

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2134 14Oct18
Venue: The Royal Oak
Westwood Glen, Tilehurst
Hares: Motox, assisted by Dunny

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Splashers and Hashers



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Twanky PennyPitstop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Bomber Florence Zebedee Spex LoudonTasteless TC Whinge Tequilova LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie BGB FalseTart Rampant Spot RandyMandy BlindPew Iceman ChocChuck NoStyle Caboose AWOL Lungs TinOPener Lilo and dog Minx Anorak Train|Spotter Slapper NoSole ... and later Ms Whiplash C4 C5

Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head...

Donut and I attempted to look out of the window from the comfort of our cosy bed. I say 'attempted' because it was difficult to see anything, other than the slanting arrows of rain. A WhatsApp group message chirruped on Donut's phone. It was WaveRider, plaintively asking if anyone in the group was going Hashing. There were tentative 'still talking about it' messages from Whinge and us. But in the end, we figured that if Motox had the courage and tenacity to go out and lay the Trail the least we could do was turn up and enjoy it. And, of course, the added gastronomic benefit of new HashMash FalseTart's bijou picnic added to the allure. As they say, never pass up a free lunch. ☺

The very friendly landlord/lady at the pub had not only allowed us to bring our own picnic into it after the Trail but had also let us into it before. It was rather nice to be in the warm, dry pub with toilets... as long as we didn't think about the rain, lashing down outside. Caboose was particularly pleased to be changing out of his soaking wet clothes, having walked to the pub from a not-too-nearby railway station. Our GM, SkinnyDipper, was not with us today so it fell to Dunny to give us a bit of a chat while we gathered round the pool table (this was a dry one; outside there were several tables with pools under them). According to Dunny, today was National Dessert Day. Yes, I know, I can hardly believe it either. But then we think, America, and a sad, but understanding, nod of the head ensues. Check out <https://nationaldaycalendar.com> if you want to be amazed at the national days that are, allegedly, celebrated. October the 14th shares National Dessert Day with Clergy Appreciation Day and Be Bald and Be Free Day. Unfortunately, I missed celebrating October 13th which, amongst others, was National No Bra Day.



Mrs Blobby's sister models a poncho

Dunny advised us that Motox was even now out laying the Trail. So it was a kind of Live Trail. Checks would be just one blob and On. We wondered silently, individually and collectively, if there would be any flour left by the time we got to where it had been laid. We On Outed into the grey sog of the day. If you took a fair, representative selection of Hashers, asked them how long it took for them to become soaked, then calculated an average time, it would have come to approximately 2 minutes. As we slapped and slopped up the road those Hashers without caps enjoyed that moment when you realise that your eyebrows are not stopping cold water from going into your eyes however much you put your head down while running. Lovely. Mind you, some of our group were well covered against the weather. Mrs Blobby had borrowed a clear plastic poncho from the gallant Twanky. Whinge (who else?!) asked her if it was feather light and possibly ribbed down the back. Spex had a curious waterproofing arrangement. The main layer was a hooded, dark red running top with a dark red scarf under her chin and over her head. From the neck up she looked like The Red Nun. Over this she had on a Mercedes Benz plastic bin bag affair. During the Trail, NappyRash advised her not to loiter by any dustbins in case she was picked up by the Council recycling team.

The rain dripped incessantly off trees, off the end of people's noses and down necks. We splashed our way through mud and biscuits in various forests. Dunny had been co-opted by Motox to put down flour arrows as we found the Trail. A difficult job since a) she didn't know where the Trail went, and b) many of the blobs laid by Motox had either been washed away or were a viscous, indeterminate splatter on wet tree bark.



I caught up with WaveRider and Donut, who were talking about WaveRider's husband NappyRash and his big six oh birthday. She told Donut, "I gave him his birthday present this morning." There was a moment of silence, then a lot of juvenile grinning and laughter. Happy Birthday NappyRash!

And at this point my recorder decided not to record any more. Apart from a lot of crackling static. I suppose being held in a wet hand with rain dripping down the wrist into it may have had something to do with this. I can see its point. The question is, of course, will it work next week. I'll put it in the airing cupboard and hope for the best.

By the church near Theale we came across a well-known and not very appealing loop that went down and down into the fields, across and back up to the road we were standing on. Iceman led the way for the non-loopers and we happily trotted along it, knowing we would go up into the delightful Sulham Woods, while others faithfully slip-slopped along the Trail. The woods were cloaked in a soft-underfoot carpet of yellow, bronze and gold beech leaves and we duly managed to lose the Trail while climbing breathlessly up its steep ridge. Three times we came across a dad and his little son on a bike. The third time the little lad uttered the phrase, "You're all completely lost!" Never was a truer word spoken and it took quite some time to find the Trail again. Having found it, we popped out of the woods and on to the track that would lead us on to the road that led down to the pub. And now it started raining in earnest again. Soaked once more, we finally heaved our saturated bodies back to the welcome environs of The Royal Oak, dry clothes and the tables groaning under the weight of FalseTart's delicious indoor picnic.

A huge thank you to Motox for laying this excellent Trail in the pouring rain and to Dunny for backing him up and marking the way for the slower runners.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Dr Who has returned! For those of us who have enjoyed the programme for many years this is very welcome. Mind you, given that the word 'that' seems to now be used by nearly all instead of 'who'. (E.g. we are the people that watch the programme) perhaps it should be renamed Dr That. Of course, the main and exhilarating change is the rejuvenation of the Doctor as a woman. Jodie Whittaker is now in the title role in the BBC's right-on, diverse, all-inclusive version. From the first two episodes I think she will make a darn good job of it. Most of the previous Doctor characteristics have been retained: brain the size of a planet, ability to cobble together incredibly hi-tech instruments from a washing machine, an old bike frame, a welding kit and a mangle and rapid, butterfly-style of speech.



Time travel would be great for both Hares and Hashers. Both could simply go forward in time, which would mean all the slogging about in the rain and physical effort could be in the past by landing outside the relevant pub just after the finishing time of the Trail. But then where's the masochistic fun in that? Or should I say 'who'? 😊

Down Downs

Since our RA Motox had laid the Trail today, Spot officiated, saying it was nearly six years since he had been RA. I'd be delighted to write down all the awards but, as mentioned above, my recorder was soaked and supplies only irritated hissing when I switch it on. The ones I remember are Spex, for looking like a bin lady, Slapper, for something or other, RandyMandy, for the same reason and our Hares Motox and Dunny.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2136	28Oct18	SU668743	The Butchers Arms, Tilehurst RG31 6HH Hot soup after the hash	Lungs Dumber
2137	04Nov18	TBA	Hares urgently needed! Please contact Hare Razor Dumber at ianwillett@hotmail.co.uk	TBA