

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2183 22Sep19

Venue: The Black Horse
Checkendon

Hares: GnomeAlone, CheapDate

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

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Wets

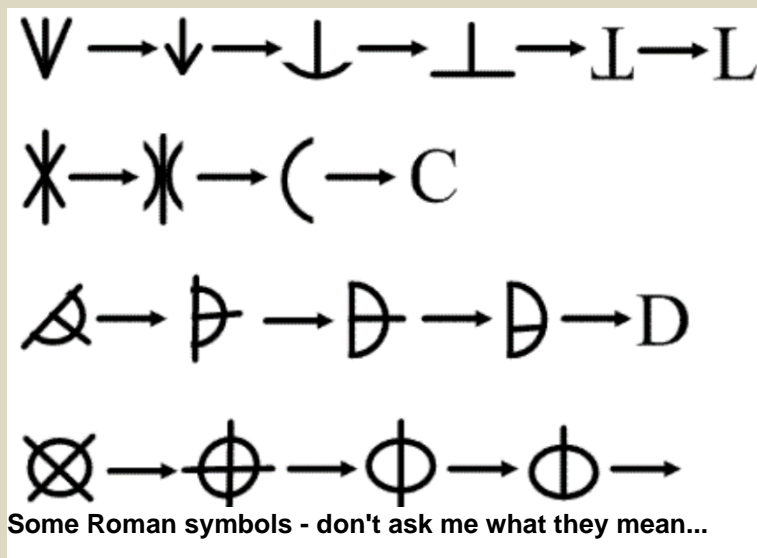
Dunny Rampant Hashgate Spot Foghorn Spex LoudonTasteless Iceman Motox CouchPotato Shifty FalseTart Cerberus and dog Chillie BillyBullshit Cloggs NonStick TC Whinge Swallow SlowSucker Lilo TinOpener CanalBob SkinnyDipper with dog Minx Pyro with dog Whisper Tequilova Dave Florence Zebedee and a whole bunch of our friends from Didcot H³.

Splashing, Dashing and Hashing

As I've mentioned before and Dunny mentioned on the day, it is well worth getting to the Hash early to watch the shenanigans of arriving Hashers. The pub had arranged for us to park in the field opposite, where the horses are usually. The field was littered with dry old bits of horse poo. LoudonTasteless (with Spex) rolled in in his great big, 4-wheel drive Range Rover and parked facing the fence. Then backed out, turned around and parked again. Still wasn't quite right so he drove out, turned around again and parked in the line of cars facing those by the fence. Never knew he was quite so OCD. However, the *pièce de résistance* of driving was exhibited today by Iceman, who drove in, scattering horse poo right and left, and didn't notice the large, yellow ball that was in front of him. He duly drove over it – it must have made an interesting noise inside the car; it certainly made an interesting noise to those of us on the outside. Dunny shouted at him to stop as the ball bounced out from under the back of it. He obviously had the cd on and was listening to 'Greatest Hits From The White Heather Club' at full volume since he didn't respond. Backing his car into place in the line he managed to also back into the ball again, which bounded away from his back bumper in dismay at the treatment it was receiving.

At the Gather Round, called together by BH³ GM SkinnyDipper, we were joined by a large contingent of DH³ Hashers. Good to be running with them. Skinny advised us that our Hash was number 2183 and asked HotLips what the DH³ number was. "I haven't a clue." She replied, which raised a titter from the crowd. Skinny gave her her best schoolmistress 'Could Do Better' look and continued by telling us that today was the start of the beer festival in Bavaria. A cheer(s) went up from the assembled boozers. She handed over to the Hares.

GnomeAlone stepped forward. He is known for his archaeological mores and can often be found digging his tool into old sites of interest so it was of little surprise to us when he began to draw strange Roman-



Some Roman symbols - don't ask me what they mean...

style symbols on the ground with flour, allegedly to inform us of his and CheapDate's Trail-laying signs. Circles, numbers, dots and crosses soon littered the centre of our Circle and I was expecting a spot of chanting to try and summon up a Roman god. It all got a bit complicated, especially when he told us a '4' might actually look like an 'F'... of which there were none on the Trail, it being laid on DH³ principles.

He may not have summoned up a god but the rain, which had been forecast, began to plop on our heads. The sky had darkened and thick, low clouds, full of water hung

over us threateningly. We On Outed and the heavenly dam burst. Arrows of rain plunged down upon us as we raced off into the woods. You could hear it hissing into the trees above. Just like the last Trail here, we all had gone in exactly the opposite direction to where we should have. Hashers were everywhere and Rampant perfectly described this first section as 'chaos'. So, well laid then. 😊

It didn't help that quite a number of Checks and flour blobs had disappeared; either eaten or washed away by the apocalyptic flood we were experiencing. When we all cast about in a field where a number of sleek horses stood about wondering what on earth we were doing, Whinge did the sensible thing when he stroked the nose of and had a brief chat with a fine-looking grey. We eventually found our way and plunged (almost literally, given the rain) into more woods, via a very long track where, you guessed it, the Check at the end had disappeared. One of Gnome's blob-laying methods had been to dip a tennis ball into the man-bag of flour that dangled from his side, then bounce it on the ground. This works fine in dry weather but the small amount of flour was being dissolved by the stair-rod rain so there was much milling about.

We finally reached the split between the Long Trail (allegedly 7½ miles) and Medium/Walkers Trail (allegedly 5½ miles). By now, we were all soaked and the sensible decided on the Medium, myself included. Shifty and I trotted along after Billy. I know, never a good idea. He was calling 'On' but neither of us had seen any flour. We caught up with him and he told us that there was a tennis-ball blob on the



This is the type of rain we 'enjoyed'.

nearby tree, which meant we were going the right way. Also, he knew exactly where we were. Off he went. I reviewed the blob on the tree and it turned out to be white paint. Doh! A word of advice to anyone tempted to follow Billy: he is an excellent fellow but you should only believe 25% (probably less) of what he says. Somehow or other he did find the Trail and we were

pleased to see a number of flour arrows (these weren't mentioned at the Hare's briefing!) which helped us push our way through the narrow trails almost covered with wet branches.

Our damp group consisted of Shifty, Swallow, FalseTart, SkinnyDipper (being hauled along by the manic Minx), Spex and Pyro with Whisper. We found an 'X' with no Check before it so Billy and I shot off up a track where we found what we thought might be the Long Trail, coming towards us (if that makes sense). Motox appeared, equally as foxed as the rest of us. Luckily, we eventually found where we should go and streamed along, hoping there wasn't too much more time to be spent soaking in the woods.

We reached a narrow road and had the choice of going straight on into the woods or left or right along the road. I thought I'd check right... and found no flour. But Pyro, coming up after me, said she knew roughly where we were and the road seemed to be heading towards Checkenden. "Call 'On On'". Said Billy, running past us. "I know this road". Hmm. I didn't... just in case. It turned out that it was not the road he had expected but it did lead to Checkenden and we were very glad when it brought us to the main road through the village. Now we knew where we were we headed straight for the pub, only about a mile away in the rain. Billy and I were walking past the church when a little old lady with a dog on a lead hailed us. "Are you on a walking event?" She asked, noticing that Billy and I had on the same, soaking wet BH³ T-shirts. We laughingly replied, "We should be running but we're tired out." Billy, Shifty and I splashed our way along the road before turning up the quiet lane that led to the pub, dry clothes and a beer. We were very pleased to get back. I had to wait around for Long Trailer Dunny, who had kindly put my car key in her dry bum bag, so greeted SlowSucker and Spot as they dripped in from the Long Trail. Later, TC told us glumly that she had run over 8 miles – I think she was quite pleased to finish too. 😊

Very good Trail, Gnome and CheapDate; thank you. Perhaps a little more flour next time. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

I thought you might find these running puns amusing:

Groundjog Day	Monty Python & the Holy Trail
The Leg of Extraordinary Gentlemen	Tread Poets Society
Pace Jam	A Nike's Tale
Smokin' Laces	Pace/Off
The Gait Escape	Despicable Knee
The Man with the Golden Run	Live and Let Thigh
The Shin Red Line	The Devil Wears Strava
Stride & Prejudice	IronRan
Marley & Knee	The Knee Musketeers
Lady & the Cramp	Any Given Runday
Man of Heel	Sprints of Persia: The Sands of Time

Down Downs

Unfortunately, your reporter had to leave before the Down Downs, so apologies for the lack of information. Hopefully, Iceman received an award for his car football...

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2185	06Oct19	SU650817	Black Lion, Greenmoor Hill Farm, Woodcote, RG8 0RB	Dunny Rampant
2186	13Oct19	SU696840	The Rising Sun Witheridge Hill Henley-on-Thames RG9 5PF	Pyro, Whisper, Spot