

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2274 20Feb22
Hash Location:	The Bottle & Glass, Binfield Heath
Hares:	WhoTheF*ckIsAlice, Bomber

March Hares, Cheshire Cats and Caterpillars

TWANKY!

(I missed him out last week and he moaned endlessly. For only one week he gets star billing.)

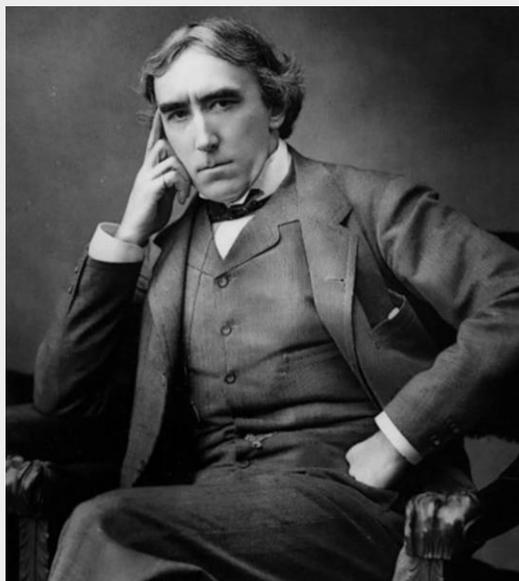


Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Donut Hashgate Spot Swallow SlowSucker NappyRash WaveRider and grandchild Harry Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Lonely Pyro and dog Whisper Pimp Montsy Martyn Gannet TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Dunny Rampant Motox Slapper Iceman Posh PrettyInPink Sleazy Caz Gordon Eve Undecided Dumb Dumber SkinnyDipper Florence Dorothy Lucy Jack Trout

Alice in Wonderland

Storm Eunice continued to thrash around wetly across the British Isles. Her meteorological irritation showed itself in the form of blustery winds and sporadic rain in Binfield Heath. Hashers' cars splashed through puddles in the pebble and gravel park, most of their inhabitants refusing to leave until the very last minute before the Circle. Twanky, presumably because he was parking near to the Gobsheet's news gathering vehicle and wanted to get his attendance recorded, took approximately eight to's and fro's to slide his car backwards in a space larger than Cardiff. Having finally achieved his purpose, he flung open the driver's door and swept out, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a back-of-the-hand flourish and uttering his line using his best stentorian Henry Irving: "Yet now have I arrived." (Dramatic pause and gesture to indicate the car) "And taken my rightful place." No doubt thunderous applause and pleas of "Encore!" would have greeted his performance if everyone hadn't been ensconced in their cars out of the rain and unable to hear or see it...

CouchPotato had originally agreed to be co-hare with Alice but had decided that the lure of a Sunday morning running time trial could not be ignored, so Bomber kindly took his place. Just as the rain began to ease a little, GM Rampant called the Circle to order. Well, as ordered as it could be. We were situated by the door to the pub's large barn where people can sit, eat, drink and be merry. Which meant that a number of non-Hashers were trying to squeeze through us on the way to or from it. WaveRider had grandson Harry strapped to her back in a large, red, probably waterproof carrying pack that meant people behind her were in danger of being 'Harry'd' every time she looked left or right. And Sleazy had brought her whole family to introduce them to the delights of Hashing. I'm pleased to report that she managed not to break her ankle during last week's Hash Crash, though she may have suffered some ligament damage. At least she is (like C5) not on crutches any more. We welcomed Mum Caz, Dad Gordon and sister Eve. Bomber advised



Twanky adopts a winsome, yet thoughtful pose as Sir Henry Irving.



that the Short Trail was around 5 miles in length, the Long around 7.3 (he'd managed to persuade Alice to knock off a bit) and he didn't have a clue about the walking Trail. He also apologised for his co-Hare not being with us at the start. WhoTheF*ckIsAlice is renowned for being late for any and every appointment. Perhaps we should rename him WhereTheF*ckIsAlice. We OnOuted along the track covered in springy wood chips and fallen boughs, hoping we might see him along the way.

Our first Check was at the end of the track and at the top of the (well known to your editor since this is my neck of the) woods. It was to be either a slippery trot down one side of the hill or the other. It turned out to be the other. The narrow, downward track was awash with shiggy and puddles. Florence and Dunny were ahead, desperately (like the rest of us) trying not to slip on tree roots and/or lose a shoe in the viscous mud that sucked at our feet. 'Interesting' is one word to describe it. 'Traacherous' is more appropriate.

We came across our first fallen tree as we climbed up the notoriously steep White Hill. The tree lay right across the road. I believe our Hares just wanted us to see it, since the route from the Check near the top of the hill took us all the way back down via a narrow, shiggy and branch-strewn track. I ran as quickly as I dared since PrettyInPink was close behind. You've seen the red dress picture from last week – would you want that crashing down on top of you from behind?

The Pack, by this time, was spread out thinner than Marmite in the sandwich of a disliker of Marmite. Dorothy,



*Nothing like our Alice, who is more like the white rabbit:
"I'm late! I'm late!"*

Lucy and Jack were up ahead, Iceman (struggling with a tight thigh) behind them. The rain began to fall a little more heavily, encouraged by the stiffening breeze. It would have been cold if we hadn't been so warm from running. Eventually, the Regroup appeared and it was nice to see everyone. Hare Bomber advised us that it would probably be better if we didn't do the Long Trail but, of course, that doesn't stop people like SlowSucker and Mr Blobby. Even NappyRash, who's supposed to be taking it easy at the moment, was suckered in. I guess it's like an addiction. Getting a long run fix is so much better than a short cold turkey. Since we were beginning to feel like cold turkeys in the wind we set off again, the sensible shorter trailers

group consisting of SkinnyDipper, Lonely, TinOpener, Donut, Dunny, Undecided, Bomber, Dorothy, Lucy, Jack, Twanky and me. This was when Alice suddenly appeared on the way to the Regroup – presumably he'd just caught up with us all. Mind you, we didn't see him for long. I believe he went with the Long Trailers.

Initially, it wasn't too bad. Then we turned a corner and the wind (and rain) hit us head on. As we slipped and slid our way on the narrow path between paddocks a couple of inquisitive horses trotted over to see what all the fuss was about. I'd have given them a stroke but the sight of an electric cable encircling the paddock fence and my wet and no doubt salty arm stayed my hand. I'm sure their owner wouldn't want to find their horses with all their hair on end, looking like they'd stood next to a Van der Graaf generator.

Bomber and I enjoyed a run down a lengthy country road to Harpsden Bottom, where we bumped into Dorothy, Lucy and Jack. Dorothy was initially going to check all the way up the steep hill in Crowsley Park but I thought I'd be kind and let him know that Bomber had mentioned that there was a False at the top. 😊

We started up the branch-strewn hill next to there that would lead us back towards Binfield Heath. So much of the trees had been blown down in the storm that the Gobsheet photographic team decided to take a picture of the detritus. Here it is:-



Amongst the debris. From l to r Jack, Dorothy, Lucy.

Green tree bits littered the forest floor along which we ran. Bomber caught up with us and we 'enjoyed' the woodland loop that he'd laid which took us away from a couple of trees that had fallen across the track. He mentioned that it had been a bit of a toss-up about laying the Trail. More open bits where the Pack would experience more rain and wind? Or more woodland bits where there would be less wild weather but more possibility of tree falls? Interesting to note that Motox did actually see or be near a tree falling. We had to scramble over a couple and the thought of being under one of those when they had fallen was not a nice one. We banished it by pondering the philosophical question of whether they had actually made a sound when they fell, since no-one had heard them fall. Anyone who wishes to discuss this further can contact any of the three in the picture since I have better things to do...

From here it was a slippery slog up the muddy forest path that led to the very first Check, a crafty 'On Inn' having been laid behind a tree a little way down from the On Out 'F'. Nice one, Hares. A trot back on the springy wood chip-covered track and we were back at the pub, the rain increasing and the thought of a beer in the dry barn warming us.

Many thanks to our Hares for laying this in the rain and wind. An enjoyable Trail though we'd rather do it in Summer! 😊

I'm pleased to report that just over £140 was raised last week at the Red Dress Run for [Macmillan Cancer Support](#). If you wish to donate, please either contact SkinnyDipper or donate through the above link. BH³ will match the final sum raised. Thank you to all who donated.

Stop Press!! Posh spotted in the Bottle & Glass barn consuming working class food!

A lady of infinitely good breeding and excellent table manners, Posh was seen not only delicately selecting and ingesting 'chips' but also elegantly ~~sinking her gnashers into~~ nibbling a pork pie! She was sitting next to Chilli, Cerberus' beautiful Red Setter, who had sat up and placed a pointy nose next to the meat and pastry container. Posh fixed her with a regal stare, honed to perfection over a thousand years by her ancestors for castigating the estate serfs, and the hound carefully sank down, duly chastened. I have to report that the good lady ate all of the chips and pork pie, applied a paper napkin briefly to her ruby lips and uttered a sigh of replete contentment. Nothing like dipping one's metaphorical toe into the hoi polloi ocean occasionally, what?

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

In the confines of the big Bottle & Glass barn RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Caz, Gordon	A virgin Hasher and it was her birthday. Happy one! Her virgin husband joined her.
Gannet	He was wearing new wellingtons with heel 'protectors' that gave him huge blisters. Resulting in him taking off the wellies and walking along in his socks!
Mrs Blobby	Flashing in the car park – dirty girl!
Eve, Martyn	Yet more virgin Hashers.
Undecided	Today's visitor from Marlow. He seemed rather undecided which beer to drink!
Pimp	Leading the Long Trail runners well astray.
Mr Blobby	And he led one of the virgins astray. Naughty Mr Blobby!
WhoTheF*ckIsAlice Bomber	The Hares. Well done in that weather you chaps!

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2276	06Mar22	The Bull Streatley, Reading, RG8 9JJ Please park along The Coombe by school. What3words: adjuster.avoid.inhales	Dunny Rampant
2277	13Mar22	The Packhorse Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham RG4 7UG What3words: truth.race.vote	Dipstick

