

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2354 04Sep23
Hash Location:	Village Club, Nettlebed
Hares:	Pyro, Spot

Dog Lovers

NappyRash Donut Hashgate Valhalla Ms Whiplash BGB Gannet TinOpener lilo and dog Minx Skinnydipper and dog Fivos MessengerBoy and dog Willow Plod SpecialBranch Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dumb Dumber Foghorn Motox WetWipe Posh Bomber Cuddles SexSlave LemonySnicket Wimpey Mark Foxy SweetPee Agatha Florence Zebedee Iceman Twanky C5 Legova Pimp Kathy Gnasher CanalBobb Lonely Jonathan FlashBangWallop Sleazy HappyFeet

The Whisper Hash

Co-Hare Spot wandered over to us while we loitered in the car park. "So when I went to wash my hands in the loo." He began. "I was pressing the top of the tap for a while before I noticed it was one that you twist!" Cue broad smiles from us. "Not only that." He continued, "but I held out my hands to dry them under the dryer before realising it was a pull-down towel!" Our smiles became pursed lips as we realised that here was one of the people who had laid the Trail. At least, we thought, it's going to be a fairly short one tonight because of the earlier night time now we're in September.



*Hellenikos Ichnilatis. Not Skinny's though.
My fault for not taking a photo.*

SkinnyDipper arrived, holding yet another friendly dog on a lead. This week it was Fivos, who is an Hellenic Hound or Harehound. Sleekly black in colour he had a brown eyebrow above each eye which, when he looked upwards, reminded us of Roger Moore.

This week's Circle was introduced by Iceman, standing in for Rampant. Dumber stood, listening intently while wearing the 'David' apron which now sports nipple tassles. It was an interesting look. Our Hares told us (almost accurately) that the running Trail would be just over 4 miles and the walking just over 3. Pyro also asked us to ensure that we stopped at the Regroup because there was to be a special ceremony. Heads were scratched. Wonder what it could be? We On Outed through the alley to the back of the village hall in possibly the most leisurely

fashion BH³ has ever started a Hash.

Now Pyro had laid a Trail from this location in late June and had been worried that it might be too soon to lay another from here. Absolutely no need to worry, Pyro. A) No-one should ever complain to a Hare who volunteers their time and effort to lay a Trail for us. B) The Nettlebed area is beautiful and perfect for Hashing. C) Most Hashers don't even remember what they were doing yesterday let alone a couple of months ago.

We ambled along the alley and lumbered into a lane, where we noticed a discarded, chunky, metal pogo stick. Amazing what you see on the Hash sometimes. There was no-one around and the thing just lay by a tree, apparently spent; the way we usually feel after running a Trail.

We entered the first of the rather pleasant, forested areas and were off on one of the lengthy, fairly straight tracks that were to be a feature of this Trail. Yes, we went along some of the route we had done last time and no, we really didn't mind. It was quiet (apart from the surprisingly rare) shouts of "On On". And some of the views were superb. I draw your attention to the photo below.



We were pleased that there was a Check just here so we could stop and look. Sometimes that's a very good thing to do. We did. And felt better for it.

Another lengthy track and I found myself running with MessengerBoy and Willow (aka The Dark Destroyer). It was a nice canter but we lost flour. Having noticed Hare Spot and some other Hashers milling around in the forest, we wandered over. There was a Check and Spot was just about to lay a flour arrow to indicate the way when Pyro galloped up uttering a "Nnnnooooo!" and marking a different direction. Poor Spot. At least she didn't barrel into him and duff him up for getting it wrong. 😊

Nigh on 10 Yards from here was the Regroup and we were a tad surprised to see three non-Hashers waiting for us. They were Pyro's nephew Nick and neighbours Rebecca and Adrian. This, we figured, would be the ceremony Pyro had mentioned. It was. She asked us to form a circle and told us that she would like to commemorate the life of her lovely dog, Whisper, who had died on July 13th. Whisper was 15½ years old and we found out later that she had been Hashing for 14 of them. Pyro had a canister containing Whisper's ashes and asked us all if we would like a handful to spread around here, one of her favourite areas, after she had read out a poem. Hands came out of course – we all loved Whisper – and Pyro read her poem. Here it is:-

A Poem For Hash Dog Whisper

Whisper was here
Whisper was there
Whisper went Hashing most everywhere.

Under our feet
Tripping us up
Eating the flour; the naughty pup.

Now she's gone On-Out
To run in the sky
On-Out and On-Up
Woof-woof and goodbye!



Whisper.

It was a nice farewell to Whisper and we spread her ashes around the grass before starting off to go through what turned out to be Pyro's back garden. Whisper played one final trick on us. HappyFeet turned to me with a grimace. "I've trodden in a load of dog poo." She wailed, attempting vainly to scrape it off against grassy tussocks. You could almost hear ghostly Mutley-like sniggering. Not such HappyFeet then. 😊

We thrashed on through roads, fields and into more forest until we reached a Check which foxed us all. We stood about or investigated possibilities. Mr Blobby, standing by the Check because he was taking it easy due to a painful wrist problem, suddenly looked askance at his hand. "Oh bugger!" He said. "I must have left my head torch at Pyro's." I'd noticed earlier that he'd had its elastic band wrapped round his wrist (the good one). "Um." Said Lonely, who was standing next to him. "It's hanging round your neck..." This kind of thing happens to the best of you (not me, obviously!). I thought I'd try to ease Mr Blobby's embarrassment and advised him, "You probably didn't notice it around your neck because it's light." Well, I thought it was quite witty but he gave me the old fish-eye and told me that if I reported the incident in the Gobsheet Satan and all his Demons couldn't even conceive of the punishment he'd be handing out to me. So if you don't see me for a couple of weeks that'll be why. I may have very slightly over-egged the above descriptive pudding. 😊

There were many more forests and fields to enjoy and I found myself just in front of Posh and HappyFeet. The latter explained to Posh why she had been late and had to catch up and I only just stopped myself from falling into a bush because I was laughing so much. She had been preparing and packing food, drink, cutlery and clothing to change into, ready for the AGM! At least she'll be well prepared in 3 weeks' time!

Below is one of the last fields we trekked through. This photo was sent in by Gannet and shows how dim the light was getting. Nonetheless, Zeb and the rest smile their way onward.



This was yet another fine Trail and we thank our Hares for organising it. Thanks also for inviting us to Whisper's commemoration.

**On On
Hashgate**

Down Downs

WWe were outside for the awards. RA Motox stood under the only light available (so he could read his own writing) to present the following.

Recipient	Reason
Hashgate, Donut	Pathetic really. We forgot to bring our running shoes. As agreed by those present Donut won by a country mile and gave me a damn good thrashing. 😊
Gannet, Posh, CanalBobb	Short-cutting at a variety of places.
Cuddles, Valhalla	Hash Crashing. Cuddles plunged earthwards just after stating, "It's not dark enough to need a torch."
WetWipe	Not only fell over twice but was abusive to various people.
Twanky	He exhibited worrying anxiety over holding a handful of Whisper's ashes.
Plod	Presented the 'David' apron by Dumber for laughing at him when he had stopped for a whizzer a couple of weeks ago.
Pyro, Spot	The evening's Hares.



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

Hash	Date	Location	Hares
2355	11Sep23	The Black Lion Greenmore, Woodcote, RG8 ORB What3words: lodge.searcher.contour	Dumb Dumber
2356	* Sunday * 17Sep23 11:00	The Sun Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill, RG8 7PU What3words: broadcast.skin.finishing	Plod SpecialBranch

Something Different – A Report From Bomber On His Sunday Morning Activity

Hi Hashgate,

Sorry for the length of this, I used writing it as an excuse to stay sitting down this afternoon.

As you noticed, I was unusually abstemious last night at the Caversham Rock & Ale Festival and reluctant to commit to any major boogying-on-down due to having to be up at 5am on Sunday morning for the Reading Triathlon.

So, just before dawn this morning, I gingerly climbed out of the four-poster and crept from the bed-chamber to find my athletic apparel that the footman had laid out for me last night.

A swift breakfast and then I cycled over to Kirton's Farm for the event. I was taking part in the "1983" event, which reproduced the same distances as the first ever triathlon held in the UK - at Kirton's Farm in 1983. 1 mile swim, 40 miles cycling and a 1/2 marathon. I have it on good (his own) authority that our good Mr Blobby took part in 1983. Several other competitors from 1983 took part this year, but Mr Blobby had decided that a trip away with Mrs B was a much better option (very wise as it turned out).

The '1983' event started at 6:45am swimming in the misty lake at Kirton's Farm, from there out on the bike for a tour of the countryside around Mortimer, Silchester and Stratfield Saye; passing familiar pubs such as the Turners Arms and the Red Lion before heading back up to Grazeley. The swim and the cycle went very well for me and I felt good going out for the run. The run was a proper bit of off-road around the lake, across a field to the canal and then up along the canal past the Cunning Man to a turn-round point on the towpath. We were supposed to do this twice to make up the 13.1 miles. However, on the way back from the turn-round point for the first time, we started to see competitors coming the other way shouting and swearing. A moment later it became apparent that we had disturbed a wasps nest and the little blighters had decided that attacking the expanses of flesh being exposed by the lycra-clad triathletes made an appropriate act of revenge. There then followed some rapid rejigging of the run route by the organisers which, unfortunately, was not communicated clearly to the marshals or the competitors; with the end result that many of us ended up running different distances. Fortunately, it was the mid-pack and tail-enders who were mainly affected and so the prizes could still be awarded. Some people ran over 14 miles, I ran about 12.5 and many behind me only ran about 11. At least one person was carted off to hospital after having an anaphylactic shock.

Still, I had a nice day out (as I didn't get stung) and ended up as 3rd over 50 in the '1983' race. Gnasher's son James was 6th overall in the 'Standard' event and 1st in the under 40 category and so did jolly well.

OnOn Bomber

Sounds like fun. Perhaps we should all enter next year..?

