

Hash Number: 2246 02Aug21

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Hares: SlowSucker, Swallow

### HEARTS OF OAK

Crusty BGB Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot Foghorn Desperate Shitfor BillyBullshit TC Whinge Sneezzy PrettyinPink Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Cuddles SexSlave Iceman SkinnyDipper Dunny Rampant RandyMandy Twanky James Motox NappyRash HappyFeet Lonely

### SLOWSUCKER PULLS IT OFF!

Even Lewis Hamilton has been struggling a bit recently so we weren't surprised when our own Iceman gave us a spectacular display of his highly individual parking method. Having decided to move his car into the general clump of other Hasher's cars he began backing slowly towards Desperate's automobile. Seeing that he appeared to be heading for her bumper, she started to get back into the car to move it. Right at this point, Iceman saw that the car in the row directly in front of him had left and he shot forward like the speedy Mr Hamilton off the grid at Silverstone, leaving Desperate and all watching Hashers agog with his driving skills. A ripple of confused applause followed.

I had thought that by getting to the pub early there would be plenty of car parking spaces. Everyone else had had the same idea and the place was chock full of cars and Hashers. BGB came over as Donut and I eased out of my new car. "Nice car." He said. "Is it registered in Ireland?" "Um, no." I replied. "Why do you ask?" "It's got a 'Z' in the last 3 letters on the number plate." He answered. "That means it was registered in Ireland." "Mmm no." I repeated. "The last 3 letters of a number plate are entirely random." "No they're not." He flashed back. "I'll look it up and let you know." My effusive thanks for his offer of research and information were boundless, of course. But I did wonder on what planet the BGB brain mostly resides... If you'd like to know how the number plate system works, take a look [here](#).

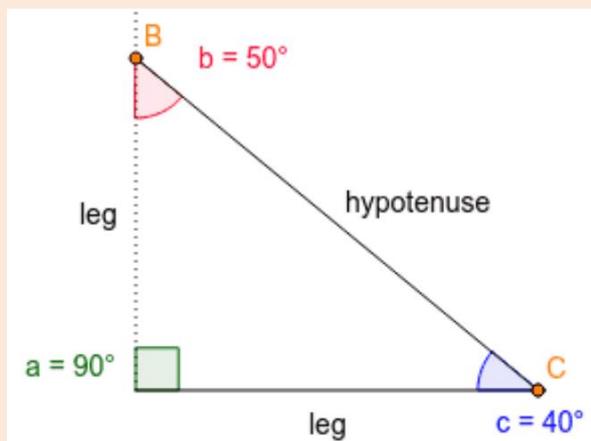
Our main Hare, SlowSucker, was keen to get us on our way because a) the forecast was for rain and thus it would get darker earlier, and b) the Long Trail was around 8 miles. Doh! Our Hare lays some excellent Trails but he does get rather carried away in the distance department. He explained at the Circle that there was the Long Trail, a slightly shorter one at about 5 miles and a Walkers' Trail. He also explained, to great amusement and a rousing cheer, that it would be important that we waited at the Regroup. Various chortling people mentioned that he never waits at Regroups. But his excellent defence was that he **does** actually wait but it takes so long for everyone else to catch up with him that he gets cold waiting, which means he has to start running again. Nice riposte.

On Out we went, the usual way through the woods by the side of the A4 until we reached the point where we crossed over it. It was then a bit of a generally uphill *schlep* across the short grass of various fields. I had just got up behind TC and Desperate (resplendent in the La Pecarina apron tonight) who had decided to walk for a few minutes. My idea was to sprint past them with a merry, "Do try and keep up, girls!" But they scuppered my incredibly witty sally by starting to run again just as I got level with them! Don't you just hate it when people do that? It's usually when you've flogged your heavy-breathing, heart-pounding way up a fairly steep hill and your chance of keeping up with them as they skip lightly away (having heard you coming up behind them and timing their run start to perfection) is nil.

I found myself trotting along narrow paths with Twanky, RandyMandy, Lonely and virgin James. Nice chap, our James. Though his left running shoe has a squeak worse than a rat that's constantly having its tail trodden on. I should get a spot of WD40 on that, James, if I were you. We came across SlowSucker in the forest, who advised us that if we wanted a shortcut we should continue straight on until we got to The Dewdrop pub, then turn left down the track next



For anyone unfamiliar with the La Pecarina apron, here's a picture of Rampant wearing it last year.



to it. All of us except Lonely set off on the shortcut. He couldn't figure out which was the shortcut and which was the regular Trail so we had to point the poor old chap in the right direction. I think we got the raw end of the deal since it seemed that we went along 2 legs of a right-angled triangle and Lonely went across the hypotenuse. Those of you who are interested in trigonometry and wish to brush up on their knowledge of right-angled triangles, here is an example. Those of you who couldn't give a sh\*t; well, I'm with you.

At the end of a long concrete path that ran between woods was the Regroup and, surprisingly enough, a number of people were waiting there, including

SlowSucker. Albeit not for long. Almost as soon as I stopped, our Hare pointed out the Long and Short Trails and everyone was off... apart from me. I knew there were some people still on their way (including Donut) so thought I'd wait to point them where the Short Trail went since SlowSucker didn't have any flour with him to mark it. Desperate, TC, Twanky, Billy, James and RandyMandy had slipped away across the field on the Short by the time Crusty and BGB panted up, followed by Foghorn. These three had disappeared by the time I found out (by telephone – bless the good lord Samsung) that Donut had earlier managed to inveigle her foot into a rabbit hole and tripped over, was ok and had taken a shortcut. Good news. I set off after the others on the Short.

It was a pleasant run through the grassy fields and I spotted the objects in the picture you can see on the right. They seem to be wooden sculptures of some kind of tulip and a bulky snake with a serious underbite. Why they are there we shall never know. But they provided a moment of interest.



As I got halfway across the second field I heard the metal gate behind me clang and, looking round, I saw Foghorn. Bit of a surprise, since he'd set off well before me. "Don't wait for me." He called. "You ok? Get lost?" I shouted back. "Nah." He replied. "Just looking for a good place to take a dump." Ooer. I quizzed him no further and sped on. Perhaps a renaming as Forest Dump II might be appropriate? 😊

The Trail wriggled into some woods and I eventually reached a Check where the options were straight on or straight up a steep, flinty path. I put myself in SlowSucker's mind (strange place to be, I know, and not a place to tarry; but desperate times etc) and tramped off up the hill. It was, of course, the right way. From here, I seemed to be calling "On



On" to Foghorn for all the uphill bits. It was only when the Trail suddenly hairpinned downhill through the forest that **he** became the FRB in our 2-person Pack. Still, it was nice to head down for a change and we eventually popped out into a field where a herd of incurious bullocks wandered by us. Here's a picture of one of them. In the final field I asked Foghorn how far he thought we'd run. "Oh, about 4.4 miles." He replied. I checked my phone app. It was showing 4.4 miles exactly. Nice one, Foggy! From here it was an easy run to the A4 and the pub. Rampant, followed by Spot and NappyRash were the first Long Trailers to return.

A fine Trail by SlowSucker and his Walkers assistant Swallow. Our thanks to them.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

## DOWN DOWNS

These were a tad later than expected since our RA, Motox, got lost on the Trail. Unlike us, therefore, he missed out on the Hash Chips that had kindly been organised by our Hares. It was very noticeable that Utopia, Mrs Blobby, Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop formed an attractive and very protective circle around the large trays of chips that were served to their table. Oh, just **one** more then – if you insist. 😊



Motox had had his chips... or rather, he hadn't.

It was fascinating to see SlowSucker wander over to the table with an empty pint glass in one hand and a paper napkin in the other. He couldn't figure out which hand to use to grasp some chips. Should I put them in the beer glass with the napkin hand? No. Should I put the napkin down? No. Beer glass down then? Yes. Hallelujah! He finally worked it out.

Recipient	Reason
<b>Iceman</b>	His cabaret parking. He got to wear an L plate round his neck.
<b>James</b>	Today's virgin. Excellent, rapid Down. He'll fit in perfectly.
<b>PrettyinPink</b>	Passing round the chip tray and failing to leave some for Motox.
<b>Whinge</b>	Eating as many chips as possible in order to deny Motox his share.
<b>BillyBullshit</b>	Misleading people on the Trail by calling "On On" in the <b>right</b> direction!
<b>Spot</b>	Awarded the La Pecarina apron by Desperate because he nicked it earlier and stuck it down the front of his trousers. Ooer.
<b>SlowSucker, Swallow</b>	Tonight's Hares. Yes, she beat him again.

## FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2248	16Aug21 7 pm	<a href="#">SU660740</a>	The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen, Tilehurst RG31 5NW What3Words: poem.fantastic.backup	Motox Foghorn
2249	23Aug21 7 pm	<a href="#">SU830766</a>	The Bell, The Street, Waltham St. Lawrence RG10 0JJ What3Words: ourselves.oaks.when	SlowSucker