

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1884 29Dec13

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

Venue: The Black Horse
Checkendon

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Chaperones: Spot, SkinnyDipper (was wearing her Teen Awards Chaperone T-shirt)

Hot Cross Bunnies

Bumwiper JohnnyWalker Donut Hashgate Whinge TC Dunny Rampant Motox C5 Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby NappyRash WaveRider Snowballs Slippery NoSole Slapper Tinopener Lilo and dog Minx Dumper OldDog DoorMatt HappyFeet Florence Zebedee AWOL CabinBuoy Bomber Posh Dorothy Hotlips Ms Whiplash Desperate Shitfor Barefoot Berkobitz Mark Pauline Amy Billy's sister RandyMandy BlindPew Lungs NearlyTwice... and later Cerberus and Billy

Happy Easter!

TC bent to tie a shoelace, little realising that a very muddy horse had wandered up to the other side of the fence from her. He eyed the peachy object in front of him with epicurean interest. Grass this time of year, he mused, tends to be less than lush and tastes of earth and water. Not so much Heston Blumenthal, more your burger flipper. I'll just mosey a little closer. Ahh, I haven't tasted fruit for ages. Perhaps a little nibble. Drawing back his horsey lips to display a set of gnashers resembling a well-kept, if crowded, cemetery he leaned forward, nostrils slightly flared. Just as teeth and bum were about to meet in a less than convivial style other Hashers squeaked a warning and TC hopped forward before turning round and giving the animal the type of glare she usually reserves for Whinge when he forgets to buy her a drink. Chastened and disappointed, the creature slunk off, very aware that his chances of even a small nectarine this winter were vastly diminished.

OldDog and Dumper, the newlyweds, wandered over to us and exchanged some chatter. Noticing my beautiful new car was wearing a thin veil of country mud she knelt and idly drew what she said was a target but what I viewed as a fried-egg style mammary gland on the passenger door. I had her face down and in a Boston Crab before she could say "Oops" and extracted a deeply felt and necessary apology from her before I handed her back to her husband, who had looked on, shocked at at her automobilistic *graffito*. However, as she wandered somewhat crookedly off, I'm sure I heard her say to Dumper that, given the chance, she would be inscribing something from the male form on the other door to indicate her feelings for the driver...

Despite the incessant prattling of Shitfor and C5, Chaperones Spot and SkinnyDipper amused us at the Gather Round and advised us that, since it had only just gone Christmas, we would be having a Hot Cross Bun Stop during the Trail. A loud cheer greeted the news and we On Outed in an extremely breathless manner across the field towards Stoke Row. Since the sun shone brightly in the clear blue sky the ancient and beautiful St. John the Evangelist church stood out starkly against it. The fresh air was brittle with cold and ice crackled underfoot in the shade. Past the Maharajah's Well we went and I gave Bumwiper an abridged history of the monument. If you'd like a bit more, take a look at <http://www.stokerow.net/well1b.asp>



We squelched into a farmyard, smelling of and largely filled with, poo. The large, white bovines that had provided this odiferous bounty regarded us bulkily and curiously from behind their barred sheds. They were indeed, big buggers and even Motox might have bounced off one had he met it head on in a narrow path. But these were not the only animals in the farmyard. Two jolly parrots nodded up and down at us in their cage, ruffled their feathers and walked along their branch with that slow unclenching of their claws that psittacines use. While they were doing that and Zeb and Slapper were passing the time with them Florence had led the entire Pack up the smelliest, festering track filled with rotting unmentionables. A pity, then, that it proved to be a False Trail and we had to gloop and schlop our way back down it. My running shoes, like many, will never be quite the same again. We On Backed and made our way along the field edge to a most unusual exit.

Michael Ian Fotherby is indeed a lucky chap, in one way at least. His wife and three sons are determined to ensure he is not forgotten and happy times are remembered by having created a superb brick gate with a tiled roof and a commemorative stone that states that his ashes lie there after a life spanning the years between 1953 and 2001. Here's to you, Michael. You were born the same year as me. We went carefully through this little building.

Now SkinnyDipper can be a very sneaky lady and she proved it at a Check where some of us were following HappyFeet across a field (so good of her to do the Checking☺) and Motox was halfway up a hill at 90 degrees to us. As Skinny arrived at the Check Motox called down to her, "Should I keep on up the hill, Dipper?" "I would if I were you." Replied our Chaperone, then waited until he was out of sight and laid a flour arrow pointing in our direction, to a polite round of applause. Naughty girl.



There was rather a lot of uphill and downhill shiggy tracking in the dripping forest, with Snowballs so out of breath at the top of one of the hills that he was unable to utter "On On" in more than a strangled whisper. Lord knows how he felt when we bottomed out from that one only to gasp and curse our way up the steepest, longest and slipperiest yet. However, it led to the Regroup on a cold, wintry but still sunlit village green. Here Shitfor proved that his brain works in an entirely different way to everyone else by apparently taking the mickey out of Posh, telling us with loud guffaws that she wanted one of the sandbags that

were holding down a temporary road sign. There was a murmur of nervous laughter. A tumbleweed rolled quietly past. We avoided each other's eyes. We slunk away, rather like the horse mentioned above. But not because we had attempted to bite TC on the bum.

There was a fair bit more of country road, mud-filled track, uphill path, a barbed wire-topped gate on which Shitfor attempted some self-gelding, a field containing four friendly horses where NearlyTwice had to be protected by Lungs and me – well, the creatures were really close, about 200 metres away – before we fetched up at the Hot Cross Bun Stop. Hurrah! Actually, trying to scoff one of these while still breathless from running was... interesting. You had to swallow between breaths or you'd inhale it, with potentially disastrous consequences for anyone directly in front of you. Covered in raisins and dough they'd be a fair imitation of a person-sized Easter delicacy. May I point out also that Florence, seeing Motox advancing purposefully towards us as we munched, mentioned that she had been thinking about him and his hot buns during much of the Hash. Certainly not something I wish to think about and many of you may feel the same way... ☺

A brief schlep through the shiggy saw us back at the pub and changed in a flash since it was by now damn cold. Our thanks to the Hares for an excellent Trail that had us guessing and that used some paths I had certainly never been along before!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

We were joined by our earlier peach-fancying horse and his equine friend on the other side of the fence to Shitfor as he performed his RA duties.

Who Got It

Why

Mr Blobby, Hashgate	One Hash Crash and one almost Hash Crash. I received a ½ pint of water since our RA learnt that I had made fun of his cow picture Christmas present to his lady, Desperate.
Dumper, Mrs Blobby	One gave the other a <i>frisson</i> while getting over a stile, with some difficulty. Dangerous at their time of life...
Lungs, NearlyTwice	Lungs (Mum) had helped NearlyTwice (daughter) through the shiggy but the action was certainly not reciprocated later. Children can be so ungrateful.
Barefoot	And he was, during the Down, which he got for wearing apparently new running shoes. Must've tasted delightful!
RandyMandy	Mistaking paint on a tree for flour. Doh!
Posh	Thinking that a sandbag might be a Hot Cross Bun. (This goes part way towards explaining Shitfor's earlier 'joke'. But it doesn't go quite far enough.)
Desperate	Mistook a bit of wood for a sheep! And she works at a vet's.

NoSole A late Christmas Secret Santa present – a Shag Bell! Slapper’s eyes lit up.
 Berkobitz Being a visitor and bringing chocolate.
 Spot, SkinnyDipper Today’s excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1886	12Jan14	SU690802	The Reformation Horsepond Rd, Gallowstree Common, RG4 9BP	Florence Zebedee
1887	19Jan14	SU524679	'Skids' Mid Life Crisis Hash' The Mill House Inn Bradley-Moore Square, Thatcham RG18 4QH	Skids Nutcracker