

Hash Number: 2225 01Nov20

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

Venue: Woodcote Village Hall

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

WITCHES AND WIZARDS



HappyFeet DoorMatt Donut Hashgate Slips Snowy C5 HotDog Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Dumb Dumber Brenda Kate WaveRider NappyRash Florence Zebedee Twanky Motox AWOL Posh Bomber Pantaloon Foghorn Lungs Spot SkinnyDipper Helmet Babe and dog Scooby Josie BGB Faye Matt Lonely Iceman Stuart Rob

THE HALLOWE'EN HASH

Well, not quite Hallowe'en. It was the day after. Still spooky though, meeting in yet another car park rather than at a pub and no Down Downs. Though that's not anywhere near as spooky as the witch outfit that AWOL was wearing. To the left, you can see him being chatted up by Snowy before the On Out. I can't say I'm surprised that Snowy's face is blurry. Standing next to that would be enough to make anyone's head spin. AWOL appears to be wearing a Sorting Hat and I think we all know what sort he is...



As you can see from the above list there was a good number of witches and wizards who collected (in a magically distanced manner) in the Woodcote Village Hall car park. In a similarly magical manner, we grouped ourselves according to our abilities; whether that was running, strolling, pumpkin-carving or wand-waving. Having enjoyed my walk with Ms Whiplash and Dumb last week I thought I might repeat the experience. But no! They shot off up the road as if Hell itself was opening up behind them and they were both on Nimbus 2000 broomsticks (see [here](#) for more information). Fortunately, there was a second group of Strollers made up of Mrs Blobby, PennyPitstop, Brenda and Kate. Never one to pass up the chance of enjoying the company of attractive ladies, I immediately attached myself to them. The groups of runners sped off in a variety of directions and we ambled off on ours.

Mrs Blobby was carrying the map provided by our Hares. Her interest in cartography and sense of direction is perhaps marginally less than a myopic mole in an unlit coal mine so she thrust the thing into my hand, telling the others: "Hashgate's got a good sense of direction so we won't get lost." Urk! Talk about pressure. And how can you expect a bloke to multi-task? Map-reading, recording events into my phone for the Gobsheet, not falling over on the shiggy slopes **and** attempting to engage in sensible conversation with people far more erudite than I. An absolute **NIGHTMARE**

We rambled our way through someone's large garden. It contained a number of sculptures and a person (presumably the owner) who didn't seem too keen on the garden rambling idea. Fortunately, we left this behind and found ourselves dropping down out of the forest to be confronted with a stunning panoramic view.



Here, albeit slightly smaller than life-size, is the view, with Mrs Blobby and Brenda providing an idea of the scale. Walking through here was a pleasure, the October sun occasionally peering out from behind the clouds to light up the countryside.

As we wandered along the road that meandered through the valley floor, we could see one of the running groups, way off and halfway up a hill. They were running uphill at a fair pace. Which was surprising, since a herd of horses were galloping in the opposite direction. We found out later that the daft creatures had been spooked by the appearance of ageing, brightly dressed Hashers (goodness knows why...) and had decided to stampede. Spot, altruistic fellow that he is, had attempted to distract the snorting creatures by hurling himself beneath the hooves of one of them *à la* suffragette Emily Davidson. The fact that the horses had thundered past the group of Hashers several minutes before his selfless act does not diminish its bravery. The Gobsheet has it on good authority that most of the horse poop slithered off him when he finally stood up.

We turned in the opposite direction to the runners and started to climb a steep, long and very sticky track through woodland. We struggled to keep up with Mrs Blobby who shot up it like a three-legged (she was using a walking stick) rat up a drain. By the time we reached the top the wind was blowing and so were we. Lovely fresh air mind you and we gratefully sucked some into our lungs while Mrs Blobby allowed us a minute's rest. Then who should arrive but Caboose, running towards us and carrying his lunch (I checked the fact with him) in a bag slung over his shoulder. The question arose later, why didn't we meet any other runners coming from that direction? We never found out. It was pleasant to meet him for a chat and we carried on, deciding after a very democratic group discussion and agreement that we were, surprisingly, still on the Strollers' Trail.

Heading upwards through a field, we were passed by Zebedee, apparently wearing AWOL's hat and complaining to us that it had been slowing him down. Lonely and Dumber then caught up with us, followed by Bomber, NappyRash and AWOL. Here's a picture I took of him at the time and if this doesn't give you Hallowe'en-type nightmares, nothing will.



Would you? No, nor would I.

We dropped down through the damp woodland towards some very steep steps that brought us to the edge of the A4074. We were accompanied by Iceman, Stuart and Foghorn as more and more BH³ runners began to join us. We skipped lightly across the busy road and up some equally steep steps into The Oratory school grounds where a number of people lost the Trail.

None more so than Donut, HotDog, Babe and his dog Scooby, who failed to sniff out the flour blobs. I suppose at least the large hound had been useful earlier in muddy ground where he had pulled his master so hard that Babe could slide along on the shiggy. This little group took an extra ½ hour to get back to the Village Hall but, like true Hashers, they did get back.

Our thanks to Dunny and Rampant for a most enjoyable Trail through superb countryside. We look forward to their next one... whenever that may be.



On On. [Hashgate](#).

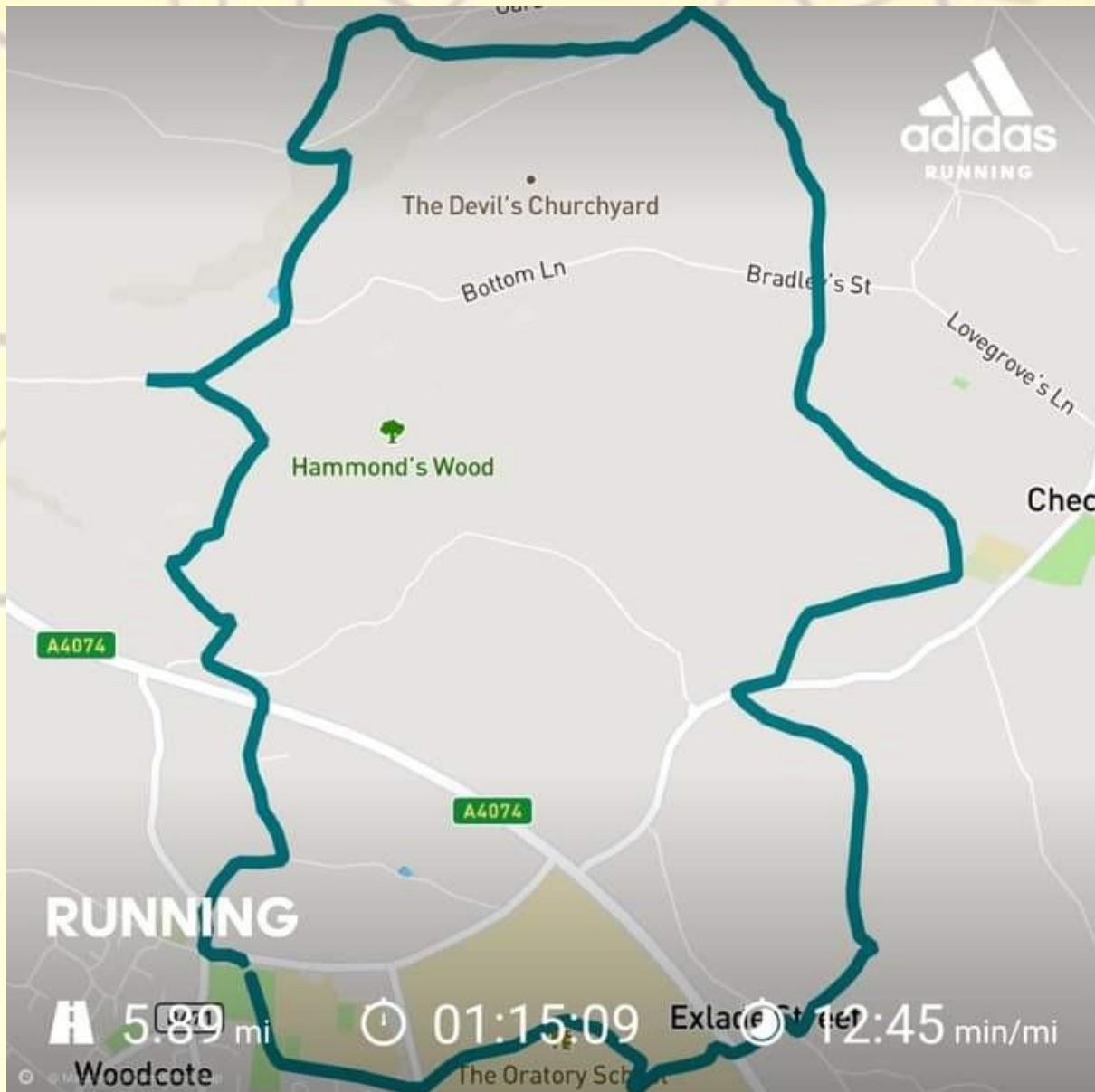
FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
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If only I could tell you when the next Hash might be. It's all down to Boris and the Brothers Grimm (Vallance and Whitty). I reckon they'd make good Hashers, since they have no idea in which direction to go and don't seem to like checking anything.

Here is today's Trail for the runners, kindly supplied by NappyRash. The Strollers did about 3.5 miles.

Great to see we went round (cue diabolic laughter) **THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD!**



HALLOWE'EN QUIZ

Just for fun. Answers next week.

1. What do you call the fear of Halloween? (Aranophobia, Samhainophobia, Selenophobia)
2. What is a group of witches called?
3. What does the old English word "Hallow" mean?
4. What do pumpkins grow on?
5. What was Dr Frankenstein's first name? (Victor, Eric, Hans)
6. Which country celebrates The Day of the Dead instead of Halloween?
7. On which Celtic harvest festival may Halloween be based? (Parswain, Samhain, Hallade)
8. In what country did carving Jack O'Lanterns originate? (Germany, Hungary, Ireland)
9. In what American state is it illegal to dress up like a priest or a nun? (New York, Alabama, Georgia)
10. What was Bram Stoker's original name for Dracula? (Count Wampyr, Dracool, Count de Ville)