

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2170 24Jun19
Venue: The Hare and Hounds
Sonning Common
Hares: Donut, Hashgate

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Kukuni¹



Desperate Shitfor TC Whinge NappyRash BlindPew RandyMandy Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia C5 Spot Twanky Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy AWOL BGB SkinnyDipper Lungs Motox Iceman HappyFeet FlashBangWallop Martin Dumb Dumber Judas and dog Poppy Ben Anne Vlad Slapper Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Swallow SlowSucker Posh Bomber Lonely Dr Pooh Florence... and WaveRider joined us later

The Hawaiian Alahele²

Aloha! Tonight's Hash had a Hawaiian theme, which was complemented perfectly by the humid, sticky, sub-tropical weather of the evening. Most of the Hash had dressed for the occasion and provided a milling band of bright colours outside the pub. It was fascinating to watch Slapper, parked a little way down the road, put on his grass skirt and coconut bra and blew-up a 4-foot tall palm tree! Twanky went over to him and picked out a lei from Slapper's bag of Hawaiian goodies, then tried to put it on while wearing his umbrella hat! It's so much fun watching Hashers. 😊 Rampant and Dunny arrived, wearing leis artfully formed of colourful paper napkins that they had spent hours making. Rampant had augmented this with a colourful, blue tape knee support. Motox wandered over, wearing the 'La Pecarina' apron he had been presented with last week. He explained that the sheep was actually Hawaiian, which was why he wasn't wearing anything else based around that culture. GM SkinnyDipper had raided her allotment and made a very fetching grass skirt out of now rather limp vegetation. I complimented her on the furriness of the fennel that hung down like a sporran on the front of it. Here's a picture of our hui³:



Donut and I had laid the Trail (despite being utterly knackered after the BH³ West Bay week) and wanted to try and keep the Pack together for once. We are lucky enough to have a set of fast, medium-paced and slow runners and a group of walkers in our Hash and the faster ones often stream ahead. To slow them down we laid a number of Bar Checks, One-Blob Checks, a Long loop and two Regroups. Thought about Fishooks (or is it Fishhooks?) but decided against them – they can be a tad irritating when you are caught. Our strategy worked. Despite some longish parts the Pack stayed mainly as a group, which was really quite sociable since everyone could have a chat and whinge about the Trail. Perfect!

¹ Hawaiian runners
² Trail
³ Group

Obviously, as Hares, we saw things slightly differently to those trying to follow the Trail so here is our Hares' view.

After an initial couple of Checks to warm up the legs and let the walkers take the lead we streamed diagonally across a lush, green field of barley. The humidity opened up the pores and we began to dampen as the FRBs enjoyed the first Bar-3. A slightly uphill dash across another barley field got us to the first Regroup by an isolated house outside of which the owner stood. "Hope you don't mind." I called out to her in my friendliest voice. "We're just having a run. Soon be off again." "No problem at all." She replied, breaking out into a smile. "Nice to see you all dressed up. We don't get many people out here." Donut and I were pleased to see the walkers catch up with us (Ms Whiplash was running!) and we called on the group to 'Check it out'. Although no-one went down our cleverly laid False, a number, including C5, Bomber and Mr Blobby, went entirely the wrong way into the next field before figuring out the route. The thoughtful farmer had sprayed something on the crops in all the fields where there were public byways so it was easy to follow the yellowed tracks and, of course, the flour!

There was a short run along a road – great to see everyone heeding the advice to face the oncoming traffic – and then we got to the slightly complicated bit at the beginning of the first forest. As we all know, there are no rules in Hashing so we had laid a Check with False Trails and an arrow pointing to the Long Trail. This confused MessengerBoy who waited until I panted up to receive confirmation that the 'L' and arrow meant Long Trail. Duh! The faster runners had already gone when SkinnyDipper came over and asked if I thought she could do the Long. As it was only ¼ mile longer than the other Trail I told her she would have no problem and explained that she would come to a One-Blob, 5-way Check (told you it was slightly complicated...) in about 200 Metres and exactly which of the tracks she should take. Unfortunately, she forgot what I had told her and trotted off in her allotment skirt to various places before finding the right track (pity the FRBs didn't kick out the Check). This meant that she was some way behind the front runners and had to enjoy the slightly lengthy Bar-3 on her own... Oops!

On the shorter of the Trails Poppy the dog was now being almost dragged along by Judas. The poor pooch has only little legs so he was very relieved when Donut stopped Judas to tell him he'd dropped some poo bags (fortunately not full...) and he stopped to pick them up. By the time the two groups of runners and the walkers had all met up at the second Regroup the gentlemen were perspiring, the ladies, glowed and any non-binaries wavered between the two states. MessengerBoy (again!) had wandered off and found a flour blob in the adjacent field so I had to call him back while the walkers caught up. AWOL, with his magnificent observational skill, finally noticed (to Spot's amusement) that Donut and I were wearing the same pattern Hawaiian shirts. Again, everyone chatted amiably and steamed gently until we were off again, Donut and I leading those who wanted a Short Cut directly across the delightful meadow while the rest found the Trail that led them down into its valley before coming back up again to join us at the top. We thought they'd appreciate the long grass and wild flowers...



More Checks in the forest across the road from the meadow followed, BlindPew enjoying a particularly long False I'd laid earlier. Nice to know I hadn't wasted my time. 😊 The FRBs were now in full flight along the damp and occasionally muddy forest track, barely stopping at the Check at the end of it by a gate (though Mr Blobby went awry), racing down an unmade road and finding the Trail up a steep, narrow alleyway which led to the crossroads near The Greyhound pub. And a 1-Blob Check. By the time I had pantingly followed Anne (I was purely out of breath I hasten to explain) to the top I was reassured by the sight of disparate groups of Hashers going in all directions, trying to find the Trail. SlowSucker came up to me after running back from a flourless odyssey. Now when he has his race face on, which is most of the time during a Hash, he can look a bit forbidding. He did now and I fell back, wincing slightly and awaiting the harangue. "Jolly nice Trail you and Donut have laid." He said. "Really enjoying it." Or something like that. He sped off as someone finally found the flour blob. Of

course, we couldn't have the Pack getting too far ahead could we? So we had laid another Bar-2 on the road towards The Butchers Arms. Nice to see almost everyone taking advantage of it.

I believe it was Iceman who found the alley that led down to the forest, where a 2-Way Check caused some navigational distress to some of the FRBs. It was here in this forest that Desperate, living up to her name, made a sudden plunge towards Dr Pooh, presumably in a vain attempt to haul down his shorts. She explained to TC and me that she had merely tripped and was desperately (minor joke there, see?) trying to regain her balance. We said that we understood perfectly.

The forest Trail went way downhill to a gate that leads on to the most beautiful and peaceful, rolling valley – grassy meadow to the left and swaying corn to the right. This was where we had laid our most sneaky Check yet. An arrow with an 'S' next to it pointed back up the steep forested hill and I mentioned to Lungs and Motox that they really should take it. The FRBs zipped off into the valley, finding a couple of Falses and finally finding the Trail, which led up the other side of the valley, through a gate, up a steep woodland track to... a Bar-3! Horrors! From my perspective, as the Hare who laid the Bar-3, it was very gratifying to see so many Hashers hurtling up, then back along this track. At least they got to enjoy the valley a couple of times. As I gasped my way back up the steep, forested Short Trail BlindPew floated past. "I think that Bar-3 should have been a Bar-3 and a half." He said, with a smile. "I thought that when I laid it." I said. "But I was too fagged out to go back and change the Bar." There had been 3 blobs plus the Check. Oh well, there are no rules...



As we popped back out on to the road we had left to enter the forest a lady in a car stopped by Donut and me. "Hello." She said. "Is one of your group wearing a sort of grass skirt? She's a bit of a way behind the rest of you." We thanked her for letting us know and Donut ran back to pick up SkinnyDipper who, knowing the area, had decided not to run into the forest but come back along this road, which led towards Sonning Common and the pub. Great that we hadn't lost her. 😊

Our last check on the main road through Sonning Common had managed to fool some of the FRBs so when we got back to the pub most of us arrived at about the same time. Excellent! Apart from SlowSucker, who jogged up to Swallow and me as we chatted outside the pub. "It was a bit short for me so I did an extra bit." He said. Oh well. Can't please everyone. In fact, Donut and I cut off about a mile since we thought a combination of the night's humidity and the exhaustion those of us who had been to West Bay the week before were experiencing might just be a bit too much. And anyway, it's a Hash. I rather liked AWOL's comment: "It's a sophisticated Trail."

Thank you to everyone who dressed for our Hawaiian Hash. Hope you enjoyed it as much as we did. A big thanks also to Claire and Mick at The Hare and Hounds who arranged tables together in the garden and on the veranda so we could sit in groups, put jugs of iced water on the tables and supplied tasty sausages and chips for us to enjoy.

A hui hou.⁴ **Hashgate.**

⁴ Until we meet again

BH³ Hash Blog

Just before the Hares' Down Downs we presented awards for those we felt had really got into the spirit of the Hawaiian Hash. Difficult to judge but we finally agreed and presented the following:-

Dunny and Rampant were awarded real(ish) leis in recognition of their work to create their own. Interesting to note that by the time Dunny got back from the Trail, hers looked distinctly limp.

Slapper, for going all out with his coconut bra, grass skirt and blow-up palm tree was awarded a magnificent pineapple bath sponge.

Dumber, for providing stunning Hawaiian glamour (see the picture on the front page, second row, second left) was awarded an equally magnificent melon bath sponge.

SkinnyDipper, for going above and beyond the call of duty, and for creating a planet-friendly, bio-degradable grass skirt was awarded a real, succulent pineapple.

Didn't they do well!

Down Downs

Motox, in his best Hawaiian accent, awarded the following.

Who Got It

Why

Judas and Poppy the dog

Judas complained that Poppy had a massive poo because he was having to run so hard. (Somehow, I don't think Poppy had a choice about the running 😊)

NappyRash, AWOL

Racing during the Trail. NappyRash also accused AWOL of using steroids because he's growing nipples.

WaveRider

Despite not running tonight, she attempted to 'dob-in' Desperate for her Hash Crash and grab at Dr Pooh. What a dobber!

Twanky

Suggesting that Poppy the dog was a replacement for Hooker (Judas' lady friend). Very naughty, Twanky!

Utopia

Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron for telling Motox that she would show him what pushing was really like.

Donut, Hashgate

Tonight's Hawaiian Hares. Stunning Downs by both.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2172	08Jul19	TBA	Hares wanted! Please contact Dumb, our Trail Master.	
2173	15Jul19	TBA	TBA	Lonely

