

Hash Number: 2253 26Sep21

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

Venue: The Six Bells

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Burghfield

Hares: Slapper, CanalBob, Gnasher

#### BIRTHDAY PARTY GUESTS



Posh Bomber Hamlet C5 Donut Hashgate MessengerBoy Ms Whiplash TinOpener and dog Minx HappyFeet DoorMatt Cloggs Crusty BGB SkinnyDipper Spex LoudonTasteless NoSole Paul Cuddles SexSlave Iceman Motox Falsetart Shifty Spot Andy CouchPotato Jamie Shane AWOL Grace Sleazy PrettyinPink Aqua JJ Montse Nick Itsyor

#### POSH'S BIG BIRTHDAY HASH

Difficult to believe that such a fragrant, effulgent, soignée lady such as Posh has reached the age of (Ed: our reporter, a person of low class and appalling manners, was about to reveal the lady's age! I have substituted the figure with a more appropriate description) mature sophistication. Or, rather, she will do tomorrow, Wednesday. BH<sup>3</sup> wishes her a very Happy Birthday!

We were pleased to be invited to Posh's Birthday Hash at which she'd graciously deigned to allow Slapper, CanalBob and Gnasher to lay the Trail, after a suitable period of entreaty, hand-wringing and forelock-tugging.



The Circle gathered on the grass of the recreation ground and it was good to see newbies Shane and Grace and almost newbies Montse and Nick.

We were a bit put out by the sight of Slapper, who looked like he'd caught one side of his face in a meat grinder. A large sticking plaster adhered to his right eyebrow, beneath which a variety of scratches festered and supplicated around his cheek bone. Your reporter questioned him during the Trail and he admitted he had drunk far too much at the recent Newbury Real Ale Festival

(attended also by C5 and AWOL). "It's a cautionary tale," he advised. While leaving the main beer tent his brain decided that rather than sloshing around in a cranium full of booze and desperately trying to make sense of the world, it would be a good idea to go to sleep. It did, whereupon Slapper plummeted earthwards like Lilo during Snowy's walk in West Bay. He told us, "There are no marks on my hands so I must have landed on my face." Yes, I think we could see that. And many of us were thinking, given the pustular excrescences that adorned his features, it would have been a good idea if he had been carrying a large bell and uttering, "Unclean!" at various points.

Since GM Rampant is off gallivanting with Dunny, Swallow and SlowSucker *oop Narth* this week, Iceman kindly stepped in to welcome us and hand over to the Hares. A longish walk of about 4 miles, advised Hare Slapper, and a run of just over 6. 3 Regroups. Crikey! 3! Oh, he added, there's a field full of cows. Donut and Falsetart looked at each other and nodded silently – no bloody chance that we're going through a field of cows. We headed off...

Before we get started let me tell you about SkinnyDipper's new running shoes. She apparently wasn't over keen on the colour, so painted them with acrylic to obtain the required shade. Here's a picture of the foot furniture in all their newly painted glory. Yep – I can't see how the painting thing worked either. Guess you'd better ask her. 😊



Uphill and straight on to a Back Check. How our Hares enjoyed the early confusion. Actually, we didn't really mind. It was early in to the Trail rather than towards the end when everyone just wants to finish.

Trotting across a field with Cloggs I asked her if her partner NonStick was ok, since he wasn't with her on the Hash. She told me that he prefers other activities these days since he has a knee problem. Although, she added, the things that he does are not doing his back any good. Before she could explain further, Spex, running nearby, asked, "Whatever can he be doing?" with a lift of the eyebrows and a lascivious grin. It turns out the lad has been playing a lot of racket sports. Very disappointing for Spex. The grin disappeared and the eyebrows dropped. She ran on, gossipless.

We came across the first Regroup, where Itsyor appeared out of nowhere to join us. Nice to see the lad. We were in a small, grassy area, surrounded by a huge horse chestnut and 8 oaks. We chatted and enjoyed our 'forest bathing' while LoudonTasteless sneaked off for an eco-break. Slapper thought he was checking the Trail out early but, of course, he'd forgotten the plumbing requirements of certain senior members of BH<sup>3</sup>. The Hares called us to order and advised that there was a Short and Long Trail. Given that members of the bovine sisterhood would be lurking somewhere on the Long Trail, Donut and Falsetart wisely decided to take the Short. The rest of us followed Mr Blobby, who seemed to know exactly where the Trail was heading; much to the Hares' chagrin.

Having hurtled down through a forested area where chickens to the right of us seemed to be answering (or complaining about) our calls of "On On!" we turned left at the bottom, on to a steep bit of delightful tarmac. Slapper told us we'd be all right because, "There are no hills in Berkshire." MessengerBoy, gasping uphill next to me replied, "Apart from the one your face is about to hit." A little harsh we felt. But fair. And if it evened up the damage to the other side of his face then at least he'd be symmetrically injured.

At the top of the rather lengthy hill, we reached a deserted junction where MessengerBoy told Cloggs and me that this was where he'd spun his car on black ice a while ago. Given that there were some deep ditches all around he was lucky to get away with just the requirement for a change of trouserage.

We reached a place on the road where it really wasn't clear where the Trail should go, since there were no obvious footpaths or tracks. Slapper pointed us across the road on to a field which looked somewhat private. Hmm. However, LoudonTasteless, sensing an FRB opportunity, ran manfully over to it (without seeing the grass-covered dip between road and field) and fell pitifully into a bunch of stinging nettles in a rolled-up ball of sleek ponytail and muttered curses. Ah, what a sight to enjoy. We duly did, before running on and hoping there would be no cry of, "Git orf moi larnd!" Followed by a whiff of 12-bore. Fortunately, there wasn't and we trotted past a serene pond, eyeing the 'Private. No fishing' sign.

And then the cow field was upon us. We had to tramp uphill towards a large knot of black and white ruminants that were ruminating on our arrival. The Trail led beyond them and, though Spot and Mr Blobby carefully walked around them, DoorMatt decided to show off his stockman credentials by walking directly towards them. The cows eyed him stoically. The chewed and eschewed moving. DoorMatt blinked first and carefully walked around them. You could almost see the satisfied bovine smiles. If they'd been wearing T-shirts they'd have been over their horns. "Naff off, Sonny. We're not moooving."

Just beyond the herd was a thigh-height electric wire which Shifty gingerly stepped over. "Ooh!" He exclaimed, "I got a bit of a tingle there." Bomber and I rolled our eyes at the sadness of Shifty trying to get us to believe he was hung like a Hoover.

The next Regroup was just beyond a complicated, two-way stile, where we met Ms Whiplash, Paul, SexSlave and Cuddles, coming the other way. Ms W berated me for taking too long to put away my

recording machine before stepping over the stile and letting her carry on. She threatened me with a damn good thrashing. Presumably free; so, a pretty good deal then. 😊

From here it was down, then up, then down, then up. And much of it through root-gnarled woods. The Trail was serpentine, twisting among the trees and leading us through an almost empty ford. At one Check, it was good to see new boy Shane and Jamie going entirely the wrong way (despite my advice 😊). We tripped lightly past a small dog training area where two people had a car full of **very** excited little dogs who were yapping away fit to burst. Plunging into another area of woodland I heard Cloggs some way behind me coughing and complaining to LoudonTasteless that she'd just swallowed something that tasted of aniseed. "I hope it's not a daddy longlegs," replied Loudon, "I really don't like them." Why he thought a daddy longlegs would taste of aniseed is beyond me but, at the time, I applauded his valiant, though doomed, attempt at sympathy.

The final Regroup appeared, at the top of a hill by a playground. Aqua exhorted us to go and play, though she, of course, declined to do so. We set off again and were pleased to be going downhill for a change. That didn't last. Uphill we staggered through more woodland, before coasting all the way down a farm track with CanalBob, stopping only to let a horse and rider through a gap in a gate. This part was followed by an enjoyable cruise down a long, curving tarmac hill where there was a small short cut back to the recreation ground and the cars. Messenger Boy and I were certainly two people who enjoyed the short cut...



and the stroll across the rec where we spotted a couple of teenage girls being frightened by a chicken! Perhaps this is the answer to the 'Why did the chicken cross the road?' question. 😊

This was the witty sign that greeted us by the entry to the pub. The bar stocked a superb collection of real ales; the beer garden was sunny and warm, with plenty of seating; Posh and Bomber had arranged for many bowls of excellent, hot chips to be available for us; there was plenty of both chocolate and lemon cake for us to enjoy. So much so that LoudonTasteless called out "We've got too much cake!" A quick reply came from Motox, "Oh no we haven't!" This was an excellent après Hash and a great way to celebrate Posh's birthday.

Thank you Hares, for a great Trail and thank you Posh for inviting us to your party!

On On. [Hashgate](#).

## DOWN DOWNS

RA Motox managed to award the following successfully against a background of piped music.

Recipient	Reason
<b>AWOL</b>	Allegedly demolishing a low all with his car at last week's Hash.
<b>LoudonTasteless, Bomber</b>	The former frightened Spex when he apparently ran over Bomber's foot while parking. Luckily, he hadn't. He also Hash Crashed today – see above.
<b>Spot</b>	SkinnyDipper awarded him a Down for not stopping to help after she'd crashed in the churchyard because, "I'm in the lead!"
<b>Shane, Grace</b>	Today's virgins. And Shane short-cutted. Tch tch.
<b>SkinnyDipper</b>	For crashing in the churchyard.
<b>Ms Whiplash</b>	Flashing her drawers during the Hash!
<b>Posh</b>	A birthday Down. Very Happy Birthday to her.
<b>Slapper, CanalBob, Gnasher</b>	Today's Hares.

## FUTURE HASHES

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<b>RUN</b>	<b>DATE</b>	<b>GRID REFERENCE</b>	<b>VENUE</b>	<b>HARES</b>
2255	10Oct21	<a href="#"><u>SU646645</u></a>	<b>AGM</b> Scout Hut at Mortimer Common Reading, RG7 3UB What3Words: rooms.soft.plan <b><u>Bring your own food and drink</u></b>	Mr Blobby
2256	17Oct21	<a href="#"><u>SU525883</u></a>	<b>Fleur de Lys</b> Main Road, East Hagbourne, OX11 9LN Please park in the carpark just down the road at OX11 9LR What3Words: companies.powers.hardback	Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop