

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2053 26Mar18
Venue: The Anchor Inn, Yately
Hares: Foghorn, SkinnyDipper

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

All Those With Mothers

Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfor Swallow SlowSucker HappyFeet DoorMatt BlowJob Florence Zebedee Motox Iceman OldFart Fiddler Itsyor C5 Honeymonster Cloggs Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby

The Mothering Sunday Hash

Mrs Blobby hobbled delicately on crutches around the car park in the sunshine and cold air. A number of other Hashers hobbled about too. Their excuses (decrepitude, a lifetime of dissolute activities and general languor) weren't a patch on Mrs B's, who had a hip replacement just a week ago. A lady of remarkable resilience and recovery. I wish I'd experienced the former during this



trail and enjoyed the latter after it. 😊 We all look forward to see you on the Trail again soon, Mrs Blobby. Ideally, with Utopia in matching tops!

For some of us it was quite a long way to this venue. Particularly on Mother's Day when Donut's Mum was coming round later. Our chicken was quite unstuffed, the vegetables no doubt forming a mulch heap in the utility room and the carpets revelling in their Hoover-free state. I expect similar reasons prevented more Hashers from joining the rather elite crowd that attended today. However, the new Spring sun shone strongly, the drab restlessness of winter was being replaced with hopeful green shoots and the nearer we got to the pub, the better we felt. Stuff the chicken! Well, later.

OldFart sidled up to me in the car park. "Glad to see you here, Hashgate." Coo, I thought. I have finally attained the acceptance of a revered elder. I was just about to wring my cap, tug my forelock and back away in an obsequious manner when he continued. "I was getting fed up looking at that blasted badger." You know how you a) feel you really should know what someone is talking about, and b) don't want to appear like a completely ignorant prat? Every synapse in what's left of the grey mush of your brain fires off, trying to make a connection. Somebody's hairstyle? A real badger? A dead badger? Did he say budgie? Wtf? I eventually dredged up from a particularly fetid mental pond the realisation that the last Gobsheet I wrote (2048 - my apologies, it was a couple of weeks ago) contained a picture of a badger and that the splendid fellow was actually looking forward to my write-up of this week's Hash. OldFart, I can only apologise in advance for the disappointment.

There was not much fauna on today's Trail but there was certainly plenty of flora. A wide variety of the stuff. Rapidly greening fields, bosky tracks, heathland, slopes of ling. Interspersed with some fairly lengthy stomps along tarmac and along the back of high-fenced gardens.

After one particularly lengthy stretch I found my self next to C5 who, for the sixth or so time today, advised me that he had run a ½ marathon yesterday and was knackered. He's been out of the running for a while with a gammy leg and was bemoaning the fact that, "My speed's gone." I suggested that he might like to get a couple of huskies on leads and a pair of roller blades. We discussed the options for a bit and came to the conclusion that it was a damn good idea. The only possible problem would be if he called out "Mush!" in a built-up area and one or more gentlemen of a muscular persuasion and without a sense of humour decided he was insulting them.



Bloody hell, C5. Don't pick these two!

Slapper suddenly appeared amongst us. Lord knows how he got to us after 30 minutes or so but his gleeful admission that, "Cutting out a long loop was a definite plus!" certainly had something to do with it. Since he had also run a ½ marathon recently we let it pass. Though I didn't tell him about the huskies idea. He's a tad younger than C5 after all. And then when we fetched up at the Hash View we bumped into Little Stiffy and SlackBladder with their mad hound Masie, sitting on a bench and enjoying the scenery. It seemed that Hashers were just popping up all over the place. The scenery was certainly worth a stop and stare. The scrub and brush-covered hill declined before us into a wooded valley, on the other side of which was a sun-dappled slope, speckled here and there with graceful silver birches and lone Christmas trees. Cotton wool clouds bobbed overhead and the air was warm. It could have been a lot worse (an example of rampant English understatement there 😊). This had been Castle Bottom, a national nature reserve and a very beautiful place.

After a trot up hill and down dale in this lovely area we were confronted by SkinnyDipper and Foghorn, the latter looking very camp with one hand on his hip and the other dangling his handbag full of flour.

This had the effect of spurring us on to greater speed and we hurtled breathlessly towards, then into, the airfield where Slapper tripped over the biggest tree root I have ever seen and still managed to stay upright, despite a lot of sideways hopping. HappyFeet pointed out that this was very silly of Slapper since he had managed to miss the banana skin that lay directly in front of the root. Here was where the biggest Regroup of all time was located. In the middle of a disused tarmac runway was a giant 'X' and our winsome Hares had laid a flour circle all around its four points. I believe this was where Itsyor had planned to bring the Hash when he laid a Trail some time ago. Sadly (for him) we completely missed out the loop in the Trail that would have brought us to this spot. How we chortled...



There was still a little way to go and I was the unfortunate soul who reached that Bar-5 first, followed closely by Desperate and Florence who fulminated against Foghorn on the assumption that he was the *\$%^ing b!&!£d who had laid it. Oh well, that's Hashing for you.

A little further on through the prickly gorse and we found the On Inn. Nice to get back. Particularly since the 5 miles felt more like 7. Grateful thanks to our Hares for a super Trail through a variety of countryside. Lots of fun.

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.

Itsyor: if you are reading this then you'll be delighted to know that the Thought for the Day that you asked me about, the one containing the almost insoluble logic puzzle of Raymond Smullyman, is in the previous Gobsheet to this, number 2048. Since you couldn't find it I believe that the possibility of you even understanding the question, let alone providing an answer is as slim as Maidenhead United signing Jamie Vardy. i.e. pretty flippin' slim. Good luck though...

Our Thought for the Day concerns Spring. After a long, damn dull, lacklustre, cold winter when it's too dark and/or unpleasant to bother to go out, a hint of warmth and lighter days appears, followed closely by a few jolly, nodding daffodils, delicate snowdrops and pretty primroses. That dead-looking hedge suddenly spurts bright green. You wake up in the morning with light around the curtains and a feeling that it just might actually be ok to get up if it's as nice as it appears outside. It's a great time of the year and we get a feeling of awakening, freshness, new beginnings. Eliot wrote, 'April is the cruellest month...'. But it isn't. Bracketed by March and May it's a time of rejuvenation. We're lucky enough to experience it every year. Let's enjoy it.

Down Downs

Due to the Mothers Day thing we had to rush off so missed the Down Downs. No doubt a few beakers were quaffed. Cheers!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2055	* Monday * 10Apr17 19:00	SU768735	The Bull and Chequers Woodley Green Reading RG5 4QP	SkinnyDipper