

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2204 17Feb20  
Venue: The Hope & Anchor  
Wokingham  
Hares: BlowJob, Slapper

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## Coy Maids and Amorous Swains

C5 Hashgate AWOL MessengerBoy WaveRider NappyRash RandyMandy Gnasher CanalBob Florence Zebedee Dumb Dumber Cerberus BillyBullshit Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Spex Twanky Foghorn CrownJewels NoSole Lonely Michelle Horny Helmet Tequilova Wendy Rob

## The 2020 Valentine's Day Red Dress Run

Unlike the warm and cosy feeling of being in love, the morning was cold, wet and a tad depressing. Full marks to BlowJob and Slapper (an interestingly-named couple to host this romantic Hash!) for laying the Trail in such conditions. At least we were luckier than some parts of this country that have experienced such dreadful flooding. As you can see from the picture below, a very tall MessengerBoy in his black outfit (I believe colour blindness came into play) joined the rest of the scarlet-attired BH<sup>3</sup> for our annual Valentine's Day Red Dress Run. This year in aid of the [Alexander Devine Children's Hospice Service](#) – which is why Slapper and Mr Blobby are carrying collection buckets.

As you can see, Lonely is still wearing the dress he first started wearing about 12 years ago. The damn thing is falling apart at the seams (very much like its owner...). It's time, Lonely, for replacement. Mind you, he did generously cough up £15 for AWOL's dress in the charity auction after the Hash so perhaps we'll see him more smartly turned out next year. C5 (blonde wig to the left of MessengerBoy), I mentioned to Spex, looked like a louche 1910 Bloomsbury Set poetess. Iceman (green hat to the left of Slapper) had pumped up his inflatable bosoms to barrage balloon size, ensuring that any trip and fall to his front would result in him bouncing back immediately to an erect status (not something I'll dwell on). NappyRash (in the blonde plaits, centre picture) was a tad miffed that wife WaveRider (in front of Lonely) had nicked the red and white striped tights that he was originally going to wear. Domestic strife eh?! You'll see a picture of him later, looking wet.



Our stand-in GM, Iceman, told us at the Circle (in the warmth of the pub) that today was Innovation Day and Make a Grump Happy Day. It seems to me that it would be quite an innovation to make a grump happy. Must ask Whinge about this. Pity he couldn't be with us on the day but he's suffering with a cold... and wife TC's suffering too.

We On Outed into the cold and damp, running up the main road and keeping closely together. For the gentlemen this is a fairly vital requirement. Anyone who has Checked or got away from the Pack knows how awkward it is, stonking about in a red dress in the middle of town. People do tend to stare.

After about 300 Yards we weren't sure why Dumber was knocking on and peering into a house window, until he explained that it was where his son Judas lived. We thought he'd spied either a nice fire or a naked lady and was asking if he could enter and warm his hands.

After a quick scamper up the wet Broad Street, Slapper called us to a swift Regroup outside The Town Hall Courtyard restaurant, where he told us that we would return here at about 12:30 for a photo shoot with a real live member of Her Majesty's Press. Exciting news indeed; despite the knowledge that, by then, we would be looking as though we had forded several overflowing ditches (we did), struggled through a number of thickets (we had) and been rained on (also true). We scabbled through the streets



**Flo, C5, RandyMandy, Twanky and Slapper meet a pink sheep.**

of Wokingham, alarming and delighting the many shoppers and coffee addicts; particularly when this photograph was taken. Ah, BH<sup>2</sup> can never resist a sheep. Waitrose came and went and we tarmac'd (is that a word?) our way across Bishops Drive (where Donut used to live, in case you are vaguely interested) and into the first of the utterly soaked grassy areas where we slogged our way overt to meet Motox and Cerberus, walking in the first of the thickets I mentioned earlier. It was around here that we accidentally forced a proper runner almost into a hedge. Poor chap; he took it in good heart. I guess you can either be amused or startled when a bunch of agéd trannies are running towards you with a determined look in their collective eye.

The Hare who was with us, Slapper, uttered the confidence-boosting comment that the Trail was. "Vaguely over there somewhere." And that he couldn't quite remember what he had done a couple of hours ago. Very helpful when some of the flour had been rained away. We entered a wood where a sign advised us to 'Watch out for the Great Tit.' In this cold, wet weather I figured we were more likely to see a Blue Tit. Our wet hands and ears felt frozen though the continual running seemed to keep the rest of us relatively warm, despite our bedraggled state. We slipped underground, below the Reading Road and into the underpass and stopped for an impromptu Regroup and photo opportunity. Here's the result. Worrying isn't it?

We carried on, running now through Morrisons car park. Slapper sidled over to me to mention that he'd just seen a chap exit the supermarket clutching and apparently gnawing on a single turnip! What an interesting way to spend your Sunday morning. Mind you, he was probably drier than we were.



At the end of a narrow alley by the community centre was a sloping, soaking field with a Field Check at the top where we were. The Check was on a little slope of its own and, as I stepped next to it, my right foot slid sideways and kicked my left away. With a gelatinous 'Splot!' I sank to the shiggy, laying on my right side. Oh good, I thought (and also uttered a word that began with the letter that denotes a 'F'ield Check). Foghorn thought it was good too (along with several other chortlers) and asked me to stay in position while he took a picture with his mobile. Sadly, technology beat him, for he could either not switch on the mobile or could not figure out how to get to the camera. Since I was sinking slowly into the morass, I figured it was probably time to attempt to extricate my muddy carcass and with a sucking sound I just managed to heave it and my sequinned frock out. I'm not sure the thing will ever be the same again.

It all got even wetter from here and Michelle told me that she was wearing some new, waterproof running shoes but that, since a lot of water was on the **inside** of them the waterproofing was preventing it from coming out. Surely a slight design flaw?

This picture illustrates perfectly two things. 1) Parts of this Trail were very wet indeed, and 2) Some of the blokes looked like complete pillocks wearing women's clothes. I'd like to thank NappyRash for kindly supplying the photographic evidence for both these.



We finally got to dry(ish) land in the form of the highest and steepest railway bridge we have ever been on. This quad-burning object would certainly be beyond any mother and child or older person (apart from us, of course). The damn thing had several flights, each seemingly steeper than the last. C5 and I gave each other breathless support, especially when we reached the summit to find that Sherpas had left us no oxygen.

On reaching solid ground again we slid through the urban maze that is Wokingham. I informed Lonely that he should pop back in the single nipple that had popped out over the top of his ragged dress before he either got arrested or caused a car crash. Slapper deliberately led us away from the real Trail so that we wouldn't get back to The Courtyard before the journalist turned up. This was to be a sadly pointless exercise since we waited around for him or her but no-one appeared. Consequently, and because we were cold

and wet, we took our own picture and decided to send it to them rather than wait around any longer. This was a good strategy since, just as we got back to the car park, it began to chuck it down. Changing has rarely been so unpleasant. C5 made the right decision by taking his clothes to the pub and changing there.

Most of us had a touch of the white fingers after we had changed and were in the pub. BlowJob warmed our hearts by bringing some round – hearts, chocolate, that is. Very welcome with a cold pint and a packet of crisps! 😊

Our thanks to the Hares for their hard work today. An enjoyable Hash... if a tad wintry.

On On. **Hashgate.**



**Outside The Courtyard, cold and wet!**

## Down Downs

There was absolutely no way anyone was going On Out for the Down Downs, including RA Motox, since the rain was pelting down. Luckily, there was plenty of space in the pub and the following were awarded. C5 let us know that we had collected approximately £90 today through Tick and additional donations by BH<sup>3</sup> members for the Alexander Devine charity. Bucket money hadn't been counted at this time. Well done everyone!

### Who Got It

### Why

WaveRider  
AWOL

Today's best dressed lady. Even though she nicked NappyRash's tights.  
Today's best dressed man as a lady. Erm... He certainly goes all out for it!

Hashgate  
Foghorn

Today's Hash Crash Splasher.  
He did a mile more than anyone else! Goodness knows why.

Michelle  
Lonely

Wearing new shoes. She got away without drinking out of one.  
For running round the Trail with bare shoulders.

BlowJob, Slapper

Today's hard-working Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Special Event	29Feb20	<u><a href="#">TQ303796</a></u>	* Leap Year Hash #9 * <b>The Feathers,</b> 18-20 Broadway <b>SW1H 0BH</b> Starts 1pm under Big Ben	Leap Year H <sup>3</sup>
2206	01Mar20	<u><a href="#">SU725648</a></u>	<b>The Crown</b> The Street, Swallowfield <b>RG7 1QY</b>	RandyMandy BlindPugh
2207	08Mar20	<u><a href="#">SU838800</a></u>	<b>The Cricketers</b> Coronation Road, Littlewick Green <b>SL6 3RA</b> Please park opposite the cricket nets across the green from the pub.	Cloggs NonStick

