

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2059 08May17

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

Venue: Wokefield Common and Glittertits
and Pissquick's house

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Mr Blobby, C5

Wood Nymphs

Splash Uplift Donut Hashgate Foghorn Snowy OldFart Fiddler Itsyor Dunny Rampant Spot Motox Slpper NoSole MessengerBoy Twanky BlowJob Spex LoudonTasteless Horny Mr Horny BlindPew RandyMandy SkinnyDipper FlashBangWallop Iceman Florence C4 Dumb Dumber TinOpener NoStyle ChocChuck Potty Swallow SlowSucker Smiler SunSky LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie HappyFeet PissQuick Glittertits Sharon Carol AWOL DoctorPoo Sally

A Run, a Bun and a Burger

We finally found the car park in the middle of the forest and slid into the entrance past AWOL's large van that was just too high to pass under the bar across it. The area was roughly covered in stone and protruding roots and the parking spaces were partly marked out by large logs, laid on their sides. Twanky had already attempted an impression of a working elephant in a Burmese teak forest by backing his car into and dislodging one when C5 hove into view in his distinctive white



car. He drove up to where we sat, reversed for a bit, worrying SlackBladder and Little Stiffy, before rocketing around the end of the cars parked in the middle, stopping for a think about his final resting place. Aha! A small space next to Mr Blobby. With a grinding of gears (mental, we think) he eased into it but failed to stop, like Twanky before him, and grunched the bumper against a slumbering giant redwood the size of a house that must have filled his rear-view mirror. Sliding forward to disengage from the woody lump, he almost gave Mr Blobby a heart attack when the car was the thickness of a coat of paint from his. To the relief of the horridly fascinated Hashers (and probably his car) C5 brought the vehicle to a stop. We all breathed out and fanned our foreheads.

We were pleased to welcome tonight three Virgins: Sally and a couple of chaps from China, Smiler and SunSky. Great names, our Chinese friends and all three seemed to enjoy our sojourn through the forests.

Before we On Outed Florence was fêted for being the first woman in her age category when running 20 miles in the Marlborough Downs Challenge. Spot ran it under 3 hours and Mr Blobby and C5... didn't quite. 😊 But they did run it and recorded exactly the same time! Well done to all. Check out the results [here](#).

We were in for a treat tonight since Glittertits and PissQuick were entertaining us at their house later, feeding us a barbeque, to celebrate GT's birthday. However, we had to run about five miles through some pretty dense forest before we received our treat. Most of us On Outed in the wrong direction at the start, just because we could, I guess.

Due, presumably to the knowledge that free food was available, BH³ set off on the Trail with purpose and verve. Nothing was going to stop us from eating. Consequently, this was a fast run with few incidents. However, here are a few...

- HappyFeet approached a stream at speed, just in front of me, before stopping dead, uttering, "Not sure I can jump this." She gathered herself for the supreme effort (it was all of three feet across after all) and leapt into the air. Of course, if she had kept her running momentum there would have been no problem. As it was, she landed on the slightly slippery opposite bank, teetering backwards, arms windmilling. Luck was on her side. Instead of a mighty, muddy

splash as she fell backwards she managed to regain her balance and canter on. Relief on my part. I might have got muddy...

- Two F's at one point in the Trail had the Pack milling until we spotted C5 bending down to draw a flour circle and point the direction in which we should go. According to our Hares "Animals seem to have eaten quite a lot of the flour." Right.
- Slapper gingerly stepped over a groin-height hollybush in order to skirt some foul water full of dead donkeys. Apparently, he enjoyed the experience so much he stepped back over it again...
- There was a make-do bridge made up of laterally placed poles and logs in one of the streams. AWOL was very impressed that our Hares had thought about our well-being enough to build it during the Trail-laying.
- In the dusk of the silent forest I finally realised what Iceman's lengthy, epiglottis-trembling, somewhat blood-curdling 'Onnnnnnn Onnnnn' sounds like. Think of Voldemort's elongated 'Avadra Kedavra' curse that he flung at Harry Potter.



- RandyMandy managed to trip over a tiny twig just before the Regroup and plough a short furrow with her chin in the dusty ground. Luckily, she was unhurt and picked herself up before launching a vicious, prolonged and fully justified attack (with ear-burning swearing) at the tiny twig. Thoroughly chastened, it self-combusted and wizened into a charred husk. Quite right too.
- As I followed up closely behind C5 while trotting rapidly along one of the last woodland trails, he stopped quite suddenly and bent to draw a floury arrow. I bumped into his rear end, closely followed by HappyFeet. "That was a bit close." She said, as we disentangled. "No problem." Replied C5 with a smile. "There's no-one I'd rather have bumping into my behind more than Hashgate." I stood to one side to let him pass. "After you." I said, cautiously...
- We finally returned to the dusky car park where I met Swallow. "Have you seen SlowSucker?" She asked. "Why, have you lost him?" I asked in return. "Oh it's not a problem." She replied with a sweet smile. "I have the car keys."

Glittertits' Birthday Barbeque Bash

What a generous couple Glittertits and Pissquick are. Not content with allowing C5 and Mr Blobby to lay the Trail... they held open house and garden for BH³, providing a marquee, lighting, chairs and tables and a cornucopia of barbeque food and sauces.



GT had been throwing copious quantities of ~~condemned~~ juicy animal parts onto the roaring hob of Hell that was his barbeque while we had been sweating round the Trail. Standing back from the red-hot whirling inferno, he prodded the twisted and blackening remains with a long fork, ensuring nothing slithered off the pyre. Finally, when satisfied that immolation had been fully achieved he announce, "Grub's up!" and BH³ hurled itself, slavering and gibbering like hyenas, on the remains.

Jolly delicious it was too. As were the puddings. I can vouch for the succulent cherry and chocolate decadence of the Black Forest Gateau.

A very Happy Birthday from us all, Glittertits. It hardly seems four years since you were... now how old was it?

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

In the comfort and relative warmth of the marquee, RA Foghorn did his thing.

Who Got It

Why

Glittertits	Tonight's host and Birthday boy. He thoroughly enjoyed his pint.
Twanky, BlindPew, C5, AWOL	Car park shenanigans
RandyMandy	Tonight's Hash Crash
Smiler, SunSky, Sally	Tonight's Virgins. Sally nominated 'Mr Onions' who managed quite well.
C5, Mr Blobby	Tonight's (and next week's!) excellent Hares.

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.

When (if you can be bothered) to think about it, a barbeque is a curious idea. Ever since man (and I use the term purely in an all-embracing, gender-fluid manner – you have to be so careful these days) started cooking food there has been a general movement towards cooking inside, using sophisticated machinery powered by gas or electricity or a combination of both. Black-leaded grates have given way to gleaming and trendy ovens, hobs and microwaves, the latest linked to the internet so you can use your smartphone to switch on and set the cooking time for your suckling pig.

So why the interest in outdoor barbeques? Part of it is a bloke-thing. Firing-up the barby, wearing the shorts and apron and brandishing extended kitchen tools seems particularly male-oriented. Which is strange, given that men (I use this term in its narrowest and rather offensive, gender-labelling sense) were originally hunter-gatherers, leaving women (again, this term is purely a narrow description, taking no account of society's completely realistic appreciation of the LGBT spectrum) to skin, draw and cook the carcasses.

Perhaps, living in Britain, we just make a joyous beeline for the great outdoors on the rare occasions when it's possible to do so. And, being British, even if it's raining hard we will blasted-well enjoy our barbeque come hell or high water. (We certainly enjoyed tonight's 😊)

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2061	22May17	SU597761	The Red Lion, Upper Basildon RG8 8NG	Florence Zebedee
2062	29May17	SU72582	The Maltsters Arms, Rotherfield Greys RG9 4QD	Pyro