

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1883 22Dec13
Venue: The Red Lion, Peppard
Hares: HappyFeet, DoorMatt

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



Bumwiper and dog Ebony Donut Hashgate Foghorn Bogbrush Fannybag Iceman C5 Jason Whinge TC Itsyor Dana SkinnyDipper Motox Shitfor Desperate Cerberus and dogs Libby and Bella Bomber Posh Shandyman Spot Lungs Booby NappyRash WaveRider Lemming Mother Theresa NoSole Slapper BlindPew RandyMandy Zebedee Florence Sandra Alan and dog DforDog KeyboardKen Spex LoudonTasteless Michelle Jackie Pyro Dorothy

The Wassail Trail

Our virgin Hares today provided not only a pre-Christmas Trail but wassail, a combination of a heated, cider-based brew and an ancient practice traditionally held on Twelfth Night or, for those who don't hold with the new-fangled Gregorian calendar, January 17th. We flew against all tradition by drinking our pre-Hash noggin on December 22nd and not toasting the apple trees in the hope they would provide a rich crop next year. HappyFeet and DoorMatt dispensed the foaming concoction from a small cauldron in the back of their people carrier. A glance into it rather put one off asking what the ingredients were. The three witches in Macbeth would have been proud of the foamy infusion that DoorMatt stirred with a ladle and with difficulty. I'm sure I spotted an eye of newt and leg of toad and what appeared to be the hind leg of the loser at the 3:30 at Newbury from the day before (horse that is, not jockey). Bright-eyed as reindeer ready-harnessed on Christmas Eve we received the benefit of Shandyman's wisdom at the Gather Round (no, I can't remember what he said either though he and NappyRash enjoyed a good verbal thrust and parry), welcomed our visitors from High Wycombe Hash and elsewhere and trotted off down the hill... where one of them, KeyboardKen, grabbed some foliage to stop himself sliding a over t and pulled out an entire bush. So much for environmental caretaking.

It had rained the day and night before. Actually, that's a bit of an understatement. Those of us who had been out in it knew what a herring felt like after a damn good sousing. What it meant was that the off-road bits of this Trail (i.e. 98% of it) were slick, covered in shiggy and a Godsend for the Lemmings of this world. Which meant that first, very steep hill in the woodland was almost impossible to walk up, let alone run. A Foghorn skidded backwards here. A Zebedee arm-whirled desperately there. The style was two steps forward and one slide back until we finally popped out by a cross-roads where Motox exhibited an exceptional lack of awareness of the requirements of the Highway Code by waiting until a car was about to turn right towards him then stepping out into the road, palm upraised and nothing but a confident smile to protect him from a couple of hundredweight of snorting metal. Luckily, he (just) got away with it.



We blundered ever deeper into dripping forest where the sucking shiggy and innocently lurking brambles threatened various disasters. Firstly, Itsyor went over on his bad ankle – I found him standing on his good leg by a bush, looking rueful and a bit storklike. Then Dana, skipping lightly ahead of me, caught one of those sneaky brambles around her ankle and tumbled sideways in slow-motion into a mud-puddle that looked and smelt like putrefied dead donkey (see wassail bowl contents, above). The last to Hash Crash was me, spectacularly, in front of Wave Rider after slipping on a protruding leaf. I am able to report that she found it trouser-rippingly funny. So did I as I rose, dripping, like the monster from the bog.

One of the idiosyncracies that our virging Hares employed was the laying of a Bar (with a number) **after** the FRBs had sloshed past the spot where it should have been, citing heavy rainfall and ravenous forest creatures as their explanation. It was certainly an interesting use of the 'no rules' policy. Florence was also challenged by a curious mixture of floury characters and she and C5 bent over it in a vain effort to decipher. "I think it's 'WTF'" said Florence jocularly. C5, ever the innocent,

asked her blankly if that meant Wildlife Trust Fund. His face was something of a picture when she explained her interpretation of the letters (for which he later gave her a Down Down☺).

Desperate was going well, hadn't slipped over. In fact physically she was on top form. Mentally, however, she was bottom of the class. Approaching one of the delightful collies that accompanied us and who was semi-hunkered down, tail wagging in eager anticipation, in front of a bit of fallen tree. She picked it up. The dog stiffened, eyes gleaming with expectancy. She waggled the object at him. "Is it a stick?" She simpered. The dog couldn't believe its ears. He slowly raised himself and gave her a condescending doggie stare that, had he been able to speak, would have been accompanied by the full and scathing version of Florence's above abbreviated question. He slowly walked away, shaking his head.

After some very long, mud-and-biscuits slopping we all fetched up somewhere in the middle of the wet forest by a flour 'R'. DoorMatt fetched up alongside of us. "There's a fine example of an ancient



Rampart just over there." He looked almost as eager as the collie. We couldn't disappoint him could we? So we squelched over to view his Ramparts. I think we'd been expecting some kind of forty-thing, perhaps a series of blocks, fashioned by a prehistoric artisan, maybe the far-off ring of battle trumpets, the stamp and snort of horses, the muted clang of sword on shield. What we got was a rather apologetic and not very mystical dip in the earth. Shitfor summed it up. "It's a feckin' hole in the ground!" We politely thanked DoorMatt for his *ad hoc* history lesson and trotted off, while Bumwiper nipped off for a bio break in one direction and RandyMandy went off in the other for a similar activity. Bumwiper hadn't quite concealed herself so we waved

at her cheerily with many a "View hallooo!" Mandy, it seems was slightly put off by the proximity of many hairy and sweaty Hashers and managed to, er, fill her running shoe. I suppose at least she had one warm foot for a while. Our picture above gives you some idea of the eye-boggling fascination of the Ramparts.

A couple of Bar-something's followed, rain and animals once again foiling the Hares craftily laid plans. Then Motox, of all people, was noted running in front of Shitfor, Desperate and me. Now I haven't seen him move like that since, oh, the bar opened last week. Actually, he moves so fast when he's walking there's very little difference in speed between the two forms of ambulation. Whichever he's doing, if you're in front of him you're going to get steamrollered.

We splashed, skittered, teetered, skidded and slid through a variety of wet countryside until we caught up with HappyFeet who, just like last week, had stripped off some of her kit to expose a bit of festive flesh. She was leading Mother Theresa and SkinnyDipper and, thank goodness, there was just one more slippery hill to go before we could take off our muddy clothes in the stiffening (as in *rogor mortis*) wind.

An excellent first Trail by our virgin Hares so our thanks to them and for making the extra effort with that delicious wassail. We look forward to their next!

Let me take this opportunity to wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a happy and successful New Year!

On On. **Hashgate.**



Down Downs

C5 kindly stood in for the necessarily departed RA, Shitfor. Since it was now damn cold and poor TC was shivering even more than Donut, C5 said he would get the Down Downs over quickly. In the event, it was one of the longest we have ever done, particularly since he'd forgotten three birthdays and had to beetle off the the nice warm bar for extra drinks while we froze outside. TCs nose turned

blue. A polar bear wandered languidly past. The wind whistled through the newly created tundra. You get the idea☺

Who Got It

Why

Jason	C5's returnee son. 'Rank nepotism' according to Whinge
The Wycome-ists	One drink and two straws for our visitors. The lady's face made it clear she is not a beer drinker
Slapper	Getting drunk on the train back from a company party and texting strange things to Florence
Posh	Who shot off at 100mph when someone mentioned Lemming was near her
Florence	C5 hadn't forgiven her for the 'WTF' incident
Shandyman	Got both shoes sucked off in the shiggy
RandyMandy	The shoe-peer wasn't too keen on drinking her ½ out of her shoe. C5 assisted.
Motox	Running!
Dana, Hashgate	Enjoyed a ½ and two straws for Hash Crashing
HappyFeet, DoorMatt	Our excellent Hares!
Iceman, Lemming, HappyFeet	Their birthdays. Happy them!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
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	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
1885	05Jan14	SU745766	'Spots & Stripes Sunday' The Flowing Spring Henley Road, Playhatch, RG4 9RB	Donut Hashgate