

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2295 18Jul22
Hash Location:	Checkendon Sports Ground
Hares:	Dunny, Rampant

## Picnickers (is this dark enough for you Swallow and SkinnyDipper?)

Spot Twanky Donut Hashgate Fred Kate Posh Bomber BillyBullshit Cerberus and dog Chilli Motox Foghorn CouchPotato WaveRider NappyRash Sleazy PrettyInPink C5 Utopia Aqua JJ FalseTart Shifty Swallow SkinnyDipper LemonySnicket Wimpey Florence MessengerBoy WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice Karen Dan

### A Picnic...

Well, we may have thought last week was pretty warm but this week was even hotter, with the temperature hovering around 35 degrees Celsius. Our Hares had thoughtfully brought some bottles of water and a container of it to assuage the thirsts of any Hasher who needed some and to prevent any litigation should anyone snuff it due to heat exhaustion while running their Trail. They'd laid it the day before, employing a certain frugality when laying flour blobs. According to Rampant this was to improve efficiency and make it easier for the Pack to identify the correct route. He told me that they were a tad miffed that, after they'd laid the Trail, not worrying that the markings were all on the ground, it had rained. There followed a lot of dark muttering *chez* the Rampunny household.

Spot was one of the first to arrive in the large car park. He advised your reporter that he would soon need to replace his running shoes. He attempted to teach me the complicated formula he had created to



*This is what you need Spot. A snip at only £225. Might be a slightly higher per mile cost though...*

determine the ratio of miles against cost of running shoes. It worked out at about £1.33 per mile run. Though surely one must factor in terrain, weather, Spot's temperament on the day (could be feeling stropky), enjoyment, or otherwise of the run, Metres walked, stopped for a wee, got lost etc. Dependent on these the per mile cost could be irritatingly higher or pleasingly lower. Ideally, of course, the positives balance with or outweigh the negatives so Spot's simpler equation is probably about right. So maybe he can afford some more expensive running shoes. I'll let him work it out.

At the Circle, our Hares told us that the Hash would mostly go 'through the trees' to keep us out of the sun. There were a number of conversations about Tarzan and Jane and whether there would be sufficient and usefully placed lianas to assist our progress while yodelling "Ahhh a-yiy-ayi-ar On On!" The Hares ignored this chatter and got us on our way. Many people walked today because of the heat. Sensible decision. Many of the runners wished they had too...

I think the Hares were quite keen to help us round the course since they stayed quite close to the Pack. Which was lucky for us early on since quite a few got suckered in to going the wrong way and had to be called back. I think they had made their decision at that first Check, based on the 'through the trees' advice. They had done precisely that, while the real Trail led across a sun-soaked open field that had within it a number of inquisitive, recently shaved sheep. Unlike scam victims I bet they were glad to have been fleeced. Incidentally, I'm sure you will be interested to know that the word 'fleece' originates from the Old English shepherd word *flēos*. The word began to be used to describe cheating someone around the 1570s. Fascinating stuff, eh?



Having sweated our way across that first field there was a long, hot, dry run (initially uphill – aaarrgh!) amongst trees, followed by a similar length downhill yomp. Then a bit more on a quiet road until we (finally) reached a Check. PrettyInPink kindly fell on his sword and trotted off down the road until Dunny called him back to join the rest of us who had wandered into a bit of woodland via a fairly well-defined track. All went well until we found the Bar Check. However, our Hares had been kind and not made it a Bar-10 so our trot back wasn't too long. And the next bit to the Regroup was quite short. Just as well for poor Posh who needed a quick rest and knee review after scraping the thing quite a bit when Hash Crashing like Mr Blobby on one of his more spectacular falls.

And here's where it all went horribly wrong. For me anyway. I'm afraid the next bit is mainly about me since everyone else b\*gggered off when we On Outed again. Rampant had offered us the opportunity to cut about ½ a mile off the Trail – this was to be the only short cut. So I thought, why not? It's flaming hot. I'm sweating like a p.i.g. and keeping up with the FRBs might lead to Rampant and Dunny respectively giving me CPR and mouth-to-mouth. Perfectly acceptable as long as it wasn't the other way round. Rampant quietly gave me instructions. "Go along this road until you get to a T-junction and turn left at the Check." And laid an 'S' with an arrow in that direction. I thanked him and the Pack shot off in a different direction. Dunny came over to me and I explained what Rampant had told me. There was a slight tumbleweed moment before she said through gritted teeth, "He always does this. Anyone coming up behind won't have a clue where the Short goes." There was a bit more tutting and harrumphing before she used her flour dispenser to add "T-junct Turn left" to the 'S'. With one last snort she waved me off and I tripped lightly over to the T-junction.



*This is a T-junction. Rampant, please note.*

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And this is where the problem began. Could I find a Check? Nary a flour circle in sight. Then, to my left and a little way up the road SkinnyDipper and Aqua appeared calling, "Hashgate? Is that you?"

I went over to them and explained that the Regroup and Long Trail was just down the track and that I'd been advised to come up this way to take advantage of the short cut. SkinnyDipper thought she would too, while Aqua decided to follow the Pack on the Long. Great, I thought, some company. Skinny and I set off.

There was no flour on this winding hill of a road... until we reached the Check where PrettyInPink had started checking down the road up which we had come. Hmm. We agreed we could be on a never-ending loop if we weren't careful. Luckily, I have the Ordnance Survey app on my phone so we could see exactly where we were and where to go. i.e. across the Bar in the wood we had seen earlier and along footpaths through woodland and by sunlit meadows, chatting happily about a variety of topics until we came out fairly close by Checkendon Sports Ground, following Donut and FalseTart at the On Inn. Our Hash had been not quite a walk in the park and not exactly a picnic either. 😊

### ... on the Green

Our Hares had deliberately opted for a non-pub oriented Hash and we were happy to set up our chairs in a big circle before opening drinks and getting outside our picnic food. Though we were in the shade the sun was still out and the air hot and heavy. What a contrast to when we had no choice during post-lockdown periods and we had to sit in the freezing cold.

Rampant wandered over. "I kept thinking we'd see you after the Regroup." He said. He was most amused when I explained that, although I'd turned left at the junction, I'd ended up with SkinnyDipper at the earlier Check. "You were at the wrong junction." He explained. "That was a Y-junction. The T-junction was 400 Yards further on." And he proceeded to mark out the junctions in flour by Swallow's chair. How we laughed. I must just point out that if you look in the Highway Code you won't find a Y-junction...

On chatting to members of the runners and walkers (and SkinnyDipper who'd had to put up with me for a lot of the Trail), everyone had enjoyed their hot evening so thank you to our Hares. Appreciate the effort.

## On On Hashgate

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

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Page 2 of 4



## Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Twanky	Effing in the picnic circle. Naughty boy!
JJ	Allegedly 'warming up' before the Hash. He said he was just running over to some bushes for a, ahem, bio break.
SkinnyDipper	Turned up in a red and yellow dress as if she was going to a ball.
Donut	Intimating strongly that one of the runners (probably Twanky) wasn't. A runner, that is. And stating to one and all that it was far to hot to go for a, erm, whizzer.
Rampant, C5	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.
Dan	Tonight's virgin. An excellent Down.
Cuddles	Wearing banned electric knee appliances during the walk to enhance her performance.
Posh	Tonight's Hash Crasher. She limped over to collect her award.
NappyRash, BillyBullshit Hashgate	Billy, who was walking, told NappyRash that he shouldn't be running 'in his condition'. I didn't know he was pregnant. Hashgate placed his phone in the side pocket of his chair, forgot it was there and sparked a major search operation... until he remembered where he'd put it. Doh!
Dunny, Rampant	Tonight's hot Hares.



*BillyBullshit, NappyRash and Hashgate enjoy their Downs while Foghorn fails to stay awake for the presentation.*

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>
2297	01Aug22	Morgan Recreation Ground Lower Broadmoor Road Crowthorne, RG45 7LD  What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/cabin.cargo.dwell">cabin.cargo.dwell</a>	RandyMandy Gnasher
2298	08Aug22	The Horns Crazies Hill, Wargrave, RG10 8LY  What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/scoring.goodness.coil">scoring.goodness.coil</a>	Cerberus Desperate TC

