

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2202 02Feb20  
Venue: The Pelican  
Pamber Heath  
Hares: Mr Blobby, C5

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Trench Footers



NappyRash WaveRider Donut Hashgate AWOL Desperate Shifter Cerberus BillyBullshit TC Whinge Motox MessengerBoy Aqua JJ Jacqui HappyFeet DoorMatt Josie BGB FalseTart Shifty Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee PissQuick Glittertits Slips Snowy Twanky Iceman Lilo TinOpener Spot Gnasher CanalBob Dunny Rampant RandyMandy Ms Whiplash Lotus PennyPitstop Slapper Cloggs NonStick Tequilova Mrs Blobby Dr Pooh Pantaloon

## The Hash With Two... No, One Regroup

Last week we raised a donation to help our Australian friends, following the awful bushfires they have experienced. Iceman, as stand-in GM, reported that, so far, over AUD 22,000 has been raised worldwide by many Hashes. He also advised us that February 2<sup>nd</sup> was Groundhog Day. The tradition derives from the Pennsylvania Dutch superstition that if a groundhog emerging from its burrow on this day sees its shadow due to clear weather, it will retreat to its den and winter will persist for six more weeks. If it does not see its shadow because of cloudiness, spring will arrive early. A



**Punxsutawney Phil drives Bill Murray to see his shadow... or not.**

ceremony is held at Gobbler's Knob (I kid you not) in Punxsutawney in Pennsylvania each year to celebrate the event, centred around a semi- mythical groundhog named Punxsutawney Phil. So far, there has been no scientific evidence to support the belief that a groundhog is either aware of its shadow, affects the weather or has the name Phil. Time alone will surely tell. It's nice to know that it's not only the English who are bonkers when it comes to myth and legend. By the way, there was no shadow this year so Phil predicted an early Spring...

As we On Outed from the packed car park we noticed AWOL was sporting natty, knitted head furniture. NappyRash noted the fact by calling out to him, "You look a right w\*nker wearing that!" True, probably, but at least he had a nice warm head in the cold breeze.

Not only was it cold but, as we turned into the first of the off-road areas, we realised it was going to be very wet. Puddles littered the muddy ground and Cloggs was the first to enjoy the cold embrace of one of them. While attempting to run and kick to splash others

around her she slipped and aquaplained on her back, to much merriment and chortling.

We splashed around in the sodden heath. There was no point in trying to avoid the shiggy and standing water so we were all soaked up to the knees. This seemed to have affected Iceman's vocal chords since one of his stentorian "On On"s exited him initially in *falsestto* (or possibly *castrato* – perhaps cold water had splashed higher up his body), than the usual Gaelic *basso profundo*.

We began to approach the first Regroup, watched by three large horses in their winter coats who were surrounding a little Shetland Pony in **his** coat. It looked like they were his escort, protecting him from the wild and deranged draggles of Hashers who slapped wetly along the track by their field. Now our Hares had let us know that there **should** have been two Regroups but, sadly, they had forgotten to lay the second one. So we made the most of the solitary meet-up, chattering, shivering slightly and gently dripping.

There was a Long and Short Trail from here and I believe all of us took the Long. I was in front of Rampant when a trailing bramble nearly caught me on the ear. "Watch out for the bramble!" I called to him, turning slightly. This was when I almost tripped over a large grassy clump and smashed into a tree. "You should watch where you're going." He replied with a titter. RandyMandy was looking for blobs of flour across a small stream and she told me she could actually see quite a few blobs... but not the flour kind. Miaow! She tried to get out of the hole by saying she, of course, was also a blob but it was way too late.

We skipped lightly (but wetly) through a delightful forest, filled with every kind of tree. WaveRider and Donut were too busy to enjoy the flora since they were discussing vegetable curries. Perhaps I should have stayed with them for the conversation rather than motoring on along the mud-strewn track. My toe caught a massive tree trunk (CanalBob said it was a small stick) and I was suddenly flying forwards. Time seems to slow down in these situations and with a cartoon-like "Nnnoooo!" I windmilled into the shiggy with a SPLOT!! Fortunately, only my pride was injured, not my recording machine. Though I did have to wipe off some of the sticky stuff. Carrying on with Donut and C5 I mentioned the curious time-slowness effect and Donut suggested I should fall over much more often so I could eventually be 20 again. Yes. Thanks m'dear.



Today's Trail, courtesy of NappyRash.

Not content with laughing like drains at my pratfall, BGB and Shifty took the mickey out of my mumbling into the recording machine, Shifty suggesting that, since I recorded in shorthand, anyone listening to the playback wouldn't be able to understand a word. I figure this just shows how surreally he thinks.

We carried on across thorny heath and over one of C5's Bar Checks. With a rueful sigh he groaned, "I give up." But some of us, Donut, Mr Blobby, Snowy and JJ (there may have been others) **did** go through the shoe-cleaning stream that our Hares had kindly laid on for us. Always surprising how warm one's feet are for a while after doing this in winter... but not for very long.

There was a bit of confusion towards the end where we (finally) went over a large, grassy, soggy area towards where anglers sat silently round a pond, hands on their poles (presumably to keep warm?). Though knackered by this point I was glad that we

were actually moving and chatting, rather than indulging in what appeared to be an anti-social (and incorrectly named) activity. Across the main road and along a soggy parallel track/stream and the pub was in sight. Very welcome on this cold, wet day!

Our thanks to our Hares for their as-usual expertly-laid Trail... and we won't mention again the forgotten Regroup. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

RA Motox dragged us out into the cold back yard to drive away pub customers who were already sitting there and to present the following.

### Who Got It

Glittertits  
BGB  
Cloggs, Hashgate,  
WaveRider  
Dr Pooh, Slips

### Why

Mistaking a bag of sand outside Motox's house for a dead deer!  
He locked his car and went off on the Trail, only to realise he didn't have his car keys with him. He'd dropped them by the car door and, luckily, Ms Whiplash had picked them up.  
Today's splendid Hash Crashers.  
Happy Birthdays to them!

Rampant                      Inventing a new pose to advise other Hashers that there is a Regroup nearby. It's a kind of teapot shape and I don't think it's going to catch on.

Shifter                        For the second week, kicking out a Check wrongly. Another water for the lad.

Shifty                         Awarded his 100 Hashes badge. Well deserved sir!

C5, Mr Blobby                Today's (forgetful) Hares 😊

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2204	16Feb20	<u>SU808687</u>	<b>* The Red Dress Run *</b> <b>The Hope &amp; Anchor</b> Station Rd, Wokingham RG40 2AD In aid of Alexander Devine Children's Hospice	BlowJob Slapper
2205	23Feb20	<u>SU706804</u>	<b>The Hare &amp; Hounds</b> Woodlands Road, Sonning Common RG4 9TE <b>3:00 England v Ireland</b>	Dunny Rampant