

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1907 09Jun14
Venue: The Red Lion
Upper Basildon
Hares: Florence, C5

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

Iceman Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash TT2 Twanky MessengerBoy TC Whinge BillyBullshit Cerberus Desperate Shitfor LoudonTasteless Spex Spot SkinnyDipper Caboose Utopia Uplift Mr Blobby Foghorn Motox DampPatch Itsyor Bomber Posh Nutty Potty Hotlips Simple Skids Slippery Snowy Zebedee NoSole Slapper Slowsucker Swallow AWOL Escort

Muddy

What a lovely, sunny, bright day it was. If only this evening could have remained the same. Even as we pulled into the car park the lowering clouds that had been threatening sullenly to deposit their watery cargo, did so with increasing intensity. Those of us who had turned up early huddled in cars, peering out through the rain wiggles on the windscreen at those who had also turned up early but who had strangely decided to ponce about in the car park in the wet. Such as Twanky and Messenger Boy who had left a forlorn-looking Lucy dog in the back of the car and were both slopping about in Crocs. I'm sure Crocs are exceptionally comfortable but 'cool' is not quite the word I'd use to describe someone who's wearing 'em. Twanky actually went one stage further. When I met him along the Trail later I found him to be wearing one of those thin, transparent ponchos you get given at Alton Towers and the like to keep dry in inclement weather. I advised him so and asked flippantly whether the logo had worn off. He advised me that, while I had got wet in the rain, **he** had been perfectly dry. A good point that, so I decided to essay a little Lutheran debating skill and riposted with, "But I don't look like a prat." I always find that consummate mental acuity, matched with an unparalleled verbal dexterity win the day.

So, where were we? Oh yes. At the Gather Round with dribbles of rain creeping tendril-like down our necks. Motox had called us to order and our Hares were keen to get us on our way. The On Out was pointed out very clearly and we began to run up that long tarmac hill. This was to be a challenging early section for those in BH³ who had attended the Nash Bash over the weekend, desperately trying to ride mountain bikes through acres of shiggy and listening to the thunderstorms and pouring rain while they were camping. It was actually quite challenging for everyone else this early on and we were glad of the Check at the top of the hill for a brief break. The rain sluiced steadily down. At least it wasn't cold.



You may be wondering why a pair of Centurion-like feet appear in today's Gobsheet. If you look closely you'll notice that the plates of meat are encased, yes, in sandals. But in different sandals. You remember earlier on when I mentioned the Twanky and MessengerBoy footwear? Well this tops that. If you can't recognise the Hasher from the picture (not that difficult, surely?), it's... Slowsucker. The lad left home earlier in a bit of a rush. At least, as he mentioned, he got the left and right feet. So some solace there, Slowsucker. But again, the street cred. certainly ratcheted down a few notches.

But to return to the Trail. The Hares had laid a twisting track of multiple path Checks and Bars and most of it through thick, foot-clutching shiggy. Shitfor was overheard to say to TT2 that he'd "nearly had it sucked off twice in the woods." Which I understood related to his shoe. If it wasn't the mud, it was stinging nettles and brambles. Our intrepid Hares had gone all out to ensure we gained maximum exposure to the cornucopia of countryside through which we were slip-sliding. The mud and options at Checks seemed to be confusing us, for again and again the Pack backtracked from a False. For example, we reached a Check that led down to a little chapel (Built 1872. Foundaton stone laid by Mr Hardy Catchpool) with two woodland paths leading away from one corner of it. First

we went down one path, then came back, then down the other which went downhill. Then we came back up that and went along the other, on Trail. It was dead confusing and somewhat exhausting. We were all quite glad when we reached the Regroup (almost washed out by the rain, which had now almost stopped). This was by a large field wherein seven mainly white heifers stood and viewed us curiously. Desperate, Cerberus, Motox viewed them back as they approached warily. Desperate desperately attempted to yank of a hank of grass by her feet to proffer to the diffident beeves. The hank steadfastly refused to be yanked until she planted a foot either side of it and tore out a tussock the size of Newbury. Panting a little, she hefted the sod over the fence, veins standing out on her forearm due to the weight, and waved it at the creatures, cooing to them, "Come on beauties. Come on den." In one of those voices you save for talking to babies. The young creatures stood stock (ha,



ha. Geddit!?) still, their large-lashed eyes taking in the sight of Desperate waving about a chunk of Berkshire. Our caring animal lover eventually gave up and heaved the chunk into their

field with a, "B*locks then." Still, they were perfectly beautiful creatures. Until one of the youngest, liquid eyes still gazing at us, decided to have a Bovril-like poo without so much as a by-your-leave. We left the rapidly emptying creature in its successful attempt to add to global warming, to rejoin the Pack, which was just about to split off on the Long and Short Trails.

I must say that the so-called 'Short' seemed long enough. Even without the loop that preceded it for the 'Long' runners. There was a great deal of shiggy, the consistency of which matched the earlier Bovril-like description. And nettles and brambles. And overgrown paths with slippery bits of dead wood under the mud. You get the picture. It was actually quite fun as long as you didn't twist and ankle. I dragged up that long, last mud hill with Foghorn, Itsyor and Simple, the latter breathing like he was in a 70s porn movie during a challenging scene with several ladies of dubious moral character, a couple of donkeys, a rubber glove, a goldfish and a mangle. Foghorn followed Itsyor all the way round a massive field when they could have just cut across it diagonally, like the flour arrow advised. Then it was but a soggy jog back to the pub with Cerberus before we were caught up with by the free-running and free-talking pair of Donut and Posh, looking fresh as daisies.

Excellent Trail, Hares, through some paths I had certainly not been on before. Thanks.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Served up by RA Shitfor in the comfy environs of the pub...

Who Got It

Utopia, NoSole,
SkinnyDipper

Hashgate

Slowsucker

AWOL

Messenger Boy

Florence, C5

Why

They managed to get lost. Poor little lambs.

Committing the cardinal sin of kicking out a Check which sent the Pack in entirely the wrong direction. Doh!

Wearing exceptionally odd shoes.

Frightened of going through stinging nettles.

Splashing one of the lady hashers with mud in a most ungentlemanly way.

Tonight's Hares. Well deserved!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1909	23Jun14	SU887565	Joint Run with Guildford Hash Frimley Green Working Mens Club 18 Sturt Road, Frimley Green GU16 6HX	Wally, TA & Confused.com

1910

30Jun14

[SU395718](#)

The Five Bells
Baydon Road,
Wickham RG20 8HH
Order food before the run

Centaur & Dwight