

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2073 14Aug17

Venue: The Queen's Oak, Finchampstead

Hares: SlowSucker, Itsyor

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

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Mighty Oaks and Saplings

Foghorn Hashgate Donut Swallow Lonely Florence Zebedee BlowJob Messenger Boy Desperate Shitfor Nicole Cerberus BillyBullshit Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby HappyFeet DoorMatt OldFart Iceman Motox Twanky Slapper C5 Fiddler PissQuick Glittertits SkinnyDipper FlashBangWallop Caboose Dorothy BGB PoisonedChalice Will (a virgin) Dotcom (from Taunton)

A Forest of Hares

Considering that the venue last week was The Royal Oak perhaps our TrailMaster (Zebedee) out to review his 'clustering' policy. Actually, we haven't run in this pleasant area for some time so it was good to visit again. SlowSucker and Itsyor had laid a 'challenging' course through rather a lot of woodland and up and down a number of appropriately named Finchampstead Ridges. What I suspect many people don't know was that we were very close to a parcel of land known as Rorke's Drift (no Zulus seen tonight) and an alpaca stud (glad we missed any 'activity').

C5 was wearing the sheep shagging apron tonight due to having driven the wrong side of a traffic island with a bus coming towards him at AWOLs birthday Hash! Surprised that he, Mr Blobby, Florence and Zebedee were with us tonight. They (along with Posh and Bomber) had all run the 54321 Trail Runs at Salisbury on Sunday – see <http://salisbury54321.com/index.html> for details. An awful long way to run on a Sunday afternoon. Florence had managed to graunch her leg after crashing over half way through the 20 mile race. But she managed to peg along quite nicely this evening without dripping too much blood all over the countryside. She told me she was quite pleased that the St John Ambulance person had asked her what day it was, rather than the psychologically-charged, "Who is the Prime Minister?" Get that one wrong and she'd have been whipped away to the Sunnyside Rest Home before you could say... um, whatever it was that I was going to say.

Virgin Will and Dotcom from Taunton joined us tonight and, having welcomed them, we On Outed, rather surprisingly down the hill by the pub. Only one way for us to go and that was into the field where, last time, Swallow was bitten on the shoulder by a particularly obstreperous horse. This time the field was full of skittish bullocks. One in particular, very large, mocha brown and white colour, with far too



much interest in us, lumbered over to where SkinnyDipper and I walked carefully and slowly across his field. As he approached, Skinny gripped my arm (I still have the bruises!) and whimpered slightly in a Dutch way while trying to hide behind me. Not quite sure of the logic there. If the aforementioned beeve had decided to charge I don't think my 70 Kilos would have been a match for his ½ ton. In a shorts-threating moment the huge creature bounced towards us... then spun away to lead the rest of the herd on a wild, ground-shaking run up the field and away from us. Skinny used her other hand to unpeel her fingers from my (now grey) upper arm. I flexed it a tad. No seemingly permanent injury though that withered look isn't very cool.

After rather a lot of up and downhill forest trotting, we arrived at the first Regroup by Heath Pond in Simons Wood. A sign next to it announced that swimming in it was discouraged since the water was 'contaminated'. By what, we shall never know. Fortunately, the only things I saw floating on the top were water lilies. Presumably, the bloated bodies of long dead donkeys had not yet filled sufficiently with gas to enable them to rise rapidly to the surface, breach magnificently, splash down and swirl round in an ever-decreasing, flatulent circle as the aforementioned gas escapes from the most convenient orifice.

Off we went again. Entirely the wrong way. I shall blame Desperate, since she seemed to be up at the front (I know; it's an old Morecambe and Wise joke) while we scurried about, not finding the Trail until called back by Hare SlowSucker. I ran alongside Glittertits for a while. He chatted easily while I puffed and wheezed. This was because he was on his bike. Sneaky Hashing! A bit like the 3-way Check that we then came upon. I think SlowSucker was having a little joke. Well, why not? Donut and I have laid a 2-Way Check in the past with a False at either end. ☺ There **are** no rules on the Hash!

BGB approached me. Always a little worrying. "Ah. I wanted to talk to you Hashgate." He began. Falling in alongside me he asked me if I had ever tried dyeing my titanium-colour hair. "Can't say I have BG." I replied. "Perfectly happy with what I've got. Why do you ask?" He replied that he had wondered if his white hair could gradually, over time, be dyed grey. Strange, isn't it, when most mens' (and womens') hair dye products are designed to hide grey. He did agree that this conversation didn't have to be off the record so I'm reproducing it here almost verbatim since he thought it might prompt someone to give him some advice. Over to you.

Hare Itsyor appeared at the Long and Short Trail split like a genie out of a bottle. Though knackered and initially keen to take the Short, altruism got the better of him and he turned back to follow the Long runners up and down some of the Finchampstead Ridges. I believe a ripple of seemly applause is due for this unselfish dedication to the art of Trail-laying and Hash care.

Desperate and Glittertits, for some reason, shot off in different directions into a cultivated field where exceptionally green, and very much alike, vegetables were being grown. Had they stumbled on a GM (Green and Munchy) crop? It didn't do either of them any good since the Trail actually went up the long road next to the field and I was lucky enough to pick this route. And then I was **un**lucky enough to pick the route from a Check that led up the rather steep Cricket Hill... where, almost at the breath-searing top, our Hares had lovingly placed an 'F'. Gah! It was a long way back down and everyone else had buggered off by then. Oh Well. The pleasures of Hashing.

After I caught up with the Pack, stripe me if Desperate and Glittertits didn't do it again! They missed the really obvious Trail that led into a recreation ground and hurtled off up a road next to it. Their Lemming-like Hashing technique had to be admired.

As dusk fell, we traipsed across the lush field that led to the rapidly darkening track and the (seemingly never-ending) track that led up (and up and up!) to St James' Church, our cars and the welcome sight of the pub. We took over a small room in the pub where the pungent aroma of Mr Blobby's leg embrocation lay heavily in the air. Dash of Wincarnis may help too, Mr B.

A most enjoyable Trail by our Hares and we did get back just about before it got really dark. Thanks.!

On On. **Hashgate.**

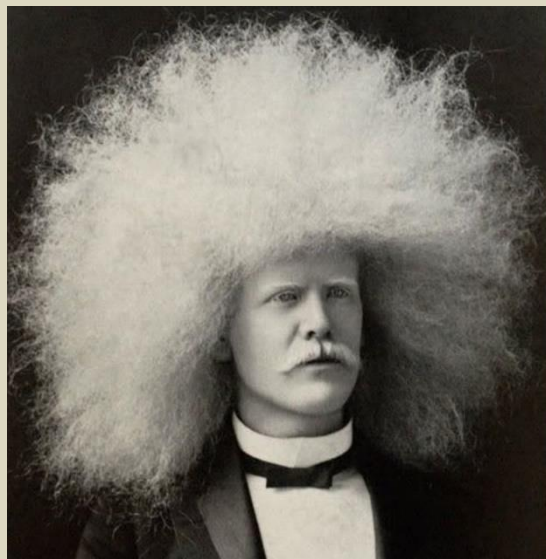
Challaborough People

WaveRider has very kindly printed and bound enough A5 copies of the Challaborough Diary for you. I will bring these along to the Hashes and hand them out. Come and see me if I miss you out. Thanks so much WaveRider!

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.

The back of our house moans. But not all the time. It's a keening or wailing sound that is only heard when the front windows are open and there's a stiff breeze from the South. I've looked and looked, blocked up the holes under the lintels and checked the seals on the patio doors until blue in the face but can we find/stop the source of the moaning? Nope! Perhaps we have a spirit that lurks by the back



BGB decides the mixture may have been a little strong

door, as in the film 'A Ghost Story', out at present. Who could it have been and why is it advertising its presence in such an audibly anachronistic method? There are three cats and a hamster buried in the garden (thank you for this, children) but I think they have long ago ascended to the great menagerie in the sky. Now there's a thought. If many (certainly not all) of us go to Heaven, will we find it filled with angelic moggies and doggies? Crikey! You'd need a lot of heavenly pet detritus cleansing machines to clear up all the, er, mess.

So we are rather resigned to the 'Whoooing' when the wind blows. And feel completely at home at the Hash when no-one can find the Trail and all that keening and wailing starts up...

Perfect! Just as I finished writing the above there was a brief moan from the back door. Perhaps that ghost was looking over my shoulder. ☹️

Down Downs

Foghorn provided his inimitable, lugubrious, stentorian and hirsute presence at the awards tonight.

Who Got It

Why

BGB, Hashgate	Discussing how they might dye their hair (or was that 'Hare'?)
Dotcom	Tonight's Hash Crasher.
Florence	Yesterday's Hash Crasher.
MessengerBoy, Cerberus	Birthday boy and girl. Happy one to them!
Will	Tonight's virgin lobbed it Down with panache.
SlowSucker, Itsyor	Tonight's Hares.

The Sheepshagger apron (La Peconina – it's Italian) was presented by C5 to SkinnyDipper since she was surprised that the term was feminine. As she explained, "Ladies don't shag sheep."

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2075	28Aug17 * 11:00 *	SU451646	Bank Holiday Hash 11am start The Bowlers Arms, Enborne Street, Wash Common, Newbury RG14 6TW Food available all day	Potty ChocChuck NoStyle\
2076	04Sep17 * 19:00 *	SU596707	The AGM Bradfield Southend Village Hall RG7 6EY	Snowy Shifty FalseTart