

Hash Number: 2224 25Oct20

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

Venue: Peppard Stoke Row Cricket Club

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: CouchPotato, Spot

**FIELDERS (BUT NO SLIPS... OR SNOWY!)**



Posh Bomber Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop SkinnyDipper WaveRider NappyRash Dumb Dumber Motox Iceman Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Florence Zebedee Twanky BGB Josie Spex LoudonTasteless Dunny Rampant Andy NoSole Slapper Aqua JJ Lucy Ben Dorothy Caboose LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Masie and Ava Faye Matt

**IT WASN'T CRICKET**

**B**efore we get into the Trail, let me thank all you kind people on Sunday who came over to welcome me back and ask how my recovery is progressing. BH<sup>3</sup> has a great big heart, made up of kind, thoughtful and caring people. Thank you very much and how good it is to be back enjoying your company and the delights of a Hash Trail again.

**A** fine day it was. The sun shone in an almost cloudless October sky, warming all who stood in its beams on the dewy, flat cricket pitch. People stood in small groups and apart from each other. The groups were self-determining in that they were made up of six or fewer Hashers who had a similar running ability. Those who weren't going to run shambled about separately and aimlessly until SkinnyDipper organised things by asking all the Walkers to, "B\*gger off away from the runners." Or something similar. Skinny seems to be something of a poly-tasker these days. I can't figure out if she's Continuing GM, ex-GM or Dogsboddy (in BH<sup>3</sup> Committee position terms) and, of course she has recently been the Gobsheet's Chief Sport and Domestic Affairs Correspondent. A lady of many talents. One of which showed on this day as Strollers, Relaxed Runners and the Manic Mob prepared themselves, with her direction, and began to stream off in different directions in order to preserve safe distances from one another.



As one of the Strollers I found myself in the delightful company of WaveRider, Ms Whiplash and Dumb. Since this was my first Trail for some time I felt I was in safe hands with these attractive, competent ladies and, being a gentleman of discernment, could not see any downside to spending an hour or so with them. Using the map kindly provided by CouchPotato, we On Outed towards The Unicorn pub and Kingwood Common.

To the left is the runners' route (sent to me by NappyRash, one of the Manic Mob). As you can see, he ran nearly 8½ miles! Zebedee ran nearly 10! Our Hares had obviously been feasting on the latest form of 'legal high' before laying the Trail. You can imagine CouchPotato and Spot earlier, running frenziedly all over the countryside, eyeballs out on stalks and occasionally

remembering to throw some flour down. I'm glad to say that the Strollers route that we took was considerably shorter (about 4.5 miles).

I say Strollers. We had just bumped into Zebedee, Caboose and NappyRash, who had gone wrong by The Unicorn pub, when Ms Whiplash suddenly had a manic moment. You know how horses clip-clop along quite contentedly down a country lane when they find that there is a piece of grass next to them? They realise that the piece of grass is the worst thing a horse could ever see, so they whinny, shy sideways and take off in a welter of hooves and kicked-up shigg. So it was with Ms Whiplash! Not the whinnying and hooves of course but, by Jove, did she take off! Dumb, who had been next to her while they were walking, got caught up in the excitement and skittered off after her. The pair of them galloped down the narrow country road, with the map(!), leaving the walking wounded WaveRider and me spattered with mud.



Of course, like bolting horses, Ms Whiplash and Dumb suddenly stopped bolting and returned to a perfectly calm, walking trot after 5 minutes of equine mayhem. Curiously, they performed this activity a few more times during the Trail. WaveRider and I figured that at least they were improving their fitness, so good on 'em. (Please note that I didn't make any joke about a couple of old nags...)

Having dived off into the grassy, woodland environs of Kingwood Common the four of us decided to lose the Trail. It was a group decision engendered by advanced stupidity. However, we then came across Slapper, Bomber, Rampant, JJ, Hare Spot and others heading towards us. Bit of a surprise. Were they off-Trail too? It seemed not. Spot told us that they were running the Trail in the opposite direction and that we should have been much further up the little forest road that ran through the woods. We thanked him and consulted the map. "Nice colours." Said WaveRider. "Lots of green." Added Dumb. "What's that wiggly thing?" I asked. "It's the Trail." Answered Ms Whiplash in her best reception class teacher style and led off up the road. We followed, in crocodile formation, woolly gloves dangling from strings attached to our sleeves (or so it seemed 😊).

Somehow we reached a proper road, on which we thought we should head for what used to be The Grouse and Claret. As we loped along it a small herd of graceful deer leapt silently through the forest to our left. Ah, if only we could be like them when Hashing. Sigh. Mind you, can't say I'd fancy all that fur and I'm not keen on eating nuts and tree bark.

Immediately after we saw the deer, WaveRider pointed out a number of emus in a field further on. Strange. I wondered if we had inadvertently sniffed some of the Hares' legal high...



Speaking of WaveRider, here she is, standing by the superb countryside and enjoying the lovely sunshine that accompanied the Trail. We had just spoken to a lady I described on my voice recorder as 'elderly'. She actually wasn't. Elderly that is. And her huge, furry Alsatian certainly wasn't either. We all watched as another two deer skipped lightly across the field, then went our separate ways.

We eventually saw our first couple of flour blobs after about 3 miles so were happy to know that we were on Trail. The four of us headed over towards the forest that includes a permissive path. The trees' leaves were a mixture of burnished

bronze, glistening golds and vivid yellows. They fluttered in the branches, some dropped lazily to the

ground and many covered it with a multi-coloured cloak, the colours of which burned into our eyes. The whole countryside was gorgeous – how lucky we were to be out in it! 😊

When we left the forest, we headed up a little track, at the top of which was a narrow gate with a gap at the side of it. Ms Whiplash slid through and, being a kind soul, warned me, “Mind that wire on the side, Hashgate.” I thanked her, began to slide through myself, clear of the wire, and almost slipped over on a wet stone. The ladies were much amused.

We reached the road at the end of the track. It led to The Unicorn so we knew we weren’t far away from the cricket ground. A group of people came from the other direction and they stood back, one of them waving us through saying, “Take care. Children crossing.” A very smiley moment. And just a short walk back to where our cars were parked. A most enjoyable 4.3 miles for our Stroller group and a big thanks to our Hares for the Trail and the sunshine.



The picture to your left illustrates perfectly how serious BH<sup>3</sup> is about social distancing. Dumb was one of those people who, independently of BH<sup>3</sup>, decided to have a drink and a cheese roll in the sunshine on the cricket pitch after the Hash. It certainly wasn’t because she doesn’t have any friends. Not at all... 😊

On On. [Hashgate](#).

#### FUTURE HASHES

| RUN  | DATE    | GRID REFERENCE           | VENUE   | HARES  |
|------|---------|--------------------------|---|--|
| 2226 | 08Nov20 | <a href="#">SU495645</a> | <b>SW corner of Greenham Common.</b> RG19 6HA is English Provender Company on the Greenham site and the car park is located next to it (on the West side).<br><b>Note Remembrance Sunday Minute’s Silence</b> | NoStyle<br>ChocChuck,<br>AWOL, Phantom,<br>B&B |
| 2227 | 15Nov20 | TBA                      | TBA   | TBA  |