

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2113 21May18
Venue: The Shire Horse
Littlewick Green, Maidenhead
Hares: SkinnyDipper, RandyMandy

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

Thoroughbreds

OldFart Donut Hashgate Florence Zebedee Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Posh Bomber Twanky Blowjob Desperate Shitfer Swallow SlowSucker NotInMyCar BlindPew Utopia Motox Pyro and dog Whisper Lonely Foghorn FlashBangWallop Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot Horny HappyFeet DoorMatt Dumb Dumber Lungs NoSole Slapper Bogeyman RoamingPussy (both from Brighton H3)

The Hash

The Shire Horse pub used to be next to The Shire Horse Centre. Sadly, there are none of the magnificent creatures there now. The entire Centre has been replaced with bijou residences, no doubt quite expensive and not entirely suitable for stabling rather large horses. The capacious car park was filled with Hash fillies and colts, a few old nags and a couple of carthorses, all eager for the off. Not surprised, since it was a very warm night with a clear sky and a fine sunset. After a brief introduction from our Hares SkinnyDipper and RandyMandy (in keeping with the current theme, they were a couple who had met on the Hash. Not that they're a couple you understand. They're two people who... oh, never mind).

Before we get started on the details, I (and all others I spoke to) must commend our Hares for an excellent Trail this evening. Despite starting by the busy A4 this serpentine route wound through and around forested areas and slipped enjoyably across wide fields stippled with buttercups, daisies and long grass. The going (to return to our horsey theme) was firm and the jumps (fallen trees and gnarly roots) not too onerous.

However, we did have a faller. To continue the equine metaphor this was akin to Nick Skelton on Big Star determinedly approaching the high wall, tangling hooves, smashing wall blocks right, left and centre and unseating Nick face first into a recently left pile of horse poo. Shitfer is a thoughtful and caring fellow



(whatever you might think 😊) and was thinking about his fellow runners as we streamed along a forest track strewn with roots and mini-tree stumps. "Watch out for the stumps." He called, immediately before catching his toe on one. It was like those slow-motion films. Arms outstretched, mouth open and issuing a strangled, "AAAAaaarggghhh!", our well-muscled friend crashed to earth like a felled ox. OldFart and I, running just ahead of him, felt the ground beneath us pleat and watched in awe as several trees shook off their leaves while a number of furry and startled creatures legged it to

safety. Luckily, the only hurt suffered by Shitfer was occasioned by the muffled tittering around him. He got up and carried on but was awarded four faults.

We scampered on, mainly through forest, and were beginning to perspire somewhat, due to the muggy weather, when the first of the two Regroups appeared. Our Hares had drawn this in a heart shape to symbolise the meeting of couples on the Hash. According to Hare RandyMandy, such couples were encouraged to stand in the heart. Zebedee and I, having met at BH3, immediately stepped forward and attempted a manly half-embrace – of course, not too close and accompanied by highly masculine pats on the back. I have to say that, nice as it was, I preferred it when Donut turned up and we enjoyed a cuddle.

The next part of the Trail led us towards the rather grand garden centre that is Stubbings (I can recommend the breakfast) and it was here that Posh was asked, "Did you watch the wedding?" There was a pause before she smilingly replied, "I was just about to ask 'what wedding?'" Nice one.

Just past here we found the largely built, but unfinished, Beech Lodge School. There it was in the pleasant countryside, looking all brand new, though surrounded by chewed-up ground, building vehicles and Heras fencing. Here's a picture of some in case you aren't familiar with the term. The FRBs went planking on past it, through a gate and all the way to (according to Spot) a Bar-7. Great fun. But finding the turn-off from the Trail on the way back wasn't so easy. The Hares had arranged for it to go through a small gap in the Heras fencing and along a grassy public path. However, some kind soul had closed the gap and tied the fencing so we couldn't get through. Being law-abiding types we felt that forcing the gap open again might constitute a hanging offence, so left it where it was and ran all the way back to the gate through which we had entered. It's true, is it not, that the best laid plans of mice and Hares gang aft a-gley?



Our second Regroup was in a dogging car park by the edge of the beautiful meadowland of Pinkneys Green. Certainly not the only dogging car park we have been to recently. Fortunately, we had Whisper, Pyro's lovely canine friend, with us, who sat on top of the sole picnic table and enjoyed a stroke and a pat by just about everyone. And then we were off across the wide expanse of long grass, buttercups, daisies and just about every wild flower you can name (I can only name the two, which I just did). Had it not been for a studied and pre-meditated mis-direction by RandyMandy in the middle of this many of us would not have run pantingly around a huge dogleg (dogs again, you see!) to get back with the Pack. Mind you we were rewarded with the sight, a few hundred yards away, of Desperate disappearing into the trees that edged the area, while Shitfer stood guard. Foghorn let rip with, "We know what you're doing!" Poor lady. You can't get away with anything on the Hash.

At the well-manicured roundabout on the edge of Maidenhead Hare RandyMandy had obviously let go on reality when she called us all 'On Back' for the simple reason that she couldn't quite remember where the Trail went. However, we knew and largely ignored her, throwing back over our shoulders some good-natured and very deserved banter. We sprinted through the road tunnel under the A404 and back into Maidenhead Thicket. Which entirely lived up to its name. Hurling along narrow earth tracks through the dense thicket was quite interesting, what with fallen trees, roots, holes and occasional shiggy. Any minute I was expecting another mini-earthquake as Shitfer again plunged earthwards but the fellow managed to stay on his, not inconsiderable, feet.

After Dumber advised us that there was an 'F' along a narrow path, lined with trees and a fence, that led to the pub we came back to try and find the Trail. What he had omitted to tell us was that the 'F' was written from the opposite direction. i.e. the On Out. So that was the way after all. We eventually figured it out and trotted down the very lengthy track, eventually popping out on to the path by the A4, just down from the pub.

This was a very well-laid Trail by our Hares and most enjoyable. Many thanks to the 'Odd Couple' ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Since this was a balmy evening and Donut and Swallow could keep warm by the heaters in the large umbrellas over the wooden tables, we all stayed outside for the Down Downs. Presided over by our impregnable RA, Foghorn.

Who Got It

Why

Mr Blobby, SlowSucker	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.
RoamingPussy, Bogeyman	Our very welcome visitors from Brighton.
Shitfer	GM abuse and Hash Crashing in front of the RA.
FlashBangWallop	Cycled here from Reading and ran all the way round too!
Slapper	He presented the La Pecarina apron to Spot for mistaking a pile of poo with some efflorescence on top for a flour blob!
SkinnyDipper, RandyMandy	Tonight's excellent Hares.
Lonely	Awarded by SkinnyDipper because he told her all about his various operations, including a circumcision! Our group sang 'Bring Back My Foreskin To Me' while he sank the Down.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2115	04Jun18	SU692782	The Packhorse, Woodcote Road, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG Order food before run as kitchen closes at 9pm	Dunny Rampant
2116	11Jun18	Tba	Tba	Slowucker Swallow