

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1908 16Jun14

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

Venue: The Royal Oak
Tilehurst

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Motox, DampPatch

veryconfused.com

Iceman Hashgate Pissquick Glittertits Simple Slippery Snowy MessengerBoy Booby SkinnyDipper Foghorn C5 Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia Desperate Shitfor TT2 Zebedee Florence Cerberus BillyBullshit Ian Shandyman Chopstix Lungs Slowsucker Swallow Whinge TC NappyRash Awol Shifty FalseTart Dunny Rampant Twanky Uplift Hotlips Ms Whiplash Spot Diver Treacle Slapper NoSole Caboose Itsyor

Playing Twister

Our title today describes somewhat accurately the procedure for tonight's Trail. It was a twisting, tortuous, perplexing, meandering, coiling, serpentine route laid by a master Trail-layer and his young apprentice. The two of them looked suitably mud-spattered, flour-covered and rather knackered in the car park, sitting on the respective tails of their cars, chewing on bananas and other sustenance in reflective silence. Motox explained their muteness. "If you'd been in the company of a woman for three hours." He said with tongue in cheek (I hope!). "You wouldn't be talking either." I can think of a lot of gentlemen who would like to spend three hours in the delightful company of DampPatch and who would still be talking. He's a naughty old misogynist, that Motox. This was DampPatch's first effort at Trail-laying and, given the complexity, I'm looking forward to (~~hiring a quad bike for~~) the next one.

SkinnyDipper had picked up Booby in her small car while he was wandering aimlessly around Meadway and she was cruising for a prospective toyboy. They drew up in the car park and he attempted to unfurl himself from the automotive embrace. First a long, hairy leg poked out tremulously. Then a hand grasped the car roof. This assisted its owner to squeeze out its head, which popped out like a champagne cork. The rest of him uncoiled in a fairly fluid movement and with a heartfelt "Ahh." He stood up. A congratulatory fag was called for and he duly fired-up the gasper, inhaling half of it in one go, to augment his pre-Hash warm-up.



It was actually a bit nippy and the dull clouds lowered above us as we congregated for the Gather Round. The dimness was lit up, though, by the sheer rainbow brilliance of Shandyman and TT2's footwear. They had both experienced a polychromatic Cinderella moment in the running shoe department... for which they paid later. See Down Downs. Shandyman did his welcoming oration in dark brown Welsh vowels and introduced our Hares. Who got us on our way quite quickly we were pleased to see. It really did look like rain.

We all knew, of course, where we were going, as did the Hares. Sulham Woods always beckons in this neck of the woods and we scurried along the road uphill towards the expected entrance to what we expected would be deep foliage, stinging nettles, brambles and shiggy. We were certainly not disappointed.

Our first entrance into leafy surroundings introduced us to tonight's theme: "Confuse the Pack". An initial foray saw the entire group backtracking, then heading in another direction. An activity that was to be repeated almost immediately after, watched by a smiling DampPatch. I don't know if you've noticed but she has one of those secretive smiles. Bit like cats. Very amused-looking but Thinking Deep Thoughts About Even More Amusing Things. I assumed she knew what was to come. If I'd known what was to come I'd have had a smile too. But a bit more on the wry side. More of a grimace really.

For example, there we were, barrelling along a wide, stony path with a wood to the left when we popped out into a large field with the path continuing forwards. Billy, bless him, shot off confidently along the edge of the wood to the left. No-one followed him of course. We diffidently wandered back to the last blob and perambulated *en masse* into the scratchy, leg-stinging forest. No-one had a clue where we were going and we must have gone ¼ mile along a narrow track with fallen trees and shiggy before we heard Billy calling “Ooonn” in his curious sing-song style somewhere off to the right. Nothing for it but to all come back again, staggering over the trees and going in the shiggy up to the ankles before angling away on another track where there was actually some flour. Diver lived up to her name by slipping over and ending up on her back in a very passable impression of a blonde-haired beetle desperately trying to right itself. Her beau, Treacle, paused briefly to see if she was still breathing before stonking off like a behemoth, chortling as is his wont. Now, you see, I really shouldn’t have found that amusing. Pride before a fall and all that. Just as I flew over a fallen tree like Arkle over Becher’s in his prime a sinewy length of ivy running along its length leapt up to catch my trailing foot. With a “Noooooo” I hurtled forwards in slow motion before becoming closely acquainted with the ferny forest floor. Fortunately I was more embarrassed than fractured. Other fallers tonight included Shifty (once) and Mr Blobby (twice) so I guess I was in good company. Shortly after this we met up with Billy who confessed, “I got one wrong.” With a grin. Billy’s grin has no secretive component. If anything it’s like the Cheshire Cat - no Deep Thoughts and nothing behind it if you look closely.



DampPatch must have got a bit fed up with the number of times she had to call “On Back” to us as we firkled pointlessly up yet another dead-end. But then the Pack was largely keeping together even if it was very confused. The sign of a well-laid Trail. Of co-Hare Motox there was no sign. He had awarded himself the responsibility of keeping the Walkers on the right track and had delegated the enjoyable (to the Hare, anyway) task of running like hell to keep up with the Pack and watching their chaotic

ramblings to his deputy. We reached the church of St Nicholas at Sulham and Mr Blobby, for reasons best known to himself, decided to heave off into the churchyard on his own. The words above the lychgate were a Victorian-style lesson to all on BH³. ‘Watch and Pray’ it exhorted. Those who hadn’t steamed off round a lengthy loop further down the hill. Those who had went straight across the Bar along the road by the church and cut that bit off. Very sensible too.

There was nowhere else to go but back up the hill and back into the forest where we had palely loiter’d sometime earlier in a state of confusion matched only by Helen Goodman, MP for ten years of Bishop Auckland, who described recently so eloquently the limestone caves and waterfalls of Ingleton, North Yorkshire while addressing a confused crowd of residents of Ingleton, Co. Durham. Like her we blundered around and lost our way while our feline Hare smiled her secret smile. We eventually got the right Trail, clambering up a cliff-like area covered in slippery pine needles and even slipperier shiggy beneath it. Mr Blobby wondered if he was actually doing another Three Peaks Challenge. And finally, a longish haul all the way across scrubland to the suburban environs of Tilehurst where a grateful Booby and I freewheeled all the way down the hill and back into the pub.

Damn fine Trail, Hares. DampPatch – consider your self a vrgin Hare no more. Thanks both.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our esteemed RA, Shitfor presented tonight’s merry Down Downs.

Who Got It

Why

Shifty, Mr Blobby,
Hashgate

Tonight’s Hash Crashes received a ½ and 3 straws. Fortunately, no-one blew.

Whinge

Trashing nature in a cavalier fashion. His excuse? “The tree was in the way.”

Chopstix

Lewd behaviour. Allegedly, on seeing the numbers on the trees she asked for a sixty-nine.

Shitfor

Given one by Simple for being rude to Florence. He allegedly said that if the numbers were for blind date bingoo she needn’t bother since she wouldn’t get anyone! How could he be so crass?!

Not sure how, but it ended with Florence throwing a ½ over him and showering an innocent C5.

Shandyman, TT2 Their new shoes. They got to share a drink out of one of them. I must say it held the beer very well.

Slapper Didn't quite catch the reason for this one but the lad enjoyed his drink.

NoSole Producing an excellent spread of sandwiches, quiche and scones for us to eat tonight. What a woman! Many thanks.

Spot Got the Billy award for kicking out a Check despite not knowing which way the Trail went. Naughty.

Booby Got one because the bar lady stole his glass.

FalseTart Foolishly stating she could drink as fast as Booby. She damn nearly did!

Motox, DampPatch Tonight's excellent Hares. She beat him by a whisker.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1910	30Jun14	SU395718	The Five Bells Baydon Road, Wickham RG20 8HH Order food before the run	Centaur Dwight
1911	07Jul14	SU655645	2014 Fun Run Tickets £5/ £7 Mortimer Community Centre TBC Victoria Road, Mortimer, RG7 3RD	Twanky Slapper