

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2193 01Dec19
Venue: The Swan,
Sherbourne St. John
Hares: Slapper, Tequilova

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

Nippers

Motax Donut Hashgate Fatima Mr Blobby C5 Cloggs NonStick RandyMandy BlindPew Gnasher Spex LoudonTasteless Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Iceman Slips Snowy MessengerBoy Twanky CouchPotato TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SkinnyDipper Hamlet Swallow SlowSucker Dr Pooh Dumber Lungs ChocChuck NoStyle Florence Zebedee AWOL Rampant CabinBuoy

A Nippy Hash

BH³ reluctantly emerged from their cars into the chilly, fresh air of the morning. Though the weather was bright, the slight breeze insinuated itself coldly into our thin, runner's clothing. NonStick, Cloggs, Swallow, Donut and I chatted, congratulating Swallow on her birthday. It was NonStick's suggestion to give Swallow 'The Bumps'... which was met with a cool arching of the eyebrow that chilled NonStick like a chicken in a Sainsbury's freezer.

It was nice to see Fatima rejoin us after a long time and good to know that despite the news I had been given that Mr Blobby had fallen over during the Tuesday Basildon Park run and broken his wrist and rib that this was an exaggeration and our Hash elder statesman had merely bruised both when he found that a pile of leaves he was running through was covering a rabbit hole. Apparently, no bunnies were harmed during this though some had to cover their ears against the foul language.

Our esteemed GM, SkinnyDipper, wasted no time at the Circle in handing over to the Hares, who got us on our way quickly. We streamed out of the car park at approximately 2 mph, the creaking of bones and crackling of joints audible for up to 100 Yards away. The first run up a sloping, wet and cold field got the heart going and some of us began to warm a little. However, one of the Scribe's physical issues in the winter made itself known. No, not the general debilitation due to age and a louche lifestyle but



the problem of 'The Frozen Thumb'. Florence and Zebedee, who suffer from white fingers during the winter months will know what I am describing. Your Scribe uses a small recording machine to log the various Hash events for later transcription into the Gobsheet and this means that the right thumb (used for switching the thing on and off) is subject to the elements. The digit was rigid and freezing as we ran along. I'm going to have to ask Donut to knit me a woolly thumb protector – I'm sure other areas of the body could benefit from such protection. I'll investigate the options and let you know.

Actually, Donut fell fairly far behind after the first Check since a desperate need for a bio-break manifested itself. Hare Tequilova kindly waited for her, whistling to herself quietly on the other side of a hedge. We had, by that time, reached another Check, which Hare Slapper was 'refreshing' (it had mainly disappeared despite the Hares having laid the Trail this morning) in the form, he advised me, of an umbra and penumbra. i.e a concentric circle to you and me, unless you're into astronomy or would like to check out [here](#). We carried on across soaking, cold fields and drifted into the first of the woodland. Fascinating to see Fatima 'tidying' our path. She pulled a number of bits of tree off the track and hurled them away. Until, that is, she grabbed one and found it was a slim branch about 3 metres long. Gave up on that one. It was while we were slip/sliding along this track of shiggy that Mr Blobby, at a tricky right turn, performed a triple salchow and splotched to the waiting mud and biscuits. I guess it was only a matter of time. Fortunately, no harm was done and he extracted himself from the gloop with a wry smile. Zebedee also managed to slide sideways into the poo near here – most of his left side was covered. If he'd done the other he'd have looked like Arnie Schwarzenegger hiding from the alien and covered in mud.

C5 and Florence sneaked up behind me, telling each other quietly, "Don't tell anybody we're short-cutting." Well, that didn't work did it, chaps? We reached the new development of Marnell Park, which had a large amount of (ugly) thick, plastic sheeting, roughly 2 feet high surrounding it. An information board advised us that this was Great Crested Newt (*Triturus cristatus*) territory and the sheeting was for the protection of these little creatures. Probably also so that they didn't wander into people's gardens and frighten the population. Here's a picture of one waving at you, so you know what they look like. Fine little chaps aren't they. But not happy about the curtailment of their 'right to roam' at Marnell Park – they've set up a pressure group and are lobbying their local MP at present. A march is planned... if they can get past the plastic sheeting.



Slapper's quote of the day followed our sojourn through here. "I didn't know it went that way." He said of the Trail. Apparently, the second half was laid mainly by Tequilova. And a very fine half it was. We found ourselves in Basing Wood and Twanky suddenly appeared, somewhat breathless after arriving late (traffic) and having to catch up. The Pack's collective mental capacity seemed to have drained away around here since AWOL and Iceman came running back from the correct route, following a Check, and a small group of the intellectually challenged decided to blunder off across a small pond into the woods to our left for no reason at all. Slapper called them back with a wtf look on his face and pointed us all along the track from which AWOL and Iceman had just returned. Doh!

We entered the rolling grounds of the National Trust property The Vyne, a 16th Century estate and country house outside Sherborne St John. Donut's and my eyes lit up at the thought of a coffee at the NT café but, sadly, our hopes were dashed as we veered across towards the bird hide (confusing a large family with several children who had just come out of it). The Hares had laid a teasing Trail that led up and across a large, sloping field before sweeping back down again. Motox figured this one out and went straight across the bottom of the field to the gate, while the rest of us tramped up the hill, across it and back down again.

SkinnyDipper managed to slide and hurtle earthwards into the shiggy, to the delight of Mr Blobby and Snowy. I'm pleased to report that Lilo's dog, Minx, who was attached by her lead to SkinnyDipper's belt was unharmed during the process. She did seem to bare her teeth in the suggestion of a doggy grin though. Snowy and I ran the last part together; through the little churchyard, round the back of the pub and (with a sigh of relief since we were starting to get cold again) into its car park. Just before this we had had to bend ourselves under a metal bar gate and Snowy grunted, telling me that, "Every part of me is stiff... well, nearly every part." It was pretty nippy after all. 😊

Nice Trail Hares. Our thanks for laying it, then running round it with us on this cold day. Fortunately, the pub was lovely and warm.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Luckily, we had our own room in the pub so RA Motox didn't have to drag us outside. He awarded the following.

Who Got It

Why

MessengerBoy	Short-cutting. (Why not C5 and Florence?)
AWOL	Unable to figure out how to open one of the gates.
Swallow	Her birthday today! Happy one to her.
SkinnyDipper	A Hash Crasher today. She actually fell over twice; according to Motox to try and get two drinks. She had forgotten to bring her shoes so stood there in her socks.
Zebedee	Another Hash Crasher.
Twanky	Presented his 500 runs badge by BH ³ President Ms Whiplash. Well done!

C5 Presented his 900 runs badge by BH³ President Ms Whiplash. Well done!
 TinOpener Presented his 1,000 runs jacket by BH³ President Ms Whiplash. Well done! For some reason he had chosen a pure white colour. His wife Lilo said, "You'll be washing that then."
 Slapper, Tequilova Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2195	15Dec19	SU649698	Hash Christmas Dinner Fox & Hounds, Sunnyside, Theale RG7 4BE	Slapper Motox
2196	22Dec19	SU734678	The Bell & Bottle 37 School Green, Shinfield, Reading RG2 9EE	Iceman SlowSucker