

Hash Number: 2240 28Jun21

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

Venue: Mortimer Fairground

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Slapper

FAIR-MINDED PEOPLE

Desperate Shitfer Hashgate C5 Dunny Rampant Swallow SlowSucker Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby RandyMandy Foghorn Iceman Motox Snowy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Karen Crusty BGB SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Masie and Ava Pyro and dog Whisper TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SkinnyDipper AWOL Twanky Spot Cuddles SexSlave NoSole Florence Zebedee SweetPea Agatha Lungs Dr Pooh Fay PrettyinPink Lonely Tequilova

A TWIST (SEVERAL IN FACT) IN THE TRAIL

After a week at West Bay with BH³ those of us who went were wondering if we'd ever run or walk again. Particularly after Flo and Zeb's spectacular Trail on Friday that went up and over not just one, but two exceptionally steep hills. A number of Hashers eased stiffly out of their cars and thought about Slapper's Trail with trepidation. It turned out that their anxiety was not unfounded, since our Hare had laid a 'good length' (7½ miles or more for some) Trail that twisted and turned amongst hilly forest. However, he does like to provide value for money, as it were, and there was a Long Trail, an Amblers' Trail and a couple of short cuts in the Long... though it didn't feel like it.

In the Fairground car park, at the Circle, it was good to see Desperate and Shitfer again. And Karen put in a rare appearance. C5 was almost late since he had been watching the Croatia vs Spain Euro football game and had to leave it at an exciting (and fortunately for C5, final) score of 3 – 5.

Slapper got us On Outed and called back all the FRBs who had gone in entirely the wrong direction. The first part of this Trail wound around the Mortimer streets and we all managed not to see that the Trail went into the sports field by the Scout Hut, where we enjoyed Mr and Mrs Blobby's Golden Wedding Anniversary Hash a couple of weeks ago. At least this allowed the Pack to regroup until we finally found the Field Check, streamed across the field and eventually into another opposite The Turner's Arms which was growing a crop of something that neither Lonely, Crusty nor I could identify. Tall, thin stalks, as tall as us, grew in separation, each topped with a wispy head of some cereal. We wondered if it was actually of this planet. My subconscious made its way rapidly to its mental library,



Like this, but thinned out by 90%, taller, not in Idaho (where this picture was taken) and not barley (which this is).

produced its membership card and withdrew the term 'alien corn' from a shelf marked 'Crikey – where'd that come from'. (With apologies to John Keats 'Ode to a Nightingale' and Somerset Maugham's 'Alien Corn'.) Curious one's thought processes, aren't they? I bet yours are almost as weird as mine.

Slapper, being a very good Trail layer, had inserted a couple of Regroups into the route and the first one was gratefully reached by heavy breathing Hashers after a long climb up a track that Wednesday Whingers will readily recognise. Slapper, however, is also a sneaky blighter. He advised us that "There's a short cut and a longer Trail so Check It Out!" Most people went away from the direction that he had called AWOL back from earlier, after he had prematurely left the Regroup to search for the Trail. But then Slapper called them all back and pointed in the direction AWOL had originally gone. "I said there

was a short cut,” said Slapper, in explanation, “but I didn’t say it actually went from here.” Like I said: sneaky blighter. But it did help the slightly slower runners to get ahead for a while.

Just before we reached the short cut a Field Check had two groups of us either side of a children’s playground. Though it was empty AWOL’s attempt to cross through it to reach those of us who were on the actual Trail was thwarted. It seemed, as Slapper observed, that AWOL had been denied access. I’ll leave it to you to wonder why. 😊

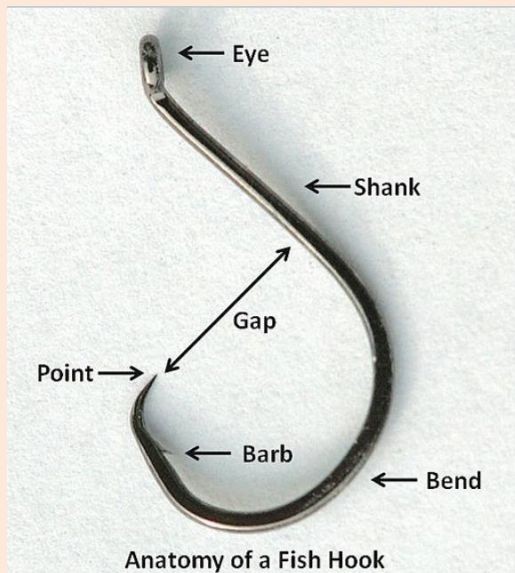
I asked SkinnyDipper where she had got to on her epic, virtual, 2278 miles Route 66 run/walk/ride across America. She became quite musical by saying she was now in, “Ohhhklahoma” (‘where the wind comes sweeping down the plain...’) and expected soon to be “Twenty-Four Hours From Tulsa”. Hmm. I ran on.



The shorter Trail plunged us into the dusky forest. Damp from the rain and humid, it settled around us like a warm, wet blanket. We were initially following Snowy, slopping and slipping along a track heaving with shigg and puddles. “This is probably the worst bit of the Trail.” Said Slapper, beating me to saying it.

Slipping through the wet grass at the front of our little Pack (Snowy had gone the wrong way) I came across a ‘Private’ sign and stopped, as you do. “I wouldn’t worry too much about that.” Advised Slapper. “It’s where the Trail goes.” That was all right then. We slipped and slithered along very narrow paths in the forest, skipping over several streams. The rest of the Long Trailers caught up and we all made our way up a steep, wooded slope to a proper, pebbled track that had a Check and a ‘W’ with an arrow for the Walkers. Could we find the next blob? Essentially no. We must have checked everywhere until Skinny Dipper and SlowSucker found what they thought was a blob. They peered at it intently. Heads were scratched. It was like scientists searching earnestly for the existence of dark matter. Like the scientists Skinny and SlowSucker agreed that it **must** be there even though they couldn’t see it. They ran on and, in a ‘Eureka!’ moment found a Regroup. Hurrah. They should publish a paper before someone else does.

After we had tarried a while, we set off again along the pebbly track, only to find a Fishhook with a ‘5’ against it. Now BH³ regard a Fishhook in a similar manner to The Plague. It’s something to be avoided.



Consequently, most of the first 5 (who should have run to the back of the Pack before continuing) just ran over the darn thing with a muttered, “Harrumph.” However, Flo and Zeb, who were probably not even in the first 5, did run back a fair way. Well done them! 😊

C5, Dr Pooh and I came across a flour ‘BN’ (standing for ‘Beer Near’) followed in a little while by a ‘BVN’ (‘Beer Very Near’). Then... the (‘BS’) Beer Stop! Lovely! Slapper certainly knows how to organise a Hash. We had a very pleasant 15 minutes or so, drinking little bottles of beer and steaming gently in the humidity.

From here you may find your reporter’s matchless prose may reduce a little in quality, since I am typing this while watching the Euro England vs Germany game. In fact, let’s just cut this short, which is exactly what C5 and I did, by taking the marked Walkers’ Trail. He’s suffering with a very sore hip at the moment and I was surprised he could run so far today. Let’s hope it gets better soon. Iceman

joined us as we walked across the Fairground field to our cars. Those who took the longer route trickled back quite a lot later as the light faded.

An excellent, if lengthy, Trail by Slapper. It had a bit of everything. Thanks from those who were there.

On On. [Hashgate](#).


DOWN DOWNS

Desperate provided the cabaret by attempting to zip up a jacket(!) around her bare legs to try and keep warm. When she finally managed it, her bottom stuck out the back by the collar and the two arms hung limply down her thighs. Not perhaps her best look. 😊

A useful metal bench provided the support for the Down Down cups and our RA Motox awarded the below.

Recipient	Reason
Spot	He forgot to bring the bucket of beers Motox had given him earlier.
Cuddles, SexSlave	Today's visitors.
MS Whiplash, Shitfer	She for allegedly leading the Walkers the wrong way. He for getting them back on course.
NoSole	Awarded her 300 Hashes badge. Well done to her! Presented by BGB and attached to her bosom by assistant Crusty.
Slapper	Vainly attempting to introduce Fishhooks into a BH ³ Trail.
SlackBladder	Allegedly 'spoiling the fun' (according to Motox) between one of his dogs and another before the Hash.
NoSole	For helping out with the Beer Stop. She nominated SlackBladder who gratefully accepted the nomination.
Slapper	Today's Hare.

FUTURE HASHES

Since some of the locations are difficult to describe, What3Words identifiers have been added to help. 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
2241	05Jul21 7 pm	SU645820	Woodcote Village Hall Reading Road RG8 0QG What3Words: prongs.afraid.outlast	Dunny Rampant
2242	12Jul21 7 pm	SU644793	The Sun Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill, RG8 7PU What3Words: towels.ranking.beginning	Slapper