



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

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Hash Number and Date: 2505 20Jul26

Location: The Maltsters Arms, Rotherfield Greys

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

MALTSTERS



Spot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Gannet Cuddles SexSlave Motox Foghorn SkinnyDipper Pyro and dog Bunjy TinOpener Lilo and dog Flora MessengerBoy and dog Willow AWOL Utopia Mrs Blobby Twanky Iceman NoSole Slapper Swallow SlowSucker Lonely Sonic FraBet Zebedee Florence Number2 LemonySnicket Wimpey

RAMPANT'S BIRTHDAY HASH

Now this first paragraph has nothing to do with Hashing but the topic popped into your reporter's head about 06:00 this Tuesday morning and, since I have a distinct and abiding interest in etymology, I thought I would include it. Recently, the language-learning app Babbel surveyed 1,500 members of the Poetry Society of America to attempt to find the most beautiful word in the English language. The 'winner' of this highly subjective quiz was 'diaphanous', meaning delicate, translucent. A lovely word, I'm sure you'll agree. But what would be your favourite? By 06:15 a plethora (that's a good word 😊) of words had cascaded into the shallow pool that passes as my mind, so here are a few: 'effulgent', meaning bright or expressing love and joy, 'sibilant'; which describes consonants at the start of words such as ship, zip, sip; 'verisimilitude', meaning having the appearance of truth or reality; finally 'sesquipedalianism', which describes the practice of using obscure or lengthy words in speech or writing. If you've been reading the Gobsheets for any length of time you'll be familiar with the last of these words. 😊 The word which finally I decided was my favourite (at the moment) is 'sussuration', meaning like a whisper. Quite onomatopoeic, pleasant to let slide around your mind and a word that slips from the lips... in a whisper. 🗨 However, I quite like 'opalescent' too.

Ok, I'll get on with the Hash report.

Hares Dunny and Rampant were already in the mostly empty car park when we arrived, having spent a fair bit of the day ensuring their Trail markings hadn't been munched by animals or kicked out by miscreants, both of which had happened. One Check had been carefully covered with leaves. Why? One asks. Our diligent Hares refreshed those bits that needed refreshing. Thanks both. Much appreciated.

Rampant had been talking to me about BMW cars that could be parked remotely, via an app, when Iceman drove into the car park. There was a wide space between two cars which he selected for backing into. And driving out of. And backing into. And driving... you get the picture. During this bungee parking technique he almost drove over Swallow and SlowSucker's car, much to the delight of we onlookers. Perhaps a remote parking app might be of benefit? I do wonder, given that Iceman, BH³'s webmaster, publishes the Gobsheets on our website, how much of the preceding text will remain in this report. 😊

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The evening weather was hot, the sky was clear and azure, everyone had arrived, The Hares had told us that there would be a Beaver Stop and we were going On Out from the car park. I was next to Wimpey when he asked, "How do you get into the pub?" while standing next to a big sign on the wall which stated, "Please use the front entrance." Duh.

Now this evening, after a day of carousing at the Marvellous festival, I had decided to walk. Quite why WaveRider and NappyRash, who had also been at Marvellous (on Saturday **and** Sunday) decided to run I do not know. However, the cadaverous, I-wish-I-hadn't-done-that look on NappyRash's face after he'd returned from the Trail told its own story. Think I made the correct choice. Particularly since this most beautiful area contains plenty of hills and valleys. The Pack slipped down the first of those valleys, then up the first of the hills. Here are some of the walking group, led by Pyro and Bunjy, with Gannet, Willow and MessengerBoy just behind. As you can see, the countryside, devoid of rain for many weeks, resembles the Serengeti during one of its parched spells. Dry grass bristles over the baked-solid earth and, if you look closely, you can just spot a herd of wildebeest sweeping majestically across the valley in the background. Or is that Mrs Blobby, Utopia and Twanky?



We could hear the runners by the time we reached the woodland entrance to the National Trust's Greys Court and Motox, Foghorn, SexSlave and I greeted the leading FRB, Slapper, as he negotiated the Check that lay there. His shout to the following runners may have given them cause for concern. "On On... I think." He called. We yomped off in the opposite direction, up another hill and across the front of that lovely old house. Here's a photo of the view. Beautiful. If



you haven't visited, I recommend you do. The fine house has stood in this place since the 14th century and was most recently owned by Sir Felix and Lady Elizabeth Brunner. National trust details are [here](#).

The Trail led ever upwards, round the rear of the Greys Court land. By a gate where a small group of grazing sheep were surprised by the arrival of we Hashers was the only spot of shiggy to be found during the entire Trail. It was so exciting to find that I took a photograph, which appears at the end of this pamphlet. Feast your eyes and

enjoy – you won't see much of this sort of thing for some time.

We crunched across a dry field of golden corn stalks before entering a forest where the sun's lengthening rays lit the trunks of the beech trees. And then we found the Beaver Stop. We were quite looking forward to Foxy's Beaver

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being found by members of the walking group and we split up to search for her. I believe the four of us covered every square inch of forest floor in the surrounding area and viewed every reachable branch. Could we find the Beaver? No, we blasted well couldn't. Highly frustrating. It fell to Spot, who arrived with the running group after we had left, to find our furry friend. Here's a photo of him with his prize and one of the runners Regroup.



We set off, Beaverless, and Motox and I stepped out on to a huge, harvested field that dipped away to the left of us and rolled upwards to where, to our delight, stood a stag. The majestic creature viewed us from afar, imperious in his gaze. We were duly awed... until he exhibited his comedy persona by bouncing away on all four legs at once, like a cartoon deer. 😄

Foghorn and SexSlave had gone ahead so I thought I'd catch them up, turning on the walking afterburner. This was when I noticed that both my running shoes had some sticky furze balls attached to the laces, which brought to mind the Greek soldiers like those you see to the left. I'd just like to point out that my walking style was not at all like their slow-motion Ministry of Silly Walks method and I was not wearing a dress. I'd also like to say that if I met one of these chaps I certainly wouldn't mention what I just wrote...



I had almost caught up with Foghorn and SexSlave as we sped downhill in a field where some fine Herefords grazed, unconcerned with our presence. I coughed as I came up behind the two and Foghorn nearly jumped out of his skin. He had mistaken my cough for the beginning of a "Mooo!" and thought he was about to be abused by one of the bulky beeves. Can't say I've ever been mis-identified as a large ruminant before so thank you Foghorn, for the experience.

One last, breathtaking, sweat-inducing hill and we were back in the field where we had started the Trail, a light on the pub providing a welcome.



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When everyone had returned, we set up in the pub garden and enjoyed three things: 1) some drinks that re-hydrated our dry bodies 2) sausage rolls, small sausages and two excellent cakes to celebrate Rampant's birthday 3) the sight of Sonic, AWOL and NoSole struggling to put up a parasol on their table. I was expecting that, at any moment, the thing would collapse around them like an octopus. Ah, if only. 🦑 Here's a picture of the Herculean struggle.



Many thanks to Hares Dunny and Rampant for a fine Trail through glorious countryside and birthday celebration grub. Excellent pub and welcoming landlord/landlady. A perfect Hash.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

SkinnyDipper kindly stepped in as RA since none of our three joint RAs was able to join us on the day. Thanks to her for doing so.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Rampant	Happy Birthday to him!
Number2	The evening's Hash Crasher. Quite some fall apparently.
Spot	Not only found Foxy's Beaver but almost became lost in a bush.
SlowSucker	'Watering' a bush.
Willow	MessengerBoy's dog received the 'David' apron from AWOL for a variety of reasons, one of which was that she was constantly asking(!?) to go home. Of course, MeseengerBoy had to drink the Down. NappyRash wondered how Willow would be able to award the apron to someone else next week. Good point.
Dunny, Rampant	The Hares.



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Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2506	27Jul26	Burghfield Village Hall C5's Big Birthday Hash Recreation Rd, Burghfield Common RG7 3EN What3Words: /// warns.late.powder StreetMap warns.late.powder Bring plate, cutlery, mug & drink.	C5 DryRot
2507	03Aug26	The Globe 148 Bartholomew St, Newbury RG14 5HB What3Words: /// bubble.opens.waving StreetMap bubble.opens.waving	AWOL



Actual shiggy, or the nearest we're going to get to it for a while.



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