

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2112 14May18

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

Venue: The Red Lion  
Peppard Common

Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: Spot, Pyro and dog Whisper

## Lionhearts



NappyRash Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Desperate Shitfer NoSole Slapper Motox Spex LoudonTasteless RandyMandy BlindPew SkinnyDipper OldFart Foghorn Lungs FlashBangWallop Dumb Dumber NoWaiting TinOpener Mel Duncan Swallow SlowSucker Posh Bomber HappyFeet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy Dr Pooh Lonely Florence Zebedee... and later TC Whinge WaveRider (Almost recovered after a weekend of lurghi)

## More of a Run Than a Hash?

It was 29 years ago, on the 14<sup>th</sup> May 1989, that Spot joined BH3. He imparted this captivating information during the Gather Round and embellished it by letting us know that he has been sucked on by 4 ticks during this period, one of which, he said, was the 'Tick on the Dick' that he suffered during one of BH<sup>3</sup>'s Bude sojourns. Let it never be said that BH<sup>3</sup> lacks in the 'fascinating facts' department.

Spot had also turned up in his new pimpmobile this evening, which was precisely what SkinnyDipper did. The two, unbeknown to each other, had been ~~down to the scrapyard~~ to car dealers to swap their ageing motors. SkinnyDipper's jalopy had been circling the "Give yer a fiver fer the bits, missus" plughole for some time. In fact, when she had the last MOT done on it the mechanic said, "Don't even think about bringing it back next year." Let's hope she doesn't try to park this one in a bush like she has in the past with the other... There was actually a fairly well-hidden, shallow ditch behind where we were parking tonight (we had to push a Hasher's car out of it during a past event) and people were generally quite careful about backing up next to it. Dumb, Dumber and NoWaiting **almost** managed to back into it and Slapper was not at all far off. NappyRash, despite knowing exactly where the ditch was, managed (to great applause) to fall into it after the Hash. 😊

Spot told us at the Gather Round that the Trail was about 5½ miles long. Towards the end of it he told me it was 'probably near 6.' NappyRash told me in the pub he had run 7. Make of that what you will,



but it seemed quite a long way. And made up of long, straight bits. Many of which went uphill. Deep joy. The other piece of fantastic news for Donut and me was that a certain amount of the Trail followed bits of the route we have planned for the 'Sticky' Hash on the 28<sup>th</sup> May. So if you get that feeling of *déjà vu* on the day, you can blame it on Spot. 'Stick' it to him, if you like.

Tonight's weather was wonderful. A clear blue sky, a dazzlingly setting sun, a light breeze. We On Outed across the grassy common and Mr Blobby pointed out the smallest, neatest Check we have ever seen. "Must be a Spot Check." He opined with a cheesy grin. A collective groan sighed amongst our ranks and we scurried on.

BlindPew certainly lived up to his name when we reached that beautiful grass and buttercup-filled valley. He hurtled towards the wood across it, slowed, stopped, shrugged his shoulders and turned back, convinced he had seen no flour. The rest of the Pack spread out like streamers issuing from a party popper, finding Falses left, right and centre. It was only when Spot appeared and pointed along the Trail whence the good BlindPew had returned that we realised that he had been on the right Trail after all. He was roundly castigated and lambasted, with a bit of upbraiding thrown in for good measure. We were most impressed when, just as we entered the wood there stood a bloke in striking fluorescent safety clothing, speaking into what appeared to be a walkie-talkie. "Flippin' 'eck!" He exclaimed, as we all streamed past. We just thought it was very impressive of Spot to organise a marshal for us.

It all began to string out a bit after we left the wood. Though this may have been because the more aesthetically inclined among wanted to stop and marvel at the beauty of the countryside we were



**It was rather like this :-)**

running through. Foghorn and I enjoyed an amble across a wide track that cut diagonally across two huge fields of slightly swaying wheat, the effect being like the swell on a soft, green ocean. To our left, the setting sun splashed gently into this sea spraying out incandescent rays across its surface. A long way in front of us well-established trees fringed the horizon. It was a visual caress; beautiful. That is until OldFart suddenly burst into a run behind us, then overtook with the bathetic observation that, "I can feel the trots coming on."

Some of the Pack got even more strung out during:-

- A (very) steep uphill climb along a narrow goat track
- A (rather) long downhill cruise on a pothole-pocked 'road'
- A (fairly) serious uphill cross-field (covered with plenty of bovine 'doings') yomp
- A long, long trot across a baked-hard field of dried mud
- A (reasonably) lengthy tarmac totter to the Regroup (Donut and SkinnyDipper swanned up just after everyone had buggered off)

There followed quite a lot more long, straights. Albeit through this most lovely countryside. So I was somewhat surprised when Spot, who Donut, SkinnyDipper, TinOpener, Foghorn and I met at the edge of a wood, seemed to insist on us turning right along a track when certainly Donut and I knew that the quickest and most enjoyable way back to the pub was across the golf course. This path led to the dingiest, muddiest and fairly depressing track along which I have ever traipsed. You know how SlowSucker has, occasionally in the past, been subject to 'Trail Rage'? Well, I must confess I knew, half way down this shoe-sucking, dreary apology for a path, just how he felt. The moment passed and I must apologise to Spot, who gave up his own time to lay this Trail for us. Fortunately, I recalled the earlier beauty and the metaphorical ragged crow of annoyance fluttered lethargically off my shoulder. At the end of this dim tunnel of over-arching trees lay the pub. Very pleased about that.

Apparently, Since Spot had no car for a while, he had been unable to recce this Trail and had relied solely on a map to lay it. So thank you, Spot, for celebrating your 29 years with BH<sup>3</sup> by providing us with a run about in some splendid countryside. We look forward to your 30<sup>th</sup>!

On On. **Hashgate.**

## BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Blog

Birds don't have it easy in the summer, do they? Oh, I know it's cold and difficult to find food in the winter. But at least they get more kip. Up until mid-June our feathered friends have to stay up until late because it's still light. Then, literally, wake up at the crack of dawn.

No sooner, it seems, has one settled snugly on one's perch with one's mate in a safe hedge, feathers ruffled to keep the warmth in and head sunk onto chest, last song of the long day long forgotten, than the blasted sun comes up again. As the light rises in the comfort of the bush the evolutionary imperative alarm clock goes off, a leg stretches, one, then two eyelids prise open and before you know it your standard birdsong issues forth without so much as a 'by your leave'. Not knowing why, self and mate have suddenly fluttered drowsily into a garden to underscore the old adage (actually not known by our bird friends, believe it or not) that 'the early bird catches the worm.'



Which is why, at around 4:30 in the morning you are sleeping soundly in your comfy bed only to stagger into alarmed consciousness at the cacophony of birdsong. Blackbirds scurry about "Kwik, kwik kwik"ing in alarm. A nearby pheasant utters its guttural clucking. A cloud of sparrows argue noisily in the nearby hedge. Kites wheel majestically above, echoing out their distinctive whistle. Wood pigeons stonk about scratchily on the roof cooing and wailing that half a song that suddenly cuts off as though the creature has been surprised from behind by an avian Ninja with a garotte. If only.

At least we can be consoled with the thought that most of our little bird friends would do us no harm. Just imagine an early Summer morning if they hadn't evolved from dinosaurs like Velociraptors...

## Down Downs

No problem with being outside this balmy evening. RA Foghorn led the awards, as follows.

### Who Got It

### Why

Slapper	Got a water Down for not bringing, wearing and awarding the La Pecarina apron.
Spot, SkinnyDipper	For having new cars. They received water drinks since they're driving.
BlindPew	Living up to his name by not finding the flour early on in the Trail.
Dumber	Extolling the virtues of being short when Foghorn hit his head on a branch.
Donut	Saying the Trail was much shorter than it actually was when everyone was exhausted. Hashgate was nominated as her champion (lucky chap!)
Spot, Pyro	Tonight's Hares, who finished their drinks together.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2114	28May18 * 16:00 *	<a href="#">SU706804</a>	<p>This is the 'Sticky Hash' so please bring or wear something 'sticky'!</p> <p>A staggeringly superb prize will be awarded for the best.</p> <p><b>The Hare &amp; Hounds,</b> Woodlands Rd, Sonning Common RG4 9TE Please park on the road. Pub grub available afterwards</p>	Hashgate Donut
2115	04Jun18	<a href="#">SU692782</a>	<p><b>The Packhorse,</b> Woodcote Road, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG Order food before run as kitchen closes at 9pm.</p>	Dunny Rampant