

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2151 10Feb19  
Venue: The Badgers Wood, Baughurst  
Hares: Slapper, RandyMandy

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Mudskippers



Spot Dumb Dumber Donut Hashgate NoSole Motox Iceman MissDirection StraddleVarious TailSpinner Foghorn Swallow Dunny Rampant Tequilova Spex LoudonTasteless Fukawe Hamlet Sharon BlindPew Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash HappyFeet DoorMatt CabinBuoy TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx C5 DrPooh Florence Zebedee NoWaiting Meg Rosemary Sheila Anna Tim TopDog HedleyHound and dog Sabi Lonely... and a number of other R2D2

Hashers – nice to welcome them.

## The Shiggy Trail

**C**rikey! It's been almost a month since the last Gobsheet. Our journalistic and editorial staff can only apologise on behalf of our chief reporter for going off and enjoying himself at weekends instead of applying himself to the task. Good of LoudonTasteless to say that he had missed reading the Gobsheets but then Motox had said previously that, "No one reads them." It would be interesting to know that people do. If you have any feedback, we'd love to hear from you.

Slapper and I repaired to the Gents to 'freshen up' and, while there, he pointed out that one of the windows (that looked in directly from the car park) was completely transparent! Luckily, we were facing in the opposite direction. ☺

In the light drizzle that dripped down on this cold, grey morning, RandyMandy swanned about in a huge Dryrobe (<https://dryrobe.com/> if you want to see what one looks like) that was doing what it said. You could have fitted at least another couple of people under it. With her transparent umbrella she looked like a chubby mushroom with a head.

At the Gather-Round, Mr Blobby (our stand-in GM today) advised us that it was National Umbrella Day – perfect for the kind of weather we were experiencing. He handed over to Slapper who educated us on the Baughurst Beds, a natural feature that ensures plenty of water retention. We were to find out about this on the Trail.

We On Outed to the first Check and the Hares (rather sensibly I thought) repaired to the nearby bus shelter to try and keep dry. If I'd known how much shiggy and water was to come I think I would have



As happy as a pig in ...

joined them, then stayed there with a newspaper and a hot soup until everyone came back. The Trail consisted of long, exceedingly slippery, shoe-sucking, shiggy tracks which went between paddocks, fields and through forest glades; but all with the one unifying feature: mud. At one point the narrow track between the trees became so waterlogged that we had to take a short detour around what Slapper described as 'a boating lake'. The occasional dead dog had floated, bloated, to the surface. Primordial slime provided the perfect host to new, flipped life forms. Bubbles of suppurating filth exploded on its surface. Yes, it was good to go around it and not be sucked under by creatures yet to be discovered.

Further on and yet more sliding to left and right with our feet and ankles now the same dirty brown colour as their surroundings. One of the R2D2 lads (sorry, name unknown) had managed to negotiate the slithery mess rather well... until he moved to a patch of grass on one side and promptly tripped over a small twig. Cue much hilarity.

How more people didn't slide over in this stuff I do not know. Keeping your feet was almost impossible and I took my hat off to Slapper and RandyMandy for going round the Trail twice.

Just after the minor Short cut we came across a pathetic sight. A female roe deer lay on its side in the wood, just beyond the gate through which we filed. The poor creature had evidently run on to something sharp and was mortally wounded (Slapper had come across the creature earlier, while laying the Trail). Tequilova, our resident vet, looked to see if there was anything she could do for it but there was nothing. Sadly, we had to leave her there. Hopefully, she didn't linger too long.

We splashed across a very wet field to the Regroup by a medium-sized digger and a pile of what looked like Jenga logs. I'm pleased to report that no-one tried teasing one out of the pile. TailSpinner had thought that, from a distance, it looked like the Bughurst Beer Mine. 😊 Slapper told us that we had a choice of running a mile-long loop that went up yonder forested hill, or, more sensibly, we could continue on the Medium Trail and get back in the warm. Everyone but Lonely and Zebedee took the sensible route. As Zebedee's other half, Florence, told me, his knee is knackered enough without putting it through additional strain. Ah, but the challenge is there, you see. Blokes eh!



Just after Slapper rubbed out a False over which we were running (!! ) Dipstick turned up. Lord knows where he had been. We all slapped and slopped onwards through the shiggy, now fairly desperate to get back, dry, warm and beered. We passed over a little stream where our Hares had written in flour 'Shoe Wash'. Nice idea, but just beyond it was a steepish hill covered in sticky mud. I saw only DrPooh stopping for a de-shiggying.

Fortunately, it was just a short step to the welcome sight of The Badgers Wood and Donut and I gratefully slopped into the car park where there were not only half-dressed Hashers but also a couple of large horses, presumably stopping for a quick pint and a packet of crisps before cantering off again.

This was a fine Trail in perfect countryside that adhered (in more ways than one) to the Hash requirement of much sticky shiggy. Our thanks to the Hares.

In addition, thanks to the Hares and to NoSole for organising Hash Chips with shredded cheese and baguettes filled with Camembert and tomato relish. The two types of food celebrated English and French styles prior to a rather good Six Nations rugby international. We scrummed down and tackled the nosh with gusto – it was perfect after the damp Hash. Thanks all!

On On. **Hashgate.**

## BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Blog

I'm sure Lilo won't mind me repeating this most amusing story.

Lilo told us this in the pub. She and TinOpener had been on safari recently and their guide had asked the group which side of a zebra has the most stripes. Lilo diligently binocularized many a zebra during the day and, despite counting as many stripes as she could, she couldn't figure out the answer. At the end of the day she went up to the guide, told him how hard she had tried to find out and asked him, "So which side of a zebra does have the most stripes?" The smiling answer came back, "The outside."

Love it and thanks for sharing, Lilo. 😊

## Down Downs

Resident RA Motox obtained dispensation from the friendly landlord to perform the Down Downs inside the pub – thank you friendly landlord.

### Who Got It

LoudonTasteless

Lonely

### Why

Entering the pub postcode into his satnav and going entirely wrong. He blamed it on an incorrect entry in the Run Sheet. How dare he!

While running to catch up with the Pack he said he could see a couple of 'wimmin' a fair way in front of him, saying it was the shape which gave it away. Asking for trouble, Lonely, in this day and pc age.

HedleyHound,  
Penny Pitstop

Today's Hash Crashers... apart from our friend mentioned above.

Dumber  
NoWaiting  
Iceman

For saying the Trail was a bit short and he wanted to go round again.

Calling the Pack 'On' the wrong way. Very naughty.

... was awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by Lilo for not only splashing her with mud but caring not a jot. What a fearful boundah!

MisDirection

She was the only person in the Circle with an umbrella when Mr Blobby announced it was National Umbrella Day.

Slapper, RandyMandy

Today's valiant Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2153	24Feb19	<a href="#">SU700781</a>	The new Inn Kidmore End RG4 9AU	Dipstick
2154	03Mar19	<a href="#">SU680580</a>	The White Hart Sherfield on Loddon RG27 0BT	