

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1772 6/11/11
Venue: Nettlebed Social Club
Hares: Spot, Twitcher, Lonely

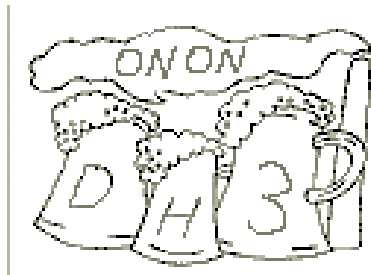
Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Many and Various

Motox Donut Hashgate Posh Bogbrush Fannybag GnomeAlone Dipstick Bootsie and dog Coco Spex LoudonTasteless Dunny Rampant Cerberus BillyBullshit Jwax Baldrick Ms Whiplash Tinopener Lilo and dog Minx Bumwiper and dog Ebony Iceman Twanky Dorothy Dumper Septic Whinge TC Simple Skids BGB Frankie TT2 Slackbladder Little Stiffy and dog Maisie HP OldFart NewBoiler Blowjob SkinnyDipper Trainspotter Anorak F'ingBlowjob AWOL Florence Zebedee Caboose PennyPitstop Kate Lungs Cheating RandyMandy MessengerBoy HarryPotter Jacob CSGas I-Plod John... and many Hashers from Didcot, Oxford, R2D2, Berlin...

Didcot's 1000th Hash

Congratulations DH3! We were delighted to join your celebration and thank you for the invitation.



The car park was not big. But the space next to my car could have taken a Chieftan tank with ease. Posh was not driving anything nearly so big but gave us a pleasurable five minutes as she to'd and fro'd. I was a tad disappointed when she switched off the engine without bumping the front of the car off the brickwork to check position. Bootsie, on the other hand, only just squeezed her way through the wide entrance in the biggest Range Rover I've ever seen and slid it neatly into a spot in the corner. Actually, Spot was directing her so it was just as well she didn't slide into him.

She skipped out lightly, as did her beautiful black and white dog, Coco. Loudon Tasteless smoothed over, raised a Roger Moore-style eyebrow and questioned her as to the lineage of her canine companion. Bootsie arched an eyebrow back. "She's an English pointer." The only words missing from the end of the sentence were, "quite obviously". L&T confided in me later that he felt perfectly intellectually lacking for not knowing young Coco's pedigree and realising that Bootsie had summed up his own with that single eyebrow movement: mongrel.

The hall and social club enclosed a lightly grassed area on three sides and we gathered in the closidered side to have our photograph taken while the sun peeped out and a pair of beautiful red kites soared and wheeled effortlessly above, reminding us of the limitations of mankind (and womankind, of course. Mind you they can't go to karaoke nights, can they?). Curiously, most of us were not actually thinking philosophical thoughts at this time but were more concerned with what Trail we might select. Our Hares today (Lonely, Spot and Twitcher) had laid not one but three. Pink was the ~~woofters~~ walkers Trail, blue was a standard length and white (laid by Spot and Lonely) was, as Spot told us, "Not for the faint hearted". i.e a typical BH³ Trail. We made our selections and sped off in differing directions.

Let me tell you of the blue Trail.

It was actually quite an eyeballs out *schlep*, initiated by a quick stamp up a never-ending hill that would have seen even a Duracell rabbit resting a sweaty furred head on a sweaty furred forearm on the nearest tree trunk. Due to the speed at which we were running, especially down and down and down the stone-slippery track on the other side of the hill we had little time for chat and even less breath.



What was good was that we were running with many people we had not met before. But, as with all Hash people, everyone gasped out brief snatches of conversation and laughter while stumbling down the hill and trying not to break an ankle.

A long, long, slim tarmac road followed. It never seemed to end and I tagged along with Caboose to form a two-person *pelaton* to help each other along it. We passed a number of cows the other side of the hedge and dotted about on the hill, a number of who gazed at us curiously. Who **were** these multi-coloured people running and shouting?

Perhaps they're desperate to be milked? Perhaps they don't have enough grass to eat on that grey thing they are running on? We had almost lost it by this time and it wasn't helped by Hare Twitcher, at

the next Check being unable to decide whether the route went uphill or straight along the road. In the end, it was Cerberus, calling On down the road that decided us and we staggered off that way to find, strangely, a ruined chapel. We took our time looking round it, regained our breath and, Lord help us, headed off uphill again through a farm. On a low wall to the left stood a series of yellow objects. Chubby yet lustrous, they looked like dead, legless budgies buffed to a shine with Mr Sheen. They turned out to be quinces, Plump and delicious looking they smelt exotic and interesting. There was a sign on the wall that advised us to help ourselves. A number did, including SkinnyDipper, who stuck a couple down each side of her shorts. It provided an interesting anatomical diversion and, had I been carrying a mobile, I'd have phoned the Elephant Man Hotline. Little counselling might help there.

The sign on the gate by the next Check provided much sniggering amongst the 'gentlemen' of the Hash since part of it read 'Young game birds.' Surprising how easy it is to return to one's youth. Shame it's only mental. What followed was a most enjoyable run through woodland, fields and sylvan forest, speckled with russet and golden beech leaves almost all the way back.

Didcot had done us proud with a free, delicious hot soup (spicy tomato or pumpkin), hunk of bread with cheese and pickle and a drink – in the gentlemen's case a bottle of DH3 beer, brewed by Best Mates Brewery. A very nice drop of stuff. The sun glimmered in the sky and we stood or sat around in the courtyard area, ignoring the guaranteed warmth of the village hall. Except for BGB and Frankie who were sensible.

A thoroughly enjoyable Hash with delightful people. We should do this more often!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

RAs from Berkshire, Didcot, Oxford and others presented the following. Many GMs from many Hashes also got many beers for various misdemeanours.

Name	Reason
Mr Sloppy	Soaking the BH3 GM by splashing in puddles
Cerberus	Shouting like a woman. She does that
LoudonTastless	Being a barbarian with barbed wire
Fannybag, Shitstix	Actually using a map on the Trail!
Mr Bling	Bringing rather a lot of costume jewellery to sell
Dingaling	Running like a lunatic despite always being injured
Pyro	Riding round the entire Trail on a bike
Simple	Tripping over barbed wire (not trodden down by L&T)
Hashgate	Old school recording with my dictaphone
LaCrease	Casually Hashing and stretching in the Hash
All the days helpers and Hares	For helping! And didn't they do a good job ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1774	20/11/11	SU525680	Hash Quiz Run The Mill House Bradley Moore Square Dunston Park Thatcham RG18 4QH	Simple Skids Twanky
1775	27/11/11	SU643713	The Crown Inn Church Street Theale RG7 5BT	Slapper