

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1905 26May14

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

Venue: The White Lion
Emmer Green

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Waverider, NappyRash

The Festive and the Festering



Slapper NoSole Donut Hashgate Motox Iceman Shifty Slowstart Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia Spot Foghorn DragonLady C5 Dunny Rampant Whinge TC SkinnyDipper DampPatch TinOpener Florence Zebedee Ms Whiplash Treacle Diver Lonely Shandyman Chopstix Swallow Slowsucker

Christmas... Crackers!

Frankly, you have to be crackers to celebrate Christmas at the end of May. The car park was full of people sporting Santa hats and antlers or draped theatrically with bright tinsel. Our Hares had also provided some real Christmas crackers so we grabbed one each (in Donut's case, three!) formed a cross-handed circle and yanked each others. Not the first time some of us have pulled in a car park but it was probably the noisiest bang. Flimsy, coloured party hats were placed carefully on heads, which the rain started turning to paper porridge immediately. For the weather, which had been warm and sunny the day before, had become very festive today, mainly pouring down from a mass of grey clouds.

Lonely had decided that the Hash was the place to break in his brand new, electric blue and snow white running shoes. People were warned to take care viewing them, in a similar way to the TV news item warnings about flash photography. I still have a slight after-image. Bit off-putting to drive with a pair of strobing trainers appearing every so often in your sight-line. I found out that the reason for the breaking-in procedure was because Lonely, along with C5, Mr Blobby, Florence and Zebedee are taking part in the Three Peaks Challenge next weekend. Full details are at <http://www.thethreepeakschallenge.co.uk/>. Essentially, participants, many of unsound mind or questionable psychological intent, scale Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon in 24 hours, not, apparently, by helicopter. We wish 'em well and wonder, when they should be tapering this week, why they ran the Hash, the Long Trail of which, according to Hare NappyRash was "very long".

We scurried off, along a variety of tarmac lanes, wondering how come NappyRash's legs (now returning to the hirsute after their close shave for the 1900th party) were encrusted with drying shiggy. We were to find out later... The headlong road rush was slowed by two things. Firstly, a window was thrown open and a crowd of grinning kids loudly wished us a "MERRY CHRISTMAS", which had us grinning too. Then Rampant, Shandyman, C5 and I got a little too far out front and hurtled straight past a flour sign which we didn't quite understand. No-one else had followed us so we returned curiously to it. We finally figured out that it was a backwards 'F'. Hare Waverider told us later that she had wondered at the time if husband Hare NappyRash, who laid the thing, was becoming lexically challenged or just plain daft. I know which I'd plump for.



We reach the St. Luke's and The Oaks Care Home after a lot of exhausting urban fanning about and bumped into Mrs Blobby and Utopia. I mentioned breathlessly that I might have to check myself in, the way I was feeling. Utopia, businesswoman that she is, suggested sensibly that we might get a decent group discount if we **all** checked in.

Since I know this area very well (living only a mile or so down the road) I knew sooner or later we would be tramping off into Blackhouse Woods and Clayfield Copse, a delightful open space and native woodland area which, given the weather, was likely to be just a tad covered in shiggy. It was. And confusing too where a flour arrow led us clearly up the brambly bank from the pedestrian underpass, where we met Swallow, Donut and Ms Whiplash who proceeded to get just as confused as us. Only after a lot of milling about did we check back down the bank only to find the original arrow had been rubbed out and a fresh new one laid, pointing along the path! Forgive me if I hint that the hand of NappyRash may have been responsible for this one. At least it wasn't long to the Regroup, where

WaveRider's Mum and Dad met us with sherry and pseudo mince pies. I say pseudo since they were actually apple. Well, where can you get mince pies in May? Florence mused lightly that it might be fun if Mr Kipling joined us whereupon Zebedee (curiously in my opinion) mentioned he quite fancied a threesome! Luckily, we On Outed at this point and sped off through wet grass, wondering dyspeptically if the sherry and apple pie had been quite such a good idea. Florence again amused those of us who misheard her when she fetched up at a deepish, tree-lined pit in the forest, pointing to it and announcing loudly "It's a bumhole!" excitedly. Apparently the words were "bomb hole". Though I think the mis-hear was more appropriate since we were at the a*se-end of the forest.

Now somewhere in the sucking, squelching Clayfield Copse was a Long/Short split, which many of us missed, ending up on the Long Trail, including the 'tapering' Mr Blobby and C5. However, after we had splotted a ¼ of a mile along that shiggy, horse poop and pee filled track to the back of the rigger club, NappyRash took pity and called them back from crossing the pitch. The Trail was going to loop all the way round the rigger club, then fold back on itself to join the smelly track further up so that the merry Hashers could canter back down all of it, thinking their own thoughts about one particular Hare. Even then, it was a fair old trot back to the pub.

Since our car was parked in the road we had to change there, in the rain. Standing there with mud-spattered legs and a long, wet streamer of tinsel, I'd just peeled the fetid socks off my fetid feet and Donut had just lowered her running trousers when the double-decker bus careered past, each window plastered with a grnning or curious face. Oh well. 'Merry Christmas' we wished them, in our state of *deshabillé*. ☺

Great Christmas Hash, Hares. And you were right, it **was** long... for some.

On On. **Hashgate**.

Down Downs

Presented in his own inimitable style by C5:-

Who Got It

Why

NoSole	Insisting to Slapper that today would be a better day to cut the lawn, rather than sunny yesterday.
Hashgate	Darned if either the recording machine or I can remember!
Zebedee	Tossing his turkey! In the front garden of a family he alleged he knew he tossed his turkey hat way up in the air for them to show them it could fly.
Diver	Living up to her name and falling of the earth mound at the Down Downs.
Treacle	Threatening a cyclist. He insisted the fellow gave him his bike!
Slowsucker	Grumbling about bringing the wrong running shoes since we ran quite a lot of tarmac today.
Waverider NappyRash	Today's organisers of the excellent Christmas Hash ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1907	09Jun14	SU597761	The Red Lion Aldworth Road, Upper Basildon, RG8 8NG	Florence C5
1908	16Jun14	SU661740	The Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst RG31 5NW	Motox DampPatch