

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2304 18Sep22
Hash Location:	Brimpton Village Hall
Hares:	Willow, MessengerBoy, Twanky

Brimpton Bounders

Sleazy PrettyInPink Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash SlackBladder and dogs Ava & Masie CouchPotato Lungs C5 ChocChuck and dog Bonnie NoStyle PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash BGB YogaJulie Spex LoudonTasteless Dunny Rampant Betsy AWOL RandyMandy Gnasher CanalBob BlowJob Snowy Potty Wetwipe Amy and children Dorothy FalseTart Shifty Foghorn Motox Dumber Slapper HeadleyHound Gannet Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Spot CabinBuoy WhoTheF*ckIsAlice SkinnyDipper

A Wander With Willow, A Trail With Twanky, A Meander With MessengerBoy

On the delights of driving through Reading. You forget quite how many traffic lights there are until almost every one of them turns red as you approach them. Looking at my satnav's expected time of arrival (10:59 🤖) I began to fear I was entering Florence and Zebedee's punctuality zone. I found I was following Sleazy as she drove herself and PrettyInPink in their open top sports car at speed along the A4. They made the wise decision to turn off towards Tadley, while I carried straight on to Woolhampton, turned left down Station Road and came to a halt by the flashing lights and lowered barriers of the railway level crossing. Time began to stretch. My beard and moustache began to grow. The lights still flashed. The pedestrian waiting by the crossing shrivelled with old age, died, turned to dust and was slowly blown away. A completely new species of badger evolved with the unique ability to order a water vole by Deliveroo and vape at the same time. Finally. Finally, a three-carriage train ambled lazily over the crossing, the lights stopped flashing, the gates rose and life began again. Which is why I was very nearly late and blocked everyone in (provided a free parking security service) in the hall car park.

I'd rather missed the usual erudite instructions by the GM and Hares at the Circle and joined the runners who were circling along the field to the right while the walkers circled to the left. In front of me were Shifty and FalseTart. Immediately behind was MessengerBoy and his lively and lovely dog Willow. Now Willow is a sleek and beautiful, young black Labrador and she was duly excited to be amongst the crowd of runners. MessengerBoy had let her off the lead and she was running ahead of him, brushing past Hashers' legs. "Willow!" He'd call, quite a number of times. "Come back. Stay by me." I believe Willow suffers from the same affliction as many email readers. If you include two or more points they completely ignore everything but the first. So it was with her. She'd come bounding back (past the line of Hashers), all eager to do her master's bidding, then bound back off again with no thought for health and safety. Which is why FalseTart and I found Shifty on his back on the grass, having been bundled over by canine exuberance. MessengerBoy put Willow on her lead.



The Pack spreads out...

It obviously wasn't to be Shifty's day in the dog department for he then trod in a pile of rather sticky pooch poo. His efforts to scrape off the offending doggy detritus while running were a joy to watch. Thank you for supplying the day's comic diversion Shifty. 🐾

The sun shone much more warmly than we all thought it was going to and we embarked on the first of many long runs through the beautiful green countryside. The picture to the left shows how strung out (in many ways) the Pack was. I stood aside to let C5 wheeze past. "I wouldn't want to hold you up." I gasped. "You might have to by the end of this." He replied.

Our Hares had obviously figured out that we would spread out and had kindly laid a Bar-4 to slow up the FRBs and try to get the Pack back together. This worked fairly well. We worked our way uphill next to a

huge field of parsley. Never seen this stuff grown in such a large area before. I was with our allotment queen, SkinnyDipper, who advised me, in her expert manner, that the best way to successfully grow parsley was to “p*ss on it.” Bit of a surprise to me but then roses like horsesh*t don’t they? We agree that the farmer must have been a very, um, busy person to have grown such a massive crop and was probably a completely dry husk by now.

The first Regroup appeared and Shifty decided to check it out entirely the opposite way to the correct route. He has form on this, having done it many times before. But, fair play, at least he checks. We finally came to a proper Check – it had seemed like ages since we’d seen one, as I mentioned to MessengerBoy while we trotted across a pleasant cricket field. The hard-working Hare seemed to be pondering the thought, “If I let Willow off her lead, I wonder if she’d bite Hashgate on the bum.”

We fetched up at the second of the two Regroups not very long after, next to a newly built pond surrounded by newly built houses. MessengerBoy and Twanky advised us that there was a Long and a Medium Trail from here. As NappyRash edged towards the direction of the Long, his wife WaveRider gave him a look that would have made even Tom Cruise cringe. He’s had a very bad cold recently (no, not Tom Cruise you imbecile!) and running long distances is not the very best thing to do at present. So it was that he joined many of us on the Medium Trail, which began with a most enjoyable downhill cruise. Wetwipe told me all about his upcoming ½ marathon race at which he’d challenged Hashtray, telling him he’d beat him. It’s a bit of tortoise and hare since Hashtray has the speed and Wetwipe the stamina. Could be a fascinating competition.

We turned out of woodland to suddenly see a field full of what the slightly anxious FalseTart described as “horned cattle!” and “huge beasts!” She’s known for her fear of livestock as anyone who saw her sprinting up a Dartmoor hill, followed by a friendly brown cow, a few years back on the Hash holiday can testify. The beeves jostled together and ran about excitedly as we ran next to the barbed wire fence that held them in their pasture. I suggested to FalseTart that she might like to stand near the milling crowd of stamping hooves and tossing horns so I could take a photograph for the Gobsheet but she declined my offer with a raised eyebrow glance that said, “Not bloody likely matey!” Fair enough. We cantered on through the green and pleasant land by a quiet, meandering stream. Shifty, again, decided to go the wrong way from an almost rubbed out Check before joining the rest of us on a bit of an enjoyable country loop. NappyRash led us across a False that took us towards the actual Trail that was following the course of that stream but then shot up a dirty great, lung-challenging, grassy hill. But when we reached the top the below sight greeted us, making the effort very worthwhile. St Peter’s church, Brimpton. Beautiful, peaceful and only a couple of hundred yards from the On Inn. Hallelujah!



The well-appointed village hall had a large, sunlit patio behind it and most people sat there, enjoying the warmth, the Mr Henry beer provided and chatting after this rather excellent Trail laid by Twanky and MessengerBoy. Our thanks to them for a job well done.

Twanky mentioned to me at the first regroup that this was, in a way, an appropriate Hash for this time. It was 7 miles at its longest, which equated to 1 mile for every decade of the Queen's reign and the medium Trail length was 5.2 miles, '52 being the year she acceded to the throne as Queen Elizabeth II. A nice touch. Rest in peace Your Majesty.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Hashgate	Blocking everyone else in when parking. Oops!
Dumber	Shutting his keys in his car. Doh!
Lungs	Trying to force her way into the obviously locked door of the hall.
DeepLunge	Short-cutting! Naughty! She and Lungs linked arms to complete a very stylish Down.
Shifty	HashCrashing and severe dog abuse.
BlowJob	Joined Shifty for tripping over a cow pat.
BGB	Resting on a bench at the Regroup, poor old fellow.
SlackBladder	Failing dismally to scale the bank of a stream. Another poor old fellow.
Amy	Her and husband Wetwipe's two children were invited to participate but the thought of standing up in front of a crowd of largely old fogeys was just too much for them. Mother Amy classily showed them how it was done.
MessengerBoy Twanky (with Willow in attendance)	Our Hares.

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>
2306	02Oct22	The Cottage Inn 26 Broad Lane, Upper Bucklebury, RG7 6QJ What3words:trump.tokens.streak	Dunny Rampant
2307	09Oct22	Loddon Brewery Dunsden Green Farmhouse Church Lane, Dunsden, Reading RG4 9QD What3words: going.goal.limes Park in the Phillimore Farm yard next door to the brewery.	PrettyInPink Sleazy

