

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2093 31Dec17
Venue: True Nature Barn
Park Corner, Nettlebed
Hares: Pyro (and dog Whisper 😊)
Florence, Zebedee

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Natur(al)ists

Lungs Tequilova Donut Hashgate Motox Iceman AWOL Lonely Foghorn Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy HappyFeet DoorMatt Sheryl Naomi Anorak TrainSpotter Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Desperate Shitfor WaveRider NappyRash SkinnyDipper BlindPew RandyMandy Swallow SlowSucker Dumb Dumber and dog Poppy TT2 Slapper Eddie Patsy (AbFab of Didcot Hash) CouchPotato Dipstick ... and others from Didcot and Oxford – nice to see them!

A Nature Ramble/Yomp on New Year's Eve

Pyro and Whisper had very kindly offered the services of their buildings and field to accommodate the Hashers. I expect they were as surprised as the rest of us when a mass of people arrived from several Hashes, all eager to lose the excess weight they had accumulated over the Christmas period. Donut and I, along with Tequilova and Lungs, were very lucky to be waved into the three car parking spaces on the hard-standing area. Everyone else had parked in the gently sloping field that had been rained on by the overnight and early morning apocalyptic flood. Which meant that sliding (literally) out of there later was going to be fun.

Fun had also been laid on for us in the form of a nature quiz. A great idea by our Hares, led by Pyro. But doomed of course, since Hashers rarely attend to the GM or Hares at the Gather Round and we all missed a) the instructions, and b) the quiz questions. Mind you, we were all pretty keen to get on with it since it was one of those cold, damp, grey days. I'd have let you know the questions but TrainSpotter was bending my ear at the time...

We On Outed. After the downpours earlier the shiggy was truly epic, slathering the paths along which we attempted to run with a thick, viscous, sucking layer. Which was why first Dipstick, then TT2, each lost a shoe in the protozoic slime. As they hopped off a few slippery steps, wearing aught but a highly unsavoury sock on one foot, I half



expected a slimy, wide-mouthed creature to slither from the muddy depths, grasp the abandoned trainer and pull it under with a 'Gloop!'. Sadly, there wasn't one. Would've made great copy and an even better photograph. And certainly a great loss and an unpleasant sloppy dot-and-carry back to Pyro's for Dipstick and TT2. Half way round this mud marathon Zebedee and Florence were telling me that they had been surprised at how short the Trail was, since they had completed it in a lot less time than usual.

Difficult to believe given that NappyRash recorded around 6½ miles. And there were two Regroups. And the walkers were out for an hour and a half.

This area, though beautiful, is really quite hilly and our Hares had kindly ensured that we experienced most of it. Curious how you always remember the uphill bits but rarely the downhill. Perhaps the sheer effort of sucking feet out of the mud on the up-slopes in order to place them in yet more concentrated the mind so thoroughly and painfully that the experience has largely been expunged from memory in order to lessen severe psychological damage. One of the most extreme uphill bits wasn't actually too muddy and was probably the subject of one of the nature quiz questions. A narrow, uneven track led up between steep banks with seemingly randomly placed trees on either side, thick leaves and flints underfoot. Lonely, WaveRider and I were puffing and gasping our way up it when Zebedee caught up

with us. He pointed out a couple of clumps of trees that appeared to be growing closely together along the edge of the track. He said that they had been planted like that by sheep drovers to ensure that their flock could not easily make a dash for freedom while they were being hustled along. Fascinating stuff. Wish I'd had enough breath to thank him for adding to my sheep-dip of knowledge.

NappyRash noticed a stable and advised Shitfer and Foghorn that "It would make a good location for a nativity play." Adding the incisive question. "But where would we find Three Wise Men on the Hash?"

Having enjoyed the second of the Regroups at Russells Water we slipped off past what used to be The Beehive pub and headed for wet country again. Here I almost met a fate worse than death when my foot slipped off one side of a stile as I stepped over it. SkinnyDipper and Florence almost fell about laughing as I slid around on the top of it, legs akimbo. And then RandyMandy asked if anything needed rubbing better. Curious how one can escape from a potentially disastrous situation in a matter of nanoseconds isn't it?



The next stile was handled swiftly, with casual verve and aplomb.

We were all very pleased when we slipped out of the forest and started a joyous careen down a fairly steep, closely cropped field where sheep safely grazed and the green of the countryside rolled before us. It was truly a lovely moment... unlike the next moment, when we found we were breezing down to a Bar-6! As our faces fell and we turned to drag ourselves back up the slope, Hare Florence blamed the entire thing on Zebedee who, to his credit, had run all the way down to the Bar with the FRBs. Nice one, chaps!

Luckily, the rest of the Trail was mainly flat and Lonely and I tripped lightly past the last point of interest before we hit the On Inn. This was the house of Kenny Lynch OBE. Rather remote but a fair size house with a large garden. We tipped our mental hats and slopped gratefully and very muddily into Pyro's field.

A couple of gazebos and the Barn, with chairs, tables, beer, sandwiches, biscuits, soup and a warming stove awaited us. Great and very welcome hospitality, since we had got very cold after completing the Trail. Cheek by jowl we munched and drank, while Ms Whiplash handed round mince pies. Much more fun than the usual post-Hash pub! While all this was going on Whisper sat chained up and looking mournful by the biggest dog house we had ever seen – it even has its own steps up to the door! I've no doubt she was very much fussed over by Pyro after she had managed to get rid of the Hash.

Our thanks to the Hares for their hard work and organisation on this cold, wet day. Most enjoyable.



to everyone!

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.

So now it's 2018. Another New Year full of hope, expectations and resolutions. Best wishes to you for them all. Here are a few New Year Resolutions that I garnered from BH³:-

Pyro and Whisper	Roll flat the tyre marks in the field.
Bomber	To be ever more attentive to the needs of his good lady, Posh.
AWOL	Beat NappyRash in the final straight more often.
Foghorn	Work on improving his voice projection.
Mr Blobby	Try to do some longer runs this year.
Lilo	Some further training for her faithful follower (dog Minx. Not TinOpener!)
BillyBullshit	Attend a health and safety course.
WaveRider	See if she can find a wise man...
CouchPotato	Try to get some exercise.
OldFart	Grow up and stop being so damn fit.
Shitfer	Persuade Desperate that just one more term as RA would be a good idea.

Down Downs

RA Foghorn led today's awards, not wasting too much time in the cold weather.

Who Got It

Why

HappyFeet, TinOpener, Lungs, Hashgate, Ms Whiplash, Lonely, Dipstick	3 birthdays. Hashgate igniting the flame of passion in RandyMandy by getting his groin stuck on a stile. Ms Whiplash got her car stuck in the muddy field. Lonely another stick-in-the-mud. Dipstick for an unknown reason.
TT2	Losing a shoe in the shiggy.
NappyRash	Hash abuse by saying it would be a struggle to find three Wise Men.
RandyMandy	Offering to grope that groin!
Pyro, Florence, Zebedee	Today's excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2095	14Jan18	SU666840	The Black Horse, Checkendon RG8 0TE	SlowSucker
2096	21Jan18	SU527883	The Fleur De Lys, East Hagbourne OX11 9LN Park in Village hall car park OX11 9LR More birthday cake!	Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop