

Hash Number: 2230 18Apr21
 Venue: Maidensgrove Common
 Hares: Pyro, Spot

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COMMON PEOPLE

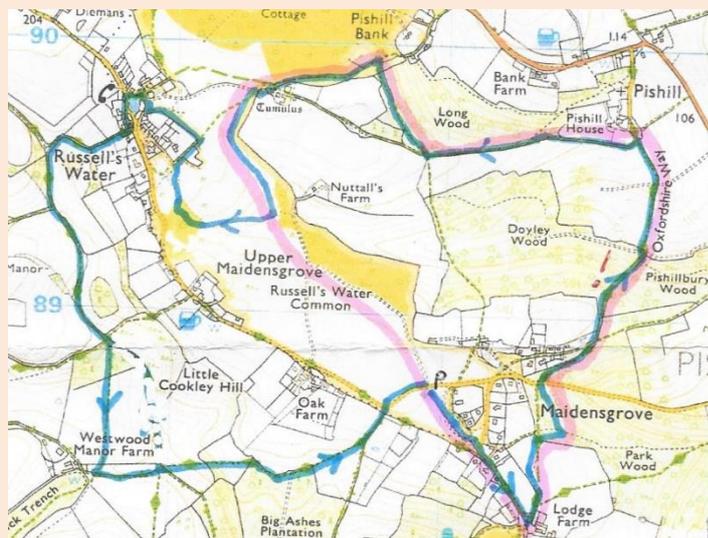
Desperate Shitfor Donut Hashgate Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 HotDog Lonely WaveRider NappyRash TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SkinnyDipper Andy CouchPotato Josie BGB PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Motox Foghorn Lungs Dunny Rampant Dorothy Twanky Caboose Iceman Dipstick LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Masie and Ava Florence Zebedee Slapper RandyMandy Gnasher Posh Bomber

A STICKY ONE WITH SHITFOR

Maidensgrove Common spread out like an undulating green carpet beneath the bright blue of the sky across which high “mares’ tails” Cirrus clouds occasionally swished. Viewing all this was delightful as Hashers chatted in the slightly cool, mountain-fresh air. Bringing us down to earth was NappyRash, who wandered over for a socially distanced conversation wearing his BH³ T-shirt on backwards. A moment of light refreshment that was perhaps not quite as daft as Dipstick who, last Thursday on the BLT, went initially to the West Berks Brewery instead of the Loddon Brewery. Doh!

After a welcome from GM Rampant, our Hares Pyro and Spot announced that there were a few hills on the Trail and that there would be a giraffe stop. This second piece of information was greeted with confused delight – we’d never had a giraffe stop before. Nobody had a clue what it was; there wasn’t a zoo for miles. We found out later... and it **was** delightful!

The runners separated into a couple of spread-out groups and hurtled off while the walkers were called together (but apart, of course!) by Pyro, who had a handful of maps. She explained that there was a standard walkers’ route or a hilly one; which would we like to do? I was standing next to Shitfor and looked at him, “Hilly or standard?” I asked, knowing pretty well what the answer would be. “Hilly.” He replied. “Okeydoke.” Was my response. The rest of the group edged away from us, some showing



amazement and others circling a finger by the side of their temple. I began to understand their point of view when Pyro pointed these standard Trailers On Out in the runners’ direction and explained to us that we needed to go in exactly the opposite direction, across the Common. “Over there,” Explained Pyro, pointing to an invisible spot in a steep dip about ½ a mile away, “is a ‘W’. So when you’ve found that you’ll be on the hilly Trail.” She gave us a map (see left – blue is the runners’ and hilly Trail), bid us a merry, “Good luck.” And she skipped off after the standard Trailers. This meant that everyone else, apart from Shitfor and me

had gone in the other direction. I realised a minor mis-calculation on my part. As BH³ Scribe, it’s my sworn duty to report on the Hash and now I was not going to be with anyone else. Hmm. Could be a problem, since the Gobsheet is resolutely factual and has never (I’m sure you will fervently agree) descended to fiction, character assassination or rampant make-believe. So this is the story of Shitfor and my Hash.

Shitfor is having a bit of a back problem at the moment and finds it easier and less painful to walk with a couple of walking poles and a forward-leaning position. This may make him look from the side like

something Salvador Dali might paint but it certainly increases his onward speed. Just as soon as Pyro was away, so was he. We sped over the tussocky Common like a spindly front-legged buffalo and a negative (black top, titanium hair) stick insect. Shitfor has a hell of a pole plant and each plinked metallicly as he plunged a tip into the grassy clumps. It made me think that CouchPotato could use him. Couch oversees the pitch preparation at his cricket club and needs to spike it in Spring. He could fit Shitfor with an electronic collar that delivers a shock when triggered by a remote device, set him off at one corner of the cricket square and flick the remote switch as he reached the edge. The electric shock would turn him round and he would tramp off in the opposite direction. By my calculations Shitfor could spike the whole square in 40 minutes and CouchPotato could down a couple of beers while watching him from a comfy deckchair in front of the pavilion.

We yomped off towards the invisible 'W'. On reaching the spot we realised it was truly invisible (to us, anyway), despite our best efforts to spot it. I reached for the map. We figured that, by going to Russell's Water, we would be bound to pick up the Trail. Before I'd even folded up the map Shitfor was ten paces away and forging along like his bottom was on fire. I just managed to catch up with him and we finally fetched up in Russell's Water, being rewarded with the sight of a flour Check, the first we'd seen in about ½ an hour. Our merry jig and chest-bumping must have surprised the locals. We were just ecstatic at having found the blasted Trail. Of course, having worked out which way the Trail went we immediately lost our way at the next Check. At least we were checking all the possibilities laid by our intrepid Hares. We then completely confirmed our lack of observational skill by losing the Trail totally. We were back on the other side of the Common and could just about see our parked cars. I studied the map while Shitfor stopped to whip off his top – the temperature was warming up.

After a long and rapid hike over to some woodland we finally picked up the Trail and met Lonely, C5 and HotDog who were coming from the opposite direction. How nice to see other Hashers! Even if they

were going in the opposite direction to us. Then came Motox, TinOpener, Josie and BGB. Pleasantries were exchanged and both groups were obviously wondering why on earth we were going the 'wrong' way. We wondered why too...



We reached a curious set of flour marks at the top of a long, downward sloping track. There was a 'W' and an 'SC?' Virtual question marks popped out above both our heads. We liked the 'W', even though we were going round backwards. But 'SC?'' Did this mean 'Short Cut, possibly'. When in doubt, go downhill. So we did and after about 200 Yards we found a flour blob. Joy was, once again unconfined. It wasn't far after this that we found the Hash View, the Giraffe Stop. Wonderful stuff and here's a picture of what we saw. No doubt you saw it too. It was reported later that its owner had bought it from the Chelsea Flower Show. Lovely piece of work and set in a superb country location.

After reaching the bottom of the track we turned right to see a really beautiful valley view. The picture below only gives you an idea of its rolling magnificence. Shitfor and

I stood for a while, admiring the scene before realising that we would have to go all the way down the steep, green slope on this side of the valley, then up the even steeper path through the woods on the other side. Urk! Shitfor prepared for this by having a wee while I started off carefully down the hill.

Crikey! The yomp up through the woods had both of us wheezing like 60-a-day Capstan Full Strength smokers. I advised Shitfor that, should I collapse and require the Kiss of Life he absolutely wasn't to give it to me. Somehow, we made it to the top.



Conversation resumed after several minutes of laying on our fronts exhibiting all the symptoms of Whooping Cough. Been a while since I had that and it reminded me why I don't want it again. After a moment we staggered up on to our feet/poles and lurched off again.

There were some more, fairly steep, up and down bits and we figured we had certainly fulfilled the 'hilly' part of the hilly walk. Just after we chatted with a Mum and her two children enjoying a picnic on the grass by the side of a track, we reached a gate that led into the Warburg Nature Reserve. We knew we were not too far from our cars and the map indicated that, if we went that way, we would probably be going the wrong way and it would take us another 25 minutes to complete the Trail. There was little discussion. "Back to the cars then." We agreed and set off in the sunshine, meeting Lungs on the way, who told us she was trying to get a mobile phone signal. We sped up and were greeted with loud (and ironic) applause by NappyRash, WaveRider, Desperate, Motox and Foghorn who were lounging by their cars.

A most enjoyable Trail (when we managed to find it) in great country. Thanks to Hares Pyro and Spot.

OTHER NEWS

Here are a couple of pictures showing some of the runners (sorry you don't feature much in this Gobsheet) and SkinnyDipper, whose birthday was being celebrated after the Hash.



You can see from Skinny's picture how beautiful the sky looked and how warm it was. A fine Spring day.

Today's other piece of news comes from our roving reporter, Donut, who collects snippets while actually running on the Hash, unlike her lazy editor! She reported that Slapper was given a haircut by his wife, NoSole, recently. She was plying the electric clippers with tonsorial excellence until she forgot to replace one of the numbered guards over the blades before applying them to the top of Slapper's hair. Result: a rectangular landing strip for feathered friends. Apparently, it couldn't be seen face-on but Slapper was enjoying leaning forward during business Zoom calls to show his colleagues. Ah, if only we had a picture. 😊



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.

FUTURE HASHES

Since some of the locations are difficult to describe I've added What3Words identifiers to help. (Rampant and Dunny cleverly added their own 😊). Just copy the 3 words below into [what3words](#) [/// The simplest way to talk about location](#) and click 🔍, or use the mobile app to see the exact location. You can share or save the details or use CityMapper, Google Maps, Bing Maps or Waze to navigate to the place. Some cars include What3Words in their satnav.

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2233	09May21 Sunday 11:00	SU495645	SW corner of Greenham Common. RG19 6HA is the English Provender Company on the Greenham site and the car park is located next to it (on the West side) What3words: usual.busy.port	NoStyle AWOL Phantom B&B ChocChuck
2234	16May21 Sunday 11:00	SU636737	Pangbourne Meadows, Pangbourne . Car parks are pay and display, but believe are free on Sundays. The Pangbourne River Meadow car park, RG8 7DA what3words: solar.rehearsed.teeth or a small "free" one, Pangbourne Recreation Grounds, Thames Ave, RG8 7BY what3words: sharpness.curated.appoints	Twanky Dorothy