

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2042 081Jan17

Venue: The Unicorn
Peppard

Hares: Lonely

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Fantastic Creatures...

Mother Theresa Lemming Donut Hashgate RandyMandy BlindPew C5 Motox Waverider NappyRash Caboose MessengerBoy SkinnyDipper WantedbyICC Motox Foghron Horny Mr Horny Mr Blobby Dunny Rampant HappyFeet DoorMatt Dawn Iceman OldFart Pyro and dog Whisper TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx NoSole Slapper Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Posh Bomber Whinge Spot Cloggs NonStick Florence Zebedee SlowSucker Sharon

... and Where to Find Them

An Apology: The Gobsheet lives up to its outstanding principles of honesty and accountability. It is proud to hold its hands up and exhibit a conciliatory posture when it has made a mistake. Early on during the Hash today your reporter/researcher/editor/proof reader/publisher was soundly rebuked by Florence for according Trail-laying credit at The Cottage Inn on December 18th to Spot, instead of her. We take full responsibility for this heinous calumny and are only too pleased to rescind it.

Shitfor and Lemming wore the same camouflage tops as we gathered next to the bus stop. I never knew we had identical twins in BH³... Lilo wandered towards the chattering group with her dog Minx. In with the group were Pyro and her dog Whisper. Minx decided that there was room for only one top dog on the Hash and that Something Should Be Done. She figured that this would involve biting a chunk out of Whisper. Cue two dog owners taking up a tug-o-war stance on the leads of their canine companions as they reared up towards each other. People used to pay good money for that sort of thing. Perhaps just as well no-one had brought chickens.



Lonely advised us at the Circle that, "The Trail is quite short. Only about four miles." Followed by, "There should be flour round here somewhere..." after we became lost early on. Both statements amounted to a farrago of twisted facts and obfuscation. Which rather sums up the Trail. During that early period, Lonely had to do a fair bit of on-the-fly Trail-laying, mainly because the earlier heavy rain had washed a lot of it away. Motox joined in with his own milk container full of flour as we slid and skidded down a very slippery, shiggy hill. Sadly, I saw no-one fall (though if you check the Down Downs you'll see that one did ☺)

Having reached the fairly well-known entrance to Kingwood Common there was really only one way to go. We plunged into the arboreal wetness of the forest. It could have been a tropical forest if it hadn't been quite so nippy. The paucity of soldier ants on the sticky, muddy ground and dearth of howler monkeys whooping high up in the leafless branches rather gave it away. This is quite a beautiful forest, with one drawback if you are running through it – it's rather linear. Goes on and on for miles. I was slopping along with Cloggs, Florence and OldFart, trying not to slip sideways and disappear into a bush. OldFart began to hallucinate, speculating that we know some Trails so well (like this one) that the Hares could programme a drone, loaded with flour, to lay it. I suggested that with Virtual Reality headsets we could actually save ourselves a lot of effort by Hashing virtually. No need to actually leave the sofa. All the enjoyment without the cold, shiggy and panting.

Even when we finally got to that old tyre that's been in the forest for over ten years (it was there when I used to run here with Shep many years ago) with the expected Check drawn upon it, we continued straight on. Bomber and Rampant were a tad miffed at this since they had turned off left and up the rather steep hill, only to find not very much at all.

We eventually fetched up at the entrance to Greyhorne Wood where we found a number of Short Cut Hashers and a lot of muddy puddles. Well, Lemming couldn't resist, could he? But did he see the two walkers and a dog who were consulting a map (not the dog)? No. He didn't. His eyeballs on his Hash prey Possibly DoorMatt), his mighty boot entered a puddle in a blur and the trio were engulfed in something of a mud tsunami. They were not amused. Fascinating to see the rest of BH³ withdrawing quietly as our very own Gollum approached them in a hand-wringing, oleaginous, submissive, creeping manner with many under-eyelid, sideways glances as he grovelled and apologised. Well worth a watch. Pity I hadn't brought my video camera.

It was just after this that I overheard Posh talking to NonStick about her delight in taking part in on-road mountain biking. "It's quite wonderful." She enthused. The bikes are all clean and they bring them to you at the start and take them away afterwards." "Bit like being at home with Bomber then?" I asked. "Absolutely." She replied, in her cut-glass accent. "I believe he lifts you on and off too... after polishing the bike and your SPDs, of course." I essayed. "Certainly." She smiled. "One must have one's little pleasures." I took that to mean that Bomber obtained his pleasure from serving under his mistress (not like that you naughty people!) I tugged my forelock, wrung my cap and sped onwards.



In yet another forest NonStick and I caught up with Ms Whiplash, Dawn and TinOpener, who kindly stood to one side as we splashed past (understandably). The splashing drew to a halt as we lost the Trail and we were very lucky then to have WaveRider and Whinge come and find it for us. Both were walking. He because he needs to and she because she had left her running shoes at home... Dur! Eventually, we staggered out on to the road that we could have taken (we had run along a square bracket) and met up with Ms Whiplash and other walkers before coming across The Unicorn once again.

Our thanks to Lonely for supplying us with a challenging, teasing Trail through this lovely area. Curious that, unlike most males, his interpretation of length is to reduce, rather than extend...

On On. **Hashgate.**

Thought For The Day

A bit of a change for the New Year. Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

Let your editor know what you think. ☺

And so it was, just as your chief reporter was seated in the pub and raising his pint to his lips, Lonely decided to pull off his shorts, resulting in an eyeful of skinny behind encased in white drawers. Redolent of exhibitionist tendencies? Or merely due to age-related reduction of interest in public disapproval? Probably the latter. It's an interesting truism that the older people get, the less worried they are by others' reactions to themselves. And it's well-known that age is directly proportionate to irascibility. Given that equation, most of the members of BH³ will soon be whipping their clothes off in public and insulting their fellow man. Hmmm. Don't we already do that...?

Down Downs

Foghorn had plenty of DownDowns to catch up on today since he had been unable to award them on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. We adjourned to his car wherein the open boot lay several bottles of grog. Much cheaper, he said, than buying it at the pub. ☺

Who Got It

Why

Lemming, Spot, Horny,
WaveRider

For: splashing non-Hashers with mud, for offering to give RandyMandy one because she likes it (a cider, that is), falling into the arms of Zebedee and forgetting her running shoes.

C5

Berating a non-BH³ Hasher on the Christmas Day Hash for not retiring, when he refuses to retire himself.

Lemming, Iceman,
Cloggs, Hashgate,

Happy Birthday to them all!

Foghorn, HappyFeet,
TinOpener
Motox, Lonely

The Hare on Christmas Day and Lonely for Haring today.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2044	22Jan17	SU755704	Seven Red Roses Maiden Place Lower Earley RG6 3HA	FlashBangWallop Randy Mandy & Blind Pugh
2045	29Jan17	SU699867	***** Joint run with Didcot H3***** The Nettlebed Village Club High Street Nettlebed RG9 5DD	Pyro