

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2200 19Jan20  
Venue: Fox & Hounds, Tilehurst  
Hares: NappyRash, WaveRider,  
Shitfer

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Corps de Ballet



Tequilova Topleftova Lonely

Iceman Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate Cerberus BillyBullshit  
Twanky BlowJob Dunny Rampant C5 Florence CouchPotato  
BlindPew RandyMandy and grandson Morgan Foghorn Lungs Dumb  
Dumber BGB Josie Slips Snowy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash  
FlashBangWallop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Gnasher CanalBob Swallow  
SlowSucker Posh Bomber Motox AWOL Caboose Denise Slapper

## Tutu Cold

Iceman (pictured centre, below) struggled to get into his pretty pink tutu with little gold stars attached. As he hopped on one leg, trying to haul the thing up it looked like the dance of the Sugar Bum Fairy. Just as well he didn't perform The Nutcracker or he'd have been out of the Hash for a while. Many other Hashers were similarly attired and the car park was brightened with an occasional Arabesque, a stately Battement Développé, a flying Cabriole, a leg-weaving Entrechat (check out the terminology [here](#)). Many attempted a plié in an attempt to warm up in the freezing cold morning but were thwarted by age and arthritis. As you can see, Mr Blobby bucked the trend by having a '22' sign hung around his neck – I think we'd all rather have seen him in a tutu. 😊

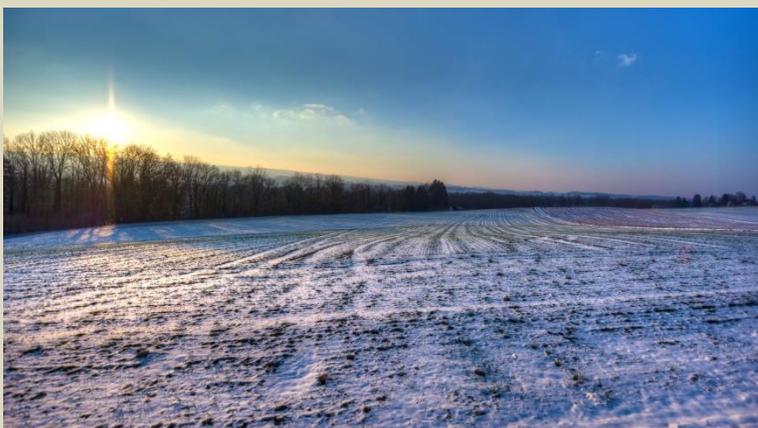


C5 and Rampant tried a different kind of dance while parking. Both shimmied and wiggled their cars into parking spaces next to each other quite a number of times. Presumably to get the correct stance in case our premier maîtres de ballet (Hares WaveRider and NappyRash, the latter sporting a natty Black Swan-type of tutu) berated them for incorrect form.

We On Outed fairly rapidly, those of us wearing ballet kit keeping close together. It wouldn't be a good idea to be alone in Tilehurst looking like a member of the Ballet Rambert. At the first Check, in a cramped urban road, RandyMandy asked Hare WaveRider for directions. This was because she was pushing little Morgan in his buggy (with his dinosaur). WaveRider directed her downhill, along the road and she hurtled off, keeping a firm hold of the buggy handle while Morgan gurgled away delightedly. The rest of us entered Shiggy Heaven. This was an up and down track through some of the stickiest and slipperiest mud and biscuits we have encountered for some time. Going up or down the slopes was more like skating and we began to grow taller as more and more shiggy stuck gelatinously to the soles of our shoes. We ended up more or less at the bottom of the road that RandyMandy had gone down and I understand that quite a number of Hashers 'accidentally' missed out this enjoyable loop.

Florence struggled with her tutu, which kept slipping down. The girl is so slender – she needs to chunk up a bit. Mind you, the cold air seemed to shrink us. Certainly, the Scribe hand that wields the recording machine was like a desiccated monkey's paw.

We successfully negotiated the complex road arrangement near Ikea, were hooted at by a friendly driver and slipped across the motorway bridge into darkest Theale, where we sped off into freezing countryside again. I noticed a red-and-white bewigged Slapper emerging from a thicket to the left of the Trail and assumed that old age and the cold had forced him to take a bio-break. Slapper, BillyBullshit, Snowy and I then took a minor short-cut across the field with NappyRash, while the rest, apart from Donut, who took the road by the side of it, went around its edge. Can't say I'm surprised at NappyRash, he and WaveRider had been out early in the morning laying the Trail, when the temperature was cold enough to freeze a penguin's bum.



**Spot the penguin...**

And so to Swan Lake. Well, no swans actually. Just a lengthy expanse of ankle-deep standing water topped with jagged fragments of ice. NappyRash had earlier had to break this on his way across. How he must have enjoyed it! We stood watching FlashBangWallop and CanalBob standing in the middle of it, having a chat and taking pictures of each other. Yet another example of the level of BH<sup>3</sup> intelligence in action. I asked new lady Denise if this was the kind of thing she'd expected on the Hash. She fixed me with a wry grin and answered, "Not quite." But she plunged into the icy depths like a good'un, along with the rest of us. There were sharp gasps as the steel-cold water dug its talons into our feet. The thought that Paula Radcliffe used to immerse her whole body into ice baths voluntarily didn't actually ease the sudden muscular ache but certainly gave us a better understanding of what she used to go through. Mind you, not everyone went through. Bomber decided to take a circuitous route through the forest. And we thought he was tough! However, I guess he won't get trench foot...

It all got a bit squirrely when we turned left at a Check towards Wilder's Folly at Nunhide, near Sulham.



**Wilder's Folly.**

A dirty great big, slippery hill took us all up to it. Which was a shame really, because there was an 'F' inside it. Quite a number of people continued across the top of the hill, despite NappyRash, who was standing half way up, calling us 'On Back'. Finally, they turned back and there were quite a few mutterings, notably by the (much calmer these days) SlowSucker who, as he ran back past me, said, "That's right up there with my top 10 stupid bits of Haring." There are no rules... and it was a great view from the folly. This was the third time today that poor Desperate had gone, as she said, "Entirely wrong."

We popped out on to a road where Donut, slightly ahead of me, warned of black ice. Crikey! It was slippery. I called back to BGB and Josie, "Watch out for the black ice." "What black ice!?" Shot back BGB. If only at the end of his question he had slipped over on his a\*se. Sadly, he didn't.

A lot more squelchy shiggy followed as we went through and then up a lightly wooded field. Getting to the top of this next steep slope was quite difficult and we were breathing like 80-a-day Capstan Full Strength smokers when we reached the top. Fortunately, for our legs we had only ¼ mile through hard tarmac from here to the pub and we reached it, grateful to have finished... and to get those blasted tutus off!

Many thanks to our Hares for a great Trail, laid in the freezing cold on Sunday morning.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Blog

For my birthday, Donut bought a bouldering session at Oakwood Climbing Centre (details [here](#)). Always fancied clambering about on boulders and climbing walls. Though getting to the standard of Alex Honnold, who speed-climbed El Capitan in 3 hours 56 minutes(!), might be beyond me.

Six of us were given an induction course by a friendly and knowledgeable lady who was kind enough



not to snigger when we couldn't find a hand-hold or slipped a toe off one of the miniscule stepping places screwed to the walls. The boulder and basic climbing wall were great fun and not too difficult (especially since we were using the beginners' routes) but trying to climb up and along overhangs was, shall we say, a little more challenging. Donut is a natural 'crag rat' who scaled the various routes like a ferret up a pair of trousers.

Recommend anyone to give this a try, apart from the fun and feeling of achievement there are loads of friendly people, including the experienced

climbers, who urge you on and give you a thumbs-up when you complete a section.

I shall certainly be going back... I'll just let my fingers get back to normal first. 😊

## Down Downs

As Swallow mentioned, it was Motox, in the conservatory, with a tray of beers whodunnit. 😊

### Who Got It

### Why

C5	Struggling to get his tutu sorted out while plunging through the icy lake.
Lonely	Bringing a backpack and running with it because he hadn't wanted to wear his tutu on the bus.
Lonely, CanalBob, Foghorn, Mr Blobby	5 people got lost: Lonely, CanalBob, Foghorn, Tequilova and Mr Blobby. Only Mr Blobby finally found the correct route. Tequilova had gone so he got the Down.
Bomber	Went a long way round to avoid the cold water splash. He was given a cold water to drink so he knew what it was like.
Shifter	Sabotaging the Trail, despite being the Walkers' Hare! He also got a water.
CanalBob	Suggesting he might cut his shorts into shreds to make a tutu.
FlashBangWallop	Enjoying a leisurely conversation in the middle of the icy water and taking drugs. He had a couple of pills to wash down with his water Down.
Josie	She has joined BH <sup>3</sup> – hurrah! A celebratory Down for her.
Florence	Asking various gentlemen (possibly C5 and Bomber) if they had a tennis ball in their pocket! Ooer!
Swallow	Was passed the 'La Pecarina' apron by Whinge because: "It will look good with her wedding dress."
WaveRider, NappyRash, Shifter	Today's Hares. WaveRider consummately beat the gentleman in downing her drink.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2202	02Feb20	<u>SU611624</u>	<b>The Pelican</b> Silchester Rd, Pamber Heath RG26 3EA 15:00 France v England	Mr Blobby C5
2203	09Feb20	<u>SU640717</u>	<b>Theale Golf Club</b> North Street, Theale RG7 5EX Food and showers available - not concurrently	Pantaloon