

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2187 20Oct19
Venue: The Coach and Horses
Rotherwick
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

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



AWOL Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfer WaveRider NappyRash Cerberus BillyBullshit Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener SkinnyDipper Tequilova Iceman Slips Snowy Dumber Mrs Blobby Twanky NoSole Swallow SlowSucker Dunny Rampant CouchPotato C4 Hamlet Spex LoudonTasteless Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Gnasher RandyMandy Georgina with little lad Morgan Michelle Itsyor Posh Bomber Motox Foghorn CanalBob Headley

The Hare Without Any Flour

Hares have quite a set of responsibilities when organising a Hash. Inviting a co-Hare using offers of money, a free drink or a blueberry muffin, selecting a pub, bribing the landlord/lady to a) agree to host a large number of old, muddy Hashers and b) lay on extra serving staff, working out the Trail route, recce'ing the Trail with the co-Hare (more money, a free drink or muffin is involved). Then the big one: Laying The Trail. Now Mr Blobby and C5 have many, many years of experience laying Trails; both together and with other people and they are past masters of the art. Perhaps **the** most important constituent in the Trail-laying mélange is flour. Simply put; without it there can be no Trail. It is the hub upon which the Hashing wheel spins. C5 forgot to bring any flour. Doh! He told me while we were running that, "I'd put it next to my sports bag in the porch; then forgot to pick the damn thing up." Ah well. Happens to the most intelligent of us. Fortunately, the appropriately named Mr Blobby (geddit?! 'Blobs' of flour... oh, please yourselves) had brought sufficient so we weren't treated to a BGB-style Trail where infinitesimal specks of white powder challenge even the most keen-sighted to spot them. We all had a good old chortle at the Gather Round when Mr Blobby dobed in his good friend C5.

While we were enjoying this news a lady in wellingtons (and other clothing) appeared and politely advised us that, when we run through the churchyard, there are ground-tidying and tree works and a large bonfire so please take care. Our Hares thanked her and off she went. "If," said C5 with heavy irony and a skywards eyeball roll, "we go through the churchyard, just be careful of the bonfire." We On Outed... in the direction of the churchyard. 😊

The main gate was blocked by a large JCB-type of vehicle so most of the Pack squeezed past it, giving the safety conscious workers a couple of seizures and a fit of the vapours. Donut and I followed the advice of the wellington lady and slipped in through a side gate, giving friendly hellos to ladies armed with secateurs and spades, chaps toting various digging tools and a couple of people poking and throwing things on a large and smoky bonfire. We wished them well in their endeavours – the church will look much better with a spruced-up churchyard.



The first of many long, long sections

appeared and we ran seemingly a mile to the second Check where Donut thought she'd slip off into the bushes for a bio-break. Billy assumed she'd found the Trail and started off after her. Until I called him over to the Check and explained that people sometimes (increasingly often in BH³'s case) have to make

use of impromptu 'facilities'. While I explained this, NappyRash hopped up and down next to us, advising that "I want to have a wee too but we're running so fast I haven't been able to stop." Ah the joys of off-road running.

Mr Blobby told me later on that the Hares had been rather constrained by the lengthy tracks along which they had to lay the Trail. There was little opportunity to lay many Checks. Mind you, with limited flour I can understand his point. C5 also mentioned a flour issue they'd had while laying the Trail through a paddock wherein stood a friendly pony. Every time they laid a blob of flour the fellow trotted over and promptly licked it up. Neither reasoning nor a ticking-off seemed to stop his floury hoovering so our clever Hares eventually laid a Field Check the other side of the paddock fence and a single blob across the field to point the way. As the theatrical profession is apt to point out, never work with children or animals.

I was running breathlessly with AWOL and NappyRash when AWOL announced the quote of the day. We'd been chatting about the current fad for gender fluidity and he suddenly stated, "I've never had a gentleman's thingy up my bum." NappyRash and I fell silent, unable to think of much to say in response and unwilling to explore the subject further. I believe I said, "Well, there we are then." And found a sudden rush of energy that had me sprinting away like a cat with its... well enough of bottoms for the moment.

I caught up with RandyMandy and SkinnyDipper on a narrow part of a track and suddenly realised that they were also talking about, erm, weeing. Mandy said that she was desperate for one and Dipper was offering her the second of her two tissues, though Mandy said she could use the sleeve of her new running top... curious how those sudden rushes of energy come upon you isn't it? With a hurried, "Excuse me ladies." I streamed through the middle of them and shot off up the hill and out of earshot. A lucky escape.

After a delightful trip through a cricket field, its grass shimmering with dew in the sudden burst of sunshine, Snowy and I found ourselves running along a narrow private road with signs at intervals indicating a speed of 10 mph.



We agreed that we were not likely to achieve that rate and expected to be cautioned by a police officer at any moment. At the next Check most of the Pack had raced off forwards, little realising that Mr Blobby was tracing out 'RG' with flour in the middle of it. Not only had they missed the Regroup but they'd gone the wrong way. An excellent way for our Hares to bring the Pack back together. On returning, Dunny complained

that she had only just kicked it through... perhaps she had kicked out the (invisible) 'RG' too. 😊 Lonely suddenly caught up with us and thanked the group for waiting for him.

A longish loop through a very wet and sloping field was next and several people cut off the left-hand corner; including Spex, Snowy, WaveRider, Donut and Swallow. I was a little surprised that Swallow joined the short-cutters – she had been very pleased with herself earlier about her PB in the Dinton Pastures Parkrun on Saturday. Perhaps her weekend effort had exhausted her stamina. SkinnyDipper probably had the best idea on this greasy hill. With Lilo's mad dog Minx attached to her waist by her lead she exhorted the animal to ever greater efforts in order to pull her up the slope.

Somehow, we found and passed Little Morgan and his Mum. The lad had found a puddle and was happily jumping up and down in it. This bit was followed by a long, long hairpin route that led back into a damp forest where there were a number of wooden playthings (seesaw, climbing frame) and large wooden animals (one, a delightful hare). We fetched up at the second Regroup (fully marked this time!) road that led into Rotherfield, with the option to 'enjoy' another loop or nip straight down the road to the pub. Itsyor dashed off down the road and WaveRider, Swallow, Donut, Dunny and I followed after him – a drink beckoned. Pity that Swallow hadn't brought any dry shoes to change into 😊

Nice Trail, Hares. This is a lovely area to run around. And there **was** enough flour!

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Just for a change, let's have a couple of riddles. Answers at the foot of this page.

What is seen in the middle of March and April that can't be seen at the beginning or end of either month?¹

You see a boat filled with people. It has not sunk, but when you look again you don't see a single person on the boat. Why?²

Down Downs

RA Motox awarded the following in the front-of-pub area... much to the surprise of people arriving at the pub.

Who Got It

Why

Lonely	For, last week, rescuing a stricken horse from some barbed wire. He should receive an RSPCA award (Really Special Person Caring for Animals). Well done Lonely!
Bomber	Forgot his 'gift' when recently being presented with a BH ³ runs award. He opened the beautifully wrapped package to find a packet of 4... Snickers that is.
Ms Whiplash	Tried to 'dob in' Iceman for wearing one trouser leg inside his sock. Zeb tucked on of her trouser legs in her sock while she downed her award in record time.
Tequilova	She was the only Hasher who cycled here today.
Michelle	Received her virgin Hasher Down and got outside it with aplomb.
Dumber	His 100 Hashes award. Frightfully well-earned.
Dunny	Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by BillyBullshit for leading the Pack entirely the wrong way at one point.
Gnasher	She was 'dobb'd in' by RandyMandy who spotted her wearing a curious changing garment made up of two large towels, sewn together with some kind of drawstring around the neck. Many of us are looking forward to viewing this luscious garment the next time she uses it. If anyone can get a photo, the Gobsheet will use it. 😊
C5, Mr Blobby, Lilo	Our Hares... and Lilo, who was offering a (no doubt useful) series of advisory suggestions during the Circle. What a helpful soul she is. She whacked down the drink just as fast as Mr Blobby and C5 – nice one!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2189	03Nov19	SU702815	Peppard Cricket Club Stoke Row Rd, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5JE (Card reader payments only. Changing and showers available.)	CouchPotato Spot
2190	10Nov19	SU843638	Crowthorne Sports & Social Club Wellington Road Crowthorne RG45 7LD (Please park in Morgan Rec car park, Lower Broadmoor Road, RG45 7LD)	Twanky, BlowJob RandyMandy

¹ The letter 'r'.

² They are all married.