

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1898 07Apr14
Venue: The Shire Horse
Maidenhead Thicket
Hares: 2Bob, Lucy the dog
and poor SkinnyDipper

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

LoudonTasteless Spex Donut Hashgate Hotlips Ms Whiplash Spot Iceman Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor BlindPew Angella HappyFeet TC Zebedee Florence Booby Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia PennyPitstop Foghorn Itsyor Slowsucker Lonely Mary and dog Poppy

Complex and Dark

As we entered the pub, tired, bedraggled, damp, restless and twitching slightly my eye fell on the pump handle label's description of the beer. 'Complex and dark' it said. Couldn't have put it better myself, I thought. The phrase aptly described tonight's Trail, a farrago of twisted trails and alleged events', to paraphrase Harold Wilson. As an exercise in topographical obfuscation it scored top marks. As an example of the myopic leading the strabismic it was supreme. As an illustration to Hares of how to keep the Pack together (and completely p*ss them off) it stood head and shoulders above any Trail laid in the past five years. You may be just starting to detect the drift of this article...

The evening had begun wetly, with rain slanting down. 'Such arrows of rain'. The weather was almost as depressing as the Thomas Hardy poem. Grey and sodden wasn't quite what we had expected for our first summer Hash but here it was so we figured we had better make the best of it. SkinnyDipper sidled up to me and with a wink slid her hand down her copious *décolletage*, rooting around for I knew not what. With a triumphant expression she pulled out... a torch! Phew. What a relief! Foghorn



A wet sheep, perfectly representing tonight's participants

suddenly became remarkably attractive to a number of lady Hashers. The fact that he was holding up a large umbrella probably had nothing to do with it. He didn't have to hold it long. In the absence of our GM and with the knowledge that daylight would disappear fairly rapidly 2Bob exhorted us to be on our way and we trotted off splashingly into the shiggy in the woods, full of expectation. It didn't last too long since we couldn't find the blasted Trail. The occasional flour blob would show, then... nothing. Bit like 2Bob and Lucy. They would appear every now and again, generally when we had spent a good ten minutes getting lost, then disappear like wraiths leaving (as described above) poor Skinny Dipper to help us find the Trail. Sadly, **she** was not helped by not having laid the early part of the Trail. At times, both she and we went along a path, turned off, went back, went along the path again, then doubled back on ourselves – see exercise, example and illustration above.

Shitfor and NappyRash had the light bulb moment. Since we seemed to be making up much of the Trail ourselves their rather sensible idea was to issue every Hasher with a bag of flour and let them run about, scattering blobs as they went. Certainly a different take on a Live Trail and a lot more fun than running around aimlessly in the shiggy with the rain falling down.

We reached a large sign that read 'Stubblings'. SkinnyDipper ran up towards where we stood about like lost sheep. "We're supposed to go towards Stubblings", she said. "That way." Pointing at right angles to the direction the sign was pointing. Much chuckling and amusement greeted this announcement. I remember that we opted for the sign's direction, figuring that whoever put it there had a darn sight better sense of the geography than any of us.

It all begins to blur after this, especially since my recording machine decided to go a bit dicky. I remember a long, straight, tractor track where the rain-laden headwind made it seem even colder than it actually was, Since SkinnyDipper was wearing a T-shirt I asked her if she felt a tad nippy. She kindly lifted the bottom of it to reveal that she had another on underneath it. Even so, it was really not warm. I suppose, being Dutch, she's used to the North Sea wind blustering its way across the Polders. At the end of the track was a farm with a sign that advised passing travellers that 'vermin baiting' was in progress. To take my mind off the cold and the inexorability of the Trail, that seemed to be going further and further away from the pub, I imagined the farmer creeping up behind a couple of rats minding their own business and enjoying a gnaw on an electric cable. "Coo. Look at the teeth on you two. Can't say the Lord had his mind on the job during the rat creation phase. And what was with the Black Death malarkey? Not exactly a boon to society you *rattus rattus* are you?." And similar vermin baiting exercises like prodding a sleeping grey squirrel with a long pole. Or shouting "BOO!!!" down rabbit holes.



Surprise, surprise. We went up the steep hill whereon The Dew Drop Inn resides. Fortunately not right to the top. Particularly since darkness had begun to fall. "Splottt!" My foot went into viscous shiggy up to the ankle at the start of the downhill, through-the-woods track. A precursor of a number of these since the ground underfoot was slippery, soaking, muddy, filthy... You get the idea. Add to that rapidly worsening visibility and a number of almost invisible branches on the ground and you can see why I was pleased that Whinge (who attempted to break his ankle last week and succeeded in making it swell to three times its normal size – he thought he might try it on another part of his anatomy) was not running tonight. It was more treacherous than a politician. Slipperier than, well, a politician. Oozier and more intent on catching you out than... um, running out of comparisons. But you get the picture. The narrow, viscous 'track' slid its way snakelike down the hill to end up at an ankle-deep pit of slurry. Delightful. 2 Bob was on the other side of it when I got there. We exchanged pleasantries before he nipped off along the A4 **in the opposite direction to the pub(!)** to help out some other of our lost sheep in the darkness. Donut, Spex, SkinnyDipper, Angella emerged from the gloom of the slurry pit and we made the executive decision to ignore the actual Trail ("It's very nice", advised Skinny, to no avail) and just run back along the A4. Not very exciting but less chance of slipping over and breaking something in the dark. It was nice to get back to the pub.

This would be an excellent Trail through some really lovely countryside in midsummer when it's light...

Our thanks to 2Bob and SkinnyDipper who gave volunteered and gave up their time to lay the Trail for us.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Who Got It

Why

Mrs Blobby	Her (happy☺ birthday)
Shitfor	TC, selected as guest RA by Shitfor she devolved her weighty responsibility to Mr Blobby who awarded the Down to Shitfor for severe Hare-baiting
2Bob	The next guest RA, Slowsucker, gave a dark beer to 2Bob for his dark Trail
HappyFeet and Zebedee	She found a debit card and ex-bank manager Zeb kept it
Slowsucker Angella	Both managed to walk into a cupboard instead of the pub front door!
Hashgate	Apparently getting in very late and stealing Shitfor's place in the bar queue.
2Bob SkinnyDipper	Tonight's Hares were given two halves of the 'complex and dark' beer. Very appropriate ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1900	21Apr14 * 19:15 *	SU340685	EASTER MONDAY The Railway Tavern Station Road, Hungerford RG17 ODY	TinOpener Dwight
BH³ 1900th Celebration	Saturday 26 Apr 16:00	SU645645	The Scout Hut, Birch Lane, Mortimer RG7 3UB Ticket Only £5 (£10 non-members)	C5 Mr Blobby
1901	28Apr14 * 19:15 *	SU825795	The Royal Oak Knowl Hill Common, Knowl Hill RG10 9YE	Shitfor NappyRash