

Hash Number: 2248 23Aug21

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

Venue: The Bell

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Waltham St. Lawrence

Hares: SlowSucker, Swallow

SUMMER THE HASHERS...

RandyMandy BlindPew Twanky Donut Hashgate Paul TC Whinge NappyRash Sweetpee Agatha SkinnyDipper and dog Minx Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia C5 Fiddler Itsyor Crusty BGBB Posh Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Wimpey LemonySnicket Dunny Rampant Spot MessengerBoy Cuddles SexSlave BillyBullshit Motox Desperate Becks Caboose HappyFeet... and later: Bomber Shitfer WaveRider Lonely

PERFECT SUMMER HASHING

It was a lovely summer evening. The air was warm, almost hot. The sky, azure blue. The conversation, as we gathered outside the front of the 14th Century Bell pub (winner of the Reading and Mid Berks CAMRA 2020 Pub of the Year), lively. And BlindPew had, after a long absence, graced us with his



presence (how nice to see him!). As had Itsyor and Fiddler (great to see them too!). Swallow and SlowSucker had laid their second Trail in three weeks. What could possibly go wrong? Well, nothing, really. The Trail in this beautiful area of the country was obvious and fully floured. SlowSucker kept a close and caring eye on the runners and Swallow did the same for the walkers. No-one got lost and no-one fell over.

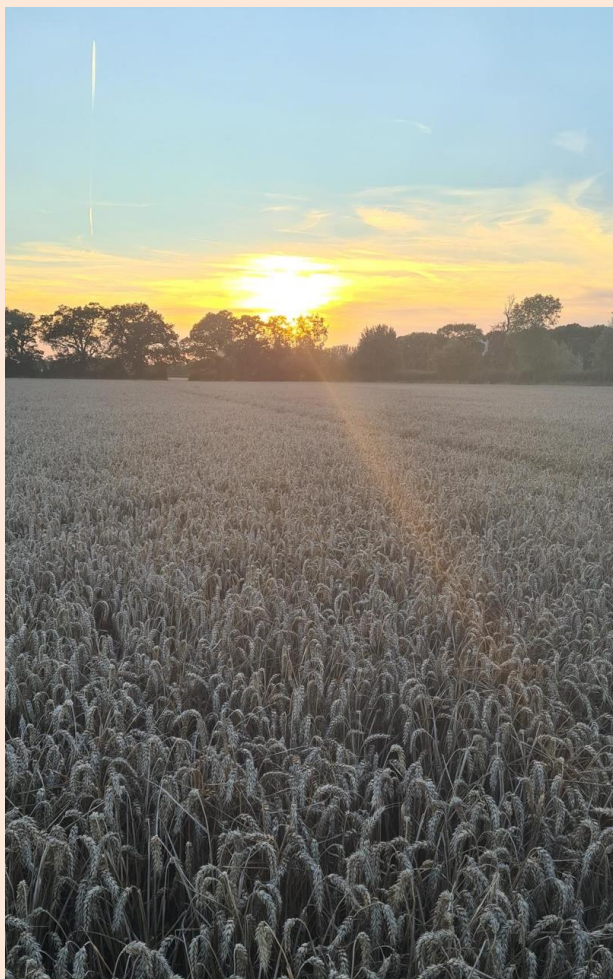
I could stop here, since the above précis covers all the basic information about the Trail. But I guess half a page of drivel and a single picture do not a Gobsheet make. So let's expand a bit.

In front of the pub is a single tree, surrounded by some grass and fenced in on all sides. To the right is the ancient church and churchyard, giving the truth to the belief that wherever there is a church in an English village, you'll find a pub nearby. We formed our ragged Circle in this quiet area and were welcomed by GM Rampant. His address was going exceptionally well until SkinnyDipper, who had apparently dined on a bucket of baked beans earlier, let off a surprising (in the key of E) trouser-ripping fart. Questioning faces turned in her direction. Calmly, and without any evidence of guile, she looked down at Minx, the innocent dog she was holding on a lead, and gave it an admonishing look. Got to give the girl ten out of ten for brass neck. Perhaps she could follow a new career as a politician?

Somehow our Hares managed to follow that with clear instructions... that were largely ignored by the chattering masses. So we On Outed, at pace. After being awarded it last week by Snowy, MessengerBoy stepped along lively in the La Pecarina apron, the sheep emblazoned on it continuing to snort with surprise. Earlier I explained the reason for the apron and its picture to a friend of mine and the night's Virgin, Paul. I felt that his expression of bemusement and slight concern meant that my explanation needed no further clarification. Surprisingly, after this, he later became a member of BH³. So you'll now have the opportunity to award **him** the apron. 😊

The first mile or so of the Trail was an eyeballs-out race. One of the features of this area is the fairly long tracks. Wimpey did try to bottle out of the lung-bursting sprint by hurling himself in a ditch in the second field but failed to do so. Great shame really. I'd got my phone out to gaspingly record some detail and could have taken a picture – purely in the interests of factual reporting for the Gobsheet, you understand.

Now one of the problems with this reporting lark is that you have to stop or nearly stop to get the phone out of its arm pocket, sign into the thing, gabble into the voice recorder and maybe take a photo. By which time the Pack have b*ggered off and are miles away. So it was this evening. I could just about see SkinnyDipper being pulled along by the eager Minx but of anyone else, there was hardly a sign. It was a lovely evening, I wasn't in a hurry and the Hares had laid easy-to-see blobs of flour. So why hurry? I took a photo. Here it is and I think you can see why I stopped to take it. Breathtaking beauty and well worth stopping to enjoy. Aren't we lucky to be able to go Hashing when we experience sights like this?



Itsyor appeared from nowhere and we enjoyed a chat and a run that took us to the superbly marked Regroup. Problem was, everyone else had got there earlier and had sped on. I could just see C5, MessengerBoy and Wimpey further up the road, lurking by a gate that led into yet another field that glistened with a golden crop. We stamped along an earth path that went through the middle of it and, since I had stopped for yet another photograph, the Pack had disappeared once again. Bar Minx and SkinnyDipper. We trotted on. When I asked her how far she had got in her Route 66 challenge she told me she had done over 900 miles, was currently in Oklahoma and was on the way (presumably she had to ask for directions... 😊) to Amarillo.

We found SlowSucker on a quiet road, pointing the way for the Long and Short Trailers. Very helpful it was and Skinny and I opted for the shorter route. However, when we got half way along the road that leads to The Bell, Skinny suggested we took a footpath off to the right so we could run a loop that would take us round behind and back to the pub and add a little mileage. Great idea and we were surprised to

find flour blobs in one of the fields. Which was why we came across a confused Rampant, who was leading the FRBs in the opposite direction. He, Fiddler, Spot and Mr Blobby seemed quite concerned that they might be going the wrong way, even though Hare SlowSucker had just pointed them towards us. Super fun!

As they hurtled away from us, we stepped on to the country road and were passed by a bloke pedalling a very small bike with very fat tyres. Couldn't quite see why he'd need such a lot of rubber while riding along a tarmacked road. But, each to their own.

Almost just around the corner was the pub and church. We eased towards it as the sun dipped lower on the horizon. Lovely Trail and our thanks to the Hares.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

DOWN DOWNS

We repaired to (invaded really) the garden area at the rear of the pub as the daylight disappeared. Served by a couple of efficient and friendly bar staff we waited until RA Motox had consumed his sandwiches before enjoying the following awards.

Recipient	Reason
PennyPitstop	Not turning up at last week's Hash because she'd had her leg bitten by a pussycat! (Apparently the animal was unharmed.)
SkinnyDipper	Farting in the Circle and blaming it on Minx. 😞
Paul	Tonight's virgin. Excellent Down
C5	Made tonight's 'visitor' so that WaveRider could sing her Down Down song. It was to the tune of Lord of the Dance. A fine ditty and I don't think WaveRider is going to challenge Beyoncé at the top of the charts any time soon...
Wimpey, LemonySnicket	A confusing one from Motox. Something about not being on their best behaviour...
Bomber	Awarded Bicycle Repairman since the pedal fell off his bike while cycling!
Posh	Presented with the La Pecarina apron for having the whitest legs in BH ³ .
Swallow, SlowSucker	Today's Hares lived up to their names during their Downs.

FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
n/a	04Sep21 Saturday Run at 15:30	SU726649	BH³ Hash Party Swallowfield Village Hall Swallowfield Street RG7 1QW What3Words: gets.caged.insert Get you tickets from C5 and Flo	LoudonTasteless Spex Iceman
2250	06Sep21 18:00	SU655645	Mortimer Lane The Street Mortimer RG7 3 RD What3Words: fallen.prone.call	Agatha Sweetpee