crew in front of him. He began, "Now pay attention ye god-fearin' swabs and keep your buccaneers open." Reading from a parchment he continued, "Deerly intoxicated, we are gathered here today ter celebrayt the voluntary bondage o' Whinge an' Tarmac Cuddler, who between 'em hev made significant contributions to medical science – ter date a kidney, prostate, knee, hip re-groind and foot nerve clip."

Surprising really that there's anything left of 'em to marry.

Following the exchange of vows and signing o' the register in blood, the deed was done and the bride duly kissed. Best Man Shitfor took to the floor to deliver a speech that was both funny and full of kindly words – and best of all...short.



After the photos, the evening degenerated into scran and grog debauchery with a most excellent pirate booty cake being cut by the newly married couple later on. Here's a picture of it. I felt that the little figures were a very lifelike portrayal of our happy couple ☺.

So t'were a merry eve, with plenty o' larfin' an' rum. No fightin' mind an' the conversation was as sparklin' as a freshly minted gold doubloon. Pirates knows how to celebrate a weddin'. Especially for a couple so well-liked. We wish e' well an' raise a glass to both o' ye. May fair winds fill yer sails an' ease yer passage¹. For both o' ye, many happy years, a prosperous life an' calm seas.

Arn Arn. **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.

Ahoy maties!

As 'Ares, we opes ye enjoyed the Trail we laid fer ye. Ye had the choice o' ordeals – a-wadin' threw the sea o' mud or a-watchin' o' the England crew as the lads scuppr'd theirselves. We thinks we done 'e a favour. Thanks be dew to the RA (God bless 'im an' spit in his oi) fer e' did the weddin' couple proud with his

speech (not tew larg if ye catch my drift ☺).
Mus' go as we 'ave a keel'aulin' tew attend.

Yaaaaarrrrrrs trewly,

Cap'n NappyRash and Best Mate WaveRider

¹ I might perhaps have put that better

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2016	11Jul16	The Horse & Groom The Street, Mortimer, Reading RG7 3RD (SU655645)	Slapper Caboose
Extra	15-17Jul16	"2016 in 2016" Celebration Weekend – SOLD OUT Wallingford Sports Park, Hithercroft Road Wallingford OX10 9RB (SU596892)	A dozen Hares from BH3 and DH3
2017	18Jul16	The Barley Mow Winchfield, Nr Hartley Wintney. RG27 8DE (SU777539)	BGB (be prepared for very little flour!)