

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2199 12Jan20
Venue: Nettlebed Village Club
Hares: Pyro (with dog Whisper)
Spot (with no dog)

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

Clubbers

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Motox Florence Iceman Cloggs NonStick TinOpener Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop BlindPew RandyMandy Swallow SlowSucker Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby WaveRider NappyRash CanalBob Twanky Gnasher AWOL MessengerBoy C5 Posh Bomber Dumb Dumber Tequilova PinkPamper... and a good number of our friends from Didcot H³.

An Almost Flour-Free Hash

Crikey, it was parky! A bone-chilling breeze whipped around us as we reluctantly left our car and shivered along with Dunny and Rampant next to us while we dragged on our stiff-with-last-week's-mud running shoes. We watched as various BH³ and DH³ Hashers shivered over to the front of the club, slapping their arms around themselves and wringing their hands in the cold. Finally, Iceman, standing in for GM SkinnyDipper, who has disappeared to the



Nettlebed's 14th Century brick kiln (in warmer weather than we experienced).

much hotter climate of Australia, called us to order. He advised us that today was not only 'Kiss a Ginger Day' (we didn't have any in our crowd) but 'Chicken Curry Day' and 'Marzipan Day'. I think that if we'd previously eaten a curry and marzipan any ginger would have run a mile. He handed over to Spot, who told us that the weather was so mild (you could have fooled us!) that he had seen some flowering gorse and a daisy. Little did we know at the time that this was the only flower/flour that we would largely see during the Trail, this morning's earlier heavy rain having washed away most of the rest of it. We On Outed, all eager, like the naïve Hashers we were.

Early on it became apparent that not much of the Trail was visible. We milled about by the ancient brick kiln, desperately seeking *de la farine* (why that's written in French I don't know – put it down to a left-brain vagary). It was only when we finally found the first tiny but perfectly formed Check that we knew we were on Trail. I guess the uncertainty kept the Pack together – we seemed to be with the Walkers for quite a bit. One of whom was WaveRider. I'd thought it odd that a lady with such high fitness levels was not running today and put it down to a

physical issue. It turned out to be a mental issue. She had picked up two running shoes at her house, only to discover when she got to Nettlebed that one was a size 4 and the other a size 10! Pity her husband NappyRash hadn't made the same mistake. It's not clear which is the 10 and which is the 4...

Poor Iceman picked up 4 points at the bottom of the lane, where there was a huge and fairly deep puddle, by tripping and falling into it. Now he did say to Rampant that if this was reported in the Gobsheet he wouldn't publish it. So if you are not reading this pamphlet then you know why...

It was obviously a cold day since at least three of our members disappeared off into various parts of the woods for a, ahem, bio-break. These were BlindPew, MessengerBoy and RandyMandy. Personally, I'd have thought it a tad nippy to expose those parts that prefer warmth. But needs must, I suppose. I am unable to report whether any animals were psychologically harmed during these comfort expeditions.

Now parts of the Trail were long, fast runs along the edges of fields. Glorious countryside, of course, but this kind of thing does spread out the Pack. So the Hares had put down some Fishhooks with

numbers against them, the idea being that the first n people to reach one should then run to the back of the Pack. We found the first, with a '6' against it and a number of people, including SlowSucker, C5 and Twanky standing just before it, their thought being that if they had not actually reached it then they didn't need to run back. Naughty, but very sneaky. I understand that only AWOL ran to the back on any of these Fishhooks. Well done to you AWOL! 😊

We reached the Regroup at the ruins of the medieval church of St. James at Bix Brand. As you can see, there's not much left of it. For those of you interested in its history, there were once two villages



here: Bix Brand and Bix Gibwyn, which the church served. However, it was abandoned when the villages fell into decline and the village of Bix and its church came into being.

Pyro asked us to gather within its walls since she wished to deliver a sermon! Now

we've never thought of Pyro as versed in liturgy so is was with interest that we entered the formerly hallowed interior (albeit without a roof). We stood below her as she climbed the little hill of rubble and earth at one end – so it was to be a Sermon on the Mount, we thought. The other thing about Pyro is that we never knew she had thespian tendencies (don't even go there you naughty people!). She adopted a posture with hands clasped before her in apparent supplication and a pious set to her face (difficult when one is wearing red and black running trousers and holding the lead of a dog), before speaking to us with all the Christian earnestness of Archbishop Welby, pontificating on the beauty of our surroundings and the serenity of the countryside. Amongst the humour of it I got the impression of a lightly serious undertone and I have to agree with her – we are extremely lucky to be amongst friends and fit enough to run about in beautiful countryside. Here endeth the lesson. We On Outed...

... Straight up the most enormous hill on a slippery flint and chalk track. Of course, we'd all stiffened up while standing about and getting up the $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile or so of it was quite, shall I say, challenging. However, I first chatted with Florence, who told me that 2Bob's daughter, PinkPamper, was running with us today. Haven't seen 2Bob for years. Nice to have her with us. Then Posh arrived and we passed a pleasant uphill $\frac{1}{4}$ mile before she realised, "Oh, I'm supposed to be in training." And trotted amiably away. On the side of the deep shiggy trail at the top (almost) of this hill LemonySnicket caught her toe on a stone that suddenly arose from the ground and hurtled forward in front of me, only just stopping herself from accepting a face full of mud and biscuits. "Phew." She said. "I'm glad nobody saw that." "Apart from me." I replied brightly. "I am, of course, the BH³ Scribe." "Ah. Yes." She smiled ruefully, slopping off through the shiggy.

Our Hares had kindly laid a Bar Check at the bottom of the next steep hill. Cloggs, Twanky, GnomeAlone and I managed to avoid it and everyone stopped at the second Regroup by a roped-off area with a sign that said it was a 'Sensitive Conservation Area'. So we spoke quietly as we massed on the large wooden bench.

There were a few more effing hills and it was noticeable that many of our group now resembled 'walking wounded' as they traipsed up them. When we reached a road Swallow, Donut and I ran an extra loop that dog-legged back to the Trail that had gone straight through the woods. We had thought we were on the On Out road. Silly us! We met Bomber who had also done an additional and different loop for no reason. Then I found myself a) on my own, and b) going to a place named Magpies End that, when I returned to the marked Check, was obviously not the direction in which I should have run. Oh well, The Hares had kindly clearly marked the Trail for the next $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and I eventually reached the On Inn and Nettlebed Club by the rear entrance. NappyRash told me later that he had come back via the front entrance – he knew not why. 😊

Fine Trail and nice to have a point of interest (St. James Church). Our thanks to the Hares and a hope that next week's has no torrential rain to wash away the flour.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Risk and its management are an essential part of being human. Though many of the health and safety police seem intent on eradicating it from our lives, surely by assessing risk, taking necessary action, then benefiting from the experience is a positive thing? Risk can come in many forms. Gambling is risky and most people are aware that the odds are stacked against them, so decline to take that risk. Letting your children play in a playground is beset by risk. They could fall off something, run into something, trip over. But it teaches them how to handle risk and learn valuable lessons in its management. Don't stand up on a slide. Don't jump off a climbing frame unless you're sure there is no-one underneath. Didn't I enjoy myself and learn what it felt like when securely hanging upside down with that bar under my knees.

Of course, there are big risks and small risks and experience helps to identify the scale. Should I invest in John Lewis right now? Perhaps I can see the beach below this overhanging cliff edge? Shall I buy my wife a vacuum cleaner for her birthday? If I leave in five minutes will I catch the bus? Shall I waste money buying that shirt I don't really need? Will an ice-cream really tip my cholesterol levels over the edge? Should I go on that exotic railway holiday in Vietnam? Shall I tell that skinhead he's got a face that would frighten Dracula?

We take a risk every time we go Hashing and some people have broken a foot, sprained an ankle and in the case of Baldrick, broken a shoulder bone and ribs. But we manage risk by wearing the appropriate shoes and clothes, looking where we are going, slowing down when it seems safer and stopping to check for traffic when we come upon a road out of a forest.

Most people manage risk through experience, awareness and reasonably logical decision-making. Our lives are richer and more rewarding for taking risks. However, gentlemen, do not buy your wife a vacuum cleaner for her birthday...

Down Downs

We had our own room in the club and it was very nice to get out of the cold, even though a number of people's fingers had turned white with cold! RA Motox presented the following.

Who Got It

Why

WaveRider	Bringing odd-sized running shoes and having to walk.
Cloggs	Showing off by vaulting over a gate.
RandyMandy	Calling 'On On' when there was no flour. I guess this could have been any one of us. Motox gave her an 'L Plate' necklace.
Gnasher	Her birthday. Happy one to her!
Iceman	Diving into the puddle.
Motox	C5 awarded this since Motox managed to 'hit the wall'. Not during the Trail but literally, with his car in the car park!
AWOL	The only one who did the Fishhooks. Well done!
Spot, Pyro	Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2201	26Jan20	<u>SU561892</u>	The Bear at Home * Joint with Didcot H ³ * High Street, North Moreton, Didcot OX11 9AT	Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop
2202	02Feb20	<u>SU611624</u>	The Pelican Silchester Road Pamber Heath RG26 3E * 15:00 France v. England *	Mr Blobby C5