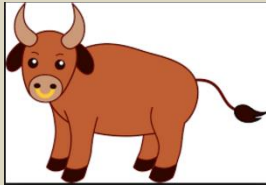


# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2046 05Feb17  
Venue: The Bull, Streatley  
Hares: Caboose, Dipstick, Motox

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Bulls and Dozers



Foghorn Topalov Donut Hashgate Posh Bomber Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Desperate Shitfor TC Whinge Uplift PissQuick Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop NappyRash WaveRider and granddaughter Katie Mother Theresa Lemming Iceman MessengerBoy CabinBuoy Motox Slapper NoSole RandyMandy BlindPew HappyFeet DoorMatt Twanky Dorothy OutdoorPursuits Cerberus AWOL WhoKilledKenny Ultimate Kerry Aidan Louis Neil FlashBangWallop Lonely Florence Zebedee Nicki Martin Itsyor Fiddler

## Feeling Peaky

**B**y the side of her car WaveRider was buckling herself into the strapping and webbing. If it hadn't been for the substantial clothing and puffa jacket she was wearing I would have thought she was setting up for a mammoth bondage session, possibly dangling from one of the door handles while NappyRash beat her on the bottom with a rolled-up copy of The Chelsea FC Times. But no. Granddaughter Katie was in the back seat, fast asleep and looking as cute as a kitten and serene... which she absolutely is. Even later when Desperate hoiked her out of the front papoose wherein she lay, looking up WaveRider's nose, in order to turn her round so she could see what was going on with the Hash. Looking around at the assembly of geriatrics, weirdos, drunks and reprobates (not the ladies, of course) I'd have thought that the dusky confines of WaveRiders nasal passages held infinitely more opportunity for intelligent social interaction than the surrounding horde of shamblers.

Quite a bunch had turned out this morning, despite the cold, damp weather. We started 15 minutes late on Caboose's say-so so that people coming by train would not be late for the start. Two people came by train...☺ We meandered down the steep hill (those of us with a whiff of prescience figured we'd be wandering back up something similar ere too long) to the pub car park, where first one, then another people carrier tried to nose through our shivering group while Grand Master the flash Mr Blobby welcomed a number of newcomers and returnees. Great to see 'em and hope they enjoyed their day. We On Outed to the Check by the very busy crossroads outside the pub...

You would think the Hares would be looking out for the Pack, given the busy traffic. But no. It was down to me to shout at Hare Caboose as he stepped out in front of a rapidly advancing Porsche. Given his love affair with all things railway you wouldn't expect **too** much knowledge of the foibles of combustion engines but an acquaintance with basic roadcraft should have been part of his education. Presumably he was lost in a train of thought. I got him back on track and on station before he went off the rails (**enough** with the railway jokes!)

So I found out from Dipstick afterwards that we can thank Motox for the additional loop down to the river. His advice was that the rest of the Trail would be too short! Those of us who did it all beg to disagree. Along and back along the river. Up and down the steep (and exhausting) valley sides. Imagine, if you will, a 9' by 6' picture of the river and the steep hills behind The Bull placed up against a wall. Introduce one long-armed orang utan to a marker pen and stand back. The resultant horizontal and vertical scribbles would accurately reproduce today's Trail.

Regarding the vertical challenges on today's Trail, Caboose's comment to me when I mentioned the frigidity of the weather was a masterpiece of understatement. "There'll be an opportunity to warm up later..." He advised, poker-faced.

The first set of loops by the river found us toing and froing a number of times when we lost the Trail and Lemming and I were happy to shout "On Inn!" as we neared the pub. But no. We ~~skittered~~ dragged our panting carcasses up the first of the big hills. Wonderful views at the top, certainly. Though many were on hands and knees by then, coughing



and hacking like 80-a-day Capstan Full Strength smokers. The glorious, if slightly misty (or was it my streaming eyes?) river valley was spread out in front of us. This was the first of the big hills. There were several more and on top of one Lemming and HappyFeet were singing The Carpenters song, 'Top of the World' while Randy Mandy sang the Who's 'I Can See For Miles and Miles'. How unutterably witty.

Dipstick had kindly laid part of the Trail down a long, leaf and rock-strewn gully that led into some people's garden – they remonstrated mildly with us and we. Of course, apologised. Nice one, Dipster.

Itsyor and son Fiddler seemed to be on a self-punishment mission today as they hurtled off downhill to long Falses, only to run all the way back up again. Those of us with thoughts of self-preservation either stayed high to Check or stayed put. By far the best policy. Slapper, for some reason, was talking about having a pork belly so I asked him if he had a lardon. His response was lost in a snorting chortle as he hurtled down the hillside.



BlindPew supplied this week's comedy moment when he fell over in a mud field filled with flints, curiously overlooked by a most unusual, lone and presumably very expensive house that made me think of Hansel and Gretel. It was a mix of Gothic and witch cottage, all tall windows and apparently watching us.

Having met a lady with two enormous dogs on top of yet another hill, this time in a forest, we began to slide downhill, across the hard, steeply sloping ground that was covered in a thin layer of mud. What you might describe as an 'interesting' surface. One false step and we'd be bum-tobogganing way down into the undergrowth, ne'er to be seen again. Somehow we managed to negotiate it safely, if gingerly, before slipping out on to welcome tarmac just above the pub.

We ran about 6 miles, feeling like 10, due to the somewhat difficult terrain. Great Trail, though, and some fantastic views. Our thanks to Dipstick and Caboose and muted appreciation to Motox for insisting on that extra loop. ☺

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.

Let's have a cooking tip for those with a penchant for poached eggs – delicious on crunchy, buttered toast and, don't peel away in horror you chaps, wilted baby spinach leaves with a sprinkling of paprika to liven it up.

The proper way to poach eggs is not in those receptacles over a small pan of water wherein one cracks the eggs. It's the proper way, by cracking them gently into a saucepan of simmering water. The problem with this is that the eggs instantly produce ectoplasm that fills the saucepan and becomes a swirling coat of egg white streamers if you try to swirl the water around them. The answer has been supplied by the Hairy Bikers. Place the eggs, in their shells, in simmering water for 30 seconds. Then crack them gently into your poaching saucepan after squirting in a dash of white wine vinegar. Cook for 3 minutes (no need to swirl the water), then ease out with a draining spoon. Always perfect. Enjoy ☺

## Down Downs

RA Foghorn dragged us out into the cold, damp pub garden by a tree with a notice that informed us that a monk and a nun had been 'slain' in the 15<sup>th</sup> Century for misbehaviour. Happy days, given some rather worse 'misbehaviour' reported in the newspapers...

### Who Got It

FlashBangWallop

Itsyor, Fiddler

Twanky

### Why

Recently destroying a snowman in front of a child! Horrors! He blamed it on the fact that he'd never seen a snowman before.

The former turned up last week with two left shoes! Fiddler was highly abusive to one of our aged Hashers (no name supplied).

Lord knows how but he's managed 400 Hashes. He was duly awarded his badge of honour. Well doneTwanky!

Cerberus Ski-ing down a grass slope. Possibly not voluntarily.  
 Martin, Nicki These are Shitfor's carers... with a somewhat careless attitude.  
 DoorMatt Today's HashCrash. Pity I missed it.  
 Motox For having a 'soft spot' for Ms Whiplash and wanting to 'knock her into shape!'  
 Caboose, Dipstick, Today's Hares. Bless 'em.  
 Motox  
 Desperate Threatening to throw the Hares into the river.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2048	19Feb17	<a href="#">SU558623</a>	<b>The Ship</b> Ashford Hill RG19 8BD	Mr Blobby C5
2049	26Feb17	<a href="#">SU509731</a>	<b>The Fox</b> (Change of Pub) Hermitage RG18 9RB	LittleStiffy SlackBladder