

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1889 02Feb14
Venue: The Sun
Whitchurch Hill
Hares: Booby

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

SkinnyDipper Donut Robin Sue Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash NightMaiden TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx BumWiper Twanky Blowjob Desperate Shitfor Whinge TC and dog Molly Spot Ms Whiplash RandyMandy Foghorn Shandyman Bomber Posh Lemming Mother Theresa Iceman Motox Caboose DampPatch AWOL Slapper NoSole Zebedee Florence Lungs Dunny Rampant Dorothy C5 DoorMatt HappyFeet Rob Tequilova

Up Hill and Down Trail

Booby (*Sula nebouxi*): a marine bird in the genus *Sula* which comprises six species of boobies. You may wish to watch the curious mating dance of these exotically footed creatures here: [Enjoy a Pair of Boobies](#). They carefully lift and place their Cambridge blue feet in a curious ritual to delight and excite watching possible mates. Well, Booby can certainly be classed as a mate (in the strictly platonic sense, I might add quickly) and he was lifting his feet up and down in the car park, though a) they weren't light blue, and b) they were covered in shiggy-dripping plimsolls. He had just finished laying the Trail and was a tad cold in the trotter department. Surprising really. He had just run up and down the



monumental hills that we were, unaware as we were at that time, about to run up and down and the sun (appropriately enough at this venue) shone almost warmly. Whinge wandered over to my car, greeted warmly Robin and Sue, Donut's Dad and wife) and deposited an electric tile saw in the boot. I've always felt the Hash went in for arcane rituals but this was certainly one of the most unfathomable to anyone watching. Robin and Sue exchanged quizzical glances and decided politely to ignore the activity. Very wise. You never know what Whinge is going to do or say next.

While I chatted with WaveRider and NappyRash a pleasant looking, oldish gentleman drove into the car park. Spotting BumWiper, he stopped the car and she went over to him, leaning on his door like certain professional ladies do. Our curiosity was excited. She stepped away from the car and he got out, before casting around furtively and reaching under the seat to get some items. They appeared to be in a plastic bag which he handed swiftly to BumWiper, who also did a bit of furtive casting before giving him a thankful smile and nipping over to her Mini wherein she deposited the bag in the hidden recesses of the boot while he swirled off in a cloud of particulates. All I'll say

is that when the bag opened very briefly there was a glint of what may have been red pvc and something distinctly leatherlike that seemed to have a number of knotted strings hanging off it...

Talking of BumWiper she pulled a nice fast one on Posh. Our Lady of The Hash had wandered over, asking if the pub was open so she could use the 'facilities'. It wasn't and a number of our ladies had made use of the hidden side of the shed that was adjacent to the pub. I advised her that it was free at that moment and BumWiper added that "There's a toilet roll there too." Posh was completely taken in and said delightedly how useful that was!

I'd better stop gossiping and get on with describing the Trail which Booby, at the gather Round, advised us all was "a bit shorter than usual" and had then advised DampPatch a bit later was something that would make him very unpopular. We were about to find out why, as we On Outed up the road... only to be called On Back. It was quite a rapid sprint to get into the countryside proper,

where the shiggy was thick and slippery. Talking of which, that reminds me of Shitfer's early nearly Hash Crash. We had stopped in a road at the foot of a longish field path and had found a False in both directions along the tarmac. Our RA decided to try his luck by running up a short, steep slope into the wood in order to run parallel with the downhill road. Now the lad is ~~built like a brick sh*thouse~~ really rather muscly and almost at the top of the slope one running shoe encountered an extremely slippery bit. His weight swung backwards and, along with his commitment parter, Desperate, we collectively gasped (in concern for him, of course. Certainly not in amusement) as his arms flailed. In slow motion it would have looked like he had partaken a little too much of his favourite Stella. Luckily for him the weight at the front of his (again, I must emphasise his fearfully muscular physical demeanour) body counterbalanced that at the back (buns of steel, this boy) and he just... just regained his balance and crashed off into the wood like a reckless bear with a tattoo of a bottle on its leg). Unfortunately, later, he wasn't so lucky and tripped over a virtually hidden tree root that brought him crashing to the ground (to the consternation of several safely, up to that moment, grazing sheep ½ a mile away) with a badly cut hand. Fortunately, some of the lady Hashers had water and wipes and he managed to clean the wound before carrying on bravely.

So there were three things that stood out during today's Hash: the sunshine, which was lovely and warming, the views across the river and silver slicks of flooded fields... and the hills. Crikey. The hills. The steep, sticky mud hills were alive with the sound of Hashers cursing and wheezing up and down the damn things. Those who have done the Tough Guy event know all about the Adder Slopes, named for their serpentine writhing up and down a series of hills. Today's not only went up and down but went much higher before switching back on themselves so we could enjoy the experience all over again . WaveRider, after a couple of hour's road running the day before (training for the Lisbon ½ marathon you see) struggled, along with the rest. I found Iceman draped over a bush at one point, uttering breathless Hibernian profanities. AWOL's rubber leg fell off and bounced down a hundred feet into the bracken. He hopped down to retrieve it. Florence and Slapper found it too hard and indulged in some severe short-cutting through the wood. TC was panting so hard her tongue was hanging out even further than her friendly dog, Molly, suffering more than a little with a weight problem (no, not TC. Molly, you naughty people!). The only Hasher the effort didn't seem to affect was Motox, who bulldozed on in his inimitable juggernaut walking method. Pity the unaware woodland creature that pops its head up out of a hole as Motox's size 12 heads mightily downwards.



Figure 1 - the type of thing we were up against

DoorMatt and HappyFeet suddenly appeared with us on the side of a steeply sloping field as we made our short-leg, long-leg way across it. No idea where they'd been. They had joined us just in time to watch RandyMandy getting her leg over a mighty fallen tree. It was a struggle but she finally got over it... before executing a perfect pratfall on the other side after tripping over a twig. She duly received a smattering of appreciative applause.

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Booby, you were right that the Trail was a little shorter than usual (at about 4.9 miles) but the mountainous terrain made up for it. Windsor Great Park (the original venue) might have been more regal but, with the views and the sunshine today we had a most enjoyable time. Our thanks.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Presented by our one-handed RA, Shitfor.

Who Got It

Zebedee(water)
TinOpener(beer)
Twanky
RandyMandy

Why

At the ski-fest recently Zeb knocked over TinOpener in a very ungentlemanly way so he could win a race!
Setting up and using his satnav for the Hash walk so he wouldn't get lost
No BlindPew with her this week (dodgy knee) so Shitfor gave her one for

being lonely...

Dunny Had advised Shitfor she wouldn't mind being awarded a Down Down if it was water. So he gave her one too...

NightMaiden One of today's visitors. She nominated Lilo for the comedy face she pulls when drinking beer.

Booby Today's Hare was berated for today's lack of hills ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1891	16Feb14	SU713732	'The 2014 Red Dress Run' The Sun Castle Street, Reading, RG1 7RD	Ms Whiplash SkinnyDipper
1892	23Feb14	SU759613	Bramshill Plantation Car Park, RG27 0PR On To - The New Inn , Heckfield RG27 0LE	C5 Slowsucker