

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2267 09Jan22
Hash Location:	The Fox and Hounds, Tilehurst
Hares:	Pimp, CouchPotato and flour carrier Montsy

## Mud Skippers

Dumb Dumber Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Ms Whiplash Motox Caboose WaveRider NappyRash RandyMandy BlindPew Gnasher CanalBob Grace Paul (now Gannet – see Down Downs) TinOpener Lilo and Minx SkinnyDipper Spex LoudonTasteless Posh Bomber Andy AWOL Crusty BGB Slips Snowy Sweetpea Agatha Freya Max and dog Monty Cloggs NonStick Florence Zebedee Horny Helmet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby FalseTart Shifty Iceman Kerry Karen Andrea Paula MessengerBoy Twanky WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice Pissn'Chips BlowHard Slapper NoSole

## Pimp, my Hash

Before we get into the Trail, let me introduce you to the new format Gobsheet. I figured it was about time we moved away from the minimalist, strident colour approach to a more nuanced, easy-on-the-eye style. I hope you like it and welcome any (constructive!) comments.



*Pimp - in his pomp.*

This was Pimp's first effort at being a Hare so let's all thank him for taking on the rôle enthusiastically and providing us with a superb Trail (ably assisted by CouchPotato and flour-carrier Montsy). Always good to see a new Hare – it's enjoyable for them and adds to BH's Hare pool.

The morning was a mixture of bright sunlight and sharp coldness as we arrived in the small car park. Ms Whiplash kindly acted as drayperson by moving an empty beer keg to enable Lilo and TinOpener to park in the last space next to a wall. She did it very well - she's obviously shifted a few pints before... As the group of slightly shivering Hashers gathered, Max's dog Monty and Lilo's dog Minx whined with excitement which turned into a barking and snarling contest before their respective owners told them not to be so daft and shut up! Ah, would that Hashers could be curbed so efficiently when chatting during the Circle. 😊

Before we On Outed RA Motox awarded Florence a warming glass of port because she had previously moaned about not getting one at the New Year Hash. To applause, she necked it with aplomb and shimmered out of the car park as we got on our way. There was some severe creaking as several of our older members' knees complained about the early thrash along tarmac to the first of the country tracks that were liberally coated with viscous and slippery shiggy. Wonderful stuff which contributed to a number of Hash Crashes during the Trail. You can see the details in the Down Downs section.

We initially slid our way generally downhill through woodland. Gnasher, Max and Freya slithered along in front of me just as Mr Blobby slipped past like a speedy ghost, wishing me a "Happy New Year" on the way. The first of the Regroups appeared quite quickly. A good idea, to ensure anyone having problems with the slippery terrain could catch up. It was nice to stand around in the sunshine, steaming slightly in the cold air and have a chat. Co-Hare CouchPotato advised us that there was a "Super Short" for anyone who wanted it (no-one did). Otherwise, "Crack on." We cracked on. Towards the footbridge

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)



over the never-ending stream of M4 traffic. We spiralled up its ramp then started spiralling down the other side. Looking back, I saw NappyRash, Donut and SkinnyDipper halfway up and we exchanged waves. Happy and smiling, little did we know of the lengthy skid round a muddy loop that awaited us. It seemed to take forever, slipping and sliding, to get to the next bridge across the M4. Nice in the sun but pretty hard work.

Coming down from the bridge we found ourselves in a wildlife reserve. All the wildlife were sensibly curled up underground in the warm, wondering why humans dressed in daft clothing were thundering along overhead. Through the middle of a field ran a long stretch of standing water. Hmm. How were we going to go through that without getting freezing, wet feet? Our kind Hares had found a narrow, if squelchy, strip that went across it and we gratefully took it. Just



*Donut, Twanky, Cloggs, SkinnyDipper and Posh ponder their next move while Andy returns from a False.*

across this field stood CouchPotato, keeping an eye on stragglers and damp-footed bog-trotters. He helpfully suggested a short cut that left out a sizeable loop where the FRBs had gone. Very useful. It enabled me to stand in the middle of the sunny valley and watch as WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice appeared, leading the front group that consisted of Mr Blobby, Rampant and Bomber. We trotted breathlessly up the hill to the gravel road, where Dumber pantingly informed me that he'd put on a Stone over Christmas, done no exercise and was paying for it. 😊

CouchPotato had also mentioned that a right turn towards the folly would be A Good Idea (wink,wink) while everyone else went left for another loop. Now this worked fine until I got it into my head that, if I took a left turn up the steep, grassy hill towards the forest, I could follow its edge and save myself some of the gravel track running. Almost at the top I turned to take in the magnificent, sunny view across the valley. Beautiful! I quaffed of its beauty and turned back to continue. Doh! There was a Check with a floury arrow pointing back down the hill. And it had all been going so well! Trouble was, when I finally hit the gravel track again I found myself behind Donut, SkinnyDipper and NappyRash. I finally caught up with them and started chatting with NappyRash. No sooner than we had begun talking than Donut and Skinny, as NappyRash said at the time, “dumped us” and b\*ggered off at a rate of knots. We were left covered in the shiggy storm kicked up by their flying feet. I'm sure I saw a Harvey Smith aimed in our direction as they rounded the next corner.

From here it was (literally) an uphill slog. Past the folly and up into the woods. At least we saw Spex in the distance and LoudonTasteless came up behind us. We were very grateful to pop out on to tarmac again and haul our mud-splattered carcasses past Grace and Montsy (lounging in the sun by a front garden wall) over to our cars.

Excellent, clear Trail marking by our virgin and experienced Hare and very fine flour-carrying by Montsy. We look forward to your next Hash, Pimp. Thanks Hares.

## On On Hashgate

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## Down Downs

While waiting for the Down Downs a card was passed round for us to write in our best wished to C5 who is recovering from a hip operation. Horny obviously didn't listen to instructions since she signed it on her and Helmet's behalf with a cheery 'Happy Birthday!'. Duh.

After a lengthy dramatic pause, RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Florence	Complaining that her port was ok but she should have had a mince pie with it.
FalseTart	Awarded by HashCash SkinnyDipper. FalseTart had been remarkably slow providing details in order to get paid for the money she had spent on our Christmas lunch and had got her maths wrong. "Here's to Dim Sum" said the witty Skinny. 😊
HashCrashers	Horny, Lilo, BGB, Motox. Lilo blamed it on her dog, Minx and BGB reckoned he had saved himself any injury by going into a parachutist's roll (yeah, right). Horny managed to throw some of her beer over the RA (naughty) but he got her back with a glass of water!
Freya	Today's Virgin. Our Virgin is a Vegan so there was a bit of scrabbling about for a glass of water.
Hashgate	My birthday. Cheers everyone!
Caboose	Presented his 400 Hashes badge by President BGB.
Paul	Named Gannet following his eagerness to munch biscuits and get to the pizza slices at the Christmas lunch. The poor lad was well showered with flour by Motox and beer by Ms Whiplash. Well done Gannet! Picture below.
Snowy	Presented the 'David' apron by Mrs Blobby for actually choosing the correct route for the Walkers.
Pimp, CouchPotato, Montsy	Today's excellent Hares.



## Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2270	23Jan22	Coach & Horses The Street, Rotherwick RG27 9BG What3words: <a href="#">retrieves.invite.clinking</a>	SlowSucker Swallow
2271	30Jan22	The Three Horseshoes 90 Reading Rd, Henley-on-Thames RG9 What3words: <a href="#">belt.surcharge.sizzled</a>	Bomber Posh



*Gannet is named!*