

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1882 15Dec13

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: The Moat House
Sindlesham

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Shitfor, Desperate

Elves, Fairies and Imps



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Slippery Snowballs SkinnyDipper Messenger Boy Lonely AWOL Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby C4 C5 Slapper NoSole Bumwiper and dog Ebony JohnnyWalker Dribbler Butterfly Blowjob Twanky Booby Zebedee Florence Hotlips Tequilova Robert Lungs NearlyTwice Iceman BlindPew RandyMandy Whinge TC BillyBullshit Cerberus Shifty FalseTart Dipstick Dumper OldDog Spot Ms Whiplash PennnyPitstop Shandyman Dana DoorMatt HappyFeet Dunny Rampant Foghorn DragonLady

The BH³ Christmas Hash

Ten days to Christmas. It must be as busy as Amazon's main distribution centre for Father Christmas and the elves. Having worked in a packing department many years ago I know how difficult it is to wrap teddies, bikes and large plastic ducks on wheels (Not me on wheels. The ducks). The word 'difficult' could certainly be applied to Tequilova's start to the day. We had drawn up behind her car which had stopped at the barrier entrance to the car park. The two heads in front were exchanging views; then the car reversed (as did we, somewhat rapidly) and swung round to stop opposite my window. "The barrier's not working." Explained Tequilova to us in her Canadian lilt and accelerated away to find the rear car park. We rolled up to the barrier which obligingly swung up to admit us. At least Tequilova didn't get stuck under it like Bumwiper and JohnnyWalker...

One could kind of tell it was a Christmas theme today. Many a Santa hat flopped lop-sidedly over an ear, though Shifty's hung down over his bottom like an extended festive rabbit tail. TC had gone for complete colour co-ordination with a mauve tinsel Sam Browne belt on a red running top set off against her light titian hair. Booby strolled about the car park with a pair of mini antlers set on to his head. We mused that they might be screwed into his cranium – he'd never know. Little Ebony skipped about happily on the end of her lead with a delightful tinsel tuft topknot. Despite the leaden sky we were full of Christmas spirit and ready to Hash. So we did. Hare Desperate gave us two directions to Check and off we went. Unfortunately for some one naughty imp (NappyRash) had sneaked some of the Hares' flour and fashioned an 'F' at the real On Out which caused a reasonable amount of confusion in the Pack. Don't expect the rattle of reindeer hooves on **your** roof this year, Nappy!



The Trail, as is traditional, was fairly fast and not too long. Rather un-traditionally we started off by running through a three way trachea. Not something you'd normally do of a Sunday morning. The cartilage rings were slippery underfoot and I rather hoped that the owner wasn't about to sneeze. Otherwise we'd be half way to Swindon and covered in bogies. Quite why Sindlesham Moat House has a deformed giant sleeping under its grassy extremities wasn't clear but at least he didn't wake up when we yodelled 'On On' in one of his echoing larynxes.

The Trail wound in a serpentine way through as much dripping (it had been raining) greenery as it could find and our Hares chivvied us along so we wouldn't be late for lunch. So we were fairly breathless. However, some of our male Hashers (Motox in particular) were a little more flushed than others when the svelte HappyFeet (she of the longer titian hair than TC) decided to strip off some of her running gear next to a little bridge that we were running over. Many an "Oh, I say!" and "By Jove!", let alone "Gor blimey, strike a light, guv'nor!" were to be heard by some of our 'gentlemen' as they piled into each other, hoping to catch an eyeful. Still, we needed the odd *divertissement* to take our minds off the relentless urging of the Hares as, like Father Christmas in a hurry, they whipped us Hash reindeer along at a frenzied pace.

The pace began to take its mental toll. RandyMandy and BlindPew completely ignored the clear arrow pointing across the Wokingham Road towards The George, meandering off towards the cinema before being called back (mind you, they could have saved a lot of running since we all knew we would be coming back along the track between the Loddon and the cinema). Then Slapper totally snubbed another clear arrow pointing past the pub's car park and ran straight in to it. No idea why. He didn't either. He ran back out looking nonplussed – a fairly usual state for him to be in. Iceman had a similar look on his face when he was moo'd at by several cows and one bull, all (fortunately for him) standing stock still (ha, ha geddit?) while he ran past them on a False, then back again to where everyone else was going.

After quite a lot of windy stuff in wet woodlands, where SkinnyDipper briefly became an FRB and Shifty managed to petrify a small and very lost dog, we wound our way back past the cinema and skipped out of the natural world of shiggy, water and trees into the vehicular *maelstrom* that is the Loddon Bridge roundabout. Hashers sprinted for dear life over the many pedestrian crossings when traffic lights glared red at the oncoming traffic (though AWOL tried it once when one was green and nearly ended up with two bendy legs instead of one). We were exceptionally pleased to turn back on to green land though Hare Shitfor almost exploded with apoplexy when certain Hashers (Zebedee in particular) took a short cut instead of running all the way round the edge of a field. I had rather expected the entire area to be splattered with bits of him (Shitfor, that is) and the sound of the words "For fek's sake." fading in the breeze.

A short trot and we were back to the car park, dry feet, warm bar and a cool drink in hand. Nice one, Hares.

The BH3 Christmas Lunch

This event was very much a three-parter. Firstly, drinks and shouting at each other (why do we talk so loudly?) in the bar. Secondly, scoffing Christmas lunch like it was to be the Last Supper. Thirdly, quizzes and games time.



As you can see from our picture, it was daft Christmas jumper day. I particularly like Billy's, which made it appear as though his head was sticking out the top of a large Christmas pudding. You could say it was a bit of a duff jersey – ho, ho, ho! And this was **before** we got stuck into the booze big time. C5 had got stuck into his homemade (by C4, the ace seamstress) waistcoat and trousers, largely red and green and adorned with little Father Christmases while Dipstick, unusually, wore sober grey, the very opposite of his character.

We began the afternoon with the solemn Hash Wedding of OldDog and Dumper, officiated by C5, now wearing a priest's robes. I asked him later where he had got them from. "They're Shandyman's." Came the reply. Naturally. One wonders what other dressing up clothes our revered GM has in his closet ☺. C5 rounded off the

ceremony by advising us that Dumper was going to teach OldDog some new tricks, then awarded them both a Down Down, which Dumper kindly let his radiant wife win, in some style.

BH³ fell to roistering with gusto. Crackers were cracked, drink was eagerly consumed. Rather better than usual party hats were worn. It was quite interesting to watch Desperate, in tall, conical head furniture contacting the ceiling every time she walked anywhere. It was a bit like a dodgem car. I expected sparks to cascade from the top of it. The food was served, by waitresses who looked like they'd just been told they would be working a double shift with no extra pay. Never been served food by female zombies before. You would expect them to eat **you** rather than hand out food.

Twanky and his bitch, Booby had organised several party games and on the table before us was an A4 sheet with part pictures of advertising logos. We had to write down the company names. Following

the meal there was a reverse audio quiz. Parts of Christmas songs were played in reverse and we had to work out the song title and singer(s). Arcane was the word for most of these. Even if we finally figured out the song we had little idea of most of the artists. Twanky was chortling gleefully at our puzzlement. There's nothing quite like being smug at other people's expense. Then we had a bingo session where the cards had on them names of Hashers. Florence carried off the 'fill in the four corners' prize with aplomb and was rewarded with a bag of (chocolate) money. Other prizes followed, equal in their munificence...

Then came the bit we'd all been waiting for. Father Christmas and his elfin helper (see awful picture below) handed out the Secret Santa presents to everyone in turn. All of us were lucky (!?) enough to sit on Father Christmas's lap, whisper in his ear how good we'd been all year and receive a present, plucked from Santa's bulging sack (please don't try to visualise this) by elfin fingers. The poor elf was seriously abused by Shifty who tried to give him one rather than receive one from him (see Down Downs). The presents varied from a sturdy and useful foot-shaped toenail brush to a 'Shag Bell' which may, on special occasions, be useful to the lady...

C5 made me laugh one more time. On our way back from a bio break and chatting, he failed to see the well-defined steps in front of us and with a strangled "Urk!" only just managed to save himself from ignominious doom by frantically grabbing my arm on his way down to inspect the carpet. How does C4 cope with him? ☺

Many thanks to Twanky and Booby for arranging the day, to Desperate and Shitfor for a fun Trail and to Shitfor and Billy for their merry double-act.

On On. **Hashgate.**



Down Downs

Father Christmas not only distributed presents but also gave out today's Down Downs.

A photo of him and his elf and safety officer appear to the left. I strongly suggest not showing this to children under the age of seventeen.

Who Got It

Why

Tequilova	Failing at the first hurdle (the car park barrier)
Bumwiper	Her awful car parking style
Robert	Today's Virgin
HappyFeet	Almost giving Motox palpitations when she stripped off
Mrs Blobby	Lost property from last night's Moonlight Hash
Florence	
SkinnyDipper	
Foghorn	Laying on their backs after Hash Crashing!
Iceman	
Ms Whiplash	
PennyPistop	Breaking her walking stick deliberately to arrange falling on top of a male Hasher
Zebedee	Our Father Christmas RA still had not forgiven Zeb for short-cutting
Shifty	Severe dog abuse. He also abused the Elf in a rather robust and doggy style.
Shitfor, Desperate	Today's festive Hares. She thrashed him in the Down.
Twanky and his bitch, Booby	Organising today's events – well deserved

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
n/a	25Dec13	SU507675	CHRISTMAS DAY HASH/ WALK Santa's Secret Grotto – Thatcham Area HQ 110 Bath Road, Thatcham RG18 3HH	AWOL
1884	29Dec13	SU667839	The Black Horse Off Uxmore Road, Checkendon RG8 0TE No food - so bring your own turkey sandwiches	Spot SkinnyDipper
n/a	01Jan14 * 12 Noon *	SU590635	NEW YEARS DAY LIVE TRAIL Paices Wood Country Parkland Paices Hill, Aldermaston RG7 4PG On To The Hind's Head , Aldermaston RG7 4LX	Hamlet