

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2140 25Nov18
Venue: The Greyhound
Whitchurch-on-Thames
Hares: Florence, Zebedee

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



TC Whinge Donut Hashgate Sue Dunny Rampant Desperate Shitfer Cerberus Motox Iceman Twanky Spex LoudonTasteless Lucy and her Mum Sarah HappyFeet DoorMatt SkinnyDipper and dog Minx Foghorn Swallow SlowSucker Posh Bomber Waverider and granddaughter MiniDiver NappyRash PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Caboose Dumb Dumber TT2 AWOL ChocChuck NoStyle Spot Anorak Slapper BGB John (a Virgin, wearing one long white sock and one long light green sock – art teacher, apparently)

Over The Hill

There are several advantages to turning up slightly early at a Hash venue. Firstly, from my perspective as Scribe, it means that I can get everyone's name recorded. Secondly, and from everyone else's perspective, it means that you are more likely to get a parking space where the pub (like today's) has enough parking for just two Aygo's, a Smart car and a couple of bicycles. Lastly, it enables you to enjoy the spectacle of other Hashers as they arrive. Mind you, it was touch and go whether we would get to the pub early because we found ourselves behind SkinnyDipper's car on the lengthy, twisting, narrow road that goes from Reading towards Whitchurch... and she wasn't in a hurry. Whinge and TC were almost right behind us and Whinge told me later that he thought about trying to overtake me just to see what effect it might have. However, TC gave him the Paddington Stare and he quickly stowed the idea.

AWOL arrived in his Audi A4 and attempted to park by the side of the road in a space larger than Cardiff. Up on to the kerb he went, to rousing cheers from Whinge, NappyRash and me. Off he came and went forward again in order to park against it. Hmm. That didn't work either. In all, it took him about five goes to get it almost right. He took it in good humour when we grinned at him as he finally got out, wiping sweat from his brow. "Look at those marks on my bumper." He said to us. There were several scratches there. Caused, he added, by him backing into a large plant pot at a garden centre. "I asked them why they'd put it there." He said. We figured that, since it was a garden centre, it had a right to be there. NappyRash offered to paint his blue bumper over with some yellow paint he had in his car. Curiously, the offer was declined.

Perhaps the best in-car entertainment was provided by SlowSucker, who got out of his car and locked it while hurrying over to the pub. He had quite forgotten that Swallow was still in it. She attempted to open her passenger door which a) wouldn't open, and b) set off the alarm. Much to the delight of the assembled Hash throng. A few brownie points lost there SlowSucker. ☺



Then Dumb and Dumber arrived in tandem... or rather, on tandem, since they were riding the dual bicycle that caused them to get their name. It was at least 30 years old, Dumber told me, and still going strong. A bit like him... give or take a few additional years.

Having informed us that it was Russian Mother's Day, GM SkinnyDipper handed over to Hares Florence and Zebedee and we were off in no time. Good thing, because it was somewhat chilly. The walkers scuttled off along the road by the side of the pub and we scuttled off over the road, round a fair-sized loop... and back to the road along which the walkers had gone! Unfortunately for Donut and me she

found the cold air had brought on a desperate requirement for a whizzer so we had to stop by a large bush while I kept a lookout. Which meant that we were miles behind the Pack, steadily climbing up the steep hill. We finally caught up, breathless and wheezing, and I fell in with Florence who told me all

about the man who had asked her and Zebedee, while they were laying the Trail this morning, to take a photo of him with a large fish he had just caught. You just never know what will happen on the Hash do you?

Cleverly, the Hares had laid a Regroup half way up the precipitous incline, by the war memorial, and we all stopped to try and get our breath back before we tackled the next almost vertical ½ mile. Strange how you remember the painful bits more than the nicer bits (i.e. downhill). Once again, I found myself near the back of the strung-out and gasping runners/walkers with Cerberus and Shitfer who were walking on the runners Trail. Over a still-rising field Shitfer and I noticed a huge, white-faced bull lying down, almost hidden, in a paddock to our left. Since there were no other beeves to be seen we christened him Bully Nomates and left him to ruminate on his cow-free situation.



Not lying down but this is what he looked like.

I guess it was the cold air again that caused TT2 to slip off into the trees to, erm, water the foliage. So that's two. This was followed, about five minutes later, by the sight of BGB tripping lightly off in the direction of an old barn instead of carrying on across a stony field. Three then!

Finally, we came to a track (a very long track) that led downwards. Probably for a couple of miles, I guess. Quite pleasant to be trotting blithely downhill but, of course, what goes down must surely go back up. Donut, Sue and I passed quietly by a friendly chap who was waiting on his horse for us to go by. I say horse; this was a huge, four-square beast, with hocks like Doric columns and a body similar to the creature pictured above. He was like the Fernando Botero sculpture near The Brandenburg gate in Berlin. If you'd like to see a picture click [here](#). 😊 At the bottom of this lengthy path stood LoudonTasteless, off to the right in the bushes – you guessed it – enjoying a whizzer. That's four!

Fortunately, nearby and (you guessed it) up the next hill in the woods was a Regroup where we all enjoyed a short rest. From here was a loop that contained a Hash View over the valley and river or you could choose to take the slightly shorter route further uphill. Cerberus and Shitfer opted for this trail, doggedly trudging through the shiggy and uneven ground, followed by the equally dogged Spex. C and S decided that calling out "False Trail" as they rounded a bushy corner from a Check and found the fourth blob would be a good wheeze, but since everyone following them was wheezing so hard they couldn't hear them and carried on, heaving their panting carcasses up the never-ending hill.

Eventually, after a bloody, arm-grazing tramp through holly bushes, a run up and down a roller-coaster field and a scutter through the bright, dry leaves of a beech forest we finally reached the top of the hill that led down to the pub. Just as we got half way down it and near to the On Inn a lady called over to us from where her car was parked in the drive of a house. "My grandson (in the car) just asked, 'Why's that man walking at the front?'" She giggled. And, yes, I was the person at the front. Oops! Of course, I just had to run the rest of the way down the (very) steep track by the road... which is why my Achilles is complaining so much today.

A fine, if exhausting, Trail laid by Flo and Zeb through this beautiful area. Our thanks. Now where's that ice pack...

On On. **Hashgate.**



On On woof

BH³ Hash Blog

A number of people have mentioned that they have Amazon Echos. For those who don't know, by interpreting what you say to it, these clever little objects can do a multitude of things, from playing music or radio stations to answering your phone and making calls to answering the most obtuse questions. You can ask it for today's riddle, music while you cook, the weather forecast in the Moscow, current traffic, what a Photinia Robinia is (Mr Blobby will know).

There are some terrific answers if you ask the right questions. Here are just a few. Try it and enjoy:-

Alexa, knock knock.
Alexa, why did the chicken cross the road?
Alexa, party time.
Alexa, are we in the Matrix?
Alexa, do you know Hal?
Alexa, open the pod bay doors.
Alexa, who loves ya baby?
Alexa, who is the walrus?
Alexa, what is war good for?
Alexa, what happens if you step on Lego?
And perhaps the best: Alexa, drop a beat

Down Downs

I must thank WaveRider for recording the Down Downs while I participated in grandfatherly duties.

Who Got It

Why

SlowSucker	for locking Swallow in the car and leaving her there whilst he went to the pub for the Hash.
Spot	New Car - Spot had finished his half before the song had finished.
NappyRash	Running in front of a cyclist.
Motox	Taking an umbrella on hash - a nice rendition of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
Sarah	Today's visitor. Welcome!
Foghorn	Today's Hash Crash.
Dumber	Nearly a faller but a spectacular recovery.
Shitfer	Accusing Lucy of turning up in pyjamas.
LoudonTasteless	Presented the La Pecarina apron and gloves by Bomber as he will need them to provide food for next week's Hash.
Florence, Zebedee	Today's hill-running Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2142	09Dec18	SU825793	The Royal Oak, Knowl Hill RG10 9YE	SlowSucker
2143	16Dec18	SU649699	The Fox and Hounds Sunnyside, Theale RG7 4BE	Pyro and dog Whisper