

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

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| Hash Number: | 2297 01Aug22 |
| Hash Location: | Morgan Recreation Ground, Crowthorne |
| Hares: | RandyMandy, Gnasher |

A*s'es

Hamlet Donut Hashgate Gannet Swallow SlowSucker SweetPea AgathaHappyFeet Spex LoudonTasteless Cuddles SexSlave TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Jamie Hashtray BlindPew BlowJob Twanky Lonely Posh Bomber SkinnyDipper CanalBobb Cerberus Florence Zebedee Lilly Fiddler Itsyor Slapper Motox MessengerBoy and dog Willow



The CBA (Can't Be A*s'ed) Hash

Itsyor wandered over to me after the Trail to advise me that his son, Fiddler, had described it as “Six miles? My a*s'e!” Which seemed a reasonable description of the length of this Trail, which the Hares had told us at the Circle was, “between five and six miles long.” They had also told us (through Hare RandyMandy) that they had named it the CBA Hash because it had been so hot and muggy during the time they had laid it that they had quite often resorted to laying One-Blob Checks rather than exhaust themselves even more by laying False Trails.

Speaking of Itsyor, while chatting about last week’s injurious Hash, he showed me his ankle and lower calf, which are quite swollen. Think elephant leg but a lot lighter in colour and rather hairier. The curious thing, he said, is that the swelling goes down when he runs. Very strange. But at least he has a method of easing it. Continuing with the injury theme, did anyone notice Posh’s still mangy knee and the lurid yellow bruising on her shin? An interesting look and one I’m sure she’d rather not have. On your behalf I’ll review her legs



A giant African pouched rat sniffs out a landmine. Clever rodent.

extensively next week – just, of course, in the interests of reportage you understand... One other who had an interesting leg this week was Donut. The poor girl had received a number of vicious bites from a ~~bastard~~ insect that had crawled into her trousers and apparently made its way up the back of her knee by chomping into her skin, then jumping upwards. It left her with a set of red, pustular excrescences... ok, largeish spots that TinOpener likened to a case of monkeypox. Since some of the most

contagious hosts of the virus are rope squirrels and Gambian (or giant African) pouched rats, neither of which have been encountered by Donut recently, she told TinOpener to go and boil his head. Fairly said, I feel. I’m sure you’ll be fascinated and pleased to know that many pouched rats (known as HeroRATS) are being trained to find land mines using their exceptional sense of smell. They can search 200 sq. Metres in 20 minutes, compared to the 25 hours it would take by a person with a mine detector. I am also happy to report that no rat has lost its life performing this excellent work.

So, back to the Trail then. We On Outed across the Serengeti-like recreation ground field, sweating like hogs in heat even before we found the flour by the exit across it. As we slithered along the road the other side Hare RandyMandy called us back, pointing us down an alley, then ran off down the road. A tad confusing until I found out that she was taking a short cut. Who could blame her after the effort she and Gnasher had put in during the hot afternoon.

We wandered through dry, crackling-underfoot woodlands and Gnasher, who was slightly ahead of me, bent over to lay a flour arrow to help the back markers. What a kind soul I thought. I'll just call an 'On On'. Now you may be aware that my 'On On's' can initiate a bit of GBH on the eardrum when I get the pitch right. So it was this time. Poor Gnasher twitched violently and the flour arrow turned more into a wobbly British Standards Kitemark. A bit like this →



Mind you, Gnasher's version looked more like it had been fashioned by a myopic orangutang with a bad case of the DT's. She recovered well and staggered on.

We ran through some terrific, forested areas, along narrow paths, through scratchy gorse, up flint and pebble track gradients and down similar. There was a number of Checks to confuse the FRBs and a number of short cuts to help some people to catch up. We even saw the walking group at one point. Eventually we came to the foot of a very steep earthy slope, dotted about with a variety of trees. We staggered breathlessly up it where we came to the first Regroup where, according to the Hares during the Circle, there would be a beer stop. Hmm. No-one could find any beer. Hare Gnasher waited for RandyMandy's laboured lurch to the top of the hill. "Who's stupid idea was it to have the Regroup at the top of a hill?!" She gasped. Um, yours, we replied. Where's the beer? The Hares looked at each other and Gnasher launched into an entirely spurious story about the gent who was due to bring the beer to the Regroup (with his donkey! What!?!) having broken down on the M4 and his donkey had run away. It was a damn fine effort and would have worked if we had been members of the reception class at infant school. We weren't and Gnasher's tale tailed off. "All right." Owned up RandyMandy. "We forgot the beer." However, she did say that she expected the beer to appear during the recreation ground picnic after the Trail. Actually, given the distance of the Trail still to run, I think many of us were quite glad we hadn't got to fill ourselves with beer...

As we On Outed again I found out from SkinnyDipper that Lonely had, surprisingly, left the Hash in order to get to the railway station so he could catch the 8:20 pm train and be back home and in bed by 10. There



was quite a lot of speculation as to the reason why he wanted to get to bed that early, some really quite rude. I guess you'll have to ask him if you really want to know. 😊

At the end of a long, flint-strewn downhill track, we passed Motox and saw Jamie leading the FRBs as we fetched up at a 4-way Check. Hashtray went one way. Florence another. And a bunch of us took advantage of the short cut offered by RandyMandy. Much more sensible!

We came to a place that RandyMandy insists is very much like a railway level crossing. She is apparently constantly pooh-poohed about this by people like CanalBobb and other members of a small running group known as The Jailbreakers. The picture to the left is the approach to it. Pretty level crossing-like I think. I'm sure you agree. 😊

We reached a Check at Eastern Lane, which diverged from the unused road along which we ran. Hashtray altruistically ran off down it, his words trailing behind him: "Somebody's got to do it..." SlowSucker, Fiddler and Zebedee had all hurtled off along the road

so Hashtray was fairly behind when he was called back. A short ripple of appreciative applause accompanied his return.

It wasn't long before we found the second Regroup near where Donut, SkinnyDipper and I had let three enormous and very fluffy dogs through a gate with their owners. My thought was that if I'd only had a sled I could have attached the dogs, shouted "Mush!" and I'd be back at the recreation ground in no

time. Sadly, it was not to be – we had quite a way to go yet. At the On Out Fiddler was called back from checking and he blamed his old Dad, Itsyor, for calling him on to a Check that he had found. It turned out that after we had gone up a hill and a few hundred Yards out of our way we came to this very Check! Doh! The Hares were taking the mickey!

Ah well. The countryside was all beautiful and the forest into which we stumbled was equally pleasant. RandyMandy was just ahead of us and assiduously laying flour arrows to make sure no-one became lost. We all shot across the whimsical Bar Check that had been laid on the flat piece of ground that went over a tiny stream. Not sure if anybody actually wet their shoes in it. I'm afraid we certainly didn't.

There was a final, lengthy trot along a stony unmade road before we turned off and came back into the recreation ground. Phew! What a scorcher! ☀️

This was quite a long one but the route was through wonderful country and the Trail was superbly laid by our Hares. Our thanks to them for their hard work in laying it and making sure no-one got lost.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Despite the imminent arrival of dusk, RA Motox managed to make the awards before we couldn't see each other.

| <u>Recipient</u> | <u>Reason</u> |
|--------------------|--|
| Agatha | He fell and injured his shoulder three weeks ago and managed to wriggle out of his Down Down by going to A&E. Didn't wriggle out of it tonight though. |
| Spex | Picking up litter on the recreation ground. She's not the usual shape for a Womble. |
| Bomber | Celebrating over-zealously when he found some flour on the Trail. |
| Itsyor | Calling 'On On' after the second Regroup when it wasn't... but it was really (see above). |
| Jamie | Screaming like a little girl when he was running through the gorse bushes. |
| Hashtray | Failing yet again to bring and pass on the 'David' apron. |
| SexSlave | Got the walkers lost. Naughty. |
| HappyFeet | Pretty much got the runners lost. Also naughty. |
| RandyMandy Gnasher | Tonight's hot Hares. |

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> |
|--------------------|-------------|---|---------------------|
| 2299 | 15Aug22 | Nettlebed Village Hall 32 High Street, Nettlebed RG9 5DD What3words: imperious.blaring.goodbye | Pyro |
| 2300 | 22Aug22 | Frilsham Clubroom Hatchets Lane, Frilsham RG18 9XQ What3words: derailed.alien.hamsters | Zebedee Florence |

Love the idea of 'derailed alien hamsters'.

Really looking forward to Zeb and Flo's Trail. 😊

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