

Hash Number: 2244  
 Venue: Near The Broomsquire,  
 Pamber Heath  
 Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

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**RACERS**

Iceman Donut Hashgate Mrs Blobby Utopia NoSole Slapper Motox SkinnyDipper Rampant Dunny Florence TC LemonySnicket Desperate PrettyinPink Faye (now Sneezy) Lonely MessengerBoy WaveRider NappyRash Dr Pooh CanalBob Gnasher Steve Swallow SlowSucker CouchPotato JJ Aqua Crusty BGB SweetPea Agatha Twanky TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Spex LoudonTasteless Shitfor Desperate Snowy Foghorn Spot Tequilova Zoe Debbie HappyFeet Andy AWOL

**THE FUN RUN 2021 (SPONSORED BY AGE CONCERN)**



The winning runners: Donut, SkinnyDipper and Rampant.



The winning walkers: Mrs Blobby, Utopia and NoSole.

I thought we'd start in reverse order by showing pictures of the winning runners and walkers. As you know, this year the way to win was not to run or walk as fast as your legs would go but to advise the organisers (Dunny and Rampant) of your expected 10k time, then try to finish as close as possible to it. Quite amazing then that the above were incredibly close to their estimates. Particularly as no-one knew the exact, off-road course before our Hares laid the Trail. Donut was especially pleased to win since she had been disqualified two years ago, despite running further than anyone else by repeating the first of two loops in the Trail and still coming back first. Mrs Blobby and Utopia were both within 11 seconds of their estimated time! How did they do that? No idea. Well done to all who took part and those who organised the event, including timekeepers Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop and helper Wimpy.

So, let's provide you with a brief synopsis of the race as I saw it. Somewhat surprisingly (I thought I might be slower than I was) I saw few other Hashers on the way round. My start time was 18:58 and to rousing cheers... ok, deafening silence, I set off diagonally across the field. The evening was oven-hot and with no breath of wind. I just hoped we would be going through forested areas to get us out of the searing heat and humidity. Luckily, we did.

After nipping breathlessly across the main road, I followed the Trail as it went into the bushes on the other side. A delightful area of thoughtlessly discarded rubbish awaited. Fortunately, followed quickly by a green and clean playing field. I thought this would be a good time to take some early notes for the Gobsheet (nothing to do with slowing down my hammering heartbeat and attempting to regain normal

breathing you understand). Of course, our organisers had quite rightly insisted that nobody wore time recording devices so that no-one could accidentally ensure that they finished on their estimated time. But as a member of Her Majesty's Press, I needed a machine (my mobile) to record events for posterity. And, no, I certainly did not look at the current time or my time into the Trail. A gentleman reporter never cheats.

The route (a figure of eight) meandered along alleyways and paths, into and through forested areas, over streams. It was a very good Trail and had been clearly marked by the Hares, though I noticed a few flour blobs that had been largely eaten by animals or insects unknown.

There was a most enjoyable downhill cruise in the first loop where I met a couple and their friendly dog, whose name was Murphy. This was just before coming to a small concrete bridge over a stream where I would have expected there to be a Bar Check if this had been a normal (is there such a thing?) Hash. I was actually tempted to cool my feet in the stream but decided that sloshing along for the next half mile or so might be less than pleasant.

Reaching the entrance to Pamber Forest, the Trail executed a very sneaky and not very obvious right turn. Fortunately, I managed to figure it out. TC and a couple of others later mentioned that they had been a little confused at this point. However, since we weren't racing, eyeballs out, it was much less of an irritation and we just trotted on, hoping we were on pace to reach our projected finish time.

A little further and I stopped to scratch the ears of and chat with a friendly black and white cat that wandered across my path. Nice little chap with a wealth of knowledge and thoughts on our economic situation, as triggered by the current 'pingdemic'. We parted on the best of terms, him wishing BH<sup>3</sup> success in our time-driven venture.

By The Pelican, our Hares had laid another sneaky blob. The Trail approached the pub past a left turn into an alley that we have used extensively in previous Hashes. The blob had been laid behind a telegraph pole and was not visible until you were almost upon it. I wonder how many people went down the alley and had to turn back? 😊

Eventually completing the first loop I was given a friendly "Hello" by Whinge, who was lounging on a bench by the timekeepers' desk. I started on the second loop, really enjoying that long, downhill run (although I knew it would have to come all the way back up at some point!). I caught up with Spex, who was having problems seeing the flour blobs. Due to the strong sunshine, she was wearing her prescription sunglasses and was finding it difficult to see when the Trail went into shaded bushes or trees. Useful for her, then, that I could easily see the blobs. We ran/walked along together past four huge, beautiful, brown bullocks who were contentedly cropping grass as we edged by. Spex mistook a gent out walking his dog for a Hasher and made some inane comment to him. Being British and fairly polite, he merely smiled and nodded (albeit in a confused way) before we sped on. I told Spex that he would probably think that she was being taken out for a run by her carer. Curiously, she gave me the old fish-eye.

She certainly had a right to give it to me later. We were approaching the end of the loop and there were a couple of blobs that led off the track we were on and towards the recreation ground next to the field where the race finished. Unfortunately, we couldn't see where the Trail was supposed to be so turned right in the rec (my fault entirely) and ran a good 4 or 5 minutes in the wrong direction. No wonder Swallow and Shitfer gave us funny looks as they passed us, going in the opposite direction. We eventually figured it out and came in at the race end to rapturous applause (ok, deafening silence again). At least we weren't the only ones who had got slightly lost on the way. 😊

Our organisers had kindly put out lots of water and crisps. The water in particular was extremely welcome after our hot 10k run/walk.

The evening's Hash Crasher was NappyRash. He managed to slip sideways in the shiggy by the stream and hurl himself into a patch of nettles. Ah, if only we could all have seen it.

I noticed that Swallow had thought up a highly innovative way of cooling down her overheated body. Down the front of her running top she had inserted a freezer pack that rested on her, ahem, comely bosom. Seemed to do the trick. If only I'd had a bosom... and a freezer pack.

Rampant entered the results into his cunningly crafted spreadsheet and later sent it to everyone. Iceman then corrected it and sent it out again. An excellent joint effort chaps. You can find the results [here](#).

A fun run (or walk) it was and our thanks go to the Hares and organisers. I should like to point out that C5 and Mr Blobby not only laid the excellent Trail, they also ran it as members of the runners race. They do like their punishment, don't they? Interesting that C5 doesn't appear in the results above. Perhaps he was exactly on time and withdrew to spare any embarrassment. 😊

On On. [Hashgate](#).

#### DOWN DOWNS

We formed an exhausted circle in our chairs on the field, tucking in to food and drink like there would be no tomorrow. For once, Minx laid out sparko, completely knackered after her run. RA Motox performed the awards with panache. It was interesting to see that nearly all the people called forward had issues actually getting out of their chairs and then walking, slightly bent, to the centre of the Circle.

Recipient	Reason
<b>Lonely, LemonySnicket</b>	Wearing athletic vests on the Fun Run!
<b>Spot</b>	Actually warming-up before the race!
<b>AWOL</b>	Got pretty seriously lost.
<b>SweetPea</b>	Awarded her 50 Hashes badge by President BGB. He placed it carefully on her upper right bosom in an almost socially distant manner. Then walked into a low-hanging tree branch on his way back to his seat. Nicely done.
<b>Shitfer, Rampant, C5</b>	Birthday boys. Happy Birthday to them.
<b>Faye</b>	Named 'Sneezy' since she works in colds and flu research. Ms Whiplash assisted Motox in the beer and flour application. An excellent Down by Sneezy who took it all in very good humour.
<b>Donut, SkinnyDipper, Rampant</b>	The winners of the running event. Well done, all. They were presented with 'very special', wrapped prizes. Donut's was a packet of Haribo.
<b>Mrs Blobby, Utopia, NoSole</b>	The winners of the walking event. Again, well done to all. They also were presented with 'very special' prizes. Mrs Blobby was pleased with hers – it was a folding umbrella with sheep all over it (not real ones...).
<b>C5, Mr Blobby</b>	The Fun Run's excellent Hares.
<b>Wimpy</b>	For assisting the organisers and timekeepers.
<b>Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop</b>	Excellent timekeeping.
<b>Motox</b>	Motox had lost it by this time and had forgotten to give a Down Down to organisers Dunny and Rampant. They didn't want one anyway so he gave himself one!

#### FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2246	02Aug21 7 pm	<a href="#">SU852793</a>	Royal Oak Knowl Hill Common, Knowl Hill, Reading RG10 9YE What3words: grain.establish.consonant	SlowSucker
2247	09Aug21 7 pm	<a href="#">SU579676</a>	Douai Park (the cricket and football pavilion) Access via Cods Hill Road Woolhampton RG7 5TB What3Words: Familiar.dime.hologram	MessengerBoy