

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2301 28Aug22
Hash Location:	The Wellington Arms, Sandhurst
Hares:	Itsyor, Fiddler

## Hashers



Cuddles SexSlave Donut Hashgate ErlIndoors OldFart Gannet WaveRider and grandson Harry NappyRash MessengerBoy Foghorn Imogen Adam Kate Chris (Now named MadMoose) Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Spot SkinnyDipper RandyMandy BlindPew Dunny Rampant Motox TinOpener Caboose Wimpy LemonySnicket Brenda ShutupWally Spot Gnasher CanalBobb Cloggs Zebedee Florence

## The Slightly-Longer-Than-You-Thought Hash

We hadn't been Hashing in Sandhurst since, I believe, a few years ago and the last time Itsyor and Fiddler laid a trail in the area. This was, depending on your point of view, a resounding success (for the Hashers) or a forehead-slapping failure (for the Hares). I well remember that a huge loop, so carefully laid on an old airfield, was missed out by the Pack. I guess the Hares had taken this into account for our first Sunday Hash of the year since the information they gave us about its distance: "About six miles" they announced blithely, was a tad shorter than the actual. Rampant ran 9.7 miles – admittedly he's a nutter and runs every Check going – and NappyRash ran over 7. But don't take this as criticism. The Trail was one of the finest we have been on and if it weren't for Donut and Hashgate's exceptional Loddon Brewery Trail in January it would probably take the Hash of the Year award. Ah well, maybe next time Itsyor and Fiddler. 😊

We started slowly in the heat of the sunshine, almost immediately tripping off into a park. I didn't quite recognize the lady and gent in front of me so nipped over to get their names for this pamphlet. "We're Adam and Jnnnn" said the friendly gent. Next to me, Donut suppressed a snort of surprise. "Adam and Jim?!" She giggled. "She's a girl!" I nipped over again since I certainly wasn't sure what Adam had said. "Um, what was that second name?" I asked "Gin." He replied with a smile. Then it dawned on me. Her name was Imogen; she'd certainly run with us before and the short version of her name sounds like 'Gin'. Phew, cleared that up then and neither of them told me off for forgetting their names. This situation is both a disadvantage and a benefit of being the Scribe. If you don't see someone for a month or two you may forget their name. But then you have an immediate reason for going and talking to them... however embarrassed you may be. 😊

We reached Wildmoor Heath Nature Reserve and Itsyor began to lay a 'wild' Check. Interesting, we thought. Didn't they lay the trail yesterday? In fact, this was just one instance of 'wild' trail laying since more than one Check had disappeared. Still, it was just one of the reasons, during this trail, that the Pack kept together so well. It shows what a good job our Hares did – it's much more fun running as a group rather than on one's own.

Mr Blobby found himself almost bundled off a path he was checking when a lady behind him who had a large retriever let him off the lead (not Mr Blobby, the dog) and the hairy fellow (again, not Mr Blobby) burst past, almost knocking him over. Shortly after this that we were jogging along a lengthy, boarded path that was protecting the ground beneath when the Blobster came across SkinnyDipper and Donut, who were



Mr Blobby in full flight (see below).

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Page 1



blocking his way, Rollerball style. He finally skipped past them by jumping through the bushes by the side of the path and Donut described his style as gazelle-like. Now Mr Blobby told me about this later and we discussed which similar animals he might have been described as. The list was fairly lengthy and I have added a few here for your enjoyment: springbok, kudu, oryx, addax (bet you didn't know this one), wildebeest (I quite like this idea 😊), blackbuck, blue duiker, bongo (no, I hadn't either), bontebok, bushbuck, hartebeest, impala... I did mention at the time an agouti. Always liked 'em but they're rodents so don't count.

A Regroup, at the top of a slope, in the shade of the trees, appeared. We duly took pleasure in the brief respite. Itsyor said that they had placed it at this location since the view was quite spectacular. "At least, it would be," he went on "if all those leafy trees and bushes weren't in the way." We saw his point, if not the view. While we were there Donut innocently asked Itsyor where he lived, interested to know if he resided nearby. "I'm not telling you." He replied and NappyRash, overhearing the conversation, said, "Don't you tell her. She's been stalking me for a couple of years!"

We enjoyed even more forest-based galloping while the Hares 'refreshed' a number of Checks and Two-Way Checks, which kept us together. Dunny, Florence and Donut passed the time by discussing the colour of nail polish that Dunny might wear at her forthcoming wedding to Rampant. Guess which shade is most likely? 😊

There was more than a bit of confusion in an urban area with four or five possible routes, one of which led up a very steep tarmac path. Guess which route was the right one. Correct! There was a lot of gasping and wheezing by the time we reached the top, though it was quite pleasant to trot down the equally steep hill on the other side. I noticed Foghorn doing a bit of running and congratulated him. He was happy to tell me that he's getting his fitness back and is looking forward to running properly soon. Pleased to hear it! Dunny found it most amusing near here that TinOpener had stopped and was loitering next to Atkinson's Fourways Care Home, perhaps hoping for an invitation. His surname is, of course, Atkinson. 😊

We trotted across a bright blue railway footbridge and I was surprised that Caboose didn't actually know the bridge number. He is, after all, the doyen of all things track and train. We slipped across it and down through a little alley on the other side where we met a lady with a small dog that was desperately trying to lick everyone's legs as they ran past. ShutupWally said to her, "I used to have a dog like that." NappyRash, running just behind him, added, "It died of boredom." I do like a bit of rapier-like wit.

Not too far to go now and we met walkers WaveRider with grandson Harry and Gannet coming from the



*A few of these would do the trick.*

opposite direction. This was just before RandyMandy tried to duff up LemonySnicket by stopping suddenly and letting her run in to her. I mentioned to the passing Gnasher that if I'd known there was going to be a catfight I'd have brought a barrowload of jelly. Hindsight is a wonderful thing.

On our final run in we enjoyed: a heron, standing very still in a pond, some

extensive sewerage works, three delightful alpacas, contentedly munching grass and a friendly fisherman who told us (Cloggs, Donut and me) that he'd caught an 18lb fish. Crikey! That's over a Stone! A drift through a lush field of grass saw us back at the car park after a thoroughly enjoyable (if lengthy...) trail. Thank you Itsyor and Fiddler.

## On On Hashgate

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## Down Downs

RA Motox finally made the following awards before it got dark...

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Hashgate	Locking wife Donut in the car so she could set off the alarm.
Foghorn	Calling "On On" on a False Trail.
RandyMandy	Calling "On five" at one point. I wonder if she called "On Four" too?
Dunny	A Hash Crash for our bride-in-two-weeks. Fortunately, no real harm done.
NappyRash	Got a bit eager towards the end and shouted to everyone that the car park ahead of him was the one with our cars in. It wasn't.
WaveRider	She lost grandson Harry's cap in the hot sunshine. Baby abuse.
OldFart	A very welcome returnee. His speed of Down has not diminished. 😊
Chris	Renamed <u>MadMoose</u> in honour of a racehorse that often refused to race. Other options were Stallion (his lady Kate snorted a bit at this suggestion) and Gelding (an apparently more realistic description of Chris's equine abilities). The lad was covered in flour by SkinnyDipper while Motox gave him a beer shower. He was a great sport about it. Picture below.
Itsyor, Fiddler	Today's Hares.



*SkinnyDipper applies the flour with perhaps a little too much enthusiasm to MadMoose's semi-naked body.*

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2303	11Sep22	TBC	AWOL
2304	18Sep22	Brimpton Village Hall Crookham Common Road, RG7 4TD What3words: <a href="#">cases.oppose.ownership</a>	Messenger Boy with dog Willow Twanky



*Our excellent Hares: Fiddler and his old Dad, Itsyor.*