

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1958

Venue: The Baskerville Arms  
Shiplake

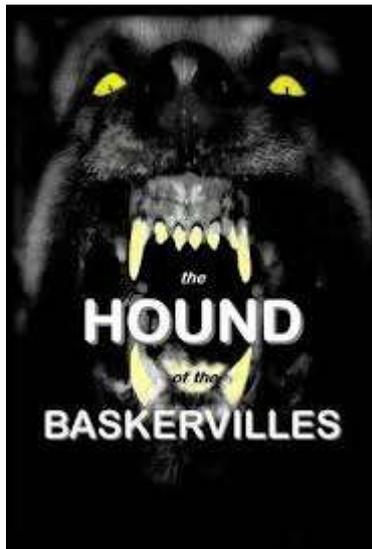
Hares: WaveRider, Nappyrash

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

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## The Pack

No idea who (see below for reasons!) A surprisingly large number turned considering the inclement weather. There is a special mention for Pyro who was the only hasher who thought to bring a Hound with them!



## An Unexpected Treat

Billy dropped me in it. Ok, he has probably dropped everyone in it. This time he volunteered to write this Gobsheet in the absence abroad (India temperature 45 C instead of Berkshire (well it used to be) temperature 45 F) of the Hash Scribe. Unfortunately for me his computer has taken to freezing up whenever he touches the keyboard (well wouldn't you?) and, in the pub after the run, he suggested that I might like to take his place! As I had no warning of this, the gobsheet is written from memory without the aid of Dictaphone or notes. If there are errors I am only writing what I can remember or make up.

We started from the station car park where the central bays are larger than normal but appear to be angled so that it takes several attempts to cajole a car between the

lines. For once, Caboose was the Hasher who travelled by the most convenient and sensible method of transport - a train straight to the start of the Hash. Twanky turned up wearing something that looked like the most famous product of the London Rubber Company (I hope he didn't sneeze!).

We On-Outed, following the same route as the On-Inn from our last visit here. This led the FRBs to think that they knew where they were going and eventually to a bar-nine. We caught the more sensible hashers just before a boardwalk made slippery by the rain. Dunny lost traction here and landed on the deck, slipping down the off-ramp, fortunately the only real damage done was to her dignity. Following a long stretch of the Thames for a while we reached the outskirts of Henley. After several cunning feints up side streets we eventually staggered up a hill into the woods Nappy Rash pointed at a path on the right "That's a shortcut but I don't expect any of you to take it, it's just for wimps". We looked at the path and then at each other and wimped off sheepishly along the long trail. We were led a merry dance through the wooded paths on the hillside, almost everyone having a chance to lead the pack and find the inevitable false. We finally reached a long downhill in trail giving us a chance to stretch our legs and pretend that we can still run at reasonable pace. Returning to the Pub we joined Donut and Swallow who had apparently enjoyed an excellent meal.

## Down Downs

Shitfer again left us in the clutches of Loud and Tasteless who had already barred all the doors and windows to stop us escaping. He appointed the so far unsuspecting acting deputy Hash Scribe to be acting Hash Flash. The camera flash was switched off and there was only space in the camera for a couple of shots, so no luck there.

There were several down downs for participants in Saturday's RATARSE pub crawl including our GM who was serenaded (with the publican's permission) with "He's The Meanest..." L&T suggested that this should become Slapper's theme tune. There were more drinks on offer to others including Dunny for her hash crash, Twanky for dressing in a giant condom, Wave Rider and Old(er) Fart for their Birthdays and the Hares (including Wave Rider again!), Why do Hashers seem think that a suitable way to celebrate the passing of another year is to run round a trail spreading kilograms of flour on the way then do it again accompanied by the Hash? Thanks to those who do-particularly in the rain.

OnOn

Iceman (Acting Deputy Hash Scribe & failed Temporary Hash Flash)