

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2129 09Sep18  
Venue: The Golden Cross  
Waltham Road, Twyford  
Hares: Desperate, NotInMyCar,  
TC, Shitfer

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Natur(al)ists

Whinge Donut Hashgate Sue Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 MessengerBoy Spot Twanky BlowJob OldFart Dunny Rampant Motox Iceman Cerberus BillyBullshit RandyMandy BlindPew Foghorn Swallow SlowSucker SkinnyDipper Snowy Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx WaveRider NappyRash Posh Bomber Dumb Tom Caroline and little son Morgan Dee Aysha (hope I spelt that right) FlashBangWallop BGB NonStick Andy Topplova

## The Twyford Nature Reserve Trail

First a mention for those Hashing on the day despite their injuries. BlowJob seems to have broken her arm... again; the previous time was when she slipped on icy steps right in front of me some years ago. And Mr Blobby fell over while running around Basildon Park recently. This not long after he fell over a tramline in Edinburgh and sustained similar injuries. He showed me the Scottish scars on one side of himself and the English ones on the other. His forearm was partly obscured by a rather gangrenous-looking, pustule-covering bandage. Either that, or some kind of semi-rotting alien life form was growing there. He advised me with a wry smile that he was really looking forward to peeling the thing off later. Let's hope both of them return to normal quickly and don't fall over again.

We gathered in the miniscule car park and basked in the Autumnal sunshine, chatting with virgins Sue, Dee and Aysha. Nice to see them joining BH<sup>3</sup> for a trot round Twyford. They were as surprised as the



**Not a dog, but showing the same rapture as Minx did.**

rest of us to see Whinge indulging in some light-hearted dogging. This involved Minx (Lilo's mad little black and white dog) desperately jumping up at him to show her undying affection before laying on her back to enjoy some serious tummy-tickling. Whinge a) loves doggies, and b) couldn't believe that a female would actually show him U. A. before laying on her B. to enjoy some S. T. T.

Following a brief introduction at the Circle by Mr Blobby and an explanatory harangue by Hares Desperate and TC, we were off, many of us like Dunny, Rampant and Wave

Rider going entirely the wrong way uphill towards the railway station (not a good start) before being called back to enjoy a catch-up canter along the tarmac that eventually took us into the nature reserve around the lakes. The Hares had been particularly sneaky in laying a Trail that twisted, writhed and turned back on itself in a series of close loops – Desperate told me they had been frightened that people would accidentally stray across some of the 'pinch-points' and miss out one or more of those lengthy, hairpin loops. Luckily for the Hares and unfortunately for us, nobody did.

I was running along behind Randy Mandy at the back of one of the lakes when a trailing bramble tentacle reached out viciously to catch her cheek and arm. Still running, she automatically slid her body sideways to get it off her, which resulted in the damn thing catching me on the eyebrow and arm. We both stopped, to swear at the bramble and assess each other's damage. I wiped away a drop of blood from her cheek and she leant over to look at my eyebrow. "You've only got a little prick Hashgate." She said. Not quite the medical examination result I'd expected. And not something a gentleman likes to hear from a lady, especially when both are breathing hard and perspiring... (damn funny though 😊)

We staggered onwards along the narrow, earth footpaths between the lakes, coming across an older couple on a walk who watched with surprise a number of people even older than they were who were puffing along the track, before deciding to sit on a handy nearby bench and beam encouragement to

the rest of the geriatric Pack. This was actually quite early on – we had another few lakes to run around before we even got to the Regroup.

As I dived back into a bosky footpath off the Twyford road, with Foghorn and SkinnyDipper just behind, I saw yet another tentacular eye-level bramble, just along the path, that I was determined not to become entangled with. Great! I missed it. But I didn't miss the mahogany-hard tree root that had suddenly sprung out of the ground to catch my right foot as I swung it forward. The world went into slowmo as I tumbled through the air; before crashing on hip and shoulder on the gravel with a water-vole-like squeak. The latter was engendered by my car key, which was sandwiched between path and hip. I now have a small, Jaguar-shaped indentation... that may be viewed only by appointment and for a small fee.



Donut was 'enjoying' the company of virgin, Sue. I say 'enjoying' because, since Sue is pretty fit, she was having to run nearly all the way and hasn't actually done any running for about three weeks. I didn't get to see the other virgins, Dee and Aysha, who were walking, but afterwards in the pub they seemed to have had a good time. Great to see some more new people being entertained by the Hash.

We got as far as the ford at Lands End and lost the Trail. Randy Mandy (who else?!) waded through the calf-deep water to the other side and called out that there was flour there. Mr Blobby and I looked at each other. The eyebrows were arched, the lips were pursed, a snort of derision almost escaped each of us. However, a gentlemanly, "Somehow, I don't think so." Escaped us and we tripped lightly back to the earlier Check before following the FRBs who were going in entirely the opposite direction to RandyMandy. She emerged, dripping, like the monster from the bog, from the ford and followed after us. I still got my feet wet when Donut, Sue and I went off-piste and off-Trail through some serious stinging nettles towards a football pitch. I was leading and in front of me loomed a murky stream with the remains of a plank of wood half way across it. Donut and Sue didn't like the look of it at all and wandered back towards the path (where the Trail actually went) while I essayed the plank. I stood on it and the plank sank into the dank. Luckily, I got across and off it just before it went in by more than a foot. Rather cooling to the feet, actually. 😊

There was, as my recording machine replays, 'another bloody great big loop' through a variety of fields and which, C5 informed me, we could have missed out by using a short-cut. Thanks C5. I'm sure the extra mileage did us both good. This loop finally took us back to the Twyford road, where we popped out just about opposite the path where I performed my comedy pratfall earlier. Oh, to think we could have saved all that running! But then that's what Hashing is all about. You might know where you are but you certainly don't know where you're going.

After a last, leg-dragging run through Twyford High Street and up the hill (past the smiling little Morgan on his Dad's shoulders who was saying 'Hello' to everyone) we staggered into the Golden Cross car park where Dunny said her GPS had recorded a Trail of seven miles. Phew! It was nice to finish.

A cleverly laid Trail in two or three squares on the Ordnance Survey map. Just like a Hash ought to be. Thank you to all you Hares.

And thank you also for the much-enjoyed pizza in the pub afterwards. It finished things off perfectly.

On On. **Hashgate.**

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

A less eclectic blog this week since I thought it would be nice to let you all know who is now on the BH<sup>3</sup> Committee. Y'r it be:-

<u>Name</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Comment</u>
SkinnyDipper	Grand Mattress	Just one look will silence the 'wets' at Committee meetings.
Tequilova	Hon. Secs	Well she's a damn sight better looking than the previous incumbent.
C5 and Florence	Subs and Tick	The money leeches return for another bout of blood-sucking.
Zebedee	HashCash	As SkinnyDipper observed, 'a banker as HashCash, what could possibly go wrong?
Mr Blobby	Haberdash and Awards	Our retired GM now turns his considerable artistic talents to designing Hash Swag and rewarding his friends.
Iceman	Webmaster	Nobody does it better and his ideas for a revamped website are awesome!
Hashgate	Scribe	Everything that could be written has been. But that doesn't stop me. ☺
Motox	Religious Advisor	He's done it before – he's doing it again. He does it very well.
Foghorn	DogsBollocks	I believe his title describes him perfectly.
FalseTart	HashMash	Looking forward to succulent comestibles from our new chef.

## Down Downs

New RA Motox led us out in to the pub's delightful garden (that Billy tried to trash by stepping on some of the plants!) to award the following.

### Who Got It

### Why

Mr Blobby

Who had to hand over the GM briefcase to SkinnyDipper because he forgot (clinging desperately on to the reins of power) to take it to the AGM last week. Skinny got a Down too.

Lilo, Hashgate

Today's Hash Crashers. Lilo beat Hashgate with no problems.

BGB, Toplova

Our returnees.

Sue, Dee, Aysha

Today's virgins. Dee quaffed it down like a true Hasher!

Foghorn

For running in and winning an Over-70s race recently. Proves he's still got it... whatever it is.

Twanky

Who enjoys the Hash so much he tried to pay his Tick twice!

SkinnyDipper

Awarded the La Pecarina apron by RandyMandy since she, Skinny, had dobbed RandyMandy in falsely in order that she got it. Erm, if you follow that?

C5

Who collects the Tick money – almost collapsed when Motox told him how much the Down Downs cost.

Desperate, TC,  
NotInMyCar

Today's excellent Hares enjoyed their Down Downs. Desperate and TC had insisted on individual, small bottles of Prosecco. Nice one ladies!

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2131	23Sep18	<a href="#">SU50973</a>	<b>The Fox,</b> Hermitage RG18 9RB	SlackBladder Little Stiffy
2132	30Sep18	<a href="#">SU755704</a>	<b>Seven Red Roses,</b> Maiden Place, Lower Earley, RG6 3HA	RandyMandy NoSole SkinnyDipper