

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1895 16Mar14

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

Venue: The Bell and Bottle  
Shinfield

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Hares: Iceman

## Little People (and some large ones)



RandyMandy BlindPew Donut Hashgate MessengerBoy Twanky Snowballs Slippery Dorothy Shitfor Desperate Becks Swallow SlowSucker OldDog Dumper Shandyman Foghorn LoudonTasteless Spex Spot Dunny Rampant TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx FannyBag Hamlet Cerberus Mary (I think) and dog Poppy

## The St. Patrick's Day Hash

There appears to be some debate over the spelling of sheleightly or shillelagh. And there is much confusion over how to say sláinte, let alone spell it. Both have similarities with today's Trail in that there has been much debate about it and the whole thing was very confusing. More later.

Iceman, today's Hare, had requested green to be worn, in honour of St. Patrick's Day, and many a would-be leprechaun (think that's the right spelling...) capered around the car park in various shades, some wearing ridiculous hats, mainly with the Guinness logo on. Our Irish representative today was Shitfor, with OldDog, Slippery and Iceman the Scots among us, Shandyman the Welsh and the rest of us making up a mongrel collection of English. Incidentally, if I have offended anyone by lumping them in with the English... well, so be it. After all, we are probably mostly descended from Africa dwellers and, coming slightly more up-to-date, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Picts, Vikings, Normans and a rather fecund lady from Brinsley, Notts who put it about a bit in the early 13<sup>th</sup> century.

Iceman had obviously been studying the contours of the shamrock in preparation for today's Trail. Note the edges of the leaves that leave a central point, meander vacuously around in a large loop, then return to their origin. Precisely what we did at least a couple of times today, the most notable being early on (after a smaller leaf loop that brought us back to within sight of the car park). We entered, at one corner, a very large field, with a variety of footpaths. One to the left, one diagonally across, one to the right. BlindPew found the False on the diagonal and someone else the other on the right-hand track. So most people started galloping off to the left, a long, long way with flour to mark the Trail. After reaching almost the other side of the field it began to dawn that Iceman and a small group of Hashers (who were now presumably sniggering and chortling) had stayed at the Check. Those of us on the shamrock leaf edge got a nasty surprise when we saw Iceman turn and lead the happy band away to the right. And, yes, it was quite a long way back to the Check... which gave us plenty of time to hone the, not necessarily congratulatory, words we were going to use to Iceman when we finally caught up with him.



But we were too breathless and merely staggered past him, wagging a finger and giving him the sardonic eye. We were following Dumper and OldDog and TinOpener who, according to Lilo, was letting their dog Minx run absolutely riot. Minx, of course, was loving it and she raced back and forth in a blur of black and white legs and tail. You remember that shamrock? Well, this bit of the Trail turned out to be the stalk. Rampant figured it out first. We had gone a fair way up one track when he found flour on the track running parallel to it. We had to emulate Minx (though nowhere near as fast) and run all the way back to where the devious Iceman lurked, carrying his container of flour and a markedly upbeat manner.

More perplexity was to greet us when, while enjoying our run through the warm sunshine we came upon Snowballs and Twanky... walking in the opposite direction to us. They gave us a cheery "View halloo!" and waved us on our way. It was a tad galling about twenty minutes later when we found ourselves (having pounded round another shamrock leaf loop) desperately trying to catch up with them. Doh!

There was indeed a fair bit of shiggy on those parts of the Trail that meandered off-road. At one point LoudonTasteless managed to wipe the bottom of his shoe (liberally coated with mud, rat poo and biscuits) on my thigh! Not sure how he managed it while running in front of me but I can report that the chiaroscuro-style image left by his smearing was a jolly good likeness of Whistler's Mother playing a small, Pervuvian nose flute. Most impressive.



Mind you, this particular area of shiggy was nothing like the earlier flooded field towards the end of the Trail. The path across the centre became ever more squelchy and boggy as we moved along it (I say moved since it was almost impossible to run). Then we saw that most of the low-lying area in mid-field was ankle-deep in sludgy brown water with 'things' and 'stuff' floating about in it. Desperate and daughter Becks, TinOpener, Dorothy and MessengerBoy all decided to mince round the morass. Didn't do them much good though, for in another hundred yards the whole fenny mess was repeated and they got foot and leg soaked anyway. Tee hee.

After the shoe-sucking we tramped along next to the A327, past the old Magpie and Parrot pub – now sadly a house – and stumped back into the sunny car park. It wasn't the furthest Trail but we seemed to have run a long way and that shiggy certainly sapped the legs. After changing, we sat outside the pub in the sunshine to enjoy our drinks. For some, the best part of the day ☺

Our thanks, Iceman, for a truly 'challenging' Trail. Or should we say "Go raibh maith agat".

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

Our Fenian inspired RA, Shitfor, performed the ceremony and reprised his innovation, introduced last week, of inviting unwitting hashers to award Down Downs.

### Who Got It

### Why and How They Did

Twanky	Admitting that his birthday recently was 'sh*t'
Desperate	Awarded by guest RA Swallow for being a dominating mother who forced her offspring (Becks) to tie up her shoelaces
Donut	Another guest RA who awarded it to Shitfor for wanting to be a girly!
Shitfor	Awarded by Desperate because he started the day with his shorts on inside out
Lilo	Being insanely jealous that husband TinOpener is going to America and she isn't ☺ Nice leaning forward technique.
Rampant	Stopped for a whizzer during the Trail and frightened several small, woodland creatures with his gigantic member...
SlowSucker	Severe RA abuse during the Down Downs.
Shandyman	His birthday. Happy one!
Iceman	Entirely deserved.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1897	30Mar14	<a href="#">SU708818</a>	'Mothering Sunday Family Hash' <b>The Red Lion</b> Peppard Common, RG9 5LB	Lungs NearlyTwice