

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2147 13Jan19

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

Venue: The Magpie and Parrot
Shinfield

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Twanky, BlowJob, MessengerBoy

Bird Lovers



Yep; it's a magpie and parrot

Dumb Dumber Donut Hashgate Sue Robin CouchPotato Desperate Cerberus and dog Chillli BillyBullshit WaveRider NappyRash TC Whinge Snowy Dunny Rampant IcemanFlashBangWallop NoSole Slapper Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby OldDog Dumper Florence Zebedee C5 Lonely Posh Bomber Dumper CanalBob SkinnyDipper RandyMandy BlindPew Sharon Sheryl (I spelt it correctly this time!) Naomi FalseTart Shifty Carlross and dog Teddy BGB CabinBuoy Tequilova Nicki Martin Debbie PoisonedChalice Cloggs Caboose Lungs ChocChuck NoStyle

A Figure of Eight

Just below is the figure of eight Trail referred to in our title today. Laid on its side like this, it reminds me more of an infinity symbol. Rather appropriate, since some of our merry band decided to try and go round it more than once...



On a cold and blustery day we packed our cars tightly in and around The Magpie and Parrot. A curious pub which most of us have always thought closed when passing by in our cars. It seems that this is because it used to only open during part of the day when it was a licensed spin-off from the nursery on whose land it stands. Even now the opening hours are 12-8 every day except Sunday, when it opens between 12 and 4 o'clock. So I guess we have the persuasive powers of our Hares to thank for the pub opening its doors to us. We certainly packed the place, which would have been full only of tumbleweed if we hadn't been there. Curious then, that the landlady asked us to keep the main car park free for her 'regulars'. Perhaps they were unseen ghosts, turning up in ghostly cars – spirits presumably, given that this is a pub. 😊 It is actually a rather nice, quirky pub, full of old odds and ends, including a boar's head on the wall and a stuffed bear in the corner, wearing a uniform. And it does a damn good pint of London Pride.

But enough of the pub. What of the Trail? SkinnyDipper, our highly respected GM called us to order and advised us that yesterday was the Berbers' Amazigh New Year. Fascinating stuff and, of course,

we all learn something on the Hash. I was fascinated by the fact that she wore just a T-shirt as her top, despite the raw breeze that threatened to desiccate and shred exposed skin. Perhaps she takes a whale blubber bath before Hashing? Perhaps, while preparing her post-Hash dripping sandwiches, she smears some on her arms and neck? Whatever it is she does I wouldn't mind learning the secret. It was rippingly cold by the time we On Outed.



I have to admit that, yet again, I was walking rather than running. A cold is desperately clinging on to me by its scabrous fingernails like a lemming with a serious lack of belief after getting caught up in the migratory scramble to see who, of their Cricetidae family, can turn the most somersaults and twists on the way down. So, I haven't a clue about what the runners got up to during the Hash. Ah, I hear you say, but he must know about the walkers. Indeed I do, but when walking there are rarely the humorous incidents you get while running (like falling in a ditch or running into a tree) and there was certainly no opportunity to get lost today since the Walkers' Trail was so well marked.

Well... I say that. Half way round the circuit we reached a farm road that we very definitely knew we had been along before. And Whinge was striding back from the end of saying, "We've been down here before and there's no turn up ahead. It must be the other way." Before striding off in the direction we had come. Nevertheless, Motox insisted that it **must** be The Way and led a group that included poor Mrs Blobby (who he blamed later at the Down Downs for leading him astray) and NoStyle. Luckily, Dumb, Sharon and I decided to follow Whinge and we found ourselves back on the Trail.

What else? Well, during the Out Trail, at the bridge over a swirling river (where our humorous Hares had laid flour that went over a stile next to the water – how we laughed!) Mrs Blobby stopped us, pulled out a plastic box from her backpack and handed round little fairy cakes fashioned by Twanky. They were excellent and had little feet made of icing on top of them. I wondered if they were casts of Twanky's since he has lost so much weight. Poor Teddy, Carlross's lovely dog, circled us hopefully and hopelessly. Chocolate cakes and icing were definitely not for him. Shifty, the kindly chap, teased the poor hound by offering him his fingers to lick. Certainly, this was the first Cake Stop I've attended on a Hash. 😊



A similar confection to Twanky's.

After the debacle at the farm track (I know; it's the previous paragraph, but it flowed from the one before that. Got to keep you on your reading toes haven't I?) Dumb, Sharon and I found ourselves behind the back markers that included Donut, her Dad, Robin, Sue, Sheryl, OldDog and Dumper. We caught up and had a brief chat before yomping rapidly onwards to the pub. The yomping was a good idea because that cold wind was slicing its way across the last few open fields. It was quite a relief to get inside and enjoy the fire that got us warm again. The pub was full to the gunwales with Hashers tucking into Hash Chips and even more fairy cakes.

A very successful Trail from a (to BH³) little known pub. Nice one, Hares. Thank you.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog



Tourists attempting to frighten the Queen.

Now here's an idea for BH³. Early January every year is No Pants Day. 'Pants', of course, in Americanese means 'Trousers'. Rather a lot of people in various countries (60 so far) have taken up the idea so why not a 'No Pants' Hash?

I strongly suggest the date is sometime in Summer and the Trail is in a well-forested area to avoid frightening the locals.

How about it? Anyone fancy organising what could become an annual event?

Down Downs

Motox managed to find the back of the pub in order to award the Down Downs...

Who Got It

Why

Slapper, RandyMandy	Trying to figure out, during the Trail, who had the biggest bum! What do you think? Slapper got to the bottom of his drink first.
TC	Awarded her 400 Hashes badge by GM SkinnyDipper.
ChocChuck	Managed to drive to the wrong pub. Doh!
Hashgate, Sharon	Today's birthday people. Can't say either of us drank particularly rapidly.
Debbie	Today's virgin. A great sport and she thoroughly 'enjoyed' her beer.
Mrs Blobby	Allegedly leading Motox astray. A foul calumny on an innocent lady.
CanalBob	Was awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by MessengerBoy because he didn't want the shiggy to get his new shoes(!) dirty.
BlowJob, Twanky, MessengerBoy	Today's intrepid Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2149	27Jan19	TBA	TBA	TBA
2150	03Feb19	TBA	TBA	TBA