

Hash Number: 2213

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: Near The Red Lion, Peppard

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: SlowSucker, SkinnyDipper, Swallow

RELAXED RUNNERS

Hashgate MoanerLisa Snowy Agatha C5 Foghorn WaveRider TinOpener Pissn'Chips BlowHarder with Walkers Motox and Lungs, assisted by SkinnyDipper

THE MANIC MOB

NappyRash CouchPotato Zeb Flo Mr Blobby HappyFeet Dumber Dipstick AWOL Twanky Spot Dunny Rampant Slapper

STROLLERS

Donut Mrs Blobby Utopia PennyPitstop SweetPea Dumb Ms Whiplash SlackBladder LittleSTiffy and dogs Masie and Ava Judas Hooker Pyro

A STEAMING, HOT HASH

Before anything else, we must thank and congratulate MoanerLisa (Michelle). After the Hash, poor TinOpener was really not well, suffering from apparent heat exhaustion in his car. Despite having to go to work early the next day (she's a carer), Michelle stayed behind to look after him, made sure he was as comfortable as he could be, called an ambulance and stayed with him until it arrived. SkinnyDipper suggested to me that she should be renamed 'Nightingale' and I wholeheartedly agree. Let's do it at the next Hash she attends, without the flour and beer.



Others helped, of course. And Dumber kindly drove TinOpener's car back to his home.

I'm very pleased and relieved to report that TinOpener is back home and feeling better.

The evening was hotter and sultrier than a pole dancer in a steam room. We slid out of our cars into the sweltering summer night and the thundercloud look of a lady member of the nearby Peppard Lawn Tennis Club. She was obviously not at all happy that BH³ had parked their cars in the public parking spaces she looked upon as rightfully and exclusively due to tennis club members. You could see little lightning bolts fizzing around in the black cloud that hung menacingly above her head. Swallow remarked that the lady "... is not happy... and she's armed!" Pointing to the tennis racket that was clutched tightly in a white-knuckle grip. She looked exactly the same after the Trail, when Zeb, Flo and I were changing nearby. We agreed laughingly that we hoped she had been well beaten by an 8-year old. 😊

GM SkinnyDipper called the Circle to order and welcomed two new people to our event. These were Pissn'Chips and BlowHarder. It all went very well until she mentioned that they are members of the Beijing H³. There was a sudden cicada moment before BH³ carefully stepped back a little. But there was no need since they are currently based in Reading. 😊 A nice, friendly couple; good runners and, dare I say it, a lot younger than just about everyone else! We tapped the wheels on our bath chairs with our walking sticks in approval.

Skinny organised us into groups as described above and went into an exhaustive (and exhausting) explanation of how the Manic Mob would run the Trail clockwise and the Relaxed Runners would run it anti-clockwise. It left some of our knuckle-draggers drooling a little more blankly than usual but we figured that she should know what she was talking about and on Outed our separate ways. SlowSucker went with the Manics, Skinny with the Relaxds and Swallow with the Strollers.

Our group sped (perhaps not quite the right word to describe our peripatetic style) down the steep hill and into the magnificent forest that is Kingswood Common. I mentioned a little earlier about the knuckle-draggers. At one of the first Checks I joined their illustrious number. The Check had two arrows on it. One marked with a 'C'. The other with an 'A'. Foxed me entirely and I called out to Skinny, who was following us, to ask what they meant. Now Skinny, previously a teacher, has dealt with stupid questions before and answered me with only a slight sigh, a minor eye-roll and not too much condescension. "They stand for clockwise and anti-clockwise." She advised me. I slunk off on the anti-clockwise Trail, my cheeks burning leaves off the trees as I went.

We went up and up and up the dry, earthy slope, all the way to the top of the tree-pocked hill, before running ever onward. It seemed to go on for miles until we suddenly came upon a long garden to our left, bounded by a wire fence. We were quite happy about the wire fence since there was a very large



This isn't the actual dog but a much nicer picture of a Husky puppy. Aaaahh.

and very hairy dog on the other side of it who seemed to be in a similar mood to our above tennis-player. "Woof!!" He barked. "Woof! Woof!" I figured the poor creature was even hotter than we were, since he was wearing an outer layer that looked as though it wouldn't be out of place while sledding towards the South Pole. We slipped past him uttering the usual canine platitudes: "There's a good doggie." "Nice doggie." "Will you shut the f....." As I say, we slipped past him and popped out on to the road at Satwell, next to the sadly closed and boarded up pub 'The Lamb'. Great shame; it was a nice pub.

Foghorn then did me a great favour. I had just stepped in front of a large (and unexpected in this heat!) puddle when a mighty kick from him provided me with a delightfully cooling shower all over my back and legs. Lovely. I thanked him profusely.

Yet more forest appeared and we were called to "Regroup!" by Skinny at the next Check which had an 'L' and an 'S' on arrows by it. Surprisingly, I knew what these meant. The Long Trail, explained Skinny had been laid (unsurprisingly) by SlowSucker and it added an extra mile or so. WaveRider, MoanerLisa, SkinnyDipper and I made the sensible decision to take the just under 6 miles Trail instead of the 6.8 miles Trail. Snowy, Agatha, C5, Foghorn, Pissn'Chips and BlowHarder didn't.

We reached the flour-marked 'HV' (Hash View) and, no, it wasn't the rusting and mouldy old Range Rover abandoned in the nearby barn but a gorilla. Not a real one, you understand, but a statue of a fine fellow seated on a stone plinth with a small stone rabbit between his knees, gazing up at his face. We strolled over to enjoy it some more and decided to take a selfie. Great idea but the initial execution was somewhat flawed. We had all assumed that the gorilla was made of the same stone as the plinth on which he sat. It wasn't and, as we leant against it while MoanerLisa held up her phone, it slid backwards, almost crashing off its base.



Fortunately, we managed to (literally) recover our position and his and the resultant selfie appears to the right.

We carried on and met the lone figure of Dipstick coming towards us. Lord knows where the rest of his group were and he didn't seem to know. We exchanged pleasantries and went our ways, enjoying the evening sunlight and scurrying down a narrow, tree and bush-covered alleyway where I suddenly appeared in front of Renée. Not that we'd ever met before. She was enjoying an evening stroll. "I bet you didn't expect to suddenly see us." I essayed. She was very friendly, asked us what we were doing and was interested in the Hash, since she likes to run. Skinny suggested she messaged her on facebook and Renée took a picture of Skinny's bosom with her mobile. Now that may have given you the wrong idea – she was just taking note of the BH³ info that was on Skinny's running vest. Hopefully, we'll see her... and maybe name her AlloAllo.

Motox and Lungs actually caught us up just after here. Which gives you an idea of just how slowly we were running or just how fast they were walking. There were several steep, woodland hills to come and we were all pretty breathless at the top of each one. This area also was where we found that Skinny was not entirely cognisant of the route, since she had laid it the reverse way earlier in the day. However,

we certainly weren't going to complain on the odd occasion where we got it wrong. Skinny and her co-Hares had done a brilliant job during the ovenlike heat of the day. WaveRider kindly delegated me to check out the Trail possibilities from a number of Checks (she's had a gippy tummy so fair enough) and I got very lucky on quite a number of occasions. Though, of course, this couldn't last and our little Pack reversed so that Lungs became the FRB!

We finally skidded back into Kingwood Common and familiar territory. It was just a fairly long hack back through the sultry forest (where flies, hardly believing their luck, hastened towards the seasoned and salty meat that was running their way); then up the steep hill to where the cars were parked... and our miserable tennis player. 😊

Great Trail by our Hares and laid in the hottest of weather. Well done to them and our thanks.

Here is the route we followed (clockwise or anti-clockwise!) as supplied by NappyRash.



DOWN DOWNS

Of the Relaxed Runners, Snowy, Agatha, C5, Foghorn, Pissn'Chips and BlowHarder got back well after everyone else had set up their socially distanced seats on the common. RA Motox thoughtfully chewed a couple of sandwiches, wrote a few more pages of his autobiography, pondered the meaning of the universe and finally awarded the following.

Recipient	Reason
Lungs	Wearing a huge coat last week in the heat for no good reason.
MoanerLisa	Apparently runs 5k while sitting on her couch...
Pissn'Chips, BlowHarder	Our visitors. Nice Down action.
Dipstick	Awarded his 50 Hashes badge by President Ms Whiplash.
Zeb	Running past a flour blob, missing it and telling everyone, "It's not this way."
Foghorn, C5, Agatha, BlowHarder	Being in the group who got back late.
Pyro	Was awarded the apron. Despite having been to school and on a holiday with Dumber, she couldn't remember his name.
Swallow, SlowSucker, SKinnyDipper	The Hares.

Note – please will everyone bring a ½ pint glass to each Hash in case you are awarded a Down Down. This is to reduce the possibility of infection.

THE BH³ HASH NAME QUIZ

Here are the answers to the previous puzzle.

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
Dennis the Menace's dog?	Gnasher	Sharon McCarthy
A lady with no swimsuit.	SkinnyDipper	Marei DeRoy
He's good at blowing things up.	Bomber	Pete Lancaster
She guards the entrance to the Underworld.	Cerberus	Judy Thatcher
She could be said to be an outside Lou.	Dunny	Louise Cook

This week's puzzle.

Does she stop to spend a penny?		
He may take a while to drink through a straw.		
Does she live in the best place there can ever be?		

He has a spring in his step.		
His chest must be covered in gold.		

Take good care of yourselves.

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.