

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2126 20Aug18
Venue: The Sun, Hill Bottom
Whitchurch Hill

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

Hares: Foghorn, SkinnyDipper

Actors and Jesters

SlackBladder and Masie the dog HappyFeet Iceman Donut Hashgate Itsyor OldFart TC Whinge Dunny Rampant NappyRash Spot Motox MessengerBoy Twanky Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Slapper NoSole Dumber BlindPew Lungs NonStick Swallow SlowSucker C5 Bomber Posh Pyro and dog Whisper Justin Andrew David Becca TT2

A largesse universal like the sun, his liberal eye doth give to everyone... (Henry V, Act 4)

Prithee, harken to my meagre tale. Of maids and swains and general men who gather'd i' the car park ere the sun hath darkened into night. The Sun it was whereby we met, by Hill Bottom on Whitchurch Hill. The good landlord and his mistress, persuaded by the bearded Foghorn and gentle lady Hare that good profit might be had by op'ning on their closéd Monday night, scented pennies, hearty trade and a jingling purse and threw wide their portico to the Hash, that motley band of ancient and fledgling who roam old Albion in search of flour.



Now you may wonder why the hell this Gobsheet begins with a quotation and paragraph of cod Shakespeare. We were in for an intellectual treat at the Regroup. C5 was to be quoting Shakespeare next to a small bust of the bard that, for some strange reason, was resting quietly nearby. But more of this later.

As mentioned above the landlord/lady had agreed to open the pub specially for BH³, which was a) very good of them, and b) a testament to SkinnyDipper and Foghorn's powers of negotiation. Since our GM, Mr Blobby, had managed to graunch himself by tripping over a tramline in Edinburgh (fascinating what we all get up to, isn't it?), Slapper took on the role to introduce a couple of newcomers and hand over to the Hares. While standing there I noticed Dunny's knee, which had two of those pieces of coloured tape stuck around the knee cap from thigh to shin. It made her patella look like a wrinkled old scrotum. Not something you usually see at the Circle and I wondered idly if she'd had some kind of unusual skin transplant. Really must ask her.

In no time we were off, gasping our way up the hill and getting lost on the first Check. Surely, we should have guessed the Trail would turn left up that grassy alley? There were a few more alleys and closely wooded tracks before we popped out on to a beautiful vista, a sweet corn field that rolled away from us to join a patchwork of other fields, interspersed with trees. A lovely view; unless you looked right and saw the urban sprawl of Reading. It was around here that TT2 suddenly appeared. Which sudden appearance recurred when Itsyor magically arrived, complaining that he had been held up by his old mum.

A large area of pasture appeared and most of the Pack ran all the way round it, rightly following the Trail. The meadow was full of a cornucopia of wildflowers: Globspot, Popperkettle, Old Maid's Beard, Deliberinum, Tenable Flower to name a few. If you're not familiar with these, ask Pyro, she is the queen of all things botanical. Some of the Hash short-cutted diagonally across the field, including Lungs, Pyro and Whisper, SlackBladder and Masie, Whinge and Donut. Very sensible decision if I may say so.

The Hares were having a whale of a time. Especially when the next paddock had everyone zipping off to the left when the Trail went straight on and through a rather obvious little gate into the wood. I think it was Rampant or BlindPew who had come back from checking it after missing the flour.

There was a short cut that went past three little dogs on the other side of a wire fence who were determined to see off all interlopers and they barked their little heads off. On was an irascible-looking black chap, the next an incoherent brown and white, the last and slightly larger wore 'the collar of shame'. All those who have seen the excellent film 'Up' will know what I am talking about. The dog resembled Dug in the film, albeit a lot less friendly.



Just before the Regroup in the forest a couple of ladies advised me that I had 'frightened our dog' – I hadn't realised they were nearby when I let out a somewhat banshee 'On On' (the sound does seem to carry quite well). I, of course apologised, and they replied that no harm had been done and they hoped I enjoyed the rest of my run. Terribly English and nice to engage in such a well-mannered, polite discussion.

And so, to the Regroup, where C5 stood beside the bust of Shakespeare before his recital. I pointed out that he had a very small head (not C5) for one so intelligent and well-schooled. There was a general agreement that this as indeed rather surprising. C5 delivered, from As You Like It, the eight ages of man speech. You may have picked up on the 'eight' word in the previous sentence since, of course, the actual speech had only seven. C5 managed to add one more, 'The Hasher' which wove into the fabric of the speech rather deftly. The seven ages are: infant, schoolboy, lover, soldier, justice, pantaloon and old age. See [here](#) for the full text. C5's addition comprises: 'Then comes the Hasher, quaffing ale, seeking flour, carousing in taverns and all the while growing slower and older.' I'm sure that, if Will had heard this, he would have added it in. 😊

The Hares asked us then to walk on, through an environmentally friendly allotment area where we met with a group of jovial environmentalists who offered us spades and forks to help them in their work – we politely declined, citing drinking-oriented reasons. There was even a compost toilet on the site, though we didn't stay to investigate but trotted on out of the gate at the far end and back on to the Trail and off for a long run through never-ending forest. As Twanky said, 'I haven't a clue where we are.' Which was partly why HappyFeet was slightly worried. She told me that she had been running with NoSole behind her and had stopped to ask her if she was ok. As she turned round she realised she had ben talking to a nearby stick and NoSole was nowhere to be seen. It turned out later that she was perfectly all right.

So it was that Twanky, HappyFeet and I got separated from the rest of the Pack and found ourselves to blobs and nothing more from a Check by a gravel dump. The only thing for it was to come back and, luckily, we chanced upon a Foghorn, wand'ring idly in the woods and who pointed us in the direction of the On Inn juyst as th moon rose and things began to get a bit dusky.

Very nice Trail Hares, and very well marked. Well, up to the point where someone had rubbed out the Trail that is. Many thanks.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Talking of the sun, Donut and I have been getting it this week ('oooh missus!'), The Sun newspaper that is. I hadn't read one for some time (sorry if that sounds patronising 😊) and the sheer number of headline puns is a thing at which to marvel. The contrast between Mr Shakespeare's erudite subjects and polished prose and The Sun's slightly more down-to-earth subjects and jokey text is much thee same as that between black and white. Our Prime Minister is 'Tezza', there are a number of pictures of scantily-clad women and men, snippets of suicide-inducing gossip, so-called 'heart-warming' reports that have you scurrying for a large bucket. I could maunder on. However, according to The Sun's website the paper is 'officially' Britain's number one newspaper, read by 33.3 million people. That means that it is either a very good newspaper or the term 'dumbed down' has a much broader context than we thought. I guess the sports section is quite good (apart from the puns) and there is some quite serious journalism if you're prepared to glean through the chaff to find that ear of wheat. However, roll on next week...

In case you'd like a peek at a Sun story about sex-crazed spiders see [here](#). Enjoy!

Down Downs

Since RA Foghorn was Hare tonight, Motox officiated.

Who Got It

Why

Ms Whiplash

Bullied Motox in the car park at the start.

Pyro

Mixing up Whitchurch Hill with Witheridge Hill, Whisper tried to eat a cat and a third (forgotten by Motox) sin.

Motox

Awarded by Foghorn for failing to listen to instructions at the Regroup and shooting off on the Long Trail. Ms Whiplash downed her drink before Motox who declared that he is more than happy to be beaten by her...

Andy, David

Tonight's virgins... drinking only water!

Iceman

A spectacular Hash Crash.

SkinnyDipper, Foghorn

Tonight's excellent Hares. It was a tie!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2128	02Sep18 * 11:00 *	SU596707	AGM Bradfield Southend Village Hall RG7 6EY Bring drinks and a Glass	Shifty FalseTart
2129	09Sep18 * 11:00 *	SU790759	The Golden Cross, Waltham Road, Twyford RG10 9EG	Shitfor Desperate NotInMyCar