

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2139 18Nov18

Venue: The Black Lion, Woodcote

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

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

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Big Cats, Little Kittens and a Couple of Dogs



Waverider and grandchild MiniDiver NappyRash Donut Hashgate Iceman SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dog Masie C5 Sue CouchPotato Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Motox BGB Booby and child Cara Dumb Dumber Foghorn SkinnyDipper AWOL TC Whinge Desperate Shitfer Slapper Topploeva Spex LoudonTasteless RandyMandy BlindPew Tequilova Cerberus Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee Aqua JJ Cloggs NonStick Rob Lucy Anorak TrainSpotter

A Grand(children) Day Out

How good it was to see Booby again, after no little time. He had brought along his cute daughter, Cara, who was initially very shy. Not surprising I suppose, with the likes of C5 cooing and smiling in an unintentional, but dentally menacing manner. Luckily, WaveRider and NappyRash had brought along their granddaughter, MiniDiver, and a play in the nearby park while we were on the Trail provided some fun and a chance to make a new friend.

The rest of us ~~children~~ Hashers luxuriated in the warm November sunshine and the crisp morning air. It was a beautiful day and, perhaps because of this (or the knowledge that the pub was providing sausages, chips and rolls later) a great many people had turned up. Including a fit and nice young lady, Lucy, who was making her debut. Apparently, she's bringing her mum next week. Certainly, if the speed at which she drank her Down Down later is anything to go by, she'll make a great Hasher.

Our Grand Mattress, SkinnyDipper, called for order and addressed the Circle, advising us that this weekend it was National UnFriend Day. We duly backed away from each other and snorted at interpersonal proximity. NappyRash told me a little later that he thought it was Run With An Idiot Day.. I, of course, immediately asked if I might accompany him on the Trail.

We On Outed, somewhat slower than usual (perhaps some heavy legs after Cloggs and NonStick's Moonlight Hash the previous night?) and eventually skittered off down the road and into the first of the forests. Here we came across the first of many small, but perfectly formed, Checks; each circle of flour probably just fitting around WaveRider's ankle (she has **very** slim ankles) like a floury ASBO tag. BGB remarked on the scarcity of flour, a massive case of the pot calling the kettle black since he is known country-wide for his paucity when laying a Trail – his motto: 'A pinch is as good as a peck'.

By a swing gate into another bit of forest we stood back in awe, then applauded, as Cloggs finally managed to squeeze her considerable bulk through a wooden fence (this sentence is full of what we journalists like to call 'irony' – Cloggs is actually built like a racehorse... a very sleek mare that is... um, I'll just stop right there).



The Mushroom of Destiny

We strode onward and quite fast towards Crays Pond. There is a pond here, where weary travellers, having heaved themselves and their livestock up the steep hill from Goring, stopped to rest. We didn't stop to rest but couldn't initially see any blobs of flour. Hare Rampant helpfully pointed a blob out to me. "There it is Hashgate." He said in an entirely non-condescending way. "On that gasometer." I looked along the direction he was pointing to see a fair-sized blob on the corner of... a small, brick-built electricity sub-station. So much for descriptive observation then.

After a quick trip up the main road we chanced upon another forest entry where NappyRash delighted in telling me that he had found The Stone of Destiny! His foot rested on a large rock. I congratulated him on his good fortune and pointed out that by the tree next to it the large, round-topped fungus must therefore be The Mushroom of Destiny. How lucky to find the two together. As we ran along the Trail we mused that if anyone ate The Mushroom of Destiny due, no doubt, to its hallucinogenic qualities, they might just also think it a good idea to eat The Stone of Destiny.

NappyRash advised me that he might pass so I suggested to him that it would be quite painful if he did, even if he were able to drag himself to the toilet. Coincidentally, I found The Log of Destiny on the other side of the field we were running through. What are the odds of finding all these things in such a limited area. Amazing isn't it?

We chanced upon a flour sign with a 'W' and an arrow. Slapper was unable to figure it out. "What does the 'M' mean?" He asked. I patiently led him round to look at it from the opposite direction. It was like the sun suddenly streaming out from behind a thick raincloud. I think he was quite grateful for the brief educative session.

AWOL found a football on the field across which we were running and he and NappyRash happily (and entirely unsuccessfully attempted to emulate Harry Kane and Chris Waddle). Having kicked the ball high into the air AWOL headed it and Shitfer and I agreed that it was probably this kind of activity that was the root cause of his psychological issues.



Anorak, Spot and BlindPew were soundly caught out by the Bar Check in the large horse-jumping field and were called back to the wooden gate/jump over which people were clambering – not much show-jumping grace being in evidence. Desperate recommended to Slapper that he got his leg over, which was met with a cheeky grin and a raising of his member. She then said to me that we should go over together since there would be less chance of kicking each other in the face. Great idea I thought and hopped over. A minute later Desperate finally clumped her second leg on the ground. Not quite sure where 'together' came into it. I think if we were ever asked to do 'Strictly' I'd opt for a different partner... ☺

Cerberus and LoudonTasteless found NappyRash tying up his shoelace while resting against an old 24-hour recovery vehicle in a woodyard and suggested that a person of his age may need a 24-hour recovery period after running on the Hash. It was just after here that we found a bloke amongst masses and masses of cut Christmas trees, selling them for exorbitant prices. Had it not been for us there would have been no-one there. Why he's selling them on the 18th November beats me. Mind you, the crafty blighter had a very good sales gimmick. A cute black and white Shetland pony. I was surprised to notice that this was, in truth, The Pony of Destiny. You don't see him very often.

Back in another forest and Florence picked up a roughly hewn wooden mushroom on top of which was a Check. We figured that this was a transient Check that could be used many times in various locations and was therefore A Very Useful Thing. Florence thought she might use it in a couple of week's time, when she is laying her Trail in this area. Unbelievably, nearby was a piece of concrete that turned out to be The Aggregate of Destiny. We smote our brows in disbelief at the serendipitous propinquity of this believed-to-be-lost artefact. We left it carefully and reverentially in its place.



The Regroup appeared, in one of those beautifully crunchy-underfoot, rustling and russet-carpeted beech woods, where we were offered a Long Trail and a Walkers or Medium Trail. Florence emulated Slapper's earlier mental myopia by being unable to understand what the juxtaposed 'M' and the 'W' meant. Once again, my educational skills came into play. Donut and I fancied the Medium Trail, partly because I had ben drinking strong beer and bourbon the night before with Slips and Snowy and partly because I

had had a fairly sleepless night on a flight back from USA on Friday night. It turned out to be an exceptionally pleasant trot, ramble and jog (those well-known solicitors) through the crisp beech forest. And luckily we were led by Motox, who knew exactly where we were and where we should go. Since the flour blobs indicated the same route I figured we were on to a winner. And as soon as the On Inn appeared I knew we were. ☺

A most enjoyable Trail on a most beautiful, sunny November day. Our thanks to Hares Dunny and Rampant.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Not so much a blog this week as a piece of advice. This comes our way from that serious television farming programme, 'Countryfile', shown on Sunday evenings on the BBC. Though the content has been bowdlerised somewhat to make most of it palatable for the audience and thus boost viewing figures, they do occasionally provide some right-to-the-point information. And so it was last Sunday. Presenter Anita Rani, without a flicker of a smile, advised us that: 'A neat and tidy bush isn't always best for wildlife.' I couldn't have put it better myself.

Down Downs

No problem going outside in the brilliant sunshine today. R A Motox led the way.

Who Got It

Why

Lilo	Interrupting the start of the Down Downs in a most disorderly way and Hash Crashing twice.
AWOL	Who, according to Motox can't wait for his visit to Madrid to get some Spanish Fly. AWOL told Motox that he had misheard him. He wanted some Spanish Pie...
Booby	Today's very welcome returnee. On his arm, Cara got all shy again.
Whinge	Leading refined lady walkers into an allotment and a shed.
BlindPew	Running on the Medium Trail after he said he would be walking.
Lucy	Today's virgin. Phew! She knocked back the Down like an old stager!
Rampant	According to Motox, Rampant had told him there was so much flour at one point he'd tripped over it.
Ms Whiplash	RA abuse. She stole one of Motox's chips and om;y later brough him back a cold, smaller one!
Tequilova	For nominating her last week's Down Down because she "can't drink beer". This week she was awarded a glass of water.
Bomber	Awarde the 'La Pecorina' apron by Zebedee in the vain hope that it may slow him down.
Dunny, Rampant	Today's Hares. A beer and a water excellently necked.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2141	02Dec18	SU576449	3 way joint Hash "More of the good stuff" Cafe. Dummer Down Farm, Dummer, RG25 2AR. £2 Tick gets you food (sandwiches or curry/chilli) and a pint only costs another £2.	LoudonTasteless
2141	09Dec18	TBA	TBA	TBA