

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2078 17Sep17

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

Venue: Great Hollands Recreation Ground

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: RandyMandy, BlindPugh

Recreational Runners

NappyRash WaveRider and granddaughter Katie Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Iceman Desperate Shitfor ShutupWally Honeymonster FlashBangWallop SkinnyDipper with dog Minx Spot Uplift Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dumb NoWaiting HappyFeet DoorMatt Foghorn Motox Sharon Carol Donna Lungs Cloggs NonStick Caboose Nicole (now named NotInMyCar)

A Forest of Earthly Delights

Great Hollands Recreation Ground seemed inappropriately named. As we drove in we saw a sweating mass of lycra-clad ladies doing press-ups, burpees and star jumps in a rather exhausted fashion. This was outdoor circuit training with a vengeance, overseen by a chap who probably rated 7 out of 10 on the S&M scale. Curious then, that several metal beer barrels were dotted about, lying on their sides. A spot of refreshment? I wondered. But no. Several red-faced ladies ran/staggered over to them, performed a press-up, then lifted them over their heads. Before repeating the procedure. It made us quite faint just to watch. Cloggs asked me if I would like to join them for a warm-up. An appealing thought but I wouldn't have wanted to spoil the Trail to come...

WaveRider and NappyRash had brought their delightful granddaughter, Katie, today and she toddled around happily, smiling at everyone she met. At the GatherRound, NappyRash attempted to holster her



A bit like this

into the backpack worn by WaveRider and made a dreadful mess of it. Firstly, Katie did not want to be put into the backpack and made it clear to all. Secondly, NappyRash overestimated the flexibility of infants. They do not like having their knees bent up around their ears by an aged bloke who's old enough to be their grandfather (mind you, he **is** her grandfather). With the help of Desperate and a couple of other ladies, Katie was unfolded and slid into the pack, where she thought she'd stand in for Whinge (not here today) for a while before her sunny temperament go the better of her.

We OnOuted into the lush and rather damp (after the rain the day before) forest. Of course, there are always issues one has to deal with and we had barely gone ¼ mile when HappyFeet stopped (the aptly named!) DoorMatt with a squeak and advised him in no uncertain terms, "My shoelace has come undone!" I've seen this scenario before. The pampered lady daintily rests a tootsie on a close-by log and her swain kneels respectfully before her (on his good knee. The other's not working to well at the moment), tying up the wayward shoelace with a neat bow. I didn't stay to see if she offered her hand for him to brush his lips across. Seems to me we've more than one Posh in BH³...

The Trail finally and expectedly snaked its way into Caesar's Camp, catching out Rampant and Shutup Wally early on with a finely defined Bar Check. The name of this place catches out many, since it does not have anything to do with Romans at all but is a fairly common name for Iron Age hill forts in England. Stripe me! I didn't know that. I hear you exclaim. Actually, nor did I. You learn something every day, don't you? Just as well I read the educational Gobsheet too.

This area is covered in bracken, furze, low-growing tree branches and perilously slippery roots. With all this and the narrowness of the paths along which we were attempting to run it wasn't surprising that first Donut slo-mo'd over into the brush, followed later by Lungs, who repeated the experience a number of times and was carefully avoided by several members of the Pack in order not to be fallen on.

We finally gasped up to the first of the Regroups where Donut showed off her brand new, pink, BH³ buff (you can get one for £7.50 if you ask SkinnyDipper nicely) to Desperate, Shitfor and me. She mentioned that it can be used in several ways – round the neck, on the head, twisted round the wrist or even as a garter. I suggested that, if twisted into a figure-of-eight it could be used as a pair of pants, to which Desperate keenly agreed. “You wouldn’t need any knickers then, Donut!” She exclaimed. I tried to airbrush the vision from my mind.



In the buff – well almost.

Along a fairly wide woodland track our Hares had laid a tantalising number of Checks that seemed to lead off into the woods. Except three of them didn’t. Lungs almost lost it again, sliding backwards down a muddy slope on one of them. Lucky old her than, that Foghorn put out a steadying hand that just happened to land on her bumcheek. Ever the helping gent, our Foggy. 😊 It was actually the next Check that had us hurtling off into the forest, having waved at the panting lady trail bikers who were sharing their race along the trails with us. It was interesting that all the ladies we saw today, however knackered, were really friendly and all, at the very least, returned our greetings. In contrast, two out of the three male bikers didn’t even bother to acknowledge our cheery “Hello”s but carried on with steely, haunted-eyed determination. Think I know who I’d rather go out cycling with.

Florence appeared from apparently thin air. Having arrived late she pasted round the course in order to catch up with the rest of us. Given that she’d been part of the run across Devon last week you’d think she’d want a rest.

NappyRash noticed and brought attention to the fact that ShutupWally’s sign for a Check (arms raised above his head in a circular fashion) seemed more likely to be an indication that a pizza parlour may be nearby and this was taken up by a number of wags. At the second Regroup we almost lost ShutupWally when he ran down a hill and under a road bridge and people were high-fiving and giving out quiet whoops. But, of course, our conscientious Hare just **had** to call him back, didn’t he. Pity really.

By this time Foghorn’s vocalised thought that, “I’m totally lost.” Was echoed by many. We’d been twisted and turned around in the forest by master (and mistress) Trail layers. Even BlindPew confessed himself cartographically challenged at one point. However, his moment of chagrin was more than made up for when almost the entire Pack burst out of the forest on to an open, downhill landscape and hurtled towards where they could just see Bracknell in the distance... only to find a Bar 8 at the bottom. Iceman and Rampant were among the lucky ones who actually reached the Bar.

Stepping out on to tarmac finally, we realised we were coming On Inn via the early part of the Out Trail. That is, most of us did. FlashBangWallop became a bit confused. Especially when Donut sent him down a Trail that she thought was the right way but, in fact, wasn’t The lad turned up a good ten minutes after everyone else. Somewhat weary but now a lot wiser. 😊

A superb Trail by our Hares, enjoyed by all. And the Pack kept together almost all the way. Nice one RandyMandy and BlindPew!

Two Moors Way/Coast to Coast

I am very pleased to report that all the BH³ Hashers, who ran across Devon last week, survived. Though Mr Blobby managed to take a serious amount of flesh off the back of his heel following a nasty blister problem. They have raised a lot of money for their charity, the Anthony Nolan Trust. Here’s the content of C5’s email to everyone, in case you didn’t receive it.

On behalf of the Two Moors Way/Coast to Coast team, I want to thank you all for your really generous support to us for our trek across Devon. We’ve completed it now and we’ve raised over £2500 so far, which is beyond our wildest dreams.

You may be assured that our hard-earned cash was hard-earned by us. It was a really hard challenge and it tested all of us logistically, mentally and, of course, physically. Personally, I’ve never been so



tired in all my life and I think everyone felt the same - except Zebedee, obviously, who was bouncing along just the same at the end as he was at the start. The terrain was very difficult, with steep ascents and descents (which are even worse on the legs, as you know), mud and bogs, bare moorland and, at the top of the moors, driving rain and strong winds. But we survived and lived to tell the tale at the end and to celebrate in Lynmouth last Sunday night.

We wouldn't have done it without the support team of Mrs Blobby, C4 and, especially, Bomber. Bomber drove the support minibus and did a fantastic job of being in exactly the right place at exactly the right time every lunchtime and evening to provide us with solace and

comfort. He's off to do a full Iron Man in Italy next weekend, so if he does as well there as he did for us in Devon, he'll win it at a canter.

It's not too late to donate! The Just Giving page is still going or you can give cash to Flo at the hash. It's nice to know that our efforts were worthwhile and it's even nicer to know that the hash is still its old generous self. Here is the link to the Just Giving page <https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/veronica-benson1>. There's a good picture of us all one lunchtime on the page, so have a look at it.

On On C5

On On. **Hashgate.**

Thought for the Day

After the Down Downs, NoWaiting told us about a rock concert he is helping to organise that will be in Palmer Park in Reading on 4th November. This event will raise money to help a very poorly little chap: Reuben Virdee, who is only 3 years old and has an aggressive form of cancer. So far, £207,789 has been donated via <https://www.gofundme.com/xtkdkh4y-reubens-fight> of the £250,000 needed for treatment only available overseas.

NoWaiting has promised to send me more details about the concert so they will be published when received.

Down Downs

RA Foghorn presented the below.

Who Got It

Why

BlindPew,
RandyMandy, Sharon

Today's Hares. Sharon (for I believe it was she) looked after the walkers.

Lungs

She, ChocChuck and Skinny did a Triathlon for which they received no medals. So Lungs made some magnificent ones for them.

Desperate

Awarded the Pecorina apron this week.

SkinnyDipper

Yet more dubious driving 'skills'.

Caboose

Exposed himself on the Trail. Dirty boy.

NoWaiting

New shoes. Silly boy. The lad dun well, drinking out of one of them.

Nicole

Renamed by Shitfor, with floury assistance by Desperate. Now NotInMyCar since she wanted a name but didn't want the mess in her car. Today, she came with... Desperate and Shitfor 😊

WaveRider

Awful child neglect. Allowing NappyRash to put Katie in her backpack.

Donut

One of today's HashCrashers. She kindly nominated Hashgate – it took a while.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2080	01Oct17	SU823583	Late Summer Beach Party Hawley Sailing Club Gibraltar Barracks, Minley Road GU17 9LP Park opposite club entrance Bacon rolls, hot dogs and burgers available after run	ShutupWally Honeymonster Robot
2081	08Oct16	SU79661	The Frog and Wicket, The Green, Eversley Cross RG27 0NS	Itsyor Fiddler