

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2185 06Oct19

Venue: The Black Lion
Woodcote

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

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

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Uppers and Downers

WaveRider NappyRash Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit MessengerBoy SkinnyDipper Motox Iceman Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Toppleova Sue Spex LoudonTasteless Slips Snowy Twanky CanalBob CouchPotato Mrs Blobby PissQuick Spot RandyMandy BlindPugh Gnasher FlashBangWallop NonStick Nicki Martin Slapper NoSole... and later Lonely Shitfer (on his bike and covered in mud)

The Ups and Downs of Hashing

The sun shone brightly on this early October day and a good-sized contingent of BH³ gathered in the sunny spot opposite the pub to hear GM SkinnyDipper welcome us. She said there was not much to particularly celebrate on this day (must be something in the world you'd think) except that she, who originated Holland (yes, I know they don't want that term used any more) has been awarded 'settled' status by our esteemed Government. This is related to the EU Settlement Scheme where EU citizens have to apply for this status if they wish to remain in the UK after June 2021. All very complicated and a partial response to the Brexit vote result. Welcome aboard Dipper! Even though you have been resident in this country for a number of years and have helped to educate goodness knows how many British children. 😊

To your right is an alien, presumably illegal. Dipper is, of course, now registered as a non-alien so doesn't look like this... erm, not that she ever did.



Ik ben onder jullie komen wonen.¹

Following our Hare's (Rampant) assertion that the Trail was but 5½ miles long (possibly as the crow flies after a heavy night out on the beer and a distinct lack of local geographical knowledge) the On Out this morning was refreshingly easy and took us down a lengthy track and into the forest. It had rained heavily overnight and our Hares were fairly knackered after having laid the Trail this morning to ensure that it didn't get washed out. Very thoughtful of them and we commend their care and attention. So the going underfoot was pretty sloshy, despite the morning sun. FRB NappyRash and I ran together for a change. He has a bit of a calf issue and was trying to run slowly – despite the fact that he has been advised (by his physiotherapist daughter, no less) not to do anything on it for 7 weeks. You just can't tell blokes can you ladies? Chatting to Mrs Blobby earlier she mentioned exasperatedly that Mr Blobby was running a ½ marathon today despite his own calf problem and the fact that he is due to be running the Nice marathon in 3 weeks' time. Doh! I found out later that he had had a good race and, luckily, hadn't suffered unduly. Also found out that SlowSucker had won his age group in the same race! Nice one.

We reached a narrow road and crossed it to find RandyMandy having a bit of a problem with her, ahem, undercrackers. It seemed the elastic had perished (possibly due to the exceptional strain under which it has had to perform) and she was fishing about in the back of her running tights to pull them back up to a reasonable height. Nothing worse than having one's drawers flapping around down each leg when one's trying to run.

CanalBob busily kicked out a number of Checks, seemingly before an "On On" call. He's becoming a proxy BillyBullshit. We schlepped on and all fetched up at an impromptu Regroup where we noticed that Spex had been 'misbehaving in the woods'. The knees and sleeves of her running kit were covered in mud and most of us were trying desperately **not** to speculate how that had happened. We assumed

¹ "I have come to live among you" in Dutch 😊

it must have been a 'quickie', otherwise she wouldn't have caught up with us so rapidly. She was certainly out of breath...

Going across a large field with horse event jumps in it we were warmed by the Autumn sun. Following which, we enjoyed a breathless rush through brambles in woods to emerge on the track from which we had originally diverted – sneaky, these Hares. We certainly had a variety of countryside to run through. NonStick and I chatted about the below photograph in the West Bay Diary (available for all to read via the [WBAY](#) link in 2019 Gobsheets). He'd asked me for a copy via email, which was surprising to me as



it doesn't show him at his absolute best. I'm sure he won't mind me sharing this classic picture at the cider farm where we were sampling the goods. The lady is one of the owners and is attempting to educate NonStick (p*ssed), Snowy (attempting to appear erudite), C5 (drooling in his own world) and JJ (checking his carer, Aqua, is still with him) about

her refreshing and delicious drinks.

Running on, we found that BillyBullshit was up at the front with Slapper *et al*. This is good (because it's great to see Billy running again) and bad (because he certainly lives up to the second part of his Hash name when it comes to calling 'On'). We reached a Walker and Long split where the Walkers' Trail was marked with a 'TW'. Twanky was sure it meant he should go that way but we managed to point him firmly on to the longer route.

The first of the Regroups appeared in the middle of a damp forest, where three people walked past. They had a friendly little golden-coloured dog and he ran into the middle of us, whimpering with excitement. Certain Hashers, whose names I won't mention, likened his squeaking to RandyMandy's "On On" calls – naughty fellows! We expected him to run off after a certain amount of patting and ear-scratching but, no, he didn't want to go; even though his people were quite a way down the path and calling to him. Eventually, Desperate and Spot ran towards them, urging the little fellow to go with them. He did so... for all of 20 Yards, then ran back to be in the middle of us again! We eventually reunited him with his friends and they put him on his lead. He looked **very** disappointed. 😊

There followed a series of up-and-down soggy woodland loops, culminating in a mile or so-long slog up a steepish slope. We've always run **down** that slope before so we were doubly saddened at having to go up it. Not surprisingly the second Regroup was most of the way up this long drag and Hashers collapsed by the wayside, hacked repeatedly or lit up a Woodbine to restore themselves. We started up again and Snowy and I followed Spex and LoudonTasteless, though the latter stopped at a fresh vegetable container stall (the Greenbroom Farm Shop) to marvel at the veg. on offer. The short drive into this place was lined with bright yellow pumpkins of Destiny. Appropriate, I thought, since the mushroom, tree, pony and concrete aggregate of Destiny had been seen in this area when Dunny and Rampant last laid a Trail around here (See Gobsheet 2155).

It wasn't too much further to the On Inn and Spex and I enjoyed the panoramic view of the rolling green countryside in the area behind the pub before raising our glasses to a job well done.

Well done indeed Dunny and Rampant. A thoroughly enjoyable (but for that huge hill) Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog



Meet Sean. This little fellow is Sean the Sheep, awarded to me at the end of the week at West Bay for my dis-service as RA on a couple of occasions. He shimmies and clicks from side to side in on the sunny window shelf of Donut's and my bathroom. Powered by solar energy, he happily dances the day away, sleeping standing up during the night.

He quite frightened Snowy, when he and Slips came over to stay. Snowy wasn't expecting to find a grinning sheep doing a little snake-hips while he took a bio-break. 😊 Frankly, I think Sean was even more frightened than Snowy.

Sean is a bit like us – energised and busy when the sun shines; rather dormant when it doesn't. I'll be interested to see his response to the coming winter months. At least he has a woolly coat and hat to keep him warm.

Down Downs

RA Motox awarded the following outside in the October sunshine.

Who Got It

Spex, Whinge
NoSole, Slapper
SkinnyDipper
Rampant

Twanky
Slips
BillyBullshit
Dunny, Rampant

Why

Both Hash Crashers today. Whinge reckoned he was pushed by Spex!
Birthdays. Happy ones to them!

For being allowed to stay in England.

A very well deserved 400 Hashes badge awarded by our President, Ms Whiplash. Rampant also received a box of Turkish Nights chocolates from Motox for his feat.

At kissing gates, insisting he would only kiss blokes...

Getting lost on the Trail.

Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by Slapper for running too well.

Today's Hares

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2187	20Oct19	SU712563	The Coach and Horses, Rotherwick., RG27 9BG	C5 Mr Blobby
2188	27Oct19	SU100935	North Wilts H ³ - Hash Camra Cricklade Town Hall 113 High Street Cricklade SN6 6AE £12 entry for Trails, Food and Drinks	North Wilts H ³