

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2278 20Mar22
Hash Location:	The Black Lion, Greenmore, Woodcote
Hares:	Dumb, Dumber

Black Lion Hashers

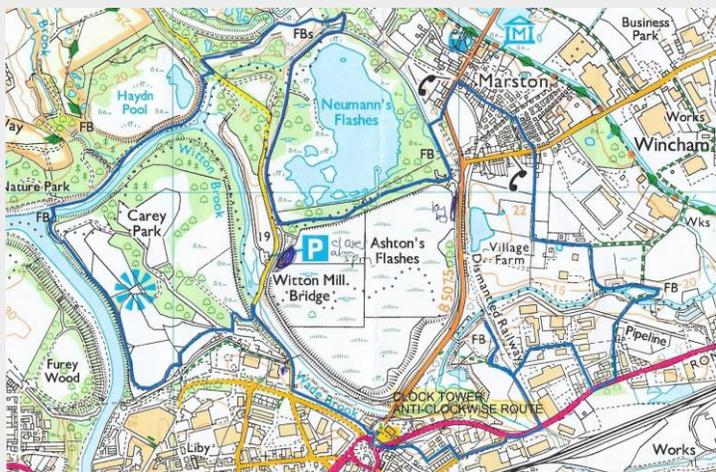


Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Crusty BGB Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy Pimp Slips Snowy Gannet Swallow SlowSucker Desperate Becs and labrador Doug Shitfor (or as Ms Whiplash called him during the Down Downs: Shitface 😊) Spot Aqua JJ WaveRider NappyRash and grandson Harry Lizzie Jeremy Cloggs NonStick Iceman Motox Florence Zebedee HappyFeet DoorMatt C5 Gnasher CanalBob Twanky Slapper Pyro

The Cheshire Times

Something different to start this edition. A couple of weeks ago WaveRider, NappyRash, Donut and I ran with the Cheshire Hash. We were having a week's break not far from Chester and WaveRider and, late at night, NappyRash casually introduced the question: "Fancy running with the Cheshire Hash in Northwich on Tuesday night?" I managed to slur out a droopy-eyelid agreement (it had been a lengthy and alcoholic evening) and on the day we found ourselves in the Clock Tower pub car park in the dark and enjoying freezing cold weather.

However, the welcome couldn't have been warmer. Our hosts were (are!) a really friendly bunch. Organiser Stuart (spelt correctly, I hope) found torches for each of us and apologised that there weren't more of their people. Many were attending some kind of ultra-running event! And we thought Berkshire have some good runners. Cheshire don't do what they described quite correctly as 'silly names' and they don't do Down Downs. But they do have excellent Trails (see the map of the night's Trail below) and have (to us) an unusual set of markings. No flour blobs are used; they chalk Checks on lamp posts, trees and telegraph poles. These are circles with a number in them to indicate the number of possible ways the Trail may go. 50 yards or so from



The Northwich Hash Trail.

the Check there will be an arrow on a post. If, 50 yards or so on from that you find a double arrow you are on Trail. If you don't find one, you're not. No Falses. I hope you BH³ people are keeping up with this. So, unlike BH³ Trails, you could get horribly lost. Cheshire have a method of ensuring you don't. Our Hare Julia ran with the Pack and waited at the Check for people to Check it out. If they went too far in the wrong direction she called out, "Back Left!" (or Right or Straight On etc), "On On Right!" (or Left etc). This certainly kept the Pack together but also meant we had to run like lunatics to keep up with everybody.

It was great fun, even though Donut managed to trip and Hash Crash on ankle-clinging brambles in the dark on our way to and from the dismantled railway. We hurtled around an excellent nature park and the intriguingly named Neumann's Flashes. This area contains many old salt mines and the Flashes are areas where subsidence has occurred.

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After the Trail they kindly bought us a pint each and offered us tasty cakes to help celebrate a birthday. If any BH³ Hasher visits this area I strongly recommend running with this friendly group. Thanks to all who made us feel so welcome and please come and visit us – we'd love to see you. 😊



The Cheshire Hash with Stuart and Hare Julia in the centre. Donut, WaveRider, NappyRash and Hashgate lurk amongst the group.

The Black Lion Trail

For the second time in two weeks Dumb and Dumber laid the Trail. Last week, DipStick should have been Hare but something kept him from doing so. Hopefully not illness. Knowing DipStick he had probably double-booked to attend a centipede-taming course or a flagpole awareness session. Either way, our thanks to Dumb and Dumber for stepping up to the plate.



The morning was almost Spring-like, the sun shining warming rays upon those of us sensible enough to stand in the sunlight in the car park (not all were...). WaveRider and NappyRash had brought their little grandson, Harry, to enjoy the Hash. Here's a picture of him strapped to WaveRider's back and wondering what on earth Desperate is talking about with that "Coochy coo" lingo. She usually uses it on partner Shitfor and he understands perfectly. Of course, if he doesn't, he gets a damn good slap. Well-deserved if I may say so. 😊

Chatting with Dunny, whose birthday it was recently, she told us about her celebratory session of speleology. Sounded absolutely... horrible! She was inching about like a helmeted caterpillar, deep underground, in tunnels that barely accommodated her width (and, no, I'm not making a joke about her size, which is perfectly sylph-like thank you). It's not a pastime for the claustrophobic. Slips mentioned that she had 'enjoyed' a similar experience and nearly froze in a particularly tight rocky tunnel. Brr! Happy birthday indeed, Dunny.

The Hares had got the On Out going in entirely the wrong direction. From this pub we **always** start off on the long track that leads way down into the forest. Not this time. We headed off (still mercifully downhill) towards the centre of Woodcote. Where most of us couldn't find any flour on the recreation ground. Doh! Luckily,

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Dumber was running with us and pointed to clearly marked blobs on trees while trying not to roll his eyes. The Trail led down through the village, down along a road, then down on to a narrow country track that led, you guessed it, down. It went on for what seemed like miles. And what happens when you keep going downhill; well, you only have to come all the way back up later. Something to think about as we cruised ever down. NappyRash, despite still recovering from his bout of pneumonia, found himself at the front with the FRB's. "Feeling a lot better then?" "See you're back at the front." They said, smilingly. With a grin, he replied that running down slopes he didn't have to use his lungs. Different story when going uphill. Which is what we did after about a mile of going downhill (something which many BH³ members practise in their daily lives...). A left turn and we were panting upwards, suddenly being joined by Itsyor, who must have run like a cat with it's a*se on fire to catch us up.

We eventually popped out of the forest to see the beautiful and expansive view towards Didcot that you can see below. Those enjoying it are Pyro, Slapper, Twanky and Dumber. Twanky is doing his Lord Nelson "I see no ships" impression (except he has two arms, a cap instead of a tricorn and couldn't possibly see any ships anywhere in the rolling Oxfordshire countryside).



The first of the (very necessary, given the fast, straight runs we were doing) Regroups appeared. Twanky, DoorMatt, HappyFeet and Pyro adopted a leisurely style to cruise in behind everyone else. There was a Short and Long split from here. The Long, according to Hare Dumber, was about a mile longer and appeared to be going further downhill. JJ, BGB, Crusty, Iceman, MessengerBoy, Snowy, Dunny, Pyro, NonStick and I all decided, very sensibly, b*gger that and shot off on the shorter Trail. This proved very useful for your Gobsheet reporter, who was fortunate enough to be present when BGB tripped on what appeared to be a small snail that was going about its slippery business and executed a well-presented pratfall on to the shiggy and flint road to general concern and applause from our group. Luckily, he wasn't particularly hurt so we put it down to a vain attempt to get taken back to the pub by air ambulance.



Near Crays Pond we came across the curious marking you see to your left. When you know what it means it is pretty simple but we had approached it from the opposite direction and were confused that the Walkers had come along from the other way. While we blundered about, FRBs Rampant and SlowSucker appeared and we were very disappointed when Dunny told her fiancé Rampant that there was a False in the field opposite that he was just about to Check Out. Understandable I suppose. To finally give you an explanation, the sign is advising the Walkers to go straight on, then a little further, turn right. We finally figured it out and hurtled through a lengthy up-and-down field to the second Regroup. Here we noticed Spot, who had gone off a little way along the hedge and appeared to be trying to fill an ancient horse trough with wee.

I concentrated on chatting with Zebedee, who told me that Florence had done the Prospect Park Parkrun the day before and come first in her category. Florence qualified this by saying that, yes, there were other women in her category. 😊 The sweat dripped off the peak of Twanky's reversed cap making it look like a mini waterfall. At least someone had been running hard then. There was another short cut from here, then we slopped across a shiggy field before going a long way down again, ending at the base of the long uphill track that led to the pub. Snowy and I started slogging up it and Lizzie and Jeremy ghosted past us, laughing and sprinting. We didn't have the breath to be able to call them names so just enjoyed their youthful dash.

The pub appeared. The sun shone. Co-Hare Dumber sat on the back of her car and smiled at us. Good beer and a sunny pub garden beckoned. All was well with the world.

Our thanks to Dumb and Dumber for an excellent Trail through some of the best countryside around.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

RA Motox presented the below in the sunlit pub garden.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
CanalBob, BGB	Today's Hash Crashers. CanalBob managed to grab a barbed wire strand as he went down. Ouch!
Dunny	Happy Birthday to her and thanks for the cakes she brought for us. She was going well until a last mouthful resulted in serious blowback and coughing. Excellent!
Desperate	Her daughter Becky used specialist medical knowledge (i.e. rubbing her labrador's leg first) before rubbing Desperate's calf to ease her muscle.
WaveRider	Using Harry in his backpack for strength training on the Hash.
Ms Whiplash	She was presented her 1,000 Hashes award by President BGB. She got a personalised sports bag as well as her badge. Well done Miss W!
Snowy	Heightist abuse to the Hare. He told Dumber that flour couldn't possibly be on a tree branch because he wouldn't have been able to reach up that high. What a cad!
Motox	Was awarded the 'David' apron last week and forgot to bring it this week. C5 stood to tell everyone that his sin was so



	'egregious' that Motox would be awarded a 'mucky' pint. The lad downed it in one.
HappyFeet	Somehow got lost! Lord knows how.
NappyRash	FRBing against medical advice.
Dumb, Dumber	Today's Hares. A last gulp snort by Dumber caused her to fail in the Down-in-One stakes.

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2280	03Apr22	TBA	TBA

