

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2136 28Oct18
Venue: The Butcher's Arms
Tilehurst
Hares: Lungs, Dumber, Dumb

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



TC Whinge Donut Hashgate Cerberus Desperate Shitfor Iceman Twanky BlowJob Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Tequilova Topplova MessengerBoy Dunny Rampant Spot Motox Dumb NoWaiting Meg NoStyle ChocChuck Swallow SlowSucker CouchPotato WattsBrewing (from Friends of The Mole) RandyMandy Florence Zebedee Slapper FlashBangWallop Caboose Cloggs NonStick Horny Anorak TrainSpotter HappyFeet DoorMatt

The Hallowe'en Hash

Squeezing one's car into the pub car park was tighter than a shoehorning yet another dead body into the morgue after an evening of town feasting by the local Tilehurst vampire group (mottos: 'Never Say Die' and – referring to their occasional evening carousings - 'Have Something To Get Your Teeth Into'). Luckily, it was daytime as we gathered by The Butcher's Arms. This well-hidden little pub, deep in the bowels of Tilehurst, was festooned with witches, cobwebs and, in the side window there was something that looked suspiciously like a butcher's arm. I wondered idly where the other one was.



TC and Desperate model Hallowe'en Attire

Curiously, for BH³, there was precious little dressing up today. Slapper wore a large witch's hat and HappyFeet a hirsute wig and Mexican death mask. She got so hot in the wig later that she stopped to whip both it and her top off later, as Twanky and I passed her. "Is that a prostitute?" Asked Twanky, as much flesh came into view. Obviously, Twanky is not well versed on the etiquette followed by, ahem, ladies of the night in Tilehurst. It was a damn cold morning and half way up a middle-class, suburban hill on a Sunday morning is not the best place to attract, er, business... let alone conduct it.

Talking of Twanky, Dunny made the best observation of the day as we heaved ourselves around the Trail. As you know, Twanky has lost a great deal of weight and now inhabits a sylph-like body. Today, he was wearing an orange T-shirt with a pumpkin face on it. Dunny told him he now looks much less like a pumpkin and much more like a squash! Who said the Hash can't be witty? 😊

If you look closely at our picture to the left you'll see that Desperate is sporting a large, black arachnid on her head (somewhat prescient, given the Dr Who storyline later that evening) and TC has three small pumpkins dangling from a variety of bodily locations. Just as they finished posing for this picture, Shitfor came over and suggested that the location of the pumpkins ought to be reversed, with two on the top half and one further down... TC gave him The Look and he shimmered into jelly-like insignificance.

In the interests of factual actuality I must report that Tequilova slithered over to me before we started, in order to correct this pamphlet on an item of inappropriate caprine (look it up..!) description. In Gobsheet 2133 your reporter intimated that goats have their knees on backwards. Not so! Informed Tequilova. What had been so described should have been noted as their ankles. Apparently, they're much further up their legs than ours. This organ offers a grovelling apology and assures all readers that this gross dereliction of journalistic principles will never recur.

After a brief harangue from Desperate (she was standing in for absent GM SkinnyDipper) our Hares swiftly pointed us in the direction of the On Out. We gratefully accepted this opportunity to stretch our cold muscles which had been stiffened by the wind that wound around our legs like an icy cat. Now

CouchPotato has lived in this area for nigh on forty years but had never visited the park in which we found ourselves. The Arthur Newbery Park, named after the gentleman of the same name who donated the land in 1932, is one of Reading's oldest parks and one of the nicest, sitting as it does in the middle of serried rows of suburban houses. The grass rolls over hills and depressions, which are what is left of chalk and clay pits. Our Hares kindly led us all round this hilly park before leading us out of the top end of it, close to where we came in.

We were then in for a spot of tarmac hill running (this was when HappyFeet got her kit off); up and down the roads – mainly up – in order to get us out towards Sulham Woods. A long, straight, featureless field-lined grass track led us out there, with the stiff breeze reddening our faces. This was where we saw the first of the flour arrows that our Hares had warned us about. It seemed that Reading Joggers had been out running along some of the same trails that we were to run along and they had thought up the bright idea of laying large flour arrows to show the way to the runners. Not entirely helpful for our Hares, who advised us to ignore all flour arrows that we saw. They were actually quite difficult to ignore, since they

were all about four feet long. As was mentioned at the time, these people had clearly never been to the BGB School of Trail Laying. However, at the end of the long track was a Regroup and the puffing assembly paused to take in oxygen. There was certainly plenty to be taken in and it was Spot who realised that standing next to the nearby hedge was a good place to get out of the wind. What a great idea, I thought, and moved to join him. "Mind the turd." Advised Spot, sagely. I did mind it. Very much, actually. Especially after I trod on it. However, it seemed to me that I was lucky in three ways. 1) the cold, dry wind had desiccated the giant sausage so I didn't participate in the alternate version of 'Poo Sticks' 2) there weren't two of them so I hadn't found myself between two stools, and 3) the giant canine that had deposited the mighty object was fortunately roaming elsewhere; probably licking a particularly sore and overextended area of itself.



There was a Long and Short Trail from here. The Long Trailers enjoyed a lengthy, straight downhill track to the edge of the forest... then a lengthy, winding return via the hairpin Trail that went through the forest and ended up just down from the Regroup! Sneaky!

On the next Short Cut NoStyle, Horny, Cloggs (suffering with a bad cold), Donut and I decided to take the option while the Pack set off further into the forest. We met them further up the hill. More and more of those blasted big arrows appeared as we traipsed along the woodland Trail. Eventually, after an uphill drag through yet more forest, we found ourselves going **out** of the gate that we had gone **in** during Motox' Trail a couple of weeks back. We breathed a sigh of relief for we knew the pub was not far away. Ah but of course, it's how you get there. Our Hares had left the most twisty bits until last. I particularly liked the tantalising flour blob by the car park of The Royal Oak (where Motox' Trail had been). Meg and NoWaiting were dithering at the foot of the steep tarmac slope that led there when Dumber and I fetched up. They looked perplexed. "There's an alley that goes out the back of the car park." I said helpfully. "Don't tell them that!" Wailed Dumber, his subterfuge blasted to smithereens. Mind you, after this we snaked in and out, up and down the many roads, hills and alleyways that criss-cross Tilehurst, getting colder and more tired with each one.

On the wall and by the gate of a house I found a couple of those little painted stones that people leave for other people to find. These were painted white, with a poppy in the middle and '1918' and '2018' either side of it. Nice little chaps; I left them where I had found them. Just before finally reaching the On Inn with NonStick, looking forward to some warmth in the pub and hot soup that was being provided. Yum!

A fine Trail by our Hares. Thanks for your work on a cold morning and introducing us to a new, friendly pub.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

'Trick or Treat' has become ever-more popular since the Americans took up the Scottish practice of 'guising' or 'disguising' and going to houses to ask for treats.

It has recently been taken up by both the UK Brexit negotiation team and their EU counterparts, each 'guising' their intentions in order to 'trick' their opponents by apparently offering 'treats'. Certain members of the UK team have notified their intention not to play by submitting a 'no-deal Brexit'. Whereupon certain members of the EU team, notably Jean-Claude Juncker, have said 'Boo!!' very loudly. The UK, in turn, has responded by offering to play a game of Chequers where the EU have most of the pieces and the Irish have a backstop position by the board(er).

Meanwhile, the public generally have decided they have had about enough. They have realised they are not in for a 'treat', there are too many 'tricks' and the promised large pumpkin has turned into a squash... a bit like Twanky really. 😊

Down Downs

Since the sun had come out (albeit the cold wind still blew) RA Motox dragged us out into the car park to present the below.

Who Got It

Why

Whinge	Motox forgot that he was a Hare last week! Apart from the Down, he was compensated with a box of liqueur chocolates.
Spot	Almost falling over while 'concentrating' on a lady in front of him. Dirty boy.
Iceman	Frightening the crap out of a forest walker by shouting 'On On' in his Brian Blessed fashion.
Meg	Today's Virgin made a damn fine show of her Down.
WattsBrewing	Today's visitor also got a bunch of ladies lost.
Desperate	For having a hot flush when we got back to the pub.
Slapper	Was awarded the 'La Peccarina' apron by Cerberus for peeing against a tree.
Dumb, Dumber, Lungs	Today's excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2138	11Nov18	SU565587	Remembrance Sunday – 100 years since 1918 Armistice The George and Dragon, Wolverton Townsend, Tadley RG26 5ST	C5 Mr Blobby
2139	18Nov18	SU646813	The Black Lion Woodcote RG8 0QZ	Dunny Rampant