

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2290 13Jun22
Hash Location:	Wokefield Common Nature Reserve car park
Hares:	Slapper, AWOL

## Naiads and Dryads

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Utopia TinOpener Twanky Spot Cuddles SexSlave Motox Posh Bomber NoSole Desperate Shitfer Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Spex LoudonTasteless Valhalla Dumb Dumber Crusty BGB Swallow SlowSucker ChocChuck NoStyle and dog Bonnie SweetPea Agatha Gannet FalseTart Shifty Squeaky Pimp Florence Shane Jamie Molly YogaJulie Dorothy Lungs Karen Finn and later: DampPatch DryRot Foghorn PissQuick Glittertits

## Forest Bathing

**W**e must give Spot, Shitfer, Desperate, Posh, Bomber and C5 a front page splash this week. The Sue Ryder charity had sent two representatives to record the formal handover of the exceptional sum they raised for cycling around the Isle of Wight in one day. Very well done, all of you!



The location of the Hash this evening was the same one that Slapper used for his inventive 'plogging' Trail in September 2020. For those of you unfamiliar with the term, plogging is a combination of two words: jogging and the Swedish phrase for pick up, 'plocka upp'. Started in Sweden by Eric Ahlström in 2016 it's a combination of running or jogging while picking up rubbish. I'm pleased to report that there was very little



rubbish on site apart from the rubbish parking of Valhalla who slightly miffed a non-Hasher who was trying to drive out of the woodland car park by stopping and leaving her car in the middle of the way out. Fortunately, Valhalla rapidly moved her car, the lady driver smiled and there was no handbags at 10 paces.

This Hash had been advertised in the Runsheet as 'starting from the "dogging" car park'. Gannet exited his car, banana in hand, asking me where the dogging was. I was pleased to advise him that the only dog-based activity was being exhibited by Bonnie, who was trying to drag NoStyle about. Nice to see him and ChocChuck – her knee injury is improving but it's a lengthy process. Let's hope that speeds up.

A lot of people had turned up tonight so the On Out, which included both runners and walkers, was a tad crowded.



Confused Hashers milled about among the woodland trying to find the Trail from the myriad of Checks that our Hares had laid. Dumber seemed to be having one of those Hashes – he got just about all the early Checks right and rapidly disappeared from view. We only caught him up when he stopped to try and figure out who the confused face in the Check on your left was meant to be. We thought perhaps it was Hare AWOL since he had told us a couple of times that he hadn't a clue where the Trail should go.

The first muddy stream appeared and we had to jump from one bank to a steeper, stickier one on the other side. Slapper leapt across just a bit too close for comfort behind me. As soon as I felt his hands on my hips my 'fight or flight' response kicked in and I shot up the steep bank like I'd been fired out of a cannon. There was a second, similar stream a bit later which confused some of us. We'd followed flour blobs up the hill after the stream and come across an 'F' from the other direction. Twanky, Finn and I scratched our heads until we saw other Hashers appearing out of the bushes further up, beyond the 'F'. No idea what

happened there but at least the Pack almost got together again. Posh and I ran after it, reaching AWOL and a narrow road simultaneously. AWOL reiterated his, "I haven't a clue where it goes now." refrain so we nipped over the road to where the rest of the Pack was, finally finding the Trail through the trees.

We slipped lightly past a lady with three beagles on leads. "Watch out!" Said AWOL. "There's a beagle about. Hahahaha." We stared at him as though he'd completely lost it. Which he had. "Isn't that funny?" He asked. "No." was the deadpan reply. It took him a while to realise that he had meant to use the catchphrase from the Jeremy Beadle TV programme from a few years ago. So his attempt at humour on the run was even less funny than he thought. Doh! 😊

Conditions underfoot had consisted so far of shiggy, roots, brambles, grass-covered holes, extremely narrow forest tracks. I told Slapper that we had been enjoying the Trail despite these dangers and he'd replied that "I'd feel the Hash had been a success if nobody breaks their ankle." Prescient words. While running through Mortimer poor Molly badly twisted her ankle and had to retire. Hopefully, she is recovering and in no pain.

Just before the Regroup on the playing field at the back of The Turners Arms we bumped into walk leader NoSole who had lost her Pack – which consisted of only Shitfer, who had apparently gone walkabout. You'd have thought that, since Shitfer plants his walking poles so hard on the ground, that all she needed to do was to follow the double line of dents. Actually, four lines – he's quite heavy...

We enjoyed a fast trot through Mortimer to the second Regroup in the field behind Mortimer Fairground. The evening sun shone beautifully as we stood about chatting and at the On Out Donut and Desperate called me over to the short cut that had been pointed out to them. As a gentleman I could hardly refuse the requests of two such fragrant ladies could I?

The Pack ran between two rolling, long grass fields where three beautiful, sleek, brown horses waded through the grass in the evening sun. We bumped into NoSole and Shitfor (I believe she now had him on a stout lead) before



embarking on a fairly eyeballs-out run that finally led us back into the fir tree forest that surrounded our car park. 6 miles said Slapper at the Circle. Hmm.

We On To'd The Six Bells at Burghfield and took over the garden, enjoying the bowls of excellent chips that our Hares had organised.

This was an excellent Trail through some fine forested areas. A couple of streams added to the enjoyment and the plethora of Checks kept the Pack mostly together. Our thanks to Hares Slapper and AWOL.

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

RA Motox organised the Down Downs in the pub garden, presenting the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Twanky	Being aggressive during the Hash – he was fulminating about some misinformation he'd been given about a race he ran recently.
Dumb	Poking poor Shifty with her walking pole in order to make him go faster.
Mr Blobby, Karen	Getting stuck in one of the swampy streams. Karen actually lost her shoe.
Jamie	Emulating Tarzan by swinging on a rope hanging from a tree. And, no, said Motox. That won't be your Hash name.
C5	Drinking other people's beer while collecting Tick. What a dipsomaniac.
DryRot	He completed his 100-mile race in 23 hours. He thanked BH <sup>3</sup> members for their generosity in raising money for a hospice his wife, DampPatch, supports. Well done to him! 👍
Utopia	Valhalla passed the 'David' apron to her for allegedly eating more chips than everybody (should that be anybody?) else tonight.
Slapper, AWOL	Tonight's Hares... and a large monkey! See below picture.



*No, I don't know why either.*

Future Hashes (Starting at 19:00 on Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
16	Tuesday 21Jun22 04:40 am	<b>Longest Day Run</b> Woodcote Village Hall car park Reading Road Woodcote RG8 0QY What3words: <a href="#">draining.shun.tastes</a> Bring your own drink. Breakfast is included. <b>Please email <a href="mailto:lemonydh3@gmail.com">lemonydh3@gmail.com</a> - she needs to know numbers for breakfast (Tick £2!)</b>	Spot LemonySnicket
2292	27Jun22	<b>The Royal Oak at Knowl Hill</b> Round the Hill, Knowl Hill Common Knowl Hill, RG10 9YE What3words: <a href="#">adopters.shoppers.coasters</a>	SkinnyDipper
2293	04Jul22	<b>The Hash Fun Run</b> Buy your ticket for just <b>£1</b> from Florence YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Lane, Padworth, RG7 4QT What3words: <a href="#">promise.microfilm.thinking</a>	C5, Mr Blobby

