

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2413
Hash Location:	The Swan - Thatcham
Hares:	Turn Off & Deep Lunge

Swan Uppers



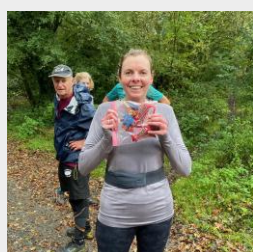
Billy, Bomber, Booby, C5, Cerberus, Cuddles, Desperate, Dunny, False Tart, Floater, Flo, Foxy, Gnasher, Legover, Lonely, Messenger Boy, Miss Whiplash, MotoX, Mr Blobby, Nappy Rash, No Sole, Pimp, Plod, Posh, Sex Slave, Shifty, Shitfor, Slapper, Snowy, Special Branch, Spot, Waverider, Well Laid, Zeb and DFL's (Down From London) – Emma, Rob & He who cannot be named.

The Hash

“Run cancelled over weather concerns” was the headline that we awoke to. Cancel the Hash, never! Fortunately (for us), it was the Great South Run that was cancelled – wusses – leaving 23,000 disappointed runners with nowhere to run on a wet Sunday morning. Rather surprisingly, none of them chose to meet in the carpark of The Swan in Thatcham and join us.

After a bit of carpark confusion (including Posh & I being trapped the wrong side of the level crossing and settling for the Station Pay & Display), the throng aimlessly wandered in the drizzle outside the pub. Canal Bobb sensibly used the apron as an umbrella before letting it drop to its normal position around his waist – hiding his shorts completely giving the impression of below-the-waist nudity and putting some of the hash ladies into a tizzy. With the GM still being Big in Japan (80's music reference), there seemed little enthusiasm to gather round and head out. We used the excuse that we were waiting for the Reading train to arrive at 11:01 and for Zeb & Flo to find somewhere to park. Eventually, we gave up waiting and Dunny gathered us round to introduce the Hare(s), well Turn Off anyway – as it had been raining continuously all morning, they had decided to lay the trail as late as possible and so Deep Lunge was still out there somewhere. Turn Off briefly briefed us, informing us that there was some flour, some farm tracks, some fields and some woods; with a walk of about 5km and a run of about 8km – resulting in much muttering and mental confusion as the (elderly) hashers tried to convert kilometres into leagues, furlongs, miles or whatever linear measure they could remember.

We headed out over the level crossing (leaving Zeb, Flo and Lonely to catch up), following neat arrows along the road before turning off along a tarmac farm road. Those of us who had been pounding the streets of Zagreb last week felt at home as the first 2/3 miles (~1km for younger members) was flat, fast and mud-free. Normal hashing was resumed at the end of the road as we turned off onto a slippery, path that led to the first of several fields.



Fields this close to the river are often known as water-meadows and, boy, did these live up to that name. Fairly quickly, however, we climbed out of the water and into the woods where we chanced upon the regroup. No Foxy's beaver as it had been playing away last week in Zagreb, with the hares informing us that we were looking for a bear in woods. “What size of bear?” a few hashers asked nervously. “What's a bear doing in the woods?”. Plod quickly found the very small, uniformed teddy bear neatly bagged up with some chocolate biscuits and we could be on our way again.



Some long straight sections and one-blob checks soon stretched the pack out again until, rounding a sharp bend, we came across Plod nearly waist deep in a river. Some neat arrows pointed the pack directly into the swirling maelstrom and many wannabe ancient mariners followed her into the unknown to be nearly washed away. Well, not that unknown as we were just down the road from Simple's old place and had run around here many years ago. Several of our 'less-tall' hashers eyed the torrent warily but still bravely headed across whilst the more delicate amongst us (myself included, I must confess) followed the line of small but neat blobs that led across the convenient footbridge.

A long uphill led us to the end of Greenham Common, where the wind blew away all attempts at calling - I imagine that it was not dissimilar to standing at the end of the runway under a B52 taking off. Some local knowledge from Dunny & Rampant pointed the way off the runway and down a long gravel track towards the Kennet. Slapper helpfully pointing out the large hole in the path where a culvert had collapsed just as he ran past a couple of walkers, nearly causing their downfall. Over the river (fortunately a bridge this time) and then onto the canal towpath gave a fast finish back to the level crossing and onto the pub.



A well laid trail got us back to the pub quickly in difficult circumstances, with Zeb, Flo & Lonely bringing up the rear a few minutes later. Many thanks to the hares for coming out on a very wet morning and running the trail twice - setting and sweeping.

On On Bomber (guest scribe)

Down Downs

Foxy gathered us up outside in the drizzle for the DownDowns. Numerous halves of beer were lined up together with several pints of water - one of which very nearly ended up all over Billy for incessant RA abuse, which would have been a highly popular result. For some reason Floater was awarded the honour of taking his downdown sheltered by a large umbrella, whilst the rest of the miscreants had to brave the rain.



<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Floater	Cursing being too short to cross the ford in comfort
Billy Bullshit	Making a dubious advance of a sexual nature - on Special Branch.
Sex Slave	Mistaking the river Kennet for the Thames
Canal Bobb	Pulling his shorts up his crack in an effort to keep them dry whilst crossing the ford. Dunny has a photo - apparently!
Nappy Rash	Birthday and trying to find someone to play with his ball(s) on the hash
Spot (& Plod who had left early to go to work)	Playing "no, no you first" at the bar for ages whilst a queue of thirsty Hashers built up behind them.
Legover - apron	Awarded for peeking under Canal Bobbs apron.

Website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Page 2 of 3



Emma, Rob & He who cannot be named (Matt apparently)

Virgins

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2414	27 Oct.	The Red Lion: Peppard Common, Rotherfield Peppard, Henley-on-Thames, RG9 5LB What3words: purifier.packet.terribly <i>Wear your best Halloween outfit</i>	Dunny & Rampant
2415	3 Nov.	The Cottage Inn: 26 Broad Lane, Upper Bucklebury RG7 6QJ What3words: defender.dozen.pulps Please park in the Memorial Hall car park What3words: buzzards.wizard.papers	Plod & Special Branch

And Finally. I'm taking advantage of being scribe for the week.

More Hares Please!

If you can lay a trail in late December or next year – please contact me on:

bh3bomber@gmail.com

Thanks and OnOn

Bomber

