

THE HASHLESS TIMES

Wow! Where does the time go? It's Wednesday again and time for another Gobsheet. At least the weather is so nice I can sit outside and put this together. I hope you all have been enjoying the sunshine, even with the restrictions that are still in place. (Anti-) Social Distancing is really quite awkward. If you manage to see a close relative you haven't met for ages somewhere safe, like your old Mum or a grandchild, you can't just rush in and give 'em a hug. Air hugs just aren't the same and distant 'Mwah, Mwah's' look and feel downright daft. A lot of people have expressed their thoughts on social distancing. The best I have seen so far was in The Daily Telegraph and appears to the right. Possibly a touch of post-marital bitterness there? 😊

A cow away
SIR – I was amused by the suggestion on Radio 4's *Farming Today* to think of two metres as the length of a cow. (It wasn't stipulated whether this was a little Dexter or a full-grown Charolais.) This got me wondering how other people envisaged the distance. One friend thought of two people reaching to each other (though not touching) as in the Creation of Adam. Personally, I always see the ex-husband lying on the ground – generally with a knife sticking out of his back.
Dorothy Watson
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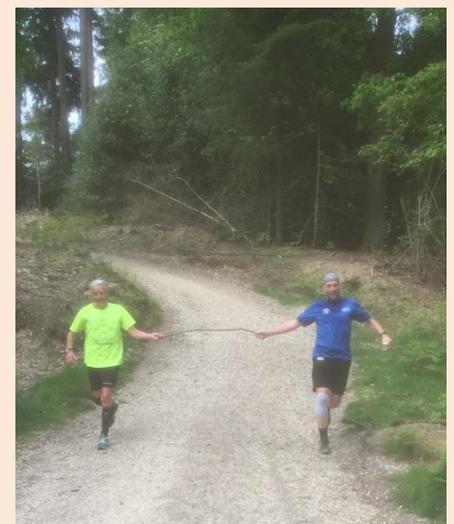
Very pleased to see also in the paper today that Captain Tom Moore, the centenarian who raised £33 million for the NHS by walking laps of his garden, is to be knighted. Great to have some good news and it proves that 'you're never too old'. Hope then for some of our BH³ elder statesmen and women. Speaking of which, Mr Blobby sent the Gobsheet his weekly Not The Hash report, a copy of which you can enjoy below. It was his birthday on the weekend so many Happy Returns Mr B!

'Not The Hash' - 17th May 2020

Today started for me by opening all my cards including one from BH3, so thank you to you all for my card. For this 'Not Hash', C5 and I started running from our homes, to meet Twanky in the car park on Goring Lane. We started off by running through Wokefield Common woods to Starvale Woods and on to the outskirts of Mortimer. From there we crossed over the road through Holden's Firs to Hundred Acre Piece and on to Roundoak Piece all on cross-country footpaths. It was at this point that C5 had a 'Not Hash – Crash'. The man is a danger to himself and others!! Apparently, he was on a bike ride to West Berks Brewery on Saturday with AWOL, Zeb and Couch Potato and he fell off his bike!! I It wasn't made clear as to whether this was before or after they stopped at the Brewery. We carried on to the oval pond for a brief photo stop.



Twanky gave a quick impression of an athlete and then he and I then gave a demonstration of social distancing.



C5 and Twanky enjoyed the view before we continued on our way...



We took a more direct route back to the car park on Goring Lane, completing a 'Not Hash' trail of just over 8 miles.



When I got back home I had a shower and then Motox rang and forced me to open a beer!! Just so that he could give me my Birthday Down Down. So Mrs B put Motox on speaker and the two of them sang Hashy Birthday while I downed a pint. Thanks Motox.

On On to next week's 'Not Hash'.

GOBSHEET GASSING

Donut and I have a new little friend. While enjoying a morning croissant in our garden on Saturday we became aware of an unexpected brunch guest. It was a little robin. Little being the apt descriptive word since (s)he is very young, with slightly fluffy brown feathers, no red breast and a soft, yellowish look to his beak. He hopped all around us, looking for scraps. His adherence to social distancing was appalling since he hopped about only two feet or so away from us most of the time and, when I put my legs up on the low table next to our bench, he pecked about underneath it, hoovering up flakes of pastry like he would never eat again.



Here's a picture of the cheeky little fellow. He now joins us during our daily circuit training sessions. I might be half way up during a press-up and find myself almost nose to beak with him, his head cocked on one side and an inquisitive expression in his eye as if to ask, "What on **earth** are you doing?" A question I've asked myself a few times.

We watched him the other day. He had obviously seen something interesting and probably edible in the grass, though we couldn't. He hopped nearer and nearer to whatever it was, adopting a kind of hunting pose. Finally, he thrust his little pointy beak down. A very large bee buzzed slowly up out of the grass, gave our robin the fish eye with all five of its eyes and droned languidly away. Robin jumped back in alarm, uttering the bird equivalent of "Cripes!" Fascinating and funny stuff. I hope you have had a chance to enjoy nature during this lockdown.

Since everyone (except Nappyrash) likes a quiz, here's a simple one for you. All you have to do is identify these Berkshire place names from the images. Simple!

1



2



3



4

5

This was a section in an online quiz that Donut and I took part in last Friday. Donut's original answer to number 4 was 'Dogmeat'. Not a place we recognized and which had everyone in the Zoom room ROFL¹. Mind you, in the riddle section one of our group answered 'donkey' to the riddle, 'Stiff is my spine and my body is pale, but I'm always ready to tell a tale'.² Doh!

You should be ok with all the above... except number 5. Foxed all of us. An additional clue is that the picture is of a building in a location that is geographically and constitutionally very far from us - I'm sure that will help. Good luck and you will see the answers in next week's Gobsheet.

Keep safe everyone.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

If anyone has something they would like to see in the Gobsheet, either send it to your reporter/editor/tea boy/floor mopper at hashgate@hotmail.com or to Iceman at the address above.

¹ Rolling On the Floor Laughing, for those who don't use messaging much. LOL (look it up...) 😊

² It's a book. But of course, you knew that...