

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2081 08Oct17
Venue: The Frog and Wicket
Eversley Cross
Hares: Itsyor, Fiddler

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

NoWaiting Dumb Dumber Donut Hashgate TinOpener BlindPew Randy Mandy Iceman Ms Whiplash Penny Pitstop Desperate Shitfor NotInMyCar Cerberus BillyBullshit TC Whinge FlashBangWallop Spot Spex LoudonTasteless Posh Bomber SkinnyDipper WaveRider NappyRash Motox Slapper Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby BlowJob Twanky PissQuick C5 Dunny Rampant Uplift Cloggs NonStick Tequilova BGB Florence Zebedee C5

Itsyor Hash

In keeping with the theme of related Hares today's Trail was laid by Itsyor and his young lad, Fiddler. Despite his youth the lad managed just about to keep up with Dad.

Can't say that I remember being to this to their website content, overlooks the Why the name Frog and Wicket I hear (in ask. Apparently, a previous name of the Stumps. Obviously, a witty marketing that owns it) had a brain fart one day. The narrow parking area with the spaces meant that, unless you got there fairly in bonnet-first, which meant reversing all due to lack of manoeuvring space. It was also quite interesting to watch C5 attempt to reverse his car into one of the by Mr Blobby ("keep coming", "left-hand down a bit", mind that frog" etc) it certainly made my hair stand on end.



pub before. Which, according oldest cricket pitch in England. a telepathic kind of way) you pub was The Toad and person at Fullers (the brewery pub had an interestingly marked out in chevrons. Which early, you were forced to slide the way out of the car park later quite interesting to watch. It (who **had** arrived fairly early) spaces. Though ably assisted

Our large group listened politely while Itsyor let us know that there would be no Regroups and that runners who followed the walkers' Trail would regret it (too right – the walkers' Trail was the runners' Trail backwards!). Fiddler followed that by saying that he wasn't actually too sure where all the Trail went. Which instilled in us a chest-swelling sense of confidence in our Hares. We On Outed to the first Check... which was (in keeping with the drollery mentioned above) next to The Chequers pub.

From here we launched into the general theme of the day – find a straightish track and run along it for about ½ a mile or so until one's lungs are flapping out behind one like pink wings and the chances of reducing the heart rate from 240 beats per minute are, to say the least, slim. Unless the organ in question decides enough is enough and goes on permanent strike. Luckily for those near the rear of the strung-out Pack on one of these forays, Fiddler lived up to his earlier promise of not knowing the Trail too well and came racing back past everyone from a long False with a, "Um. Hang on..." One of the best disguised Pack reversals I've experienced. Who needs Bar Checks when you have a Fiddler?



All this excessive running and to and froing was getting to everyone and, during a search for the Trail in amongst some rather nice houses most of us were ambling along, having a chat. A lady standing beside her wrought-iron back gate asked the question, "Is this a run or a walk?" with a wry grin. She certainly had a point. Though, of course, had she not been with what appeared to be her daughter and her son I'd have given her dog a damn good shoeing – cheeky c*w! 😊

We exited a forest section by a Check where we could see a track that wound across a grassy field for a mile or so to the top of a hill and a stile. Bomber paced across it with a determination matched only by ours to stay put in case he was wrong. There was some conversation about whether someone should follow him but NappyRash pointed out that he was an Ironman and the training would do him good. "Do you mean," asked BlowJob innocently, "that he knows where to plug one in and can put a knife-edge crease in a pair of trousers?" And, yes, she did get a Down Down for that one.

The rest of the Trail meandered round some delightful countryside and I found myself alone with SkinnyDipper as we trotted into a grassy children's playground at the top of a slope with a slide on it.



Off to the right, two lads with their hoodies pulled up sat on swings in sardonic adolescent insolence. Nothing better to do on a Sunday (or trying to give that impression anyway – I'm not sure that sitting on kiddies swings added to the lip-curling, sideways looks they were trying to achieve). Skinny wasn't in the least bit bothered (ex-teacher you see), swung her legs over the edge of the slide and slid down it with a "Wheeee!" I'm sure I heard a muffled, actually quite friendly, laugh from behind us when we trotted out of the playground.

Only another ½ mile (urk!) to go along the main road with Skinny and Cloggs and we were back at the pub, where it was warm enough on this fine October day to sit out in the garden and enjoy a drink.

Our thanks to today's familial Hares for a most agreeable (9 kilometres, according to Skinny) Trail.

I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that I'll be in the U.S. for three weeks so you get a break from the familiar style of this Gobsheet. Three gentlemen with exquisite literary credentials have very kindly agreed to write the reports during the time I am away. These gentlemen are Iceman, Mr Blobby and C5, whose styles are respectively: F. Scott Fitzgerald, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce (if you struggle with the arcane imagery and tortured expressionism of the latter – well, I won't be surprised). My thanks to all three and I look forward to reading your home thoughts from abroad...

On On. **Hashgate.**

Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

Funny stories. You get a lot of these on the net. Usually a picture link captioned with a hyperbolic attention-grabbing descriptor such as "Hilarious", "Uproarious", "Side-splitting". And generally, they aren't. Like the TV programme Animals Do the Funniest Things. They sure do... but not on this programme.

I have a relative who has a very high-powered job, a wicked sense of humour and an ability to land himself in the most amusing situations. Consider when he was knocked off his racing bike by a car. Fortunately, he was not too banged about but one of his buttocks took on the shape and colour of the Black Mountains. His wife therefore took a picture on her mobile and uploaded it to Facebook.

The following story is true. I'd have loved to have been there.

He told us of when he and his wife went to a party. The evening became more and more lubricated and the guests more and more 'merry'. A very large Camembert was placed in the middle of the floor for guests to pick from while they sprawled around the room, laughing and drinking. As the night/early morning wore on everyone fell asleep. The Camembert began to melt in the heat. The party hosts had two long-haired cats. They padded silently into the room of sleepers. They needed somewhere warm and comfy to lay down. They chose the Camembert. The guests awoke as the sun came up to discover two large cats covered in cheese prowling amongst them. Got to be one of the worst sights ever when you wake up with a hangover.

Down Downs

Standing in for our RA Foghorn today was Shitfor, who presented the following:-

Who Got It

Why

RandyMandy	Thickness, essentially. She didn't know how long 10k was in miles. Doh!
BlowJob	Her entertaining remark about Bomber being an iron man (see above).
Mr Blobby	Calling Spex an athlete!
Bomber	Making a pansy comment about today's RA.
Donut	Flirting on the Hash by telling Shitfor that he smelled nice. Ooer. (Mr Blobby got to drink three of the above, having been nominated by the ladies. All went so well until fearsome blowback on the last drink left him red-faced, streaming-eyed and hawking. Tremendous fun 😊)
BillyBullshit	Having a run for the first time in a long time. Great to see you Billy!
Itsyor, Fiddler	Today's excellent Hares. RandyMandy was presented with the La Pecorina apron by Desperate for jumping out of the bushes and nearly frightening Iceman to death.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2083	22Oct17	SU554741	Hash Camra West Berks Brewery, Yattendon RG18 0XT Tickets £10 members/£12 non-members see Slapper	Slowsucker, Slapper, Zeb, Flo, Foggy
2084	29Oct17	SU811683	Dukes Head, 56 Denmark Street, Wokingham RG40 2BQ (Park in Public Car Park opposite – cost £1)	OldFart and son Richard

Charity Event

NoWaiting told us recently about a rock concert he is helping to organise that will be in Palmer Park in Reading on 4th November. This event will raise money to help a very poorly little chap: Reuben Virdee, who is only 3 years old and has an aggressive form of cancer. So far, £207,789 has been donated via <https://www.gofundme.com/xtkdkh4y-reubens-fight> of the £250,000 needed for treatment only available overseas.

Details of the concert are as follows:-

- 4th November
- Park United Reformed Church, 21 Palmer Park Ave, Reading RG6 1DN
- Tickets are £5 in advance and £7.50 on the door
- For tickets call 0791 373 3454 or email willetwork@outlook.com
- Oh and its a bring your own boos event