

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1919 01Sep14  
Venue: The Foresters Arms  
Reading  
Hares: Booby, Ms Whiplash

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## Slightly Nettled

MessengerBoy Posh Bomber Donut Hashgate Shitfor Desperate OldFart Motox SkinnyDipper Spot Iceman TinOpener TC Florence Zebedee Ours) Zebedee (a different one) TT2 Laura Uplift Shifty FalseTart Seb HowLong Busted Caboose Shandyman Foghorn Mrs Blobby Utopia C5 Riana DampPatch Twanky and later... Cerberus BillyBullshit WaveRider

## A Sting In The Trail

Reading is a pretty good town but after a day of fairly solid rain, the sky above heavy with thick, grey clouds, several roadworks and the roads bloated with occasionally moving vehicles it was about as welcome as a slap in the face with a week-dead turbot, dragged from a pile of seal droppings off the Norfolk coast in February. A number of us arrived late, due to the brain-numbing, irritating traffic. The situation was not improved for those of us driving up Castle Hill who found the No Entry signs at the entrance to the narrow street where the pub was. And, having driven all the way round the block, one's temper was not eased by finding the street choked with parked cars. Donut and I almost packed it in there and then, envying Whinge (knee injury), who dropped off TC and streamed off back home to a cup of tea with his feet up. Luckily, we found a parking space the size of a small mouse hole and teased the car into it.



As TC, Donut and I set off along the wet pavement of the busy A4 we reflected on urban running. We've all done a lot of it, of course, but this particular night, as we dodged through the lines of slow moving cars to join the main Pack on the other side of the road I can't say we were looking forward to a body-jarring five miles or so to The Oracle and back. Particularly if it was going to rain again. However, Booby and Ms Whiplash had found a world of fields, canals, green-lined alleyways and rivers for us to enjoy. The irritation began to evaporate.

You'd never have Motox down as an arborist would you? Yet there he was, looking up at the crown of a tall monkey puzzle tree and purring with delight at its spiky, dark green foliage. We felt it best to agree with him. Whether the tree, looking down at him, had quite the same warm feeling is difficult to say. Why this *Araucaria araucana* was located slap bang in the middle of an estate is an enigma. But I guess that suited it perfectly.

Across the river we dived into a tussocky, wet field that was difficult to walk on, let alone run. Though the logical exit was along the edge of it and back on to the towpath, farther along from the 'F', Zebedee began to lead the Pack sheep way across it. Booby found this particularly amusing as he led a small group of us towards the corner, stumbling and staggering across the knobbly ground. Surprising how much difference a day of rain can make to this kind of land. Every step sounded out a deep squelch. It was almost as though the meadow was floating. **We** floated through some damp nettles and stepped out on to the towpath, grinning as the rest of the Pack sloshed its way towards us. Talking of nettles, the rain had brought out the worst in them. There were many thick patches that we had to wade through. They leaned inwards to every path and track, brushing delicately at bare legs and arms. Quite a pleasant caress until the stinging got to work. Certainly made me feel that masochism is not for the faint hearted.

We entered a field of bullocks, allowing Laura and Uplift to lead the way. Now Donut is not particularly fond of large, snorting hairy things and her concern level rose rapidly as the beeves worked up a head of steam before stampeding from one side of the field to the other, right across the Trail. One was left

behind and began picking its way towards us through the few trees. I had to remonstrate quite strongly with it to get it to bugger off. It huffed somewhat and stonked away. At which point Donut took off like the proverbial cat with its arse on fire and reached the gate at the other end of the field at a pace which would have had Usain Bolt tipping his hat at her. Apparently, a little later, Foghorn was leading the rest of the group into the same field and let rip with one of his stentorian "ON ON" calls, which quite upset the beeves. Once again they hurtled across the field in a thunder of hooves, straight past MessengerBoy and TinOpener who were left trembling and pleading for fresh running shorts.



An awful lot of the last countryside section was through exceptionally vicious stinging nettles by a canal. Amazing really. Our side was thick with the stuff, yet on the other side were gardens of houses festooned with flowers and neatly combed lawns.

Darkness fell like an unsteady pile of bricks and we found ourselves next to Prospect Park. Our Hares had kindly set the Trail to run through its greenness. Very good of them, except it was so dark the flour blobs were hardly visible. We lost Caboose in there at this point. Fortunately, it was just a bit of a trot through the more urban part of Reading and we were back to the pub, where a very welcome selection of beers

awaited us.

Given the town location, this was a damn fine Trail through as much countryside as has been left in the area. Congratulations and thanks to our Hares!

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

### Who Got It

HowLong  
 Zebedee(the other one)  
 Raina  
 Foghorn  
 TinOpener  
 MessengerBoy  
 C5  
 Zebedee (ours)  
 Laura, Uplift  
 Booby  
 Ms Whiplash

### Why

A returnee and a virgin. They were busy taking part in the pub quiz in the opposite bar so drank their Downs in there. Rather well, I might add.  
 Performing balletic configurations up a slippery bank. She nominated Shifty after a pathetic attempt at drinking.  
 Starting the beeves stampede...  
 ... who almost got trampled in it  
 A complete inability to recognise a Check when he was standing by it  
 Who fell over into a bog  
 Giving the RA some (well deserved, no doubt) abuse  
 Tonight's Hares. Booby soundly beaten by the lady!

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Extra!	<b>Saturday</b> 13 Sep <b>(10am)</b>	<a href="#"><u>SU966772</u></a>	<a href="#">Happy Feet &amp; DoorMatt's Wedding Day Hash</a> <b>The Waterman's Arms</b> Brocas Street, Eton, SL4 6BW On street parking in Meadow Lane & Keate's Lane The Waterman's Arms	Happy Feet & DoorMatt

1921	<b>* Sunday *</b> <b>11:00</b> 14Sep14	<a href="#"><u>SU922876</u></a>	<b>The Royal Standard</b> Wooburn Common, East Berks HP10 0JS	Booby & Damp Patch
1922	<b>* Sunday *</b> <b>11:00</b> 21Sep14	<a href="#"><u>SU838659</u></a>	<b>Pinewood Bar &amp; Café</b> Pinewood Leisure Centre, Old Wokingham Road, Wokingham RG40 3AQ.	Randy Mandy & Blind Pugh