

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2070 24Jul17
Venue: The Black Lion, Woodcote
Hares: Florence, Zebedee

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

Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Donut Hashgate NappyRash C5 OldFart Swallow SlowSucker Desperate Shitfor PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Caboose Spex LoudonTasteless Dumb NoWaiting and dog Poppy Motox FalseTart Shifty Lonely SkinnyDipper Lungs Uplift Utopia Spot HappyFeet Posh Bomber Slapper Pyro and dog Whisper TT2 Itsyor Little Stiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie

Out of the Woods and Into the Trees

A sad start to this week's Gobsheet with the news sent to us by our GM, Mr Blobby.

Hi All,

It is with very deep regret that I have to tell you all that Dragonlady passed away Tuesday evening at 19:45hrs after a long battle with cancer. She will be sadly missed by all and our thoughts and best wishes are with her family during this desperate time. We will provide further information when it is made available.

On On

Mr B

She will indeed be missed. And certainly remembered; for her ready smile and a great sense of humour. A nice lady and a very brave one.

SkinnyDipper must have been asking for a Down Down. She edged her rather wheezy, red Vauxhall Corsa on to the miniscule slope that led into the Black Lion car park, stalling it. OldFart, Donut, NappyRash and I watched fascinatedly as she finally restarted the engine and took what used to be described as a 'full-blooded turn' to swing into a parking space about fourteen yards from the side of Zeb and Flo's car, prompting Motox to burst into an eye-popping guffaw... which was nothing to the general roar of delight and round of applause when she overshot the space and dipped the front wheels into the little bed of flowers. She backed up sheepishly (if you can look like an embarrassed sheep while driving a car), with just a couple of geraniums stuck to the offside tyre.

Yes, she did get a Down Down. 😊.

Mr Blobby called us to order (a thankless task at the best of times) and let us know that 20 Hashers had attended the Boys Beating Cancer run at Newbury on the weekend. NappyRash, Posh and others said this was quite a hard run, since much of it was off-road on difficult terrain. Which was why their legs felt sore today. Well done to them!

After a swift introduction by our Hares (Spot should have been Hare today but had hurt his knee so Zeb and Flo had kindly stood (or run) in) we were off. This area is almost entirely covered in forest and after a very short trot along the tarmac we plunged into its woody embrace. Then plunged back out again when none of us could find the Trail that snaked round a pond full of weed (no doubt chock full of various submarine creatures waiting to pounce damply on any partially submerged leg). Florence advised us, with a sardonic smile, that we should, "Try in there again." We did and it worked.



A dugong ruminates on the last of a Hash foot

We plunged once more into the depths of the forest, where Bomber thundered off along a very unlikely, overgrown path from a Check. When he called, Posh informed me that she was unable to decide whether he had shouted "On On!" or "On one!". Presumably because she usually calls "One is on!" It turned out that he was. On that is. Which meant that SlowSucker and C5 were ½ a mile away, as it were, up sh*t creek sans paddle. **Some** people urged us to be quiet, so they wouldn't know which way we'd gone. Naughty 😊

After an awful lot of, surprisingly wet, forest we reached the first of the two Regroups. This location had been carefully chosen by the Hares since it was at the corner of a huge, undulating field of corn with the sun hanging like a dripping red orb above the dark trees that fringed the field edge. We soaked up the beauty of it. Then enjoyed running back a few hundred yards when we had restarted, because our Hares had laid a Back Check. Sneaky!

FalseTart managed to sneak past the herd of young, sleek, black bovines that wandered curiously over to see us as we ran along a track the other side of their fence. She is not a lover of anything with a tail and four legs that enjoys grass for breakfast. As evidenced on Dartmoor when we Hashed there during BH's Challaborough week. A mentally unstable cow was chasing Pyro's dog Whisper and got a little close to FalseTart who flew up the steep tor with never-before-seen speed. Now there's a training tip for you – if not keen on ruminants, just pretend there's one close behind you (snorty breathing, clumpy hooves, liable to poop anywhere) and you'll be off like the wind.



Bugger off. It's my field.

Those beautifully kept almshouses appeared in our path, an equally well-kept bowling green in its gardens. Florence opined that it would be a good place to retire to and Shifty and I agreed that, for some Hashers, the option might be available quite soon. It was here that Itsyor joined us. The blighter had arrived late and had to run like a cat who'd backed on to a red hot poker.

The second Regroup was located among large and small piles of gravel or stones, each with a descriptive board stuck on its top. Just as well since most of us couldn't see the difference between 6mm and 10mm gravel. OldFart asked if the pile marked 'Dust' was true grit. Such a wag. NoWaiting's little Jack Russell, Poppy had nosed out a large pine cone from the base of one of the piles. His master heaved it towards the top of the nearest big pile of gravel. Poppy gamely sprang up the shifting stones. Then raced back down when the pine cone rolled rapidly back down. NoWaiting did this a few times. Poor

Poppy. Having no idea of consequence he couldn't figure out that he could just wait at the bottom of the pile for the pine cone, grab it and give his master the old fish-eye.

We On Outed again, I with Bomber in front of me. Unfortunate really since he slipped backwards on the gravel-covered bank and I found myself with a hand on his right bum cheek to steady him. Can't say I recovered from this shoulder-shuddering moment. Which is surely why I took the Short Trail a little later that cut off about ½ a mile. Mind you, we followed NoWaiting and Poppy down, down, down a hill, past a serious-looking, tall, green metal fence for about the same distance before being called back. So I don't think I saved much in distance. NoWaiting advised that the little doggie had never been wrong at Checks and offered to give him a good kicking to teach him a lesson. Poor innocent creature. Then Florence sent OldFart and me off down a tarmac hill with instructions that there was a turn to the right just down the road. And a lovely run down it was, with the sun a fireball in front of us. Until we reached the 'F' that is. Bit of a trek back and not helped by Florence saying, "Zebedee laid that. He'll be pleased you did it."

So just a final couple of quiet fields to cross and we hit the 'On Inn'. Never been known before but we couldn't find the Trail from here. Bomber and SlowSucker went entirely the wrong way and the rest milled rather aimlessly until we finally figured it out. The pub was a welcome sight and the sausages and chips in rolls later were even more so.

Many thanks to Flo and Zeb for a fine Trail through a lovely, wooded area and we hope your knee is better soon, Spot. 😊

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.

Time eh? Never seems to be enough of this rare commodity. There you are, skipping about as a careless seven-year old. Then bam! You seem to have retired, with even less time available than when you were working. There are a lot of clichés about time that don't make sense. 'About time!' is usually uttered in an irritated manner when someone or something is late. But it's not about or around time. Time is (fairly) linear so you can only be in it or late. 'I've got plenty of time' is an anomaly because no one owns any of it and, since it's relative and subjective, you might/generally have less time than you think. 'Time is on my side' – no it isn't. Time doesn't care about you or anything else. It just continues. And just as well. Try and imagine what it would be like if it was always the 27th July 2017 at 19:53 BST like it is now (obviously a different time elsewhere on this planet and the rest of the universe). Would we then be 'frozen in time'? Would be aware that nothing would ever change? Would we be faced with an eternity of changelessness? Interesting thoughts hmmm? But of course, only if you have time on your hands...

The Challaborough 2017 Diary

I must apologise for the delay in completing this. Time has definitely not been on my side recently. I hope to have it finished soon... honestly.

Down Downs

Shitfor stood in as RA this evening and decided everyone was far too comfy to go outside. Wise decision. We were full of rolls, chips, bangers and beer.

Who Got It

Why

SkinnyDipper	Obvious lack of driving skills. She bumped into the pool table on her way to the Down.
NappyRash	He didn't beat AWOL in the charity race! He cried into his beer that day so much there was hardly any ale left so Shitfor gave him a real beer tonight.
Mr Blobby	On hearing from SlowSucker that he wanted to lose weight so he can run faster he gave him two stones so he could lose them...
Mrs Blobby	Lord knows why but she apparently can't tell the difference between a Scotch Bonnet and a Dutch Cap. Ooer.
Utopia	Had put on so much lippy Shitfor had to ask her to 'pucker-up' in the car park.
HappyFeet	Can't get any sleep at the moment because her legs keep moving up and down.
NoWaiting, SlowSucker	Apparent Dog Abuse by the former. Actually waiting at a Check by the latter.
Ms Whiplash	A new award of an apron on which is printed the torso of a hunky chap with a grinning (can they do that?) sheep in front of him. She has to wear it next week and then present it to someone who deserves it.
Florence, Zebedee	Tonight's Hares. Florence, of course, was fastest.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2072	07Aug17	SU66174	The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen, Tilehurst	Motox
2073	14Aug17	SU793639	The Queen's Oak, Church Lane, Finchampstead RG40 4LS	SlowSucker