

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2143 16Dec18  
Venue: The Fox and Hounds  
Theale  
Hares: Mr Blobby, C5

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Christmas Elves and Fairies



Cloggs NonStick Donut Hashgate LittleStiffy SlackBladder Potty Nutty Hamlet Twanky Spex LoudonTasteless WaveRider NappyRash Falsetart Shifty (aka Slimy) Horny Mr Horny Skids Simple Dumper MessengerBoy Sharon RandyMandy BlindPew SkinnyDipper Foghorn Slippery Snowy Slapper Motox Dr Pooh AWOL PissQuick Glittertits Swallow SlowSucker Topleftova Florence Zebedee Iceman C4 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dumb Dumber Tequilova FlashBangWallop ChocChuck NoStyle Spot HappyFeet DoorMatt Dipstick CouchPotato Grommet StinkingBishop Ms Whiplash Lonely Lotus Caboose

## The BH3 2018 Christmas Lunch Hash

The first thing you notice when approaching this pub from either direction is the dirty great big tepee/yurt that engulfs the garden at the front of it. It looked great and this was where we were to have our Christmas lunch after Mr Blobby and C5's Trail. Mind you, we were lucky to have a Trail since the good C5 had decided to fall over during the laying of it. Luckily, he was not hurt. Actually, given the safety record of both C5 and Mr Blobby recently (they both have a tendency to hurl themselves earthwards – rather like short-sighted lemmings who can't find a cliff) they really ought to perform a risk assessment before they set off. Which would mean they would be running along with ankle, knee and elbow padding, crash helmets and an Air Ambulance following along behind. It's not a bad idea chaps. Worth a thought.

A great many people, as you would expect, had turned up for the day's run. Including Skids and Simple. Great to see them and I particularly liked Simple's T-shirt that had a fierce looking reindeer on the front with the logo: 'Rebel Without a Claus'. Lots of other people had dressed in Christmassy gear. Dumber wore a turkey hat; RandyMandy wore an almost floor-length, hooded, furry polar bear coat (nice!); Zebedee had a large, pointy bright green hat that twirled about autonomously

Zebedee wore a large, pointy, green hat that twirled about on his head like the Hogwart's sorting hat. Dipstick, for some reason, felt it necessary to wear a short Santa dress. Hmm, not a pretty sight. At

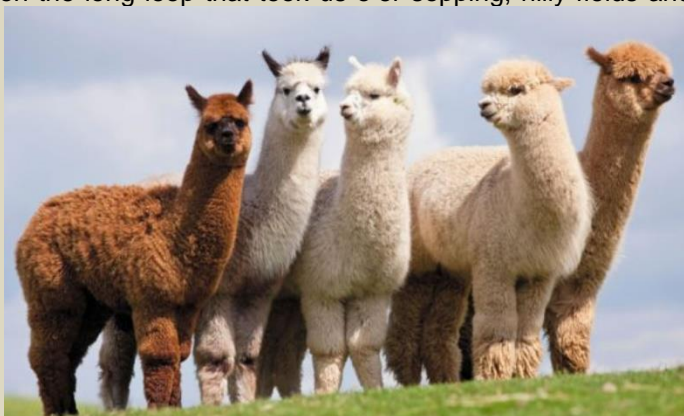


least he had turned up at the right place on the right day. Last week he had come to this pub instead of where we were running. I guess he at least wouldn't get lost.

Our Grand Mattress SkinnyDipper called our chattering masses to order, welcomed us and informed us that today was Kazakhstan Independence Day. You always learn something on the Hash... even if you don't want to.

We On Outed with all the speed of Father Christmas's reindeer after a hard night smoking carrots and swigging cherry brandy. So not so much Dancer and Prancer as Donner and Blitzen. Perhaps it was due to the damp, drab weather that clung to the clothes and insinuated itself into the bones. At least we had warmed up by the time we got to the first of the 3 Regroups. We were lucky to find it since the 'RG' was right next to the large wheel of one of those pickup trucks. If he'd parked a couple of feet over we would never have found it. Grommet almost didn't find her hat, which was plucked from her head by a fun-loving, trailing bramble as she hove towards us. Most amusing. One moment an apparently hairless Grommet. The next, covered in the stuff!

Unfortunately, from here, a certain part of my anatomy decided to give me quite a bit of gyp. No, not that. One of my achilles thought it would be a jolly wheeze to tighten up and feel as though it had received a bit of a tap with a sledgehammer. Consequently, I found myself way back with only the occasional glimpse of the new, slimline SkinnyDipper and the kindly, concerned Hare Mr Blobby. Thus, it was a bit of a mistake on my part to be on the long loop that took us o'er sopping, hilly fields and between paddocks that contained horses, excited at seeing people running about. There was also a field that contained a number of alpacas. These curiously-shaped, fluffy animals eyed us incuriously and decided not to skitter about like their equine friends.



**Alpacas, eagerly awaiting Christmas.**

I finally caught up with Skids, Horny and Mr Horny and we clod-hopped along the side of a very uneven hill. They asked why I was so far back and, after I had told them, Horny said how much of a nuisance it was to have a niggling pain. Skids, with a wry smile, said, "I know exactly how that feels." Surely, she couldn't have been referring to husband Simple...

The third Regroup appeared and the short-cut Mr Blobby had kindly showed me meant that I could meet the FRBs as they puffed towards it. It was beginning to get a tad colder and damper and we were eager to get away. Some of us Short-Cutted back along the On Out route, while others ran the longer loop around the nearby lake. WaveRider and I ran back through that curious tunnel, woven from saplings. I said to WaveRider that I wondered what they were: hazel, beech, perhaps elder. She advised me firmly, "They're twigs." And so they were. 😊

Thank goodness it was but a short trek to the pub, where Donut and I decided that us changing in the car might be preferable to the usual outdoor strip-off since the diners sitting next to the windows in front of which we had parked might be put off their turkey roast by the sight of so much ripped and buff flesh. Mind you, since the car windows steamed up and the car was bouncing somewhat on its springs while we struggled to get our damp kit off, perhaps they gulped on their stuffing balls after all.

Just fyi a large group of tandem riders turned up at the pub just as we finished. Thought you'd like to know.

The usual excellent Trail by two of our BH<sup>3</sup> grandees: Mr Blobby and C5. Our thanks to them.

## **Christmas Lunch**

After obtaining a tumbler or two of the very tasty beer on sale, we repaired to the tepee, well-decorated and with shiny lights reaching up into its tall tip. A flexible hose heater puffed warm air into the area where tables for six or eight had been laid, Christmas crackers awaiting our pulling. The atmosphere was amiable and excited, just as it should be.



Motoc awarded the Down Downs, details of which you can see below, just before our starters appeared. BH<sup>3</sup> fell on them, like a fox in the hen house, and the level of chatter raised again. The ladies who served our food were very professional and friendly, making sure everyone got the correct food and bringing it as fast as possible, so everyone could eat together. I got chatting to the only chap who was a member of the staff looking after us (he had been tasked to pick up all the pulled cracker debris). He asked me about Hashing and was really impressed that we do it every week, especially when I told him about some of the other events our members do, like running across Devon. His eyes widened when I mentioned the ages of some of us and he almost bowed, saying, "That's sick." I'm sure he meant it with the modern meaning. i.e. That's awesome. Nice bloke.

Father Christmas appeared, looking suspiciously like Ms Whiplash. (S)He handed out presents to all from the Secret Santa sack, assisted by SkinnyDipper. Some of the presents were hilarious. Donut got a Santakini, complete with Santa hat which she insisted on wearing (not the Santa hat), to thunderous applause. Florence got a huge mug with equally huge teeth set into it. Lotus got a pink hand 'massager'. Mrs Blobby got those beer mats that you wear, hanging from your nose and with a picture of weird teeth and designer stubble on them – a strange sight indeed!

And then there were two quizzes. The first consisted of two A4 sheets; one with stills from Christmas films that we had to guess, the other with mixed up Christmas-themed words. 'Dingbats' as it was called. A copy of it appears at the end of this Gobsheet. Those of you who weren't at the lunch might care to try a few. Some clues are more hair-tearing than others.

The second quiz was really funny. Twanky and MessengerBoy had put together a set of Christmas songs that they played. There was a missing word in each of the songs that had been replaced by different Hashers' interpretations of the sound made by turkeys. We had to get the missing word **and** the name of the Hasher. The tepee was filled with sporadic "Gobble, gobble, gobble" noises and a lot of laughter. I think the best turkey noise was made by Spot (as we found out later), who went "Moo moo". Though Posh's deadpan "Gobble." One second wait. "Gobble." Came a close second.



The Christmas Lunch was a great success and our thanks go to our hard-working Committee for organising it. Well done!



Since your reporter will sadly not be at Iceman's Hash next week, the editorial and reporting team would like to take this occasion to thank our reader for supporting this organ during the year and wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

### Who Got It

### Why

FalseTart, NoSole	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them!
Lotus	A Long Trailer spying on the Short Trailers!
C5	Falling due to black ice (allegedly).
RandyMandy, Blind Pew	Received their nice 200 run jackets. Well done them.
RandyMandy	Presented the La Pecarina apron by Foghorn.
SkinnyDipper, Slapper	Got away with wearing new running shoes on the Hash.
Mr Blobby, C5	Today's Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2145	30Dec18	<a href="#">SU710807</a>	The Butchers Arms Sonning Common RG4 9RS	Pyro and dog Whisper
----	01Jan18	<a href="#">SU704749</a>	<b>The Wychotes Waterside Activity Centre,</b> The Warren, Caversham RG47TH, Please bring your own drinks – showers available	Dumb & Dumber
2146	06Jan18	<a href="#">SU765723</a>	<b>The Good Companions</b> 149 Loddon Bridge Rd, Woodley, Reading RG5 4AG	SkinnyDipper Foghorn



CHRISTMAS DINGBATS

Nigmassht	<b>STUN</b>	
1 Spear Pepper Garden	2 Cottage Shepherd Apple  TURKEY  SSSSSSSS	3  <b>Tofrankuch</b>
4  CCCCCC FESTIVE	5  	6  PPPPP Our planet
7 Hello Spring! Hi Summer! Howdey Autumn! Yo! Winter	8 Night Night Night Night Night Night Night Night Night Night Night Night	9  <b>MISTLETOE</b>  XXX
10  Pres ents	11 A3 tortilla A4	12  stel
13  MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY	14  ABCDEFGHIJKLMNQRSTUWXYZ. ABCDEFGHIJKLMNQRSTUWXYZ.	15  FIR  Here Here Here Here
16	17	18