

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2180 03Sep19
Venue: The Red Lion
Mortimer West End
Hares: Slapper, Motox

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

Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate Swallow SlowSucker FalseTart Shifty Hannah Phantom Iceman RandyMandy Gnasher Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Gnasher TC Whinge NappyRash C5 Slapper NoSole Dunny Rampant Snowy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash SweetPea Agatha Twanky Spot Desperate Shitfer ChocChuck NoStyle AWOL

On Root

Spot was carefully inspecting a very large courgette with Desperate as we drew into the car park. Quite why, I don't know, but it made an interesting introduction to the evening. Motox sat on his open car boot nearby actually wearing the 'La Pecorina' apron that he had forgotten for the past two weeks. Mr Blobby and C5 came over and congratulated me for joining their 'Old Blokes Falling



Over' club since I had managed to trip over the tiniest tree root during the Maidenhead Parkrun on Saturday and was proudly wearing the results of my stupidity in the form of gravel rash on my knee. The two are well known for their running pratfalls and I was pleased to be associated with their efforts, albeit I couldn't possibly match their long-distance running prowess. A couple of others put their names forward to join the club during tonight's Hash (see below) and I think associate membership beckons.

GM SkinnyDipper is still on her epic 900-mile bike ride to Sweden and had nominated Mr Blobby to stand in for her to welcome us all and virgin Hannah in particular. Skinny, he told us, had messaged him to let him know that she had been 'banged up' (to a rousing cheer from the baser elements of BH³) in prison. It turned out that the prison had been converted into a hotel where she was staying for the night. Mr B handed over to Hare Slapper who informed us that the Trail was short, due to the encroaching September darkness. It was only 5½ miles he said. So that would be a pretty standard distance then... We On Outed down the road and slipped left on to a well-known (particularly by the Wednesday Whingers) rising track.

It certainly got the heart racing and we trudged, panting, past indifferent sheep in the field to our left as they munched on some dried grass. SlowSucker had reached the top, found the Check and raced off along a dog-leg past the sheep, trying to find the Trail. Most of the rest of us stood bent over, hands on thighs, desperately

trying to suck in some oxygen. He returned, which was a bit of a pity for him (since he had ben 'winning') because Slapper then marked the Check in the direction he had been. We were heading back on a loop that took us back over the road above where the pub was located.

We dived into dense woodland (there's plenty of it around here) and tripped lightly along the narrow forest path. Slapper was just behind me when his toe found one of those tree roots I mentioned above. It's amazing how much trees can quiver when a heavy body falls to earth isn't it? Although not quite a meteor strike, the effect was similar, as roosting pigeons exploded from branches and small, furry animals rushed underground. Fortunately, Slapper was fine and the person-shaped crater he had made wasn't too deep for him to crawl out of.

Spot sped past me. He was well-prepared for when dusk fell since he was carrying a torch. I enquired if it was his Spot light and we both chortled heartily at this amazingly funny joke... Our route seemed to be going for ever upwards and ChocChuck breathlessly caught up with me as I spoke softly into my recording machine. "Chatter, chatter, chatter." She said. "I thought I'd add a little to your recording." I told her that her addition might not be recorded properly because the little elf who lives in the machine



and transcribes my wafflings was not used to her voice. She fully understood and asked me to wish the little fellow well on her behalf. Of course, I did so and he politely asked me to return the thought to her.

Slapper was moving us on quickly from the Checks although we were a touch concerned when we got to one and he advised us, with a broad sweep of his arm, that. "It might be over there somewhere." Hmm. We pressed onwards, finding a little stream that AWOL, C5 and Dunny went through and Shifty



stretched his long legs and jumped right over it. We reached a road where a flour 'P' for 'Petrol' had been inscribed by our Hare (safety first and all that). However, the only 'P'etrol was provided by an old bloke on a petrol-driven and rather smelly push bike. He chugged past us in a swirl of fumes and didn't acknowledge us at all. Guess he was either 'in the zone' or was semi-conscious due to the petrol vapour.

Our first Regroup was beside a tree that Florence stood under and Snowy pointed out two signs above her that read, 'New Flow' and 'Flow Cottage'. He's always been one for a pun. The Hares had obviously laid the Trail well since Motox and the walkers caught us up – always nice to keep the Pack together. Slapper was keen to keep us going and we On Outed again, into the open area of heather and furze where a chap was taking his dog for a walk by carrying it under his arm! Not far from here we came across a number of grazing cows, which put the wind up RandyMandy, who is not that keen on large bovines. We must have put the wind up the cows since they stampeded off into the undergrowth at a speed that was remarkable for such large beasts – a description that can be applied to a number of Hashers...

Spot attempted to trip over the largest and most obvious log on our path. He just managed to stay upright. TC Hash Crashed spectacularly and, who else: Mr Blobby, showed us all how it was done by hurling himself earthwards. Which is the reason for the title of this Gobsheet. There **were** a lot of roots on our route. I must also add that Mr B managed to get himself stuck on an electric fence at one point! We passed Gnasher and NoSole who had stopped and were 'nit-picking' their ankles, presumably in an attempt to dislodge any small creatures that had taken a liking to their shapely lower legs.

We reached Silchester cricket pitch via the second loop that had been employed during the Fun Run. Donut was especially interested to enjoy this part of the Trail since she had totally ignored it during the Fun Run (she ran the first loop twice!) and been disqualified, despite arriving back first. Slapper laid a Field Check and everyone, bar two people, ran diagonally over towards the path that led to the Silchester Roman city walls. The two who didn't were Shifty (he headed for the cricket pavilion – Doh!) and Zebedee (he headed for the far end of the field – Doh again!). The Trail was, of course where everyone else expected it to go and we hacked down the long, straight tracks towards the Roman remains. Snowy and I got slightly left behind and somehow passed Mrs Blobby and Utopia twice! We followed flour into a farm yard where there was only a lot of barking dogs and a shut gate telling us that trespassers would be prosecuted. Bit of a conundrum. Having backtracked, found a footpath and seen the rest of the Pack ahead of us we re-joined them in the gathering darkness and all plunged down a very dim track that finally led out on to the road below the pub. Dunny fortunately had a torch and she, TC and I were able to run without tripping over. Certainly made a change!

Excellent Trail by our Hares and a most enjoyable trot around this fine area of countryside. Our thanks to them.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Since Motox had Hared tonight, Spot stepped in for our RA and awarded the following.

Who Got It

Desperate

Mr Blobby

TC, Hashgate

ChocChuck

Why

Offering a massive courgette to Spot before the Trail.

Completing, on the weekend, his first triathlon for 30 years! Well done to him. Spot almost awarded him a drink for each of the 3 disciplines. 😊

Tonight's Hash Crashers while 'On Root'.

Allegedly starting the cow stampede.

Slapper Awarded the 'La Pecorina' apron by Motox since he doesn't suffer from hot flushes...

Slapper, Motox Tonight's Hares.

C5 As tonight's virgin, Hannah, had left, C5 was awarded her Down Down.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2182	Sunday 15Sep19 * 11:00 *	SU712806	The Butcher's Arms Blounts Court Road, Sonning Common RG4 9RS	TC, Whinge, Desperate
2183	Sunday 22Sep19 * 11:00 *	TBA	TBA	TBA