

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2414
Hash Location:	The Red Lion, Peppard Common
Hares:	Dunny & Rampant

Hashers

Alice, BGB, Billy, Bomber, Canal Bobb, Chris, Cloggs, Cockup, Couch Potato, Crusty, Doggy Style, Dorothy, Dumb, Dumber, Floater, Flo, Foghorn, Foxy, Gannet, Gnasher, Iceman, Little Stiffy, Lonely, Lucy, Messenger Boy, Miss Whiplash, MotoX, Mr Blobby, Mrs Blobby, Nappy Rash, No Sole, Nutty, Penny Pitstop, Pimp, Plod, Posh, Potty, Pyro, Slackbladder, Slapper, Sonic, Special Branch, Spot, TC, Twanky, Valhalla, Waverider, Well Laid, Zeb.

The Hash

With our regular Hash scribe still enjoying The Quiet Life in Japan (another 80's synth-pop reference) and the allocated stand-in scribe being taken down by a bout of Euro lurgy, it fell to me to pick up the digital quill again and record today's Halloween Hash.

An even more motley than the normal crew assembled loosely around the top end of Peppard Common. Parking was the usual challenge, with our hares doing their best to move us on from the gravel track outside the pub and down the road. This resulted in some near blockage of the small lane (I'm looking at you BGB, Zeb & Flo) that, for some reason had become rather busy with the 4x4s of South Oxfordshire (presumably heading for the pub and the, now empty, parking area).



Random witches, skeletons and characters from horror movies emerged from their cars and tried to work out who was hiding behind masks and wigs. Gnasher's demon dentist made a menacing approach towards my toothy skull, but her pliers were no match for my rubber teeth. It took some time to work out that Pinhead was in fact Messenger Boy – he had cunningly come without the Dark Destroyer and his doglessness had most of the Hash fooled.



Doggy Style did bring her dog and together they sported simple, but brilliant matching outfits, although she did get lost inside her sheet later and the cry "where are my holes?" was heard emanating from her ghostly apparition – which richly justified a Down-Down.



Eventually we gathered-round after posing for yet more photos. Our hares explained that as it had p**ded down with rain while they were finishing off the trail on Saturday, they had re-laid some of it in the morning and (horror) they had used a circle with a cross to mark the regroup and the approximate location of Foxy's beaver.

Being sent on our way, Peppard Common was soon looking like something out of the Zombie Apocalypse as we spread out trying to find the trail. The hares cunningly kept us twisting around the Common before taking us down the slippery and leaf-covered steps at the top end of Sonning Common (too many bl**dy Commons!) and into the woods. Determined to demonstrate his knowledge of the area, Billy disappeared only to reappear about 10 minutes later patiently waiting by a gate for the pack to catch up. A quick look at Strava afterwards shows that pack took a circuitous route through the woods above Sonning Common – one can only surmise as to which route Billy took.

By this time the unseasonable sunshine had warmed up the over-dressed hashers; masks and wigs came off first, then Messenger Boy peeled off his blood-stained overalls. We emerged from the woods to the terrible sight of Floater skinning Foxy, who then carried her pelt slung over her shoulders like some hunting trophy. No sign of PETA, Bridget Bardot or the hunt saboteurs, so we think they got away with it.



Crossing the fields, we soon entered the Gallowstree Common woods (another flippin' Common). The Hash frequently get lost in these woods, and today was no different. Our hares valiantly kept the pack in some form of cohesion and eventually we reached the regroup by the bomb hole. As we approached, Gannet announced "ah, regroup round the bumhole" – or that's what it sounded like to me. A bit of hunting around the rim of said bumhole revealed Foxy's beaver, which Waverider grasped with glee.

Led back into the woods by a backwards walking Donald Trump (quite the most scary costume), the hares successfully lured Billy off in the opposite direction to the trail and we made the most of the peace and quiet for a few minutes until he caught up before we crossed back over the road and headed towards Sonning Common.



After the steep steps onto Blounts Court Road most of the pack (including one of the hares) missed the left turn through a hedge that headed back towards the pub. This, coincidentally, was about the last time that Zeb was seen until 3pm. Some backtracking got us all on trail again and after a particularly steep and mean, at this stage of the trail, hill; we staggered back across the main road to the pub. A final burst of speed avoided me being turned into a frog as I passed two of the Wyrd Sisters (possibly Granny Weatherwax & Nanny Ogg or, more likely Pyro & Valhalla).

The Red Lion in Peppard Common was refurbished a few years ago and is now run by various members of the Laithwaite family (Direct Wine wine merchants), who are big into their alcohol production and retailing (Wyfold Vineyard, Loose Cannon Brewery etc.). They have taken The Red Lion decidedly up-market; but, fortunately for us, have installed a large and warm tent in the back garden. Unfortunately for us they informed our hares just before the run that it was nearly fully booked for Sunday lunches. Fortunately for us, it was an unseasonably warm and sunny day – so we were more than happy in the garden. The up-market nature resulted in several strange idiosyncrasies for a pub – e.g. waitress service, the impossibility of serving orange juice and lemonade in pint glass without ice etc. But also, marvelous sausage rolls and brownies in magnificent hashing countryside, so I guess we'll forgive them.



On On Bomber (again!)

Down Downs

The kindly waitress brought out an overloaded tray of beers for the Down Downs and then, taking one look at the decidedly dodgy crowd circling up around her, legged it back into the relative safety of the pub. An uplifting (if I say so myself) rendition of "Just one small beer!" kicked off the drinking for the first batch of miscreants. The RA herself was then called out for animal abuse (skinning a Foxy), Dumb and



Messenger Boy were awarded stylish garments for their perseverance in turning up and finally the hares were rewarded for laying an excellent trail.

As the Down Downs came to a close, Flo reminded us that Zeb wasn't back – last seen somewhere in Sonning Common. A couple of search parties were quickly raised and Pyro spotted him steadily working his way towards Peppard Common. In true Zeb style he had been determined to finish the complete trail despite an extremely sore hip.



<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Gannet	Rummaging through the someone else's car boot.
Flo	Flashing her matching Halloween underwear.
Doggy Style	Coordinated human & canine outfits and exclaiming "where are my holes" in a moment of panic.
Couch Potato	Caught uncharacteristically uttering a profanity - "oh darn it" - when nearly losing an eye from an errant branch.
Plod	Going the long way the wrong way - as usual
Slapper	What is a witch without a witch's hat?
Foxy	More than one way to skin a fox
Dumb	200 runs
Messenger Boy	500 runs
Dunny & Rampant	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>
2415	3 rd Nov.	The Cottage Inn: 26 Broad Lane, Upper Bucklebury RG7 6QJ What3words: defender.dozen.pulps Please park in the Memorial Hall car park What3words: buzzards.wizard.papers	Plod & Special Branch
2416	10 th Nov.	The Royal Oak: Knowl Hill Common Reading RG10 9YE What3Words: wiggles.ticked.helpfully	Cloggs & Non-stick

And Finally – yet again. I'm taking advantage of being scribe.

More Hares Please!

If you can lay a trail in late December or next year – please contact me on:

bh3bomber@gmail.com

I am especially looking for hares for 15th, 22nd and 29th December

Thanks and OnOn

Bomber

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