

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2137 04Nov18
Venue: Burghfield and Sulhamstead
Scout HQ
Hares: Slapper, Spot

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Bangers and Damp Squibs



Sue Donut Hashgate Florence Zebedee LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie NoStyle ChocChuck FlashBangWallop Mother Theresa Lemming TC Whinge Desperate Shitfer Anorak TrainSpotter OldDog Dumper Messenger Boy Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Iceman Grommet Stinking Bishop Motox Foghorn (also known as Skeletor) Slips Snowy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash NoSole WaveRider NappyRash Dunny Rampant C4 C5 PissQuick Twanky BlowJob SkinnyDipper Cloggs NonStick CouchPotato TinOpener... and a number of Burghfield Running Club members: Lee, Bob, Clay, Lisa, Zoe, Tony.

Remember, Remember The Fourth Of November

It was either Google Maps... or it was us. We drove off in the opposite direction to the Scout HQ, way down the road until it ran out of houses and we decided to backtrack. As we did, we first met FlashBangWallop, on his bike, heading the way from which we had just returned. He continued on, despite our confirmation that no Scout HQ would be found. Then we stopped opposite ChocChuck and NoStyle's car; they were also heading the wrong way. So it wasn't just us then. Fortunately, we found a friendly chap out dogging (walking one, that is) who pointed us in the right direction and we arrived just before the OnOut. ChocChuck told me later that they had already spent half an hour at Burghfield Village Hall. So much for satnavs and human 'intelligence'. 😊

The Scouts and Cubs building is quite magnificent. A fairly new, single storey, brick built edifice, designed to assist the improvement and learning of young minds and bodies and get the kids out of the way of parents for an hour or two during the week. As one who has been very much involved in the planning and building of a new Scout and Cub hut (ours is wooden) I could understand just how much work has been put into it and how much the children get out of it. Well done to the Committee! If you're interested, more information is [here](#).

Since we had arrived late, we were almost straight off on to the Trail. A short sprint through the nearby woods got us back on to tarmac, which was to be pretty much the pattern early on. Though our sojourns up and down the hills that litter this area were livened by the appearance of a Field Check (an 'F' in a circle, denoting that somewhere in the field would be a blob of flour that would signify the exit. We all fanned out, vaguely worrying the chaps playing their Sunday morning football match until we realised that Slapper had thrown us a wobbler. The Field Check turned out to be a Back Check! As we all filed back out through the narrow gate, I mentioned to Slapper that this was a bit sneaky. "Yes." He replied blandly. "I've had sleepless nights thinking about it." Hmm.

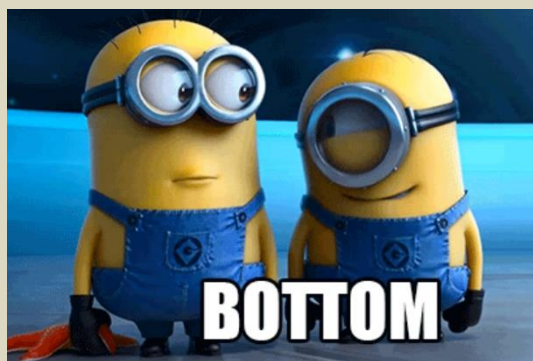
I assume Slapper had similar insomniac issues when thinking about the length of the Trail. His assertion was that it was "just about 6½ miles" was called into question after we had finished since NappyRash had run more than 7 and Rampant reckoned he had done 9!

In the middle of a forest I bumped into Spot, who told me that he and Slapper, while recceing the Trail, had left a cache of flour bags in the middle of it, hidden under a bush. When they returned, while laying the Trail, they found that the whole lot had gone! Presumably, someone is very keen on tidying away apparent rubbish or they figured they had got really lucky in terms of finding free flour to make the Sunday roast Yorkshire puddings.

Just to add to our Hashing pleasure we then enjoyed a Bar-3 in addition to the Field/Back Check. It was all going very well...



We tiptoed our way through Russet Glade, where OldDog and Dumper, Mrs and Mr Blobby reside. Not wanting to alarm their neighbours. Luckily, there was a footpath down an alley and we swished down it calling 'On On' in hushed tones. It turned out to be a bit of a 'Stars of BH³' tour this Trail. At one point



we were not very far away from C4 and C5's house. Then we trotted past the back of Dumper's previous abode while trying to avoid the stinging nettles in the field behind it. Though NappyRash (a well-known nettle-hater) didn't and we mused on renaming him NettleRash. We plunged back into the forest and I was surprised to round a leafy corner whereupon I saw Dunny bending over before saying "Go on then." Before Foghorn and Shitfer gave her a joint spank on each cheek. I have absolutely no idea what that was all about but it was good to know that, in these days of #MeToo they at least asked for and were granted permission.

Presumably a short contract was drawn up and signed before the deed was done. 😊

Somehow, we arrived on Mortimer Carnival Ground, by the children's playground and at one of today's Regroups. Obviously, putting BH³ anywhere near something like this fires up the child in quite a number of us. Rampant leapt gleefully on to a large, round basket, hanging from four, long chains and lay there, swinging in the breeze. It looked like a great idea, especially since most of us were, by now, quite knackered. "You've broken the back of it." Announced Slapper to our group, tacitly acknowledging that 'it' was quite a long way, before sending us off on what we hoped would be the last leg... since most of us were on ours (last legs).

So on back into the forest, where we came across a Dad and his three young sons, one of whom was swinging out over a large hollow in the ground on a rope. We all grinned and laughed at the pleasure the little lad was exhibiting and the Dad called over to Shitfer, "Do you fancy a go?" I replied with a swift, "You'd have to put another couple of ropes on that before he could." Which raised a titter amongst the runners. Shitfer raised even more when he said, "I reckon they'd like to see me swinging with it round my neck!" There's so much humour in fact, isn't there... 😊

A Long and Short(!) split appeared near Dumper's old house and most of use stupidly opted for the long. It was very noticeable that many of the Burghfield Runners were walking parts of the Trail by now – I guess it was the many sticky mud hills that we were having to slog our way up... then down,,, then up again. Much of it was the old Fun(!) Run course which brought back memories of gasping, lung-bursting running and being handicapped by a myopic bloke with no head for figures.

Shitfer and I jogged casually over a flour 'Walkers only' Trail sign. Quite why it was there we hadn't a clue. And nor did anyone else, since everyone duly went straight over it. At the bottom of this huge and hilly field was a narrow earthen path that led past a small, grassy enclosure wherein a single and quite large, sheep stood. It viewed each Hasher with almost oriental detachment, making a sideways chewing movement approximately every twenty seconds. Additionally, approximately every thirty seconds it uttered a volcanic and lengthy belch, seemingly without moving a woolly muscle, that singed one's eyebrows and rattled one's eardrums. It was a *basso profundo* belch; it defined the creature. 'Here I stand.' It said. Ruminant. Distinct. Lone. Territorial. No one pulls the wool over my eyes. I doffed my mental cap at its objective, irascibility and trotted on, feeling where my eyebrows used to be.



Fortunately, it was only another ½ mile or so through the pleasant pine forest of what I believe was Wokefield Common Nature Reserve before we reached the welcome sight of the Scout HQ again. We changed, dragged ourselves into it and sat down with a drink (and in some cases a number of pork pies).

A job well done, Slapper and Spot. Very, well done. Overdone? Surely not. Apart from the exhaustion it was a pleasant run through some very nice areas. Thanks.

On On. **Hashgate.**

The spectacular (with a small 's') Firework Display

Possibly the most spectacular (and certainly amusing) display in the Scout HQ was the sight of Zebedee and Rampant attempting to pull out the legs of a bench so they could sit down. It was a bit like watching a pair of chimps trying to figure out a Macbook... but with less success.

Slapper had talked up the grand firework display and we crowded round the table on which he placed two overturned plates and a small box of conflagratory articles. He placed four small, pink lozenges on the rim at the bottom of each plate and, carefully pulling on his safety glasses, lit a lengthy Swan Vesta before trying to do similar with the lozenges. They fizzed rather anaemically a couple of times then fizzled out... to a huge roar of applause and cheering from the eyes-agog, assembled throng.

The little, screwed-up paper objects that give out a loud 'Snap!' when thrown at something went down very well. I did suggest we threw them at Slapper but there was too much noise going on for people to hear the suggestion.



The crowd thrills to Slapper's firework display

The tiny Roman Candles went off like miniature volcanoes. Quite how they passed the health and safety review I don't know. You could have lit a cigar at ten paces with one of them.

More lozenges appeared and these were slightly more pyrotechnic, removing most of Slapper's nasal hair with a single, explosive flash.

To sum up, the whole show was satisfyingly disappointing and the Scout HQ rafters trembled with the uproarious applause.

Nice one, Slapper 😊

Down Downs

After some time, Motox went into his pre-Down Down routine which consists of wandering about holding a pencil and paper, looking vaguely lost and asking people if they saw any misdemeanours.

Who Got It

Whinge
Foghorn

Why

For pebble-spinning driving when attempting to park on the shingle.
Running and attempting to take a picture of a lady's bottom at the same time. Btw his *alter ego* name of Skeletor is due to him having lost much weight. 😊

SkinnyDipper 'Mis-calling' and leading people astray.
 Mr Blobby Driving to the venue when he lives so nearby.
 StinkingBishop Today's Hash Crasher – right in front of the RA!
 Lemming, Mother Today's welcome returnees. Surely OldDog and Dumper should have got
 Theresa, Grommet one too?!
 Motox Awarded by Mr Blobby because the people who live nearest to the venue
 were actually Dumper and OldDog.
 C4 Lost Property. Leaving her C4-marked glass lying about.
 Slapper RA abuse. Intimating the Motox was short-cutting. And for leaving behind
 the La Pecarina apron he'd been given last week.
 Rampant Today's 'swinger'.
 Tony Motox had a spare beer so he gave it to this friendly Burghfield Runner.
 Slapper, Spot Today's hard-working Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2139	18Nov18	SU646813	The Black Lion Woodcote RG8 0QZ	Dunny Rampant
2140	25Nov18	SU635771	The Greyhound, High Street, Whitchurch-on-Thames RG8 7EL	Zebedee Florence