

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2054 02Apr17

Venue: Sulhampstead and Ufton Nervet
Village Hall

Hares: MessengerBoy, CouchPotato

Hostesses: Uplift, Splash

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

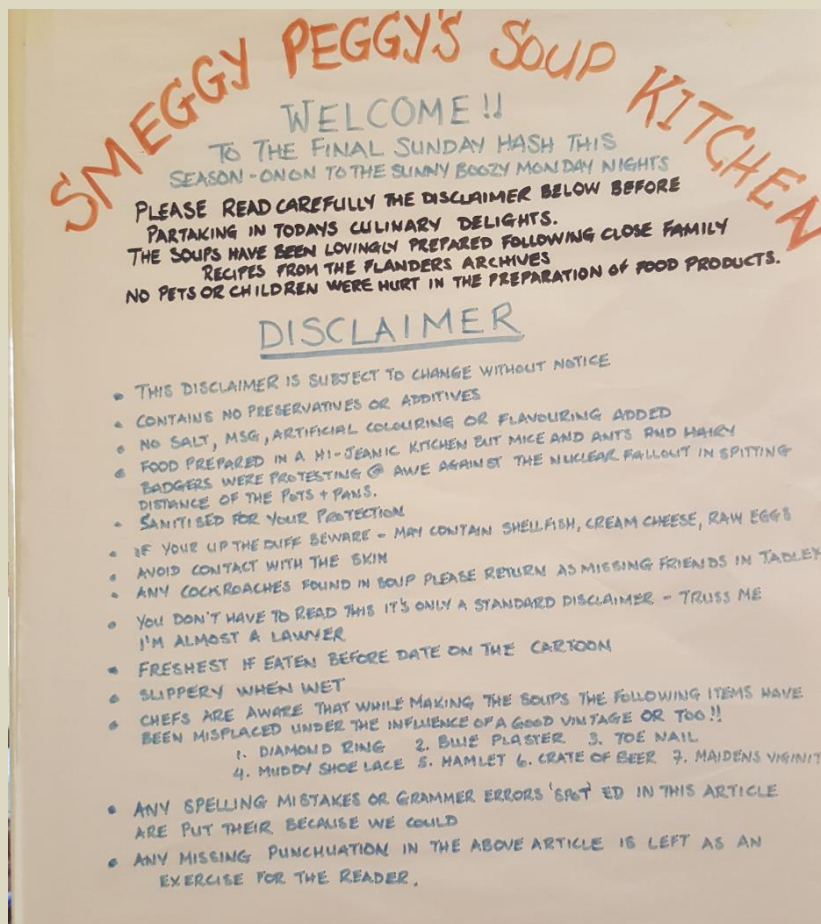
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The Soup Queue

Slapper NoSole Donut Hashgate Foghorn OldFart LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Swallow SlowSucker Desperate Shitfor WaveRider NappyRash LoudonTasteless Spex DoorMatt HappyFeet PissQuick Glittertits Tina The Tremblers (Hooray – nice to see 'em) Iceman Potty Nutty TC Whinge Motox Dunny Rampant Twanky BlowJob Cloggs NonStick Mel Duncan Dawn Dumb and Dumber Skids Simple SkinnyDipper Spot Dipstick Anne Colin Rebecca FalseTart Shifty

A Souper Hash

Our hostesses today, Uplift and Splash, had organised a very well-received soup kitchen to feed the



old folk who formed a doddery BH³ line after the lengthy Trail today. The poster you see was as hand-made as the selections of soup... Through the kitchen serving hatch, our Dinner Ladies ladled out portions of spud & leek, lightly spiced tomato and a kind of chicken goulash (in Villeroy and Boch soup bowls – must have cost them a fortune), along with hunks of French bread. Magic! What an excellent idea.

If only the Hares had been fattened up with soup and bread before they laid the Hash. I ran 7.5 miles, TC ran 8 and SlowSucker (the silly boy got slightly lost) ran 10! All in very warm sunshine, up and down hills, with rather a lot of ankle-threatening, muddy divots, rock-solid uneven earth and slippery shiggy. In terms of terrain, we experienced it all and the views from the top of some of the hills was perfectly

beautiful, the newly green, Spring land basking in the rays of the sun.

It was great to be visited after six years (as Madame Trembler told me) by The Tremblers, here in the country for a short visit. And, inevitably, a large number of Hashers gathered today, since free food was to be had. Amazing how attractive food can be to members of BH³. Like iron filings to a magnet. Vultures to a carcass. But we certainly had to work for our reward.

Spex decided early on to go for the sympathy vote by falling on her bum as she attempted to limbo under a strand of barbed wire. Took her a while to get up while we watched... She got a little jiggy later too. I had offered her my hand as she stepped gingerly down on to a couple of wet logs that straddled a small stream and offered a way across. It seemed to take some time for her to let go of me. She advised Donut later that I had been 'unfaithful' to her. Naughty lady. Actually, she has a slim, cool hand

that has no doubt caressed many a young chap's forehead in a vain attempt to still his quivering heart... Crikey, I shall need a cold flannel myself if I carry on like this. ☹️

Actually, Tina (along with the rest of us) had great fun on the logs. She approached them with great trepidation. Even when Motox stepped on to them to assist, turning his back so she could follow his footsteps. There was a great deal of wailing and squeaking, most of it from Motox, but she got there in the end, to a rousing cheer.

We managed to crash a wedding during the Trail. Not the **actual** wedding at the lovely Elizabethan manor house: Ufton Court. But we certainly put the wind up a number of rather flash cars that were rolling up the long drive, trying to avoid the Hashers who were weaving about on it (we'd been running quite a long time by then). If only the Hares had laid the flour through the middle of the Tithe Barn we could have livened up proceedings quite dramatically. However, as Dunny pointed out, they **had** laid a 'W' with an arrow that surely must have stood for 'W'edding as opposed to 'W'alkers.

Glittertits had brought his mountain bike. This is quite a usual accessory for him since his ankles are always just an inch from twisting out. But the bike can be a bugger as well as a blessing. I watched as he heaved the awkward thing over stiles, across that stream and, most fun of all, in and out of those gates where you go in by pushing the gate away from you, then edge round it as you pull it towards yourself. Glittertits' method is to rear the bike up on its back wheel and push it between the gap. He has about as much control as someone trying to get a pony up on its back legs in order to do the same thing. Firstly, the muttered curse as the gate shuts before the front wheel is up in the air. Then slightly more earthy language as the chain catches on the gate post. Increasing apoplexy as the bike runs away through the gate but leaves him on the other side of it, desperately stretching forward and trying to avoid a handlebar in the earhole. Then the terrible words and the mighty heave to chuck the damn thing away from the blasted gate before crashing his way through it, kicking the back wheel, picking it up roughly and leaping manically astride the saddle. Which is the point when he realises with an eyebrow-wrenching, eye-crossing squeak that certain parts of him are a lot softer than the object on to which he has just leapt. Keep an eye out for this in the future – it's well worth a watch.



Two Regroups, a Long Trail loop and, I have to say, not a whole lot of flour later we were still enjoying the countryside, but from a saggy-jawed, blank-eyed, wobbly-legged aspect. On and On (appropriately enough) the Trail wound. I found myself bidding a polite, "Good afternoon." To a couple of lovely little Shetland ponies in one of the paddocks through which we stumbled. A long trickle of Hashers streamed across that lumpy field and ragged cheers by each group greeted the On Inn sign at the foot of yet another massive (or so it seemed) hill that led to the village hall. Parched and knackered, we slowly and stiffly changed and made our way into Smeggy Peggy's Soup Kitchen. A blessed relief to us all.

Our thanks to the Hares for a souper Trail. We may have complained at the length of it but that countryside in the sunshine was lovely.

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.

The main problem with writing this is not to write something cringe-makingly twee or underwhelmingly hyperbolic. You know the kind of thing. MSN and various other websites are good at it. 'See the heart-melting kitten cuddled by her 240 pound owner'. Pass the barf bag. '20 jaw-dropping ways to reduce your burial cost.' Don't wanna know. 'The 10 most epic fails of this week!' #couldn'tgiveatoss.

We are all being mentally pounded by increasingly less interesting content, promoted with so much hype that things of real interest can get subsumed into a sea of pumped-up inconsequentiality.

This is one of the reasons to go Hashing. You can't get more real than running around the countryside, scratched by brambles and covered in shiggy. The people are down-to-earth and friendly and the delight in becoming an FRB on occasions for the slightly slower runners is matched by the enjoyment of the faster who do not wander furlongs off down a False but get lucky and find the Trail from a Check.

Essentially then, Hashing is the Nirvana we should all strive to achieve. Peace, enlightenment and fluffy, cuddly feelings that are born out an epic need to run like stallions (and very fast lady horses, I hasten to add), to feel the wind through your hair...

Oops. Think we wandered into the twee and the hyperbole. But you know what I mean 😊

Down Downs

Unfortunately, Donut and I had to rush away again but RA Foghorn managed to catch us before we went and award us both with a Down. For what? We never did find out because he had forgotten. Apparently, he had meant to award it to us last week.

As for the others... well, if you weren't there you won't find out here. Sorry about that.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2056	17Apr17 * 18:00 *	SU530763	The White Hart, Hampstead Norreys RG18 0TB	Dipstick
2057	24Apr17 * 19:00 *	SU708818	The Red Lion, Colliers Lane, Peppard Common RG9 5LB	Spot SlowSucker