

Hash Number: 2214 17Aug20 Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
 Venue: Mortimer Fairground Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk
 Hares: Twanky, RandyMandy

RELAXED RUNNERS
 Donut Hashgate MonaLisa Snowy Spex SkinnyDipper Phantom Gnasher Dr Pooh NoStyle ChocChuck with Walkers Motox and Foghorn (injured) assisted by Hare RandyMandy

RAPID RUNNERS
 C5 Dunny Florence Desperate LoudnTasteless Lonely WaveRider CanalBobb assisted by Hare Twanky

THE MANIC MOB
 NappyRash CouchPotato Zeb Mr Blobby HappyFeet Dumber AWOL Rampant LoudonTasteless SlowSucker DryRot BlowHarder Pissn'Chips

STROLLERS
 Mrs Blobby Utopia PennyPitstop Dumb Ms Whiplash Judas Hooker Swallow Shitfor

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTIONS

You have to wonder at some people, don't you? On our way through Caversham we found ourselves behind a VW Polo and I noticed an arm out of the driver's side window. Nothing unusual about that, you may say. No, except the arm was around a spaniel that was ¾ of the way out of the window, its silky ears flapping in the draught. Not perhaps the most sensible thing to do. Even BH³ members wouldn't be so unbelievably daft. As we pulled up to traffic lights the dog was hauled back in to sit on the driver's lap; presumably so he could change gear and brake safely. That's ok then.

We pulled into the Mortimer Fairground car park (fortunately unlocked and available), edging towards a parking space and the rear end of Ms Whiplash, who didn't seem to realise we were just a yard away from her, erm, bumper. I gave a quick hoot on the horn to reassure her which resulted in a mini fandango as she skipped lightly out of the way. There were quite a number of Hashers there on this balmy evening. Nice to see despite the vague mental warnings about social distancing. We were called over into the field by Twanky who told us that Slapper and NoSole, who had been due to be Hares were unable to be there due to an unfortunate family circumstance. They had, though, had some good news in that they had become grandparents to a little boy over the weekend. RandyMandy had kindly stepped in as substitute Hare so we gave her a small round of applause. Our best wishes go to Slapper and NoSole.



The Trail. Courtesy of NappyRash. Nice butterfly shape.

We had been due to go off in four different directions but the change of Hares meant we just split into four groups (as listed above), with the runners' groups going in opposite directions and the Walkers on a different Trail to keep people fairly well apart. As usual at the moment, there would be Checks and it would be one blob and On. Off we went.

We reached the first Bar-Check we had seen since February. It didn't take us too far out of our way and was a pleasant reminder of how

we used to lay Trails. Snowy Donut and I led the way.

I couldn't go wrong on the first bit, lucking out on every Check, until we got back to the main road. I shot off down it and everyone else went over into a track. Motox called out to me, "Come on back Hashgate; I need you to do the checking for me." Now the thing about current Hashes is that, if you go wrong, it can take quite a while to catch up, since the Pack hurtles onwards at pace because the first blob is not very far from the Check. So it was this time. The Walkers' group (led by Ms Whiplash, Utopia and Mrs Blobby) came towards me as I panted after our group, finally catching up with the walking Motox and Foghorn who were some way off the runners. I figured a bit of walking with them to settle my beating heart was a good idea.

Now while running through a track through the middle of a field of rustling sweet corn, I noticed that there was very little calling. This was the pattern all the way along the Trail. Perhaps the non-stop style leaves people with little breath to shout.

The first loop in the Trail (Relaxed Runners) came back through the forest at the side of the Fairground. Snowy had gone off to the right on a Check and Donut to the left, which turned out to be correct. Snowy,



knowing exactly where he was, carried on and met us with a smile where the two tracks joined. We trotted over the Fairground, looking longingly at our cars, but headed past them when RandyMandy told us to head for the Church on the opposite side of the road. And here it all got a bit gnarly. First, we could find no flour at all. Then I found a Check but didn't notice the flour arrow that led out of it – which is why I got a Down Down later. These arrowed Checks continued all the way along this second (and longer) loop. When Spex led off from one in the forest I advised her that they were only for male runners, which seemed to confuse her for a bit. NoStyle mused that it might also be a bit confusing for those in transition and as Snowy went past us, we asked him if he had fully transitioned and could legally use this type of Check.

His response was lost in the crunch of pebbles on the track beneath our feet but I believe it was not perhaps the politest of replies.

We split into twos and threes – very socially distanced – as we tramped onwards through thick vegetation and trees and along long, straight tracks. It was quite pleasant but a bit more of a run than a Hash. Going up a steep and uneven path under trees and hedges Dr Pooh puffed and panted past my walking personage. "Well done Dr Pooh." I applauded him. "Thank you... er..." He grunted in reply, forgetting my name. "Hashgate." I said, supplying the end of his sentence. This seemed to break his concentration, for he stopped, looking exhaustedly for any nearby defibrillator, and I strode past him with a smile.

Luckily, it wasn't now too far from the Fairground (again!) and we trotted in in our ones, twos and threes, ready for a bit of a sit down and a beer.

Our thanks to Twanky and RandyMandy for a well-laid and well-organised Trail.

DOWN DOWNS

We circled up, sitting on our fold-up chairs or on the ground, reasonably far away from the people on either side of us. RA Motox occupied his own space on a garden chair, taking the tops off beer bottles for the Down Downs and desperately trying to read his list of awards in the fading light. Twanky brought over 30 small bottles of beer so we could wet the head of Slapper and NoSole's baby grandson. Nice idea and we duly complied with the directive. Dr Pooh eased down (he had recovered from his exertions by this time) to sit on his sports bag and fell over backwards, legs in the air, to a tremendous round of applause. LoudonTasteless, behind his beard, moustache and long hair vainly attempted to flog copies of The Big Issue to anyone who went near him.

| Recipient | Reason |
|--------------------------|--|
| MonaLisa | Caring for TinOpener last week. Zeb was so impressed that he offered to lend her his nurses uniform. |
| Judas Shitfor | Complained, on the Hash Walk on Sunday, of feeling ill but was seen later in a café enjoying a milkshake. He wanted somebody to race with his Down and picked Shitfor, who promptly saw him off. |

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| LoudonTasteless | Wearing that huge beard and moustache. We weren't sure whether he was more Cap'n Birdseye or Catweazle (with the wrong 'ead on). |
| Snowy | Presented with his 400 Hashes badge by President Ms Whiplash. Well done Snowy! He was also awarded a mystery prize (pseudo After Eights – yummy!) |
| Desperate | Yet again she was on the pull, saying "Hello sweetie" to a Hasher with his wife next to him. Dirty girl. |
| Motox | Awarded a Down by SkinnyDipper for being a 'weight watcher'. |
| Hashgate | Unable to spot a clear flour arrow next to a Check. Doh! |
| Dunny | Tonight's Hash Crasher. |
| Mr Blobby | Blindly running towards Walker Shitfor when he called "On On!" |
| Dumber | Since Pyro was not around and she had the apron, which Dumber presented to her last week, he got a Down instead. |
| Twanky | RandyMandy had had to leave earlier so just he got one for being tonight's Hare. |

THE BH³ HASH NAME QUIZ

Here are the answers to last week's puzzle.

| | | |
|---|---------------------|----------------------|
| Does she stop to spend a penny? | PennyPitstop | Penny Busby |
| He may take a while to drink through a straw. | SlowSucker | Tony Richards |
| Does she live in the best place there can ever be? | Utopia | Joyce Hunton |
| He has a spring in his step. | Zebedee | Phil Whately |
| His chest must be covered in gold. | Glittertits | Peter Twigg |

This week's quiz.

| Clue | Hash Name | Real Name |
|---|-----------|-----------|
| He's a motorbike race and a number. | | |
| She runs like water. | | |
| He might be an old electric vehicle. | | |
| Everyone walks all over him. | | |
| If she was, she'd have them growing out of her head. | | |

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.