

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2090 10Dec17
Venue: Burghfield Village Hall
Hares: MessengerBoy, CouchPotato

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Santa, Elves and Fairies



Uplift WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Iceman Motox Tina Lotus Falsetart Shifty Snowy Slippery PissQuick Glittertits AWOL Florence Zebedee Dorothy Dunny Rampant Posh Bomber OldDog Dumper NoSole Slapper Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C4 C5 Lilo TinOpener Tequilova Horny Mr Horny ChocChuck NoStyle HappyFeet DoorMatt RandyMandy BlindPew LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie SkinnyDipper BlowJob Foghorn Lonely Cloggs NonStick Spot Dumb Dumber NoWaiting BigandBouncy Dipstick

The Christmas Party Hash

Messenger Boy's son, Sam, had been due to help his old Dad with the Trail today but, due to general indolence and ennui, had decided he couldn't make it. I stepped CouchPotato, overcoming his natural reticence to anything involving physical activity and easing his corpulent frame wearily off his splay-legged sofa to waddle round the course with a heavy bag of flour. Actually, I have to admire them both for their fortitude on this extremely cold, wet day. Overnight a fair dusting of snow had swept across the land, carpeting the fields in glittery white and highlighting one side of the trees. A bit of a challenge, you may think, for Hares laying a Trail in white flour. Even more of a challenge was the heavy rain that followed the snow, threatening to wash out the semi-visible flour blobs. It did a pretty good job even though the Hares had laid most of it on tree trunks. Messenger Boy later confided that he was considering 'adopting' Couch Potato. Hmm...

The Gather Round was not a pleasant experience. Cold rain and a chilling breeze contributing to group hypothermia. We stood and shivered, hoping desperately that we weren't going to have to run too far and that the blasted thing would be over so we could get warm and scoff the Christmas lunch. We On Outed, stiff of leg, towards the first field. At the gate was a large puddle and I was so grateful for



LittleStiffy as she swooshed freezing water over my legs and feet with her welly (as a walker, she had completely insulated and waterproofed herself – what a great idea). I thanked her with all the sardonic ruefulness I could muster as my toes became rigid with cold. Actually, this early soaking wouldn't have made any difference. The lengthy grass through which we ran was festooned with wet snow that slid into our shoes and threatened to initiate the chilblains our mothers had always warned against. A number of people were wearing hoods on their rain jackets. Florence for one, who was finding the effect of sound-funnelling, running like a horse in blinkers (surely a svelte mare as opposed to an old nag?) and the general isolating effect not

particularly helpful in the crossing-the-road and running on highly uneven ground fronts. Lotus (for I believe that is Debbie's Hash name) had on a transparent eye-shade to protect her peepers from the driving rain. A sensible precaution but it did make her look like a croupier hurrying to an important game of poker.

Many of our members were wearing a variety of Christmas-themed outfits, including Mr Blobby, who was wearing a bright red Santa coat festooned with twinkling lights... from which dangled a pair of battery holders that bumped against his legs as he ran. HappyFeet skittered past me in pinkish shorts and top and a pink cowboy hat. "I'm a bauble!" She informed me. Couldn't argue with that. At least DoorMatt wasn't wearing the same kit as his wife.

Iceman had decided that today would be cabaret day and delighted us with his first attempt at a pratfall. Topping the side of a ditch, he lowered a heel on to the slippery side of it. To much guffawing and his surprise, he suddenly found himself three feet lower as he slid perpendicularly down the shiggy.

However, he delighted us even more later on when we were sloshing rapidly down a slope covered in thick, oily mud. Suddenly sliding sideways in a whirl of arms and legs, he crashed backwards into a bush; still, amazingly, on his feet and not a hint of a Gaelic swear-word. Though a very surprised look on his face. Probably because he **was** still upright. Very good of him to do both slides right in front of me 😊



After what to everyone seemed a very long time, we came to a slightly open country area with two small hillocks surrounded by large, protecting, supine tree trunks. We were at Holdens Firs, an ancient Bronze Age 'round barrow' burial site. For more details, check out [here](#). While discussing the information board with RandyMandy and ChocChuck and likening the barrow shapes to large Christmas puddings, Mandy advised us, totally voluntarily, that she felt like (she was) a 'giant Christmas pudding'. Kind of difficult to know what to say at this point. With a slightly raised eyebrow and a winning smile I casually backed away from this dangerous situation.

From here we were but a cold snowfall slog away from the Village Hall, where we requisitioned the Hall vestibule as a gender-neutral (the Hash is highly inclusive) changing room. One of the ladies organising our lunch entered the door with a tray of hot food. On seeing me she simpered, "I like your hair." Little realising that it wasn't snow on the roof but natural titanium. 😊

The BH3 Christmas Lunch

Burghfield Hall is a superb venue for a Christmas bash. The tables were mainly arranged in eights, which worked very well in terms of people being able to talk to each other and wandering about to talk to others.

Our revered GM, Mr Blobby, thanked MessengerBoy, Uplift and Slapper in particular for helping to organise the day's extravaganza and awarded our three Dinner Ladies with Down Downs for preparing a fabulous feast. Also, Foghorn for being, well, Foghorn.

A teasing double quiz had been arranged for us to ponder over during our repast. The first was a sheet of paper on which was printed a Surrealist selection of Hashers' photographs, all curiously misshapen and almost impossible to figure out who was who. The second was a recording (mixed by Turntable Twanky) of a number of drum intros to popular songs. We had to guess the songs and the artists. Not an easy job. I'm pleased and surprised that our table, inaptly named 'The Young Ones'!, actually won the quizzes, for which we were awarded a succulent box of chocolates, as were the second and third and all the other tables in the room.

Our picture shows members of the 'Young Ones' table (minus Donut, who is behind the camera) idling and lounging after the warming, nutritious and tasty potato and leek soup.



The roast turkey dinner was nicely put together and served with style and a smile by our Dinner Ladies. Certainly plenty of it and we did our level best to demolish the huge mound of turkey, potatoes, piggies in blankets and broccoli that sat on the serving counters. There was enough for seconds and the excellent puddings, donated by our members, finished us off. Corpulent dozing, lip-smacking and gentle eructations ensued.

But what of Father Christmas, I hear you cry. Our original volunteer, Ms Whiplash, had become snowed in (along with her reindeer) at Didcot so SkinnyDipper took up the reins, as it were, with an outfit provided kindly by a local Burghfield group who replied to a Facebook call for help by Slapper. Santa duly handed out presents to all us children, who were delighted to receive, amongst others, a mini-blow-up plastic doll (Iceman), a tiny drum kit (Couch Potato), an outsize gentleman's Christmas-themed thong (Falsetart) and a packet of black plasters with logos on (me)!

Even the sight of Dipstick wearing an off-the-shoulder Christmas dress failed to dampen our fun.

Thanks to everyone who helped with the washing up, putting away tables and chairs and floor cleaning.

Looking forward to next year. Ho, Ho, Ho!"



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.

Something a little different...

Red is a colour that we know so well
Evening in winter's when we race pell-mell
Into the heavens you may see us fly
No time for resting as time rushes by
Down to the rooftops we stop on the snow
Eager to deliver, eager to go
Each little child must be visited thus
Real or imagined, we bring them Christmas

What are we? See the end of this Gobsheet for the answer.

Down Downs

Foghorn presented manfully the following to a background of chattering. Despite my machine recording these details at a sound level of about 2 decibels I managed to **just** hear them.

Who Got It

Why

NoWaiting, NoStyle,
NoSole

They have 'no' similarity. One of Foghorn's little jokes.

MessengerBoy,
CouchPotato

Today's intrepid Arctic Hares.

RandyMandy, Blowjob
NappyRash, AWOL

One saved the other from a certain tumble and splay in the shiggy.
Sadly, racing at the end of the Trail and celebrating their 'win'.

TinOpener, Iceman

Unsure on these but Iceman certainly earned a Down for his remarkable sliding adventures.

NoWaiting, NoStyle

Their birthdays. Happy ones to them!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2092	17Dec17	SU732676	The Bell and Bottle, School Green, Shinfield RG2 9EE The Hare's millstone birthday trail!	Iceman
2093	24Dec17	SU503679	Henwick Sports Ground Car Park Thatcham RG18 3BN On2 Awol's garden studio for Xmas fun - BYO drinks	AWOL Motox