

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2085

Venue: The  
Turners Arms

Hares: Mr B & C5

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

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## Hashers

There were 59 hashers present. That's too many to write here and I can't remember everyone anyway, but if you were there, give yourself a pat on the back.

## The Hash

Firstly, I will own up and admit that the author of this vignette was one of the hares, so if you detect a hint of bias, you know why.

It was a lovely day, people couldn't resist the lure of Laughing Dave, mine host in the Turners Arms and, of course, the trail was laid by two magnificent hares. All of those things were no doubt Factors in attracting such a large number of hashers to Mortimer for the event. Excitement and anticipation were high as everyone gathered round and the GM and the hares (in one case, they were one and the same, of course) uttered words of wisdom. Unfortunately, such was the fever pitch of restlessness to get out there and experience the trail that no-one paid a blind bit of attention. No change there, then!

The runners' trail started with a loop round the nearby roads and back to the playing field next to the pub. This caused Motox to complain immediately that there was too much tarmac and to ask why we were on the roads when there were all those woods beckoning. He failed to think through that the remaining 5 miles or so might just be in the woods and across fields. Bless him. The idea was that the walkers would get ahead and then see the runners as they came through. However, Mrs Blobby complained that the walkers saw no-one. I replied that that was their fault for walking too fast; they got to the walk/run split before the runners had caught them up!

Soon after the split the fiendish hares took the runners off the main path and through the bundu (Noun: The wilds). They soon had to cross a stream with a few very slippery logs thrown across it to act as a bridge. It was all going very well until Wave Rider fell off and gashed her leg. There was blood everywhere and it was only my SAS training that enabled me to sew her leg back together again so that she could complete the trail. However, it caused the more pusillanimous runners to bypass the bridge and head back to the main path and go the long way round. They don't make hashers like they used to!

However, we got through that little drama and headed off through woods, across fields and eventually to a large lake where there was a hash view, which the aesthetes amongst the pack thoroughly appreciated. That was two people – the rest were completely indifferent to it! After enjoying, or not, the wonderful sight, the path went up the side of the lake through head-high (and higher) ferns, which were a challenge and acted as a punishment for those who hadn't enjoyed the hash view.

The rest of the hash was particularly enjoyable for most of the runners, mainly because Wally had pulled a muscle and regrettably could no longer run with the pack. I even heard one or two people celebrate the fact that he might have got lost. Mr B went back to find him, for which he got roundly abused. He didn't find him but I'm glad to say that Wally finally limped his way back to the pub to join the rest of us.

The aftermath in the pub was very enjoyable, especially, of course, after Wally arrived back. We filled the place, so there was a lively atmosphere; war wounds were shown, tales exchanged and a good time was had by all.

On On. **C5**.

## 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.

## Down Downs

Who Got It	Why
Spot	1000 runs. He made and brought his own badge!
Foghorn	800 runs
Swallow	300 runs
Wave Rider	Falling off the bridge and cutting her leg
Dumber	Just falling over
Mr Blobby	Going back to try to find Wally
Zebedee	The only one who remembered to come in fancy dress. So he won the 1 <sup>st</sup> prize and the booby prize.
Sarah and Cameron	Virgins
The Hares - MrBlobby and C5	For laying such a wonderful trail

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2086	12 <sup>th</sup> Nov	781748	Lands End Inn, Charvill, RG10 0UE	Slowsucker & son Toyboy
2087	19 <sup>th</sup> Nov	825794	The Royal Oak, Knowl Hill Common, RG10 8YE	Skinny & daughter Susie