

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2182 15Sep19
Venue: The Butchers Arms
Sonning Common
Hares: Whinge, TC, Desperate

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Future Hashers

Boris Johnson, Jeremy Corbyn, The Archbishop of Canterbury, Richard III, David Beckham, Yogi Bear, Ed Sheeran, Jeremy Paxman, Kim Kardashian, Captain Jack Sparrow, Harry Potter and Dobby the House Elf, Abraham Lincoln, Elvis Presley, Vincent Van Gogh, Oscar Wilde, Sigmund Freud, Mary Poppins, William Shakespeare, Dr Who, BH³...

A Hash For The Future...

Quite an unusual selection of people joined the Hash tonight. Obviously, the knowledge of Whinge, TC and Desperate's Trail-laying ability has spread across several continents and time zones. BH³ stared curiously at the group. I say group, but with egos as large and ideas as massively



apart as some of them not everyone stood chatting idly together. And not everyone arrived at the same time and in the same way. While Boris and Jeremy studiously ignored each other there was a sudden groaning and whooshing in the car park and an old blue police box miraculously appeared next to the pub sign. The door opened and an attractive lady in a long coat, ¾ length trousers and a black T-shirt with a spectrum colour of lines across it popped out her head. "Not to late am I?" She enquired. "Bit of bother on Skaro in a couple of million years. Those Daleks never learn." She stepped down lightly and went over to talk to The Archbishop of Canterbury who was wearing a rather splendid green chasuble. How he was going to run in that, his golden mitre and carry that great big crook was anybody's guess. Perhaps the crook could be useful for fending off marauding sheep.

Richard III stumped around looking a tad out of sorts. "How then shall I run?" He asked. "For I have no steed 'pon which to ride." "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Most ignored him for he was a curmudgeonly type. Kim Kardashian, of course, was far too busy anyway, taking selfies of her overlarge bottom and posting them on Instagram. There was a sudden flash and the area by the front door of the pub seemed to fold in on itself, then extruded a very small gentleman who had floppy, pointed ears, a large nose and huge round eyes. Almost at the same instant a smooth-faced boy with round glasses, a slightly concerned look and a lightning-shaped scar on his forehead appeared. He was holding a small wooden stick. "Phew! That

was a bit close." He said to Whinge, who was standing, looking surprised, nearby. "Those Death Eaters don't give up easily. I'm Harry Potter and this is Dobby. We heard about your Hash in The Daily Prophet and thought we'd give it a go. I'm afraid Hermione and Ron are a bit tied up at the moment and they send their apologies. By the way, I brought my Marauders Map. Thought it might help you find anyone who got lost." Whinge thanked the boy and shook hands with them both, welcoming them to the Hash.

In one corner of the car park, Sigmund Freud, Jack Sparrow and Yogi Bear were deep in conversation about the relative merits of outdoor life and the effect on individuals. Freud posited that id, ego and superego were all nourished by external stimuli such as that experienced in the countryside. Jack Sparrow suggested that buccaneering on the open seas, a bottle of grog and the attentions of a comely wench were all body and soul needed. While Yogi Bear theorised that life in a forested environment, liberally augmented with the contents of campers' picnic baskets was the best anyone could ask for and he gave as his reason the fact that, "I'm smarter than the av-er-age bear." A fascinating conversation and well worth a listen.



Since it was almost time to start, our GM called out, "Gather Round. Gather Round." David Beckham dutifully stopped his keepy-uppies and skipped sleekly over. Abraham Lincoln strode across in a statesmanlike manner, clutching a lapel in each hand. Vincent Van Gogh peered obliquely and inquisitively over, saying, "Pardon?" Will Shakespeare stopped sucking the end of his quill with a faraway expression, rolled up and tucked into his doublet the parchment upon which he had been inscribing and strolled over. The GM welcomed the many 'virgins' to the Hash and it was noticeable that Jack Sparrow's eyebrows shot up underneath his leather tricorne as the word was used. Perhaps the word doesn't mean quite the same in Tortuga. The GM handed over to the Hares. "Ed." Said TC. "Would you mind not strumming that guitar while we're talking." "Sorry." Said the troubadour, sliding the instrument around himself and up on to his back. "Just had an idea for a song." He ran his hand through his tousled hair. "What Do I Know. I was just Thinking Out Loud." He laughed.

Whinge and Desperate began to run through the various flour signs that the group would find on the Trail, ending with, "Four blobs and you're on. Any questions?" There was a flourish of silken



handkerchief and Oscar Wilde stepped forward. "I believe our education in the manner of blobs," He looked round, expecting and achieving a ripple of laughter, "is unparalleled. Though a mere scribbler of anecdotes I have nothing to declare except my genius. However, should I chance upon a Check with all manner of False Trails emanating from that enigmatic circle I must say that I can resist everything except temptation." And with a small, theatrical bow and to a chatter of applause, he melted back into the group. Mary Poppins interjected, "I quite understand your use of a little flour to help us on our way but don't you think a spoonful of sugar here and there might be more, well, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious?" TC replied, "Thank you for that thought Mary, and by the way, I do like your parrot umbrella." Elvis just had to upstage everyone. He stepped forward in his snow-white suit with the rhinestones and huge collar, whipped off his sunglasses and curled his lip. "Ah'd just lark to say..." He paused for dramatic effect. "Than' yuh verr much."

Whinge was getting restless. "It's On Out – Check it out!"

Jack Sparrow drew his cutlass and roared, "Obey the Pirate Code. He who falls behind gets left behind."

"I can't run in these heels." Wailed Kim Kardashian. "Get wardrobe to bring me my Dolce and Gabbana trainers. Jeremy Corbyn approached the edge of the car park. "It's On Left." He squawked. "My dear misguided fellow." Said Boris Johnson, ambling up behind him, wearing an old Eton rugby shirt and a drooping pair of shorts, "It's On Right. You and your chaps will never understand that, will you. Even though Theresa made a Hash of it the only way is the Right way. Now do as I say or I'll prorogue Parliament even longer than I have already." He set off with Jeremy desperately looking for the phone number of John McDonnell amongst his mobile contacts to obtain advice.

The first Check was about ¼ of a mile away and first there were Harry Potter and Dobby, being respectively youngest and fittest (thanks to a lifetime of physical servitude). They looked down at the circle of flour while the rest tried to catch up and Kim Kardashian vainly attempted to hail a cab in Sonning Common. "Look Dobby." Said Harry. "It's a portkey." "Yes. Harry Potter. It is." Replied Dobby. "We can use it to get to the next Check." "Hold my hand Dobby and we'll disappear." With a twist and a flash, they disappeared. Then re-appeared at The Butchers Arms. The Hares had thought this might happen and had placed an enchantment on each Check so that no wizard Hashers could cheat. Clever them!

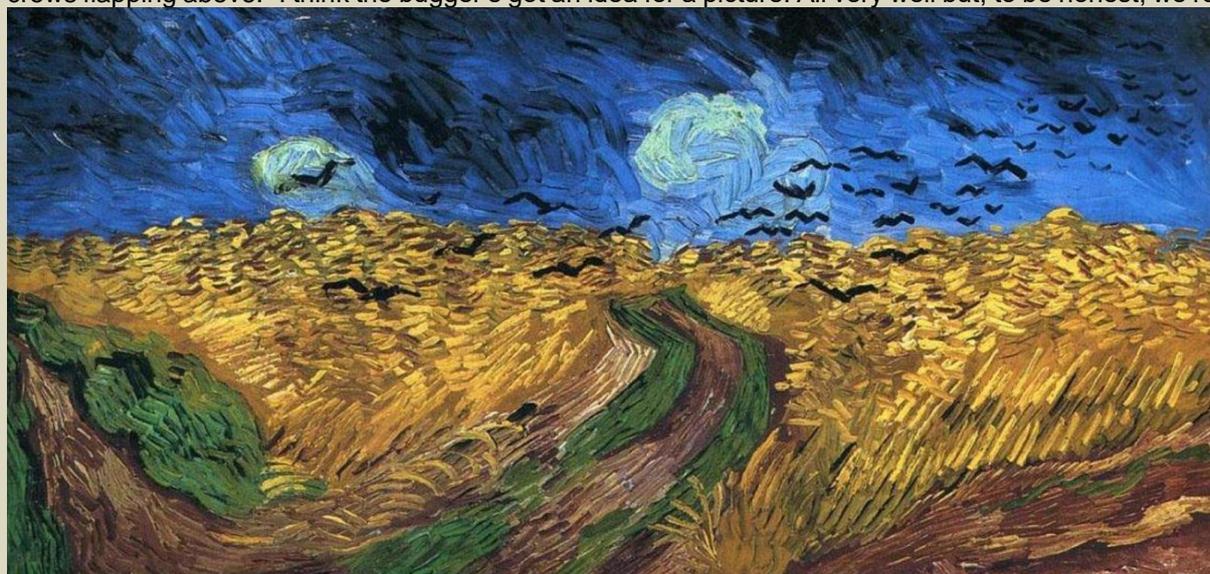


The Trail began to unfold and the disparate Pack kept mainly together, though Kim Kardashian and Abraham Lincoln had decided to join the walkers; one because her make-up had started to run, the other because no respected President of the United States should be seen to be jogging.

Unfortunately, Boris and Jeremy both got to the next Two-Way Check first and a finger-pointing, eye-rolling argument ensued about (surprise, surprise) whether to go left or right. "I am telling you, my Right Honourable Friend, that if you don't listen to me I shall take the first taxi to Buckingham Palace and

“speak to Her Majesty.” “And I’m telling you, my Right Honourable Friend” expostulated Boris, “Her Majesty happens to be in Sandringham this week so ya boo and sucks to you!” Jeremy would have kicked Boris in the knee but he couldn’t quite make his mind up which one; left or right. While he prevaricated, Boris saw his chance and poked him in the eye – the right one, as it happens. This led to hair-grabbing by Jeremy, groin-kneeing by Boris and the two had got each other by the throat and were rolling on the ground by the time Desperate ran up to them. Grabbing each by the scruff of the neck she banged their heads together, leading to a round of applause and a cessation of hostilities. “Now then!” She said firmly to both and gave them a shake. “If I get any more of this behaviour, you’ll both get a good slap from me!” Knowledge of Desperate’s slapping ability had reached even The House of Commons and the two politicians stopped struggling immediately. She let them go. “Um.” Said Boris, running a hand across his tousled head. “Let’s agree on a truce. No hard feelings, eh, Jeremy?” He reached out his hand. “Jeremy grasped it slightly reluctantly and mumbled, “Prob’ly for the best. Er. Perhaps we should have a word later about the, erm, Brexit thingy.” “Why not.” Replied Boris. “Blasted thing’s been rumbling on for far too long.” He turned to Desperate. “Sorry to ask but does the Trail go left or right?” “Actually.” She replied, “Let’s take a Short Cut and go straight ahead together.” Jeremy smiled, “I’m happy to concur with that.” “Brilliant idea!” Said Boris. “By the way, are you doing anything later...” Then stopped as she gave him The Look. They trotted on, almost in step.

TC and Whinge arrived, just as the last of the group headed off. They congratulated her on her handling of the politico-Hash situation then Whinge pointed over to where Vincent Van Gogh was framing a view, with his first fingers and thumbs, of the nearby wheat field. It had a winding track going through it with crows flapping above. “I think the bugger’s got an idea for a picture. All very well but, to be honest, we’re



in the middle of a Hash. Oi! Vincent!” He called. “The Trail’s over here.” He beckoned to the artist and he grudgingly jogged over to where the Hares were. He looked at them each with troubled eyes. “Such swirls of colour.” Before he turned and ran after the receding Pack, bandage flapping lightly against his head.

“What I’d like to know.” Said TC, turning to the others. “Is how Mary Poppins can sing while running. Especially in those button-up boots.” “I saw her cheating a bit earlier.” Replied Whinge. “She was flying, with her umbrella up. I’m sure I saw a bunch of penguins waddling after her and what looked like a load of chimney sweeps in the distance, carrying brushes and kicking their heels together. It sounded like they were singing something like “Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim chim cher-ee. This has got to be one of the weirdest Hashes I’ve ever been on.”

They followed the Pack into a forest and TC had to coax Yogi Bear out of a tree where he had decided to take a nap. “Yogi! Down! Now!” Did the trick and he landed on the earth in a scatter of leaves. “Do we get food when we finish?” He asked plaintively. “As long as you are a good bear.” Replied TC. “Sounds good to me Boo Boo. Oops! Sorry TC.” He shambled off as fast as his large, furry frame would allow.

Everyone but Jeremy Paxman was foxed by the Bar3-Check. They stood around scratching their heads at the mark. “Surely you know the answer to this one?” He harangued them. “I’ll have to hurry you.” He added and when they had all finished conferring and shook their heads (except Vincent, because it hurt if he did so) he left them to it and scampered back, tutting. Our Hares arrived. “It’s a Bar-3.” Said Whinge, amazed that they hadn’t listened to the instructions earlier. Dr Who Skipped over to him. “It looks to me,” she said, with that familiar urgency. “like a Dalek skid-mark. The Time-Continuum is weak here and I think they’re trying to cross over into our dimension.” “Good mistress.” Remarked Will

Shakespeare. "Though your hose makes gender appreciation as difficult as sieving glitter from gold. I am fain to accede to your astral observations, though the term 'Dalek' has me as foxed as a hound who has lost the scent." The Archbishop of Canterbury chipped in, rather breathless from fighting with his chasuble. "I believe what our good friend is trying to say, my child, is that we think the idea of a Dalek invasion in Sonning Common is a little far-fetched. Perhaps we should seek guidance from Above." And he raised his eyes heavenwards. Desperate began to explain. "It's a Bar-3, which means you have to go back three blobs and the Trail will go off from there in a different direction." There was a muttered chorus of 'Ahs' and 'Of course's as the penny dropped. Abraham Lincoln stepped forward (the Walkers having caught up), assumed a statesmanlike pose and addressed the group. "Quite a puzzle you set us there, Hares. You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time. Let's be about it." And he led them back towards the third blob.



A lot more sneaky Back Checks, Two-Way Checks and Bars were in the rest of the Trail and it was noticeable that Harry Potter and Dobby (when they thought no-one was looking) were waving their wands about and saying "Accio Trail" in the hope that this spell would find the route for them; but since the Hares had enchanted it the action merely created a different Boggart each time. Fortunately for them, the only spell that **would** work was "Riddikulus" which transformed each nasty Boggart into something silly. Hence the sight of a roller-skating giant spider and a man-eating tiger wearing a clown's outfit.

The Pack finally reached the 'On Inn' and skittered the last few yards to the pub.

Thinking of a drink, Elvis broke into, "It's Now or Never" while the others, including the Hares, sat or lay on the grass to listen to The King. Richard III sat, hunched over, slightly apart. He was still smarting at not having been allowed a horse but had rather enjoyed his country perambulations. At least, he thought, people don't try to take your head off with a big sword. They all had their own thoughts. Ed Sheeran was busy composing a new song entitled 'Runaway' – he'd forgotten he'd already written one of that name. David Beckham was wondering what Victoria would be cooking up for tea. Yogi Bear was really looking forward to a better than your av-er-age pub dinner. Abe Lincoln wondered if Donald Trump had really been voted in as President or whether he had bribed his way to the top. Jeremy Paxman had thoroughly enjoyed the physicality of the Trail, albeit he had had to share it with a bunch of mindless bozos; except Oscar Wilde, of course. Oscar was enjoying The King's hip wiggle and pondering, after the open-minded pleasure of his first Hash, on the importance of being earnest. Will Shakespeare was chatting with Dr Who about Daleks, arranging another visit (they'd met before) and thinking all's well that ends well. Sigmund Freud and The Archbishop of Canterbury discussed if there was a humanistic element in the rôle of the Anglican church – no-one else joined in because they



didn't have a clue what they were talking about. Mary Poppins reached down into her copious carpet bag ('I never travel without it') and pulled out a spoon, a medicine bottle and several cubes of sugar. She poured a little medicine into the spoon and slid it into Vincent Van Gogh's mouth before quickly popping in a sugar cube. "Spit spot!" She exclaimed brightly. "You'll be as right as rain in no time!" Captain Jack Sparrow, Harry Potter and Dobby were performing the little magic they could, now that the pub (enchantment over) had been reached. The young wizard produced his deer Patronus and Dobby was riding it around the pub garden while Jack Sparrow made a bottle of grog disappear rather quickly. Boris and Jeremy sat drinking their pints and were deep in quiet conversation, nodding at various points and making the pub patrons think that, for once, the country wasn't going to the dogs.

Whinge, TC and Desperate surveyed the scene. "I don't know how we did it." Observed Whinge. "But we got them all round and they seem to have enjoyed themselves." "Do you suppose." Said TC. "That Dr Who had anything to do with our Trail?" "How do you mean?" Asked Desperate. "We-e-e-ll." Replied TC. "We haven't actually laid it yet..."

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following to perhaps the most unusual and famous people ever to Hash with BH³.

Who Got It

Why

Oscar Wilde	For flamboyance and genius. He downed his crème-de-menthe like a good 'un.
David Beckham	2,443 keepie uppies. Only a nostril-stretching sneeze stopped him. Water, of course, for him.
Captain Jack Sparrow	Best dressed Hasher of the day. Yet another bottle of grog was downed in one go.
Harry Potter and Dobby the House Elf	Trying to cheat. See above. Two Butterbeers disappeared rapidly.
Will Shakespeare	The RA's hope was that he might sign up as BH ³ Scribe since he could only do better than the current one.
Elvis Presley	He is The King, after all. Guess what he said as he was awarded his Down Down.
Whinge, TC, Desperate	For the best Trail that has (n)ever been laid... 😊

And just for fun...

