

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2044 22Jan17

Venue: Seven Red Roses  
Lower Earley

Hares: BlindPew, RandyMandy,  
FlashBangWallop

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

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## Cold Callers

Waverider Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Itsyor Motox Iceman Fitz Maggot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Lilo TinOpener and dog Minx HoneyMonster ShutupWally Slapper NoSole Lonely Caboose Dorothy Twanky Lemming Mother Theresa LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie Jana Adam Posh Bomber FalseTart Shifty Rachel Sue Ann PissQuick Cloggs NonStick HappyFeet DoorMatt

## An Ice Hash

WaveRider had kindly given us a lift. Though, given that we drove all round Woodley and Lower Earley, it could perhaps be regarded as being taken for a ride. It was actually very nice being driven for a change. The bright winter sun sparkled through the tearingly cold, frost-laden air; the heater was on, as was the radio, and the conversation was pleasant. Why we were thinking of running about in the cold instead of sleeping in the car until everyone came back from the Hash I'm not sure.

The temperature was about -2 Celsius as we formed our (teeth-) chattering Circle in the car park and despite my Michael Jackson-style single cycling glove (to keep my recording machine hand warm) I could feel the fingers beginning to ache with cold. The whole group was stamping about and clapping arms around shoulders to stay warm as FlashBangWallop made the most of his moment as Hare/Rabbit in the spotlight. He looked quite unusual today since he was dressed sensibly in track bottoms and a running hoodie. Usually, he wears just a T-shirt and shorts. Which, for a bloke from Sudan, is a mite odd. We On Outed rather stiff-leggedly, streamed through the built-up bit and clonked onto what should have been lush, green playing field. Today, due to the heavy overnight frost the grass was covered in delicate white lacework that covered rock-solid earth. It was like a crisp tablecloth on concrete.



Most of the Trail was like this. Freezer compartment cold and hard underfoot. Florence tried to warm things up by 'inadvertantly' throwing her car key on the ground in front of Mr Blobby and me. I think she was a tad put out when we discussed grabbing the key and running off instead of taking her up on her kind offer. ☺

One surprising thing about this Trail was the amount of greenery and woodland the Hares had managed to find for us. Since construction started in 1977, Earley has become one of the largest urban estates in Europe, houses and flats jostling for space and rubbing shoulders. So it was great that we flitted over Arctic-crisp leaves amongst bare trees and crunched over stiff grass. During this flitting Posh advised a couple of us that she is 'a young woman', not 'a lady'. Well, you could have fooled us. We, of course, have always seen Posh as the ultimate lady. Graceful, elegant, elfin almost. And with that innate, unknowing gentility that, as she sweeps by, has the rest of us (chaps) whipping off our caps, tugging our forelocks, and genuflecting with an almost silent "Ma'am" on our lips, heads inclined at an appropriately unctuous, deferential angle.<sup>1</sup>

The fingers on my semi-gloved hand had finally warmed and I celebrated the fact verbally to Motox, adding that it would be quite useful if I could find a glove with four fingers and no thumb, the thumb

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<sup>1</sup> Posh – Apologies. Our reporter seems constantly to poke fun... ma'am. *Ed.*



**An alternative option: "Frozen" fingers.**

being used to work my recording machine. Motox applied lateral thought and, since there are no such gloves, offered to cut off my fingers so they didn't feel the cold. Dashed generous of the fellow I thought. I thought also that I was very glad my fingers had warmed up so I didn't need to take him up on his kind offer.

After a long traipse round a dormant winter forest we fetched up at the Regroup where we waited for some time before Donut led in Whinge, ski-poling his way down the shiggy slope towards us. We may have thought we weren't far from getting back but we were wrong. There was more than a fair distance to go and Dunny echoed our thoughts as we toiled on yet another slope. "I can't get up the f\*cking hill!" She rightly moaned. This was just before ShutupWally tried to give me some advice on writing the Gobsheets. I'm surprised that his gawky body

was not left in the mud by the side of the Trail, twitching with the last vestiges of life. Your reporter exhibited titanium self-control despite the urge, like that of a golden eagle plummeting on to a stoat and locking talons round its scrawny throat, to do something similar. Actually, any minor irritation was turned to amusement when he used the term 'nomisenclature'. Exactly. No such word is there? I assume he meant to say 'nomenclature'. A prime example of his ability to spout a stream of complete rubbish without thinking first. A gargoyle after rain.

And now for our BH<sup>3</sup> pun of the day. Both Iceman and Florence pointed out to me the sign on a lamppost which stated 'No cold calling zone'. "What else would we do on a freezing day like this?" They chortled. We all chuckled politely. ☺

Shifty and I stuttered our stiff-legged way round that bit of lake in the nature reserve, remarking on rather attractive but unknown to us, geese. Reasonably sized chaps they were. Probably couldn't break your arm but might give you a forceful peck on the knee. Sleek-brown back with a sheen of iridescent green under the wing and a black. A picture of one is on the right. He appears to be wearing long red socks and who would blame him on a day like today? I found out from Mr Blobby later that this is an Egyptian Goose. Fascinating what people know isn't it? I never had Mr B down as an ornithologist.



So after only just another mile or so I trotted, chatting, into the car park with FlashBangWallop. It was a thoroughly enjoyable Trail on a bright, crisp Sunday morning. Surprisingly worth getting up for! Thanks Hares.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

Mindfulness. That was the first thought that came to me when I was wondering what the week's Thought for the Day might be. Appropriate really since it came to me in an instant and it's all about concentrating on the moment. Rather like Hashing, which is all about appreciating the moment. It's childlike enjoyment, whatever one's age. Even better than solitary mindfulness because we take pleasure in the company of others – exercise, relaxation, fun, good company. No wonder we feel so good after a Trail!

## Down Downs

Foghorn dragged us out into the still-cold air (there was ice on the pub tables) to present the following.

### Who Got It

### Why

Shitfor, Desperate

Severe RA abuse and cross-dressing... in that order. Hashgate was nominated by the Dry January Desperate.

Lemming

Awarded by Shitfor for washing his T shirt and shrinking it rather dramatically. He produced a tiny T shirt from his pocket.

Adam, Jana

Exhibiting 'emotion' on the Trail. Jana berated her rapid-drinking beau because "You didn't wait for me!" BH<sup>3</sup> amusedly read between the lines ☺

Maggot

Today's returnee simply wolfed it down.

PissQuick, Ms

Birthday girls! Happy Birthday to them.

Whiplash, RandyMandy

FlashBangWallop,

Today's excellent Hares.

BlindPew, RandyMandy

C5

Awarded a late one for yacking in the Circle.

## Up and Coming

### Run

### Date

### Grid Reference

### Venue

### Hares

2046

05Feb17

[SU591807](#)

**The Bull**

Streatley RG8 9JJ`

Dipstick

2047

12Feb17

[SU711743](#)

\* **The Red Dress Run** \*

Motox

Slapper

(Appropriately!)



**The Moderation,**  
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