

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2102 04Mar18
Venue: The Black Lion, Woodcote
Hares: Spot, RandyMandy

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



A Pride of Hashers

Foghorn Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Slapper Motox OldFart Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee MessengerBoy Tinopener Lilo and dog Minx BlindPew LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie Iceman Dumb Dumber and dog Pickle Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Swallow Slowsucker HappyFeet DoorMatt Pyro and dog Whisper Falsetart

Bangers and Hash

The last time Donut and I ran from The Black Lion everyone got lost... at the On Inn! So it seemed only appropriate that the two of us (note that I carefully include my lovely wife in this, since we share everything 😊) managed to take a wrong turning on the way to the pub and drove round a rather unnecessary but scenically enjoyable route. At least almost all of the snow from the storms and blizzards of last week had disappeared and the balmy 6 degrees temperature seemed almost spring-like after the -4 and more we had been experiencing.

We had parked next to Dunny and Rampant and Donut had bent over to tie up an errant shoelace. I pretended to prepare to give her a mighty slap on the backside, which elicited grins from both of them and an assertion from Rampant that, "That's a nice bit of prime rump!" Donut quite rightly gave us both 'The Look' and my (feeble) attempt at an excuse, "At least he didn't say scrag end." Was met with a perfect arched eyebrow above a cold fish eye that left us both squirming pathetically.

Since our Hares were nowhere to be seen and Mr Blobby was sunning himself elsewhere today, Slapper took the GM reins and steered us towards BlindPew, who spoke on behalf of the Hares. Today was to be one of those rare 'Live Trails'. They had set off at 10 o'clock, hopefully weren't completely lost, and we were to try and catch them up... despite there being two Regroups. Hmm. Wasn't going to happen then. We On Outed down the road and WaveRider informed me that her legs were 'killing her' since she had run 10 miles the day before. Only a short while later I caught up with her husband NappyRash who, when I mentioned my conversation, corrected the distance, with a wry smile, to 9.71 miles. Apparently, they had reached their house after the run and he gave WaveRider the option to trot up and down the road to complete the 10 mile distance. She gave him the aforementioned eyebrow and fish eye before hobbling in to their house and putting the kettle on and her feet up. Very wise lady our WaveRider.

We trotted in to the grounds of St. Philip House. Otherwise known as The Oratory School. Perfectly groomed playing fields swept down from the imposing original buildings and, as we rounded a corner, we were met with the sight of a WWII anti-aircraft gun, spruce and painted and, according to Slapper, ready to repel boarders. Curious idea, since the school exists on the fees from these type of boys.

Of course, we had to cross the busy Woodcote Road, which we approached down (and then up the other side) the most psychedelic steps I've encountered. They were very steep, offset against the one above and about two feet in depth. Bloody awkward, I believe is the term. However, having negotiated them and crossed a frost-stiff field we lost the Trail. We wandered up, then down the road towards The Highwayman pub.

I turned to see what appeared to be a small, hairy grey horse regarding me rather like a glutton about to tuck into the first hambone of the day. As soon as it 'woofed' I realised it was a massive Irish Wolfhound. Fortunately, a) it was the other side of a metal gate, and b) it's owner called it over and it skulked away, looking back over its shoulder with a "Next time, matey" grin on its face.

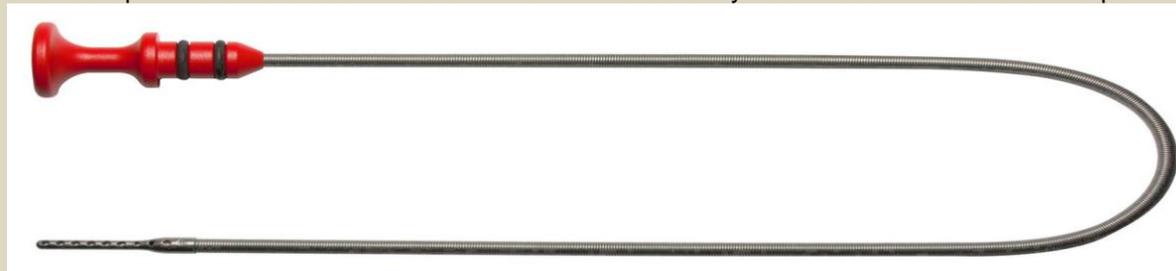


After we finally found the Trail, which led up a rather steep hill to what was left of a snow drift, we enjoyed the sight of Slapper getting himself stuck on the wrong side of a barbed wire fence as we trotted breathlessly past him.

Fortunately, it wasn't long until the first of the Regroups, held by a signpost in the middle of a small grassy triangle that was painted with locations (Reading, Henley etc) but no mileage on it. And there, across a wide field stood a ruined barn with a dirty great big skeleton squatting next to it. It was one of the most bizarre things I've ever seen (apart from Old Fart's multi-coloured leggings). We carried on, hopefully, with Motox's "It should be this way." ringing in our ears. Rather surprisingly, it was! Well done Motox.

There were some lengthy tracks where the clumpy shiggy hadn't defrosted yet and I ran down one of them with Florence, who was running remarkably well for someone who had run the Blenheim ½ Marathon yesterday, along with Zebedee and Posh (Bomber having injured his calf – he was on his bike today). Finally, we crossed back over the A4074 and wandered, entirely legally, through someone's garden and drive. Something else that was a bit bizarre.

The second of the Regroups appeared, though nobody stayed very long at it. Possibly because Dipstick showed up. Where he'd been we didn't know – we certainly hadn't seen him before this point. We



hurtled semi-happily down a long, long track. Semi-happily because we knew we'd have to go back uphill somewhere. So it was. The Trail was a hairpin that went straight back up the steep hill. Some of the crafty short-cutters were FalseTart, Dipstick, Posh, Pyro, Whisper... and a great big bunny that lolloped off into the bushes!

I ended up trotting in with Foghorn and we were treated to the cheering sight of WaveRider, off down the road, getting changed and showing off her pink undercrackers. How we all cheered. 😊

Now you may have wondered why this piece was entitled 'Bangers and Hash'. In the pub later, we were treated to very well received sausages, with buttered rolls and chips. Crikey, they were nice! Thank you! And thanks to our Hares today for doing a great job. A Most enjoyable Trail!

On On. **Hashgate.**

This Week's Hash Blog

The internet has its dark side but there is also a huge amount of amusement to be gained with just a few clicks. I thought I would Google the phrase 'Strangest news stories of the week' and see what appeared. One of the results was the Huffington post at <http://www.huffingtonpost.co.uk/news/weird-news/>. Well worth a look. Headlines as follows were displayed:-

[YouTuber Saved By Firefighters After Cementing His Own Head In Microwave](#)

[Angler Who Almost Choked To Death On Dover Sole Will 'Probably' Kiss More Fish](#)

[Firefighters Spend Three Hours Removing Weight From Gym Goer's 'Sensitive Part'](#)

[5 People On How Their Poo-Related Dating Stories Ended In Disaster](#)

[Man 'Eats Toe After Chopping It Off With Bolt Cutters'](#)

[You Can Now Frame Tattooed Skin From Your Loved Ones After They Die](#)

[Pensioner's Massive Cock Has Become A Local Tourist Attraction](#)

Enjoy! 😊

Down Downs

Foghorn yet again took pity on our perished personas. It had cooled down quite a bit outside so he awarded the Down Downs inside the pub. What a fine chap.

Donut was presented with a cheque by our Treasurer, Zebedee, to take the money collected/donated by BH³ during the Red Dress Run for Berkshire Community Foundation's 'Give a Child a Chance' charity to £500.



Who Got It

Dipstick
Zebedee
NappyRash
Florence

SlowSucker
Spot, RandyMandy

Why

His birthday... or was he hatched?
His birthday too.
Failing to check out properly, leading to confusion on the Hash.
Surprisingly lauded by Foghorn for collecting the Tick every week. She certainly deserves it but we shouldn't make that 'well done' thing a regular event. Could start a worrying back-slapping trend, what?
For having the whitest legs on the Hash.
Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2104	11Mar18	SU766725	The Good Companions, Loddon Bridge Road, Woodley RG5 4AG ***Celebrate Skinny's return from Oz with bush tucker! ***	SkinnyDipper
2105	18Mar18	SU543686	The Cottage Inn, Upper Bucklebury RG7 6QJ Dunny's birthday Chips	Dunny Rampant