

Hash Number: 2251 12Sep21

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

Venue: Albert Road Park

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Caversham, Reading

Hares: WaveRider, NappyRash, TC

ALBERTS AND VICTORIAS

Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate MessengerBoy AWOL RandyMandy BlindPew Sneezy Motox CouchPotato Crusty BGB Dunny Rampant Iceman C5 Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Spot Slips Snowy SkinnyDipper Jamie Swallow SlowSucker Lonely Cloggs Tequilova Dr Pooh Pyro Nick Kirstie Amanda Richard... and later: Whinge

THE NO-HILL HASH

Ah, C5 parking. Always a joy to behold. Though the Albert Road car park was reasonably tight WaveRider, NappyRash, Donut and I thought that the space between our two cars would be perfect for C5 to back into. Obviously not. With passengers Mr Blobby and Mrs Blobby trying desperately to squirm embarrassedly down below window height our senior Hasher essayed a 7-point turn to slide forwards into the only other space available. With (luckily!) no screeching of metal on metal, he managed it, to a rousing cheer and a round of applause like gunfire. Sneezy then showed him how it **should** be done by executing a perfect 2-point turn to ease backwards into the space next to us. Perhaps she should have had a round of applause too...

Our Hares had dusted off their innovation credentials today and provided us with a place we had not Hashed from before. Albert Road Recreation Ground 'does exactly what it says on the tin'. i.e. it provides a pleasant space for recreation. There's a bowls club, a croquet club, tennis courts, an adventure playground for children, a large, grassed area for football or anything else one might fancy doing; and parking. When we arrived, there were quite a number of people and children using the facilities and all enjoying themselves on this fairly humid Sunday morning. We were about to 'enjoy' ourselves by running roughly 6 miles.

"There are no hills", announced Hare NappyRash at the Circle. The only people who might have believed him are those who would jump at the chance of buying Tower Bridge. We weren't, so a collective sigh whispered from the assembly. We On Outed along the little path that led out of the recreation ground and hit the tarmac. The Hares had also explained to us that there would be a spot of urban roadage before we could enjoy any off-road experience. And so it was. Better that the Trail was run this way round, though. Hare WaveRider later said that they'd tried it out in reverse. This seemed to have more hills and, of course, the tarmac bit would have been at the end. We tramped off along the wide and fairly pleasant roads.

We finally reached a large playing field around which we were supposed to run. SlowSucker was leading and, when the rest of the Pack saw he had run along two edges of the field, most of them cut the corner off. Very sensible. The Hares had got sneaky with the Trail (or was it just our lack of concentration?) when we found a 4-way Check and most people carried straight on, despite the absence of flour. NappyRash had to call us back and point us the way through the woodland while smiting his forehead and tut-tutting at our foolishness... and smirking with satisfaction. 😊

Soon, we were running along an overgrown path by the side of the golf course and it was probably MessengerBoy's comment to me that, "You're sporting a very natty hairstyle, Hashgate" (it **was** a tad *bouffant* on Sunday), that blanked my mind. For, as I noticed a flour blob, I barked out a stentorian, "ON ON!!!" Snowy (who's a golfer) turned round in front of me, raised a finger to his lips and bulged his eyeballs at me. But it was too late. The shout did not at all assist the golfer who had been trying to extricate his ball from a bunker nearby. I believe he was halfway through the downward



swing of his sand wedge when my call bounced on to his eardrums. The shock wave unbalanced him, causing a sideways lurch whereupon he swiped a passing squirrel up the a*se. The swing continued and he pitched face down into the sand, receiving a mouthful of prime Eastbourne beach which fortunately muted the very rude word that would have sprung forth otherwise. The squirrel, meanwhile, squeaked through the air and landed with furry-tummied thump against the green flag pole, all four paws extended on either side. It slid rapidly downwards and disappeared into the hole for a birdie - even though it was a mammal. At least, I believe that's what happened...

Having crossed the busy A4074 (known locally as 'The Thirteen Bends of Death'), there were quite a number of long bits, either on road or along narrow, flint-strewn tracks between trees. Along one of the roads was a grassy playground, where NappyRash lounged against the gate. Of course, a number of us rushed into the playground, eagerly and vainly searching for flour. NappyRash told me later that he'd tried to find a way out but there had been no opportunity to exit. So he'd figured a trot round the place would be nice for those who were daft enough to get suckered in.

We started on a series of steep hills (remembering clearly that NappyRash had said "There are no hills"!) by an area known as Bugs Bottom. I staggered up the first with TinOpener, who agreed at the top that he had been unsure if he would actually be able to lift his leg over the stile that was there. The



next was with Snowy, TinOpener, RandyMandy and Gnasher, the latter two disappearing into a large bush to take advantage of a, ahem, bio-break. As we gasped on to the top, we were a tad miffed to see that the walkers (who by then included Donut, by the way) were walking around the edge of the grass-covered mountain up which we had just climbed. However, the view was superb, even though Reading's housing encroached on the edges of this area.

We eventually staggered up another steep hill in the housing estate entitled Hunter's Chase and knew we were not far from Albert Road. I took the opportunity to walk and chat to the cars with Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop on a minor shortcut (purely in the interests of journalistic endeavour for the

Gobsheet) even though there was one final loop for the runners.

An impressive Trail from our Hares. Nice to have a new venue. No doubt we'll use it again. Thanks WaveRider, NappyRash and TC.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

DOWN DOWNS

Members of BH³ formed a ragged circle of exhausted Hashers who had collapsed in garden chairs, swilling various bottles of booze and munching on all things designed to perform a number of internal grievous bodily harms.

MessengerBoy and Mr Blobby had penned their own versions of Down Down songs, to the tune of Frère Jaques and Queen's 'Another One Bites the Dust'. Mr Blobby startled our group by beginning his song with the loud "BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM!". We assumed this was the lead-up drumbeats but it could have been some kind of personal request. MessengerBoy had handed out paper slips with the words of his tune on them before the Down Downs so I reproduce them here since the "BUM!" part of Mr Blobby's has made me completely forget the rest of the lyrics.

Naughty Hasher, Naughty Hasher.
Been dobbed in, cos you sinned.
Drink this down in one go, not before we say so...
Drink it down, down, down, down



Our revered RA, Motox, made the following awards.

Recipient	Reason
Slips	Being not entirely sure whether the very wide pair of sunglasses left at the recent Hash party were hers.
Amanda	Taking a huge shortcut during the Trail.
BlindPew, RandyMandy	When GM Rampant asked for ideas for new things from BH ³ members BlindPew suggested run-free Hashing. RandyMandy replied to him that she never saw him running anyway. A domestic disagreement then. 😊
Slapper	Motox had offered to the assembly more lost property in the form of a pint glass. Slapper said he'd have it as no-one else had claimed it... and promptly got a Down Down.
Hashgate	Frightening the golfer. Oops!
Iceman	Advising fellow Hashers that a flouyr mark looked like a, erm, gentleman's member.
Lonely	Trying to emulate Emma Raducanu by Hash Crashing and bloodying his knee. She's a lot better-looking than he is...
Jamie	Allegedly bringing a tablecloth to sit on during the Down Downs.
Spot	Presented with 'La Pecarina' apron by C5 for shoving him and Lilo out of the way as he raced through a gate. What a cad!
WaveRider, TC, NappyRash	Today's excellent Hares.

FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2253	26Sep21	SU66684	Parking and Circle Up at The Hatch, Burghfield Village, RG30 3TJ What3words: hoping.gravel.city The pub is just across the road at The Six Bells, Reading Rd, Burghfield, Reading RG30 3TH What3words stages.skips.cute It's Posh's Big Birthday - Chips & Cake!	Slapper CanalBob Gnasher
2254	03Oct21	SU702814	Pavilion Cricket Club Stoke Row Road, Peppard Common, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5JD What3Words: hours.mooring.constants Bring your own food, drink and chair.	CouchPotato Andy