

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2171 01Jul19
Venue: Silchester Cricket Pavilion
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Boy and Girl Racers



Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate NappyRash C4 Mrs Blobby Spex LoudonTasteless Aqua JJ TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor PissQuick Glittertits Dunny Rampant Florence Zebedee Iceman Motox AWOL CouchPotato CanalBob Phantom TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx NoStyle ChocChuck Agatha SweetPea HappyFeet Spot NoSole Slapper NonStick Dumb Dumber Judas Twanky Tequilova Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop StinkingBishop Gromit Ben RandyMandy Gnasher SkinnyDipper BlowJob FlashBangWallop Kim James and dog Benjy Caboose

The 'Fun Run'

Billed as 'The Fun Run', BH³'s annual event may not entirely live up to its sobriquet. It's not so much a Hash as a race. There are no Checks or Bars; we run round a clearly marked trail of flour blobs which, on this occasion, Hare C5 told me, he measured at 6.35 miles. Participants are awarded a handicap, depending on their running ability so that the slowest go off first and the fastest last. As with any handicapping, this is an esoteric science, this time worked out by Slapper, who spent many a restless evening knitting his brows, sucking the end of his pencil and making many rubbings-out on a sheet of paper before emitting a shriek of 'Eureka' and waving the piece of paper *a lá* Neville Chamberlain. The outcome may not have been quite so catastrophic as that of the ill-fated Prime Minister but it certainly had its quirks. One can only assume that a major loss of brownie points resulted in Slapper's wife, NoSole, being given pole position, starting on her own, well before anyone else. Perhaps a forgotten wedding anniversary? Maybe a final warning due to a leaving-up of the toilet seat? We should really thank Slapper for taking on such an onerous task. The lad done well. Matrimonial preferential treatment included. ☺

Donut and I had been a tad confused when we drew up in the car park to see a bloke with rather a lot of wicker boxes just away from the parked cars. "Coo." We said. "That's a bit odd." It was only when we were answered by a chorus of "Coo"s that we realised he was surrounded by a flock of racing pigeons. We wondered if the Fun Run entrance requirements had been extended this year to accommodate feathered friends. Just a coincidence apparently. But it would have been interesting to be running round the course with a bunch of pigeons flapping overhead. Presumably, we would have needed to wear protective headgear.

The cricket pavilion was open and Hashers milled about, craning over Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop at the Timekeeper's table to see what their handicap might be before wailing in despair and gnashing their teeth. Various people checked the seam on their surgical stockings, adjusted knee braces, ignored their lumbago, made sure their teeth were in straight and tried to remember why they were there. AWOL, CouchPotato and NappyRash stood a little way away from the main group, near (appropriately enough) silly mid-off. They were adopting strange, Yoga-like positions. On one leg and holding the other ankle. Performing a forward splits. Bending right over, apparently searching for a lost contact lens. You could hear the twanging of hamstrings and squeaks of pain easily. They were 'stretching', a concept denigrated by the Hash and, in the case of the old blokes who were doing it, a pointless exercise engendering a later and expensive visit to an osteopath.



Our second Hasher off today was Donut. She skittered across the cricket pitch like a cat with its bum on fire. I was mightily impressed. Not quite so impressed when I checked to find that I was due to start off 19 minutes later than her! ☹ She ran an absolute stormer of a race and actually won... but she didn't. Let me explain. While Mr Blobby was explaining the figure-of-eight route before we started, Donut was taking a bio-break so missed the instructions. At the end of the first loop she got back to the cricket pavilion to find it deserted so assumed she had to go round that (longest) loop again. She duly did and

returned before anyone else. When the judges collated the results they congratulated her on her efforts and for running further than anyone else, then told her to b*ugger off, you've been disqualified. I guess at least it saved her from having to wear the winner's toilet seat around her neck...

Judas and I set off together. Quite why we had been matched as similar runners is a bit of an enigma. He's about 40 years younger than I am and has a better haircut. It didn't take him long to disappear from my sight as we 'raced' (a relative term in my case) along the variety of tracks and fields. I can only describe the rest of the route largely from my perspective, so here goes...

The sun was beginning to go down in the cloudless sky, which made some of the long, Westerly running a really squinting experience. My race was one of hearing footsteps approaching from behind, turning and giving a friendly 'Hello' and 'Well done' before watching backs disappearing into the distance. The



first to overtake were Florence, LoudonTasteless and Iceman. Fairly closely followed by TC, JJ and Twanky by the Silchester Roman walls. You might think this sort of thing was a bit dispiriting but not really. The night was beautiful, there was greenery all around and we were out in the fresh air, doing what we enjoy. We passed through the peaceful churchyard of the lovely St. Mary the Virgin church; then came out on to an unmade and very dusty road. I could see JJ in the distance. A car appeared and drove along the road, past JJ, who disappeared in a vast cloud of choking stuff. I felt a bit lucky to be lagging behind. Otherwise, I'd have been

choking too. Towards the end of this road (passed by C5 (actually running the trail as well as having laid it!), Slapper, Agatha) We came upon FlashBangWallop, who deliberately took the wrong fork in the clearly marked trail. Why? No idea but at least he reappeared later.

Caboose, NonStick and SlowSucker all glided past and I met up with some walkers who included Dumber, Lilo, C4, Gnasher and SweetPea. Overtaking someone, anyone, was really quite pleasurable and very shortly afterwards I came across Utopia and NoStyle trying to hurl Mrs Blobby over a stile. They offered to fling me over too but I decided to decline their kind offer.

Mr Blobby (also running the trail as well as having laid it!) streamed past, an orange blur in his bright T-shirt. NoStyle and I ran on for a bit before he uttered the truism, "As soon as I hit an incline, I'm out of breath." And slowed to a walk. Very wise. I certainly wasn't going to give him the kiss of life.

CouchPotato and NappyRash flew by, fairly closely followed by Zebedee. Then StinkingBishop. And then it was back to the pavilion where PissQuick gave me a glass of water and Glittertits, Whinge and Shitfer (lounging in their chairs) gave me a lot of abuse. 😊 So on to the smaller of the figure-of-eight loops where I met, early on, a large, hairy black bullock that wandered idly across my path and stopped to scratch its belly with a hind leg. Rampant flashed past, complaining that his knee was giving him some gyp. Though it didn't seem to be slowing him down.

The trail wound through lush forests, along narrow tracks lined with furze, by damp vegetation where stinging nettles lurked. I heard a voice ahead and answered it. It turned out to be C5 who was making sure that we didn't take the wrong route. Some fool had wiped out a flour arrow that led into a forest track and placed blobs of flour on and across from a small bridge over a stream. I assume their IQ is about 59, their knuckles drag on the ground and they utter "Hur hur" at semi-regular intervals for want of anything sensible to say. Quite a number of people were caught out by this sabotage. Desperate showed me the route recorded on her phone which had numerous outs and backs past the bridge in an attempt to find the Trail. Luckily, everyone managed to find it – presumably with the help of C5 – and made it back ok. He and I were the last of the group and we had a most enjoyable chat on the way. We did consider sprinting to the finish as the cheering (or as that jeering?) crowd bayed for us to race it but we decided on a joint finish, enjoying the plaudits as we crossed the line.

Food, in the form of pasta and meatballs had been prepared for us and the hungry horde fell upon it like Hashers do. We spent a pleasurable time, sitting at tables outside the pavilion, eating, chatting and drinking our BYOB until the time came for the awards ceremony, the awards being presented by Motox.

The results are:-

Position	Ladies	Gentlemen	Award
First	Desperate	SlowSucker	Black toilet seat and brief holding of the trophy. A bottle of wine and a mini sheep.
Second	Gromit	CanalBob	An almost finished toilet roll and a box of chocolates.
Third	Dunny	AWOL	A turd on a string and a box of Heroes chocolates.

CanalBob only just beat AWOL in a sprint finish. SlowSucker declared to your reporter that he was, "Over the moon." At having finally won something. All the above received a Down Down to celebrate.



The Lady Winners (someone's cut the bottom off Motox' trousers)



The Gentlemen Winners (Caboose takes a keen interest)

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our RA Motox continued directly with the Down Downs, awarding the following.

Who Got It

Why

Mrs Blobby

She received her 500 Runs badge. Well done to her!

Whinge

For being the first Fun Run Walker back. He was given some chocolates as well as his Down.

Phantom

For going out with AWOL and 'doing things', according to his wife.

Donut

Her birthday. Happy one to her.

Ms Whiplash,

PennyPitstop, Slapper,

C5, Mr Blobby,

Tequilova, SkinnyDipper

For organising the evening's excellent extravaganza. Many thanks to them for their hard work.

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid

Venue

Hares

Reference

2173

08Jul19

[SU829768](#)

The Bell
The Street
Waltham St Lawrence
RG10 0JJ

SlowSucker

2174

15Jul19

TBA

TBA

Lonely