

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2098 04Feb18

Venue: The Golden Cross  
Twyford

Hares: Desperate, Shitfor

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

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## Pizza Dudes

Posh Bomber Donut Hashgate Cheryl Naomi NoSole Slapper Motox HappyFeet DoorMatt Dan Sarah FalseTart Shifty WaveRider NappyRash Foghorn Dunny Rampant NotInMyCar with two dachshunds Dumb Dumber RandyMandy BlindPew Spot Iceman BlowJob Twanky OldFart Fiddler Itsyor Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Uplift TC Whinge Cerberus BillyBullshit Cloggs NonStick TinOpener Florence Zebedee Lungs PissQuick Andy Martin Caboose MessengerBoy Dipstick

## Cold Calling

**Urgent!** - Due to an injury sustained by Slapper we desperately need a Hare for the 18<sup>th</sup> February. Anyone who can step in and save this Sunday being the first in BH<sup>3</sup>'s history with no Hash should please contact Hare Razor Zebedee at [philwhatley@aol.com](mailto:philwhatley@aol.com).

Next to the front of this excellent pub are two parking spaces. Slapper drove resolutely into one of them, bearing his passengers NoSole and Motox. Both of whom probably wished they'd got the bus as he attempted to crush the basket of flowers that hung from the windowsill with his radiator grille. It was a fine attempt and I was surprised, when he somewhat sheepishly reversed, that the winter pansies and yet-to-emerge crocuses were not adorning the bonnet of his car. Amazingly, the plastic container sprang back into shape and everyone, particularly his passengers, phew'd a sigh of relief.

Of course, knowing that there would be free pizza later, a whole bunch of people turned up. If food's for the having, let alone the England vs Italy rugby on TV, they come.



Like penguins in the Antarctic, BH3 Hashers huddled together during the Circle to try and keep warm. Though it was a bright, fresh day with sunshine, a keen breeze insinuated itself around every unprotected piece of skin. Which is why I rather regretted wearing shorts. No, I wasn't going commando. It just felt like it.

Mr Blobby, our revered GM, got things underway and welcomed several, including Dan and Sarah who had come all the way from Dundee. One of them has a very impressive ZZ Top beard (I'll leave it to you to guess which). Caboose, who lives but

### Mr Blobby's at top right

three minutes away down the road arrived just after 11 o'clock. Followed closely by Zeb and Flo, trying to mow down the penguins and setting in ice their reputation for being late whenever possible. With a feeling of relief at the possibility of getting warm through running, we On Outed, stiff-legged, down the road past Caboose's house (where our Hare had thoughtfully laid a Beer Stop on his front path) and the railway station. Most people turned right, heading for the urban jungle that is Twyford. Then all these people came back, since they'd gone completely the wrong way. Of course, it was the well known (but obviously ignored) tunnel under the railway.

This set the 'getting it wrong' precedent for the first half of the Trail, which was mainly tarmac, and indeed the second half of the Trail, which was mainly thick, slippery shiggy. Our Hares catered for both running tastes today. There was plenty of each.

Incidentally, for those who were confused last week at Mortimer by the end of Trail sign: 'On Ind', Zebedee explained that it meant 'On to Indian', since we were approaching The Cinnamon Tree Indian restaurant. One has to wonder how the hell one was supposed to figure that one out!

Lungs was almost an early Hash Splasher by sliding sideways and forwards at an alarming angle as we hit the first of the shiggy tracks. Old Fart was the best that I saw. WaveRider and I were following him at a distance when we suddenly looked up and saw him rolling on his back with his legs in the air. Highly amusing. Particularly to WaveRider, who had earlier been suckered into running through the middle of a deep patch of mud by RandyMandy and had, literally, ended up, blue tracksuited bum in the air and gloves in the shiggy while naughty Mandy snickered in the background in that inimitable way she has.

We slopped across the field that contained the semi-white, hairy group of Shetland ponies. It seemed



as though our appearance was the most exciting thing to have happened to them for quite a while. They raced off in one direction, then another. A snort and a stamp here. A double-back kick there. They were lovely little chaps and Dunny approached one with her hand out. Surprisingly, the little fellow stood his ground. Then sniffed the proffered hand in a suspicious manner, looked up at Dunny through a thick fringe, then started suddenly as though someone had let off a firecracker behind him and whirled off to the safety of the group. It wasn't as if she'd been rude or anything...

There was a **very** lengthy loop from Ruscombe. Which was a bit of a shame because a) this wasn't very far from Twyford, and b) there was a flipping cold wind a'blowin. Sideways. Now in Summer this would be a very pleasant run but today it was a hard slog. Almost harder than expected when WaveRider tried to get us to go around the wrong side of a railway bridge, which would have taken us miles out of our way. Fortunately, Foghorn noticed the large flour arrow we had previously missed.

Finally trotting back down into Twyford with Lungs as my pleasant companion was quite a relief. And we were looking forward to the drinks, pizza and, above all, warmth. When these finally arrived we were very happy. 😊

Our thanks to the Hares for laying the Trail on that miserable Saturday and checking it on a bike (well done Shitfor) in the cold of the Sunday morning. And thanks very much for the pizza – delicious and warming!

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.

Did you see the super blue blood moon on January 31<sup>st</sup>? The term is a tad confusing since it combines a number of lunar descriptions into a single term. A super moon is one where the moon is at its closest to the earth during its orbit. Blue because it is the second of two full moons in a single calendar month. Blood because there was a 'totality' or total lunar eclipse and, where visible, the moon took on a reddish tinge. A pity we weren't in that part of the world spanned by North East Europe/Africa, North America and North/West South America where it could be seen.

However, you should be able to see the next two eclipses, which are on 27-28<sup>th</sup> July and 20-21 January next year.

Of course, if you had been in the right place today you would have been able to view the spectacular Super Blue Moon visible when WaveRider pitched forward into the shiggy...

## Down Downs

Foghorn bowed to the inevitable (due to the freezing weather outside) and held the awards indoors in the useful backroom area.

### Who Got It

### Why

TC	Advertising the fact that she was wearing a new hat by leaving the price tag dangling from it.
BlindPew	(Understandably) locking RandyMandy in his car.
OldFart, WaveRider	Today's Hash Crashers.
Dan, Sarah	Today's Virgins. Excellent toping by both. The beard didn't slow it down.
RandyMandy, Florence	Their birthdays – held over from last week.
Desperate, Shitfor	Today's excellent Hares. Rather a lot of cheating by Desperate. 😊

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2100	18Feb18		TBA	
2101	25Feb18		TBA	Dunny and Rampant