

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1912 14Jul14
Venue: The Duke of Wellington
Twyford
Hares: Shitfor, Desperate

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

Twanky Iceman Donut Hashgate Motox Horny Brian OldFart Fiddler Itsyor Slapper Dumper OldDog Whinge TC NappyRash BlindPew Dunny Rampant Becks Slippery Snowballs TinOpener CrustyToasty Spex LoudonTasteless TT2 Julia Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia Slowsucker Swallow Uplift Booby Skids Simpe DampPatch Blowjob Dorothy Ms Whiplash Spot HappyFeet Kevin AWOL... and a whole bunch of hangers-on pretending to be friends of the Hares but who were obviously just desperate for a free burger.

Shitfor's Birthday Hash

If it ain't broke, goes the maxim, don't fix it. Shitfor and Desperate followed the advice to the letter. A not-too-long-Trail before a barbeque and booze. A perfect combination if you ask me. And in the right order. Try doing it in reverse and the least you would expect would be mild dyspepsia and lost.



Acting GM tonight was Motox who looked like another retiree from the Tour de France, with his arm in a sling. Insiders tell me that he has decided to revisit past glories by becoming RoboHasher. He's starting with the shoulder, replacing the natural one with an iron version. No doubt replacement of the rest will follow until he'll be clanking and stonking along at a rate of knots, steam issuing from every orifice, along with the other FRBs. Tonight he eloquently introduced our chief Hare for the night, Shitfor, and retired gracefully, shouldering his way into the crowd.

These annual Trails tend towards the polar, in that they are very good because they are generally shortish (we have to get back for the barbeque), yet they can be quite... challenging because Shitfor can be fiendishly complicated about the Trail laying (ably assisted by his also fiendishly minded but far more attractive lady, Desperate). Those of us who headed hurriedly towards Ruscombe after the On Out can vouch for this. Some had already been suckered into heading downhill towards the nature reserve, before turning back with the Trail between their legs (a little wordplay there, you see ☺). The road leading up to Ruscombe is about ¼ of a mile away from where we were called back. So that we could enjoy the run up the hill towards the rail station. By the time we reached the top of the hill we weren't exactly helped by the delicious smell of fish and chips that emanated from the chip shop. As we headed downhill to go through the dank tunnel that slithered under the railway lines we began to get a wheedling suspicion that this just might be another of those urban, tarmac nightmares that our Hares have thrown at us before. The last time we went up, across and down any number of roads, an exhausting snake of a run. Luckily for us the Trail began to wander casually into light countryside in the form of the recreation ground, before striding confidently into deeper woodland.

The Pack was keeping together rather well. Largely due to the switchback Trail with its confusing Checks. Though the Hares' sneakiest bit of Trail laying proved that, however hard you try as a Hare, someone will ignore all the effort and fly through. We hopped out on to one of the main roads into/out of Twyford to be met with a floury 'P', indicating that we should be wary of traffic on the road, and a blob of flour on the wall opposite. Logic dictated that one would cross the road and head left towards the gate leading into the field below the vineyard. Which many of us did, including NappyRash, who found the Bar-7 and ran back, advising the rest that it was a Fishhook for six leading runners. TC was so concerned to ensure this it was six



that she ran all the way to the Bar-7 to see. The words 'far too trusting' come to mind. How can we describe the person who turned right at the 'P', ignoring the amazingly obvious blob opposite? Fearsomely awkward? Remarkably dim? Of troll-like mentality? Or with a searing understanding of the Shitfor mind? Whatever it was, they were correct. The trail went off right and slipped into the rough field that housed a skittish group of white Shetland ponies, on summer vacation from appearing in pantomimes. The little fellows seemed rather pleased to see a variegated line of Hashers trotting through their field and performed a lot of trotting about themselves.

It was good to see Twanky getting his knee back into running circulation. He was 'assisted' by Skids in almost Germanic (with the accent on 'manic') style as she exhorted him to greater efforts. "So you will be running chust anuzzer fifty yarts to der white line at der end of der road, Tvanky... or you will be shot." You could understand his eagerness to carry out her ~~orders~~ instructions. Lord knows how Simple manages at home. Perhaps he likes a bit of domination...



Mr Blobby, Rampant and I entered a field to Check out the Trail. We noticed there were a couple of mares, each with a little, suckling foal. They noticed us and, like the Shetlands previously, began trotting about rather animatedly. Trouble was, the mother equines were on the large side, with big feet, teeth to match and an unparalleled maternal instinct. They thundered up and down the field, making us very glad when we were called back. Wouldn't have wanted to add significantly to the dung heap in the field corner.

We received a lot of stick from Shitfor as we exited another field. "No flour down here is there!?" He exclaimed. "This is where the walkers go!" We duly shot back into the multi-tracked field, eventually finding the Trail which led in the other direction. And then we were heading towards Lands End ford, LoudonTasteless exhibiting a burst of speed that would have done credit to Usain Bolt on speed. Until he decided enough was enough and opted for a more sedate pace. Fortunately, we were not to go through the ford but were to enjoy that long, long hack towards the nature reserve before a wiggle round the lakes and a quick nip up the hill towards the pub, where OldFart excoriated the younger runners who raced past him to the finish line.

The Barbeque

After ordering my drinks Shitfor handed me a large plateful of steaming chips. "Thank you very much." I said, heading for my car rather than the pub garden. A peremptory "Oi!" automatically rerouted my path. The garden was full of Hashers and the aforementioned hangers-on who were either chomping burgers, sausages and chips or standing in a line, waiting for the next batch. Behind the brick barbeque stood our chef. It was like a Hieronymous Bosch painting. Rather less the 'Garden of Earthly Delights' picture. More the 'Hell!' Flames licked greedily at the (fortunately long demised) animal offerings that the smoke- blackened figure tossed casually on to the red hot griddle. He poked them viciously with long tongs, his teeth bared at the heat (or was it the pleasure?). "Not ready yet." He rasped. "But I've got some well-cooked sausages." My question of the queue behind me, asking if anyone would like a hard sausage was met with squeaks of delight by the aptly named Horny and her friend. Had I not already had a red face from the barby heat my embarrassment would have been obvious. Things were made worse when Uplift asked Mr Blobby casually if he'd like a roll. Goodness me. I hadn't realised BH³ ladies were so naughty!



We enjoyed a mass of food, and beer, and conversation, and jokes. An all-round good do. It certainly didn't need fixing.

Our thanks to Shitfor and Desperate for a really fun Hash. Happy Birthday and we look forward to next year.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Shitfor officiated at his own party, almost emulating LoudonTasteless' *circumlocutio* style.

Who Got It	Why
Horny	Giving Motox some surely undeserved abuse
Shitfor	Gave himself one for receiving sever T-shirt criticism from Mr Blobby
Slapper	Who seem to sleeping in his garage or garden at present!
NappyRash	Out-and-Out racing on the Trail! Unforgivable!
NappyRash	Advising everyone on their way to the Bar-7 that it was a Fishhook (see above)
TC	For following his advice.
Shitfor... again	Not placing an 'On Inn' on the Trail
A lady whose name I know not	Allegedly being an axe murderer!
'Smokey'	Tonight's hard-working chef got a well-deserved rousing cheer and applause
Rampant, Dorothy... and yet again Shitfor	Whose birthdays it was and is. Happy Birthday, lads
Desperate, Gemma, Becks	Desperate's daughters are off to live and work in the far East. All the best to them!
Desperate and, guess who? Shitfor	Tonight's Hares and hosts. Hurray to them!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1914	28Jul14	SU469667	The Nags Head 91 Bartholomew Street, Newbury, RG14 5DY	AWOL's Birthday Run
1915	04Aug14	SU792639	The Queens Oak Church Lane, Finchampstead RG40 4LS	Slowsucker