

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1894 09Mar14  
Venue: The Crown  
Theale High Street  
Hares: Slapper, Tequilova

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## Slap Dashers

Snowballs Slippery Donut Hashgate NappyRash WaveRider DoorMatt HappyFeet Foghorn Twanky Motox NoSole LoudonTasteless Spex 2Bob Desperate Shitfor Whinge TC Butterfly Dribbler Cerberus BillyBullshit TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Iceman RandyMandy BlindPew FalseTart AWOL Lungs Rob Chopstix Shandyman Flash

## Slapper's Slippery Mud Fuddle

It was Slapper's (and Tequilova's, poor thing). It was slippery. It was very muddy. A bit of it was a major fuddle. I don't actually need to say anything more except that it was a skin-warming Spring day with sunshine, trees in blossom and nodding daffodils. Our Hares had kindly organised a fly-over by three helicopters as we grouped together at the Gather-Round. It was much appreciated. It's been so



Figure 1 - One of today's 'challenges'

wet, cold and miserable over winter that we were really looking forward to a bit of a trot round in the sun. Perhaps if we'd known what was in store we'd have stayed at the pub and waited until opening time. Our Hares had laid on for us a lengthy Trail, 7 to 8 miles or more, depending on how many Falses you ran, with a set of steep shiggy hills to scramble up. We skittered unknowingly out of the car park, chattering and laughing. Certainly not the ragged, mud-spattered group that staggered and hawked its way back in some lengthy time later.

The first set of loops gave us a fascinating jog around the serried urban architecture of Theale where curious locals eyed us suspiciously.

This led on to a couple of local parks before a jokey Bar-3. It seemed to be quite hard work, though perhaps this was because Donut and I had been stuffing ourselves stupid with pasta in Rome all last week as well as walking up and down all seven hills several times in an effort to further stuff ourselves stupid with Italian architecture, monuments, history, fashion, brio and leather goods (not that sort!). Talking of trips abroad, Desperate and Shitfor have just returned from a tour of Singapore, Vietnam and various points East. This, of course, required them to join in a couple of Hashes while there and today Desperate was sporting a T-shirt from the Kawaii (I believe) H<sup>3</sup>. It was a natty, bright yellow number, designed for the ladies of the Hash. Oh look, it has the names of some of the ladies on the back – Delicious Pussy, Backseat Bonker to name just a couple. Good to see that good taste and etiquette are still observed in that part of the world...

Dribbler and I fetched up at the first Regroup, located, or rather floating, in a soggy gap between woodland below some power lines. Wherever you trod squelched. I half expected to see a frog pop out uttering a "Rebeck!", every time someone moved. The entire, sodden grassy surface seemed to wallow, like the back of a particularly large, submerged, hairy, green hippo. In front of us lay a stinking body of water, a still flooded part of the landscape. "Check it out." Urged Hare Slapper, with a particularly noxious grin. Since it looked as though there might be more than one stinking body in the water no-one was particularly keen to have a bash. But there is always one, isn't there? Off Iceman went, run-wading through the morass and stirring up more sh\*t even than his fellow countryman, Alex Salmond. We tried calling "On Back" for a laugh after he'd got to the other side but he wasn't having any of it and went off in his own unilateral manner before yodelling a cheerful Hibernian "On On" which had most of the rest of the Pack splashing and careening through the morass. FalseTart almost disappeared 'neath the waves after stumbling on the leg of a rotting corpse. DoorMatt cannoned

through like a galleon under full sail. The rest waded, knee-deep, through the slurry, desperately hoping not to slip under where gnarled fingers threatened to drag the faller to watery oblivion. It was surprisingly cold **in** the water and surprisingly warm **out** of it. Something to do with one's blood vessels opening. Paula Radcliffe used to do similar things in cold baths, I understand.

From here the 'Fuddle' part of the Trail came into being. Slapper pointed us all down the Short, which was actually the Long. Then, having run backwards for some way along the old Banana Leisure Theale 10k route we were called back for an impromptu Regroup. Having skipped back up the steep hill and into the woods we found that Slapper had 'mis-spoken' the correct route and we had to track



**Figure 2 - Perhaps it wasn't quite this muddy**

back a goodly way, giving him the arched brow and supercilious look. Following this we ran up and down unbelievably exhausting, slippery, shoe-sucking hills for what seemed like a good 45 minutes. My only consolation was that I was running along behind HappyFeet for a good deal of the way. She was wearing shoes that caused her to slide/lurch forward or sideways every other minute or windmill her arms in a desperate attempt to stay upright as we slithered down the next hill. Amazingly (and rather disappointingly I might say) she managed not to fall over into the various bogs we encountered. We headed up one last, big,

forested, slidey hill and aimed, as Slapper exhorted us "For the light". Something most people tell you to stay away from when you are in the degraded physical state we were in. Even the sight of a large field at the top, bathed in sunlight, failed to move us too much since we knew we were still the wrong side of the M4 with a fair way to go.

Finally, finally we reached the motorway pedestrian bridge and staggered up it to find 2Bob calling "On On" to a couple of rather concerned deer. "Edgar." Said the doe, as they looked up sharply from their grazing. "I do believe that strange fellow is addressing us." The stag looked round briefly. "Think you're right Letitia, old girl. I say, shall we hoof it back into the forest?" "Jolly right." Came the reply. "There are some fearful weirdos around these days".

Down into Theale High Street and the blessed sight of the On Inn. Figured it was time to 'warm down' so began a brisk walk. Just as I'd relaxed a nice little girl with her Mum squeaked a friendly "Keep going!" and I was too embarrassed to give her the old fish eye and point out just how blasted far we'd run today. Ramped up to a trot, gave them a smile and hoofed it to the pub where decent beer, sausages on the counter and later a whole load of food awaited us. Yum!

Many thanks to Slapper and Tequilova for laying on the excellent Spring weather. Oh yes, and we really enjoyed the Trail too... ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

Our RA had finally returned from the Orient (not Leyton) and managed to award the following without lapsing into Vietnamese argot. In fact, he applied an Oriental Hash innovation to BH<sup>3</sup> by inviting a couple of slightly less raucous Hashers than himself to present a Down Down each... which they did with humour, verve and aplomb.

### Who Got It

### Why

RandyMandy	Slippery presented this, advising us that Mandy had mentioned she has trouble "getting it in"...
Slapper	NoSole, his wife, presented him with a Down Down for getting us horribly lost.
NappyRash	Abusing both the back and front of AWOL.
Donut	For being a 'drag queen', dragging Spex across a bridge. She nominated her handsome beau Hashgate, who drained the glass expertly.
Spex	Completed the Green Park Challenge 2014, an incredibly long race (incredible irony here too).

HappyFeet Unable to have a quiet woodland whizzer unless DoorMatt is watching. She nominated him to drink her fluid.

Rob For wearing an amazing number of clothes while running today.

Iceman Wearing a Captain Iceman T-shirt with a picture of said Captain that was much thinner than him (it was a skeleton).

Desperate Slapper abuse. She was awarded a bottle of Desperado.

AWOL Presented with a 50-Hash goblet! He's actually run 80 but, as Whinge pointed out, only paid for 50.

Snowy, Twanky Their birthdays. Ahh.

Slapper, Tequilova Today's befuddled Hares Downed rapidly and smoothly.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1896	23Mar14	<a href="#">SU524679</a>	'Potty & Simple's Shiggy Squelcher' <b>The Mill House Inn</b> Bradley-Moore Square, Thatcham RG18 4QH	Potty Simple
1897	30Mar14	<a href="#">SU708818</a>	'Mothering Sunday ' Family Hash' <b>The Red Lion</b> Peppard Common, RG9 5LB	Lungs NearlyTwice