

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2038 11Dec16  
Venue: The Hare and Hounds, Speen  
Hares: Dipstick, AWOL assisted by Snowy

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Elves and Fairies



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Splash C4 C5 MessengerBoy  
BlowJob Swallow Slowsucker DragonLady Foghorn Happyfeet DoorMatt  
Florence Zebedee Dawn Horny Mr Horny TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx  
Centaur Dwight Shylight HiVis Slippery Spot Sharon RandyMandy  
BlindPew Lonely Caboose Dunny Rampant JustMoist WantedbyICC  
Lungs Iceman FalseTart Shifty Ms Whiplash LittleStiffy SlackBladder  
OldDog Dumper NoSole Slapper Motox

## The BH<sup>3</sup> Christmas Lunch Hash

Donut proffered some advice as I attempted to back into a somewhat small free slot in the almost full car park. "You want deep space." She said. I could almost hear the puzzlement emanating from the rear seats – WaveRider and NappyRash were with us. I pondered a moment. I know an Audi is remarkably clever but I've never found a section on warp driving in the handbook. In vain I searched for a button on the steering wheel that would change gear to red shift, accelerate us so fast that WaveRider's entire face would elongate and we would slot into an intergalactic parking lot between a Red Dwarf and the Millennium Falcon. We finally figured out that Donut meant a long enough car parking space so that our bonnet didn't stick out like WaveRider's nose would have done had we entered hyperspace.

The car park was filled with a variety of Christmas-inspired outfits. Three in particular stood out for me: HappyFeet modelled an A-line, knee-length red dress with white trimmings and white and red hooped long socks. Swallow sashayed around, wearing a pair of soft, brown antlers and a large and bright red nose. This latter, I must add, was not her own but a soft, almost tennis-ball size object that clipped on. It made a perfect contrast to the titanium of her hair (reminds me that I must speak to Desperate to see if she qualifies for admission to the Titanium Club – membership currently 2). Thirdly, RandyMandy roved about in a huge, soft, white bear jacket with an eyes and ears hood. Most impressive. If it had been snowing we would only have seen her legs.

Actually, WaveRider also ran in a fairly eye-catching T-shirt. Two stylised Christmas puddings were applied to the area of her, ahem, bosomy appendages. She did actually run into me once, apologising for, "banging into you with my puddings." Not something one hears often.



Now on hearing that Dipstick and AWOL would be laying the Trail today we had wondered whether we would end up completely lost or in a hospital for the terminally exhausted. However, I am pleased to report that this Trail was extremely enjoyable, not too long and fun when it confused us. Most of it was through (when the mist disappeared) sunlit countryside, where we were eyed curiously (and fearlessly) by rather well-built sheep in

woolly groups. They **were** chunky beasts. You got the impression that, should they have taken a dislike to us and charged, they would have left flattened Hashers with muddy hoof prints all over them lying in the wet grass, vowing never to eat mutton again.

The main picture above was taken by Slippery when we reached Donnington Castle, basking in the sunshine (the castle; not Slippery). The blasted woman made everyone wait while I gasped up the steep motte towards them. Got there in the end and the resulting picture, as you can see, shows a very happy group of Hashers. Especially when the port and mince pies appeared.

One other memorable moment was when HappyFeet stopped dead in the middle of a cold field, calling, "Matt. Matt. Shoelaces." Whereupon DoorMatt, living up to his name, rushed to her assistance and, kneeling submissively in front of her, tied up the shoelaces to ensure that **she** lived up to **her** name. Greater love hath no man than he that layeth down his male pride for his lady... ☺

The other moment was after we had climbed breathlessly up that steep hill behind The Blackbird at Bagnor. The view across the sunlit winter countryside was quite beautiful and made the climb well worthwhile... even though we went almost straight back up another part of the hill as soon as we hit the bottom!

A most enjoyable Trail from today's Hares and we thank them for their work.

## The BH<sup>3</sup> Christmas Lunch



**T**his was held in The Barn extension of this very pleasant pub. As you can see, there was no bun-throwing and very little mooning. Blind Pew enjoyed a busman's holiday by delivering his and RandyMandy's Christmas cards. There were Down Downs. Officiated over by Santa Foghorn. The following received awards:-

### Who Got It

MessengerBoy

SkinnyDipper

HappyFeet, DoorMatt

ChocChuck

Splash

AWOL

Dipstick, AWOL, Snowy

### Why

Who advised the RA that he did not have a large enough bottle to wee in on the way home. Apparently, he had only an HP sauce bottle!

Tried getting away with wearing new shoes. Naughty girl.

She for forcing him to tie up her laces. Him for being daft enough to do it.

Who had lost her keys. Doh!

Who apparently likes handling balls...

Wrote to his co-Hare, asking for flour, spelling it 'flower'! Double Doh!

Today's Hares and walkers' guide



We were treated to what Stephen would have likened to a feast at this time of year. Lunch was served and was very tasty, washed down with some excellent beer. Following which and to great applause, Father Christmas made his entrance (*sans* reindeer, who presumably stayed on the roof, munching spare carrots from the lunch). He looked and sounded surprisingly like Foghorn and had the hottest thigh I for one have ever sat on. We all received a secret present. Mine was a paint-it-yourself sheep money box. So useful... Zebedee was delighted with his, which was a thin plastic poncho on the front and back of which was a print of a lady in an advanced state of *deshabillé*. Absolutely made his day. And Shifty's too it seemed. He couldn't get enough photographs of the good Zeb while he stood on his chair. Motox received a greenish Christmassy posing pouch and, luckily for us all, decided to wear it like an eyepatch instead of, um, conventionally.



And talking of photos. Here is one with all the Hashers who had red-nosed reindeers on their Christmas jumpers.

We enjoyed a fiendishly difficult name-the-Hasher game where a series of garishly distorted faces with glasses and hats had been printed on a sheet of paper – even WaveRider couldn't recognise herself! And guess-the-article-in-a-sock which NappyRash suggested could have turned into a very rude game indeed. Naughty! ☺

We eventually staggered out of the pub, bloated beyond belief and very full of Christmas Cheer. Our thanks to the organisers for a Christmas Lunch well and truly done. ☺

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I'm sure most of you will have read the email that told us of the sad news that Dunker (Laura Pearce) passed away on November 27<sup>th</sup>. Our sympathy and best wishes go to Dr Poo (John Pearce), Laura's husband, and we look forward to welcoming him back with us.

On On. **Hashgate**.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2040	25Dec16 Don't know the time of this, so check with Motox.	<a href="#">SU668685</a> The Six Bells Reading Road, Burghfield Village RG30 3TH Park in road opposite by the side of the playing field	Motox

2041

01Jan17 [SU627620](#) **The Calleva Arms**  
\* 12 noon \* Silchester  
RG7 2PH

Hamlet