

Hash Number: 2264 15Dec21

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>Venue: Pavilion Cricket Club
Peppard CommonEmail – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: WhoTheF*ckIsAlice, CouchPotato

FINE LEGS(?)

Spot Hashgate CabinBuoy Posh Bomber Swallow SlowSucker Trout Pyro and dog Whisper Spex LoudonTasteless Pissn'Chips BlowHarder and dog Jowzer Brenda and dog Sprocket Pimp C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Slips Snowy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Dunny Rampant SkinnyDipper Motox Crusty BGB Cloggs NonStick AWOL Iceman Lonely Florence Dorothy Trout

A SNOWY WALK, WITH SLIPS

Due to an advanced attack of Lurghi I was having to walk today. Hence the title of this piece. It didn't snow and (as far as I am aware) no-one slipped over. I walked round, mainly with Snowy and Slips. 😊 The Lurghi has now transformed itself into a graveyard cough an 80-a-day Capstan Full Strength smoker would be proud of. My good lady, Donut, has taken to wearing a full hazmat suit around our house and poking me away with an electric cattle prod if I come within 3 Feet of her. I rejected her suggestion that I placed a cowbell around my neck and intoned, "Unclean. Unclean." in a sepulchral manner so she'd know where I was at any time and could take evasive action. I'd just like to point out that I've been testing negative for Covid and that this Gobsheet has been fully sanitised prior to publication.

Mind you, my heavy cold is nothing to NappyRash's experience recently. The poorly chap was taken to A&E late at night by wife WaveRider since he was having difficulty breathing. Turned out he had pneumonia! I'm pleased to report he is now back home and feeling better. It certainly explains his slow time in last week's Parkrun. There are a lot of people with colds and winter illnesses right now – if you are one of them, I hope you get rid of yours very soon.

Our Hares today were WhoTheF*ckIsAlice and CouchPotato, the latter kindly and thoughtfully making his cricket club pavilion and showers available to us. Alice had diplomatically been prevented from laying a Trail that would have taxed even an ultra-runner (a gentle trot to Nettlebed, swinging back via Henley had been mooted). After introduction by GM Rampant during the Circle, Hare Alice advised that the Trail had been laid with, "One blob and On. None of this three blobs business." Very sensible from the Hares' point of view since they have fewer blobs to lay. We set off across the cricket pitch and, fortunately, no-one incurred CouchPotato's wrath by stonking across the wickets' square he has been preparing so carefully, ready for next season.



Our picture to the left is of the front of Spot's car. I thought it might be interesting for you to see that he is growing a marijuana plant on his windscreen. Think it might be a while before he has enough for even one brownie though. 😊

It was interesting to see Lonely in Father Christmas gear and running number for the Chorley Santa Run. Perhaps he had come to the wrong venue? Also interesting to see the state of Pimp, whose face and general bodily demeanour resembled a hessian sack full of old potatoes. Lord knows what he'd got up to last night, but I'd wager a fair bit of alcohol was involved and the carousing lasted well into the early morning. Well done sir! Pleased to see you are imbued with the spirit of BH³.

Snowy had a map of the Walker's route. This was partly the reason I walked with him; as well as him being jolly good company, of course! We plunged downhill, through dense woodland, sliding slightly on the glutinous shiggy. Finding a kicked-out Check at the bottom of the valley, we started up a steep and slippery incline...

only to find a Bar Check. Those who'd followed us included Ms Whiplash, Slips, PennyPitstop, Mrs

Bobby, Pyro with Whisper and Brenda with Sprocket. Ok. Back down again and up an almost parallel, steep track. Snowy forged onwards through the undergrowth towards what I knew to be a very busy road with nowhere else to go. Hmm. The map Snowy now concentrated on was obviously rubbish. Nothing to do with his map-reading skills. 😊

We eventually figured it out. This area is thick with vegetation and finding the right path from the map was somewhat tricky. We popped out on to the rather pleasant green at Peppard. Which is where we found this splendid lady. Some people have gnomes in the front garden. Some have windmills. A life-size Friesian cow with red paint blobs on it certainly gets my vote for Best Garden Ornament.

We headed for the nearby Dog Lane. This was a lengthy, narrow, shiggy and stone-filled lane, bounded either side by bushes and trees that leant inwards and gave our squelchy location a rather depressing air. The ladies who had been following us rather sensibly took a lighter and less viscous route than Snowy and me. We manfully slogged on, wishing we'd thought to take the parallel track.

How nice it was to turn right off that track and head for Crossways, where (a couple of months ago on our Trail) Donut, TC and I had laid a similar Check to the one we found at the top of the forest. Knowing exactly where we were going, Snowy and I yomped

rapidly down through the forest, noted that the runners had turned left, and forged straight across the golf course, followed by Mrs Bobby and the group. At Peppard All Saints' Church we took a left into that narrow alley that led to the delightful valley with the small forest on the other side. I was very happy to know completely where I was and where we were going... until I emulated Snowy, took a wrong turn amongst the dense holly bushes and dragged everyone except Pyro and Whisper over to the high fences of a number of back gardens. Oops! Luckily, a quick reversal of direction got us back on the right path and we (ok, I) sheepishly caught up with Pyro.

As Snowy and I tripped lightly (or as lightly as one can while wearing shiggy-heavy hiking boots) along the road that led back to the cricket ground a rush of wind announced the arrival of the rapidly cycling C5, who passed us with a friendly, "View Halloo!"

Back at the pavilion your Gobsheet reporter quizzed runners as they appeared. Spot advised me that he had run the Long Trail and guessed correctly at just about every Check. He was so far ahead, he said, that there was no point waiting around for everybody else. NonStick, Posh and Iceman came in at the same time. Followed by Florence, Dorothy and Lonely (still dressed as Father Christmas). With regard to distance run, Dorothy said he had run about 6.7 miles. Long enough, you might think. However, Rampant had run 8.2! He had a good moan about it to Dunny, Swallow and me and no doubt felt a lot better for it. 😊

Our thanks to Alice and CouchPotato. The cricket club is a great venue and set in the middle of some ideal Hashing country.

On On. [Hashgate](#).



DOWN DOWNS

RA Motox presided over the awards and sent details to the Gobsheet editor, since he was too lazy to attend the event.

Recipient	Reason
Pimp	For having Pimp put on the front of his T/shirt.
Trout	A returnee last hashed with us 2 years ago.
LoudnTasteless	For asking someone where the Butchers Arms was, even though there was a hare near him.
Florence	For starting a conversation with Motox and others, then wriggling about and running off to the loo before she had finished.
AWOL and Mrs Blobby	Playing football, instead of checking out the trail.
Pissn'Chips	Checking the distance from the On In to the finish. It was 700m which she complained was far too long.
Brenda	Was named by another hash as Scrumpy and without flour. She was asked if she would like to be named the Berkshire way. Surprisingly, she declined.
Alice, CouchPotato	Today's Hares.

FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	VENUE	HARES
N/A	25Dec21	The Six Bells The Hatch Burghfield Village RG30 3TH What3words: stages.skips.cute Park opposite pub alongside playing field.	Motox
2266	26Dec21	The White Hart 28 High Street Nettlebed Henley-on-Thames RG9 5DD What3words: survivor.haggling.stepsing Please use car park opposite hall.	Dunny, Rampant
2267	01Jan22 12 Noon	HAPPY NEW YEAR RUN Bring your Xmas leftovers to share. BYO drink & Glass. Wychotes Waterside Activity centre, The Warren, Caversham RG4 7TH What3words: lucky.plans.busy	Dumb Dumber