

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2269 16Jan22
Hash Location:	Loddon Brewery, Dunsden Green
Hares:	Hashgate, Donut, TC, WaveRider, Nappyrash

Mudlarks

Motox Iceman Dumb Dumber Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dunny Rampant Desperate Shitfer BillyBullshit Cerberus and dog Chillie Messenger Boy Gnasher CanalBob Crusty BGB PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Peter Cheryl and dog Flossie Spot Spex LoudonTasteless Aqua JJ Montsy Gannet Swallow SlowSucker SkinnyDipper Sam Posh Bomber Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Florence Zebedee AWOL Lonely FalseTart Shifty BlowJob Pyro and dog Whisper Pyro's sister (sorry, didn't get your name) Caboose Horny Helmet Slapper Trout Cloggs NonStick Pissn'Chips BlowHarder Hamlet Doormatt WhoTheF*ucksAlice Dorothy Lucy Jack Jamie Sean



Here we all are (68 Hashers by MessengerBoy's count!) in two photographs taken by Luke, one of the friendly Loddon Brewery people, which I've combined. Due to the slightly different focus between the two, you may notice that Zebedee appears to have three legs. Useful for keeping him upright in the shiggly!

Organised - A P*ss-Up in a Brewery!

What a turnout! The combination of a brewery and delicious hot food obviously proved highly compelling for the boozers and gourmets among the members of BH³. I mentioned euphorically to co-Hare NappyRash after the Trail that this must be Hash of the Year. "Yes." He replied. "But it's only early January." Fair point.

TC, WaveRider, Donut, NappyRash and I laid the Trail on the misty, damp, grey and freezing cold Saturday afternoon. I'd made the mistake of thinking we were going to jog/walk it so wore just two layers on the top and a pair of slinky (steady, ladies!) shorts. Mistake! Since WaveRider and NappyRash had taken part in the Woodley Parkrun in the morning they were not expecting to run in the afternoon and were dressed like Artic explorers - sealskin over sheepskin knee muffs, alpaca mittens, duck down nasal protectors. TC and Donut were similarly attired. By the time we had finished, splashed with mud and shivering (well I was) the other Hares had to carry my stiff, blue carcass into the taproom bar to warm up with a cold pint of Hullabaloo.



It was a fairly similar weather start on Sunday. Before the Hash, while NappyRash freshened some of the flour marks in the shiggy jungle of Clay Copse, Donut and I hurtled around roads in her car, retouching others and placing two of the garters in the Garter Challenge (WaveRider placed the third). I should explain what this challenge was. Originally, the idea was that we would hang up three rubber chickens somewhere on the Trail: one for the Walkers to find, one for the Long Trailers and one for the general runners. Those who produced the chickens at the end of the Trail would be presented with a stunning and unique prize, the like of which had never been seen before except possibly in (overstatement alert!) the luscious environs of The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. In the event, the cheapest rubber chicken available for delivery or direct purchase was £9! Jeepers! Thus, we opted for a different approach and bought fluorescent green garters. Finders would have to wear them. Read on for details of the winners.

The farm manager at Phillimore Estate had kindly agreed to allow us to use their extensive yard (next to the brewery) to park our cars and had given me the code to open the long metal gate that slides open. Once open, if one stands in front of the sensor, it stays open. However, it does take some time to slide all the way back.

One of the first to approach it was Iceman. Smiling at him I entered the code. The gate began to slide... very slowly. Time seemed to stand still. Hashers moved about with sloth-like speed,



The gate in warmer times with a sleeping tractor driver waiting for it to open.

the sound of their voices stretching out. Red kites in the sky barely moved. A droplet of water fell in slow-motion from a nearby tree. The gate rumbled halfway open. I had time to ponder quantum theory, work out how black holes form, mentally rewrite War and Peace... Click! The gate finally eased to a stop, fully open. The sheer boredom involved in watching this lengthy process may well be why Iceman had stalled his car and apparently was all for abandoning it at the yard entrance. 😊

Our group massed for the Circle and, after a (thankfully) brief introduction by our venerable GM, Rampant, we Hares explained the Garter Challenge and mentioned that there might be just a spot or two of shiggy on the Trail before leading everyone to the brewery yard for the above photograph.

WaveRider led the Walkers off on their Trail. We had laid a sneaky On Out loop that went away from the brewery in the opposite direction to where they would eventually go. Donut followed them in order to lay the On Inn at the end of a mud-filled lane that was a False Trail on the way out. Complicated eh? I also laid an 'F' at the start of the loop so that latecomers (DoorMatt for example) wouldn't get too far behind the Pack. Speaking of the Pack, for some reason they were unable to find the clearly blobbed Trail that came through Dunsden Green orchard and back to the brewery. They all blundered about for quite some time until Iceman (I believe) found it. By this time NappyRash and I were all the way up the unmade road that led in the opposite direction. I had been hanging about by the Check at the end of it for what seemed like the time it would take for the above-mentioned gate to open before SlowSucker, Rampant and Spot hove into view, followed closely by Mr Blobby, JJ and the rest. We used a couple of Checks and Bar Checks to keep the pack together until the Regroup in the slippery environs of Blackhouse Wood. As soon as Motox and Zebedee had caught up we On Outed, Spot telling me with some irony that, "I don't think we have enough people to check it out."

And just after this Iceman went ar*e over t*t in the mud, resulting in a huge round of applause and a tsunami of shiggy. Given the biblical amount of deep, viscous sludge along nearly all of this Trail it was surprising that Iceman was the only one caught out by it. However, we must thank him for his comedic contribution to everyone's general enjoyment. Mind you, there was one who didn't seem to be too happy with things. Poor SlowSucker seemed to have slipped off his happiness raincoat to reveal the red flannel undercrackers of discontent. He really wasn't pleased that we were wiggling about in the woods and were Not Running Enough. Perhaps he was over-anxious about whether he would find the Long Trail garter (Bomber got it 😊). Whatever it was, he really wasn't happy.



SlowSucker struggles to hide his ecstatic enjoyment of the Trail while Dumber keeps a safe distance away.

Spot kindly found my Bar Check - carefully placed up a narrow path astosh with mud while the rest found either the Falses in the forest edge or sopped up the gloopy track towards the large recreation field that borders Clayfield Copse. Slapper had previously advised me that he wanted to 'keep moving' so I made sure (as he caught up with the Pack) that he went all the way around the field instead of short-cutting across the top. Always like to accede to customer requests. 😊 Almost everyone else did the correct route too, although Donut did have to call back a large number who tried to exit the field at one corner where no flour had been laid! You sometimes have to wonder at that sheep mentality.

From here it all went, how shall I put it, ah yes, tits up. As we tracked through some woodland next to Caversham Park Road a group of FRB's completely ignored the large 'F' that NappyRash had laid to stop them going across the neck of a loop that provided an interesting (well I thought it was) and brief urban wander into and back out of shiggy-free Caversham Park Village. See my note above regarding ovine mindset. That group duly b*ggged off, hotly pursued by Donut and I didn't see them again. I stood next to a tree at the edge of the woodland and winked and nodded to Cloggs. I was trying to help her to get the exceptionally luminous green garter that was hanging from a twig next to my head. She wasn't getting it. "Can you see anything?" I essayed, swivelling my eyes towards the garment. "I can see you." She replied, densely. With that, Gnasher sashayed up and plucked the item from the tree. "Oh no!" Wailed Cloggs. As the Americans have it, 'You snooze. You lose.' Gnasher placed the garter on her head. Bit of a surprise but why not? Meanwhile, on the Walkers' Trail Cheryl bravely snatched a garter from the eye of a dragon. Perhaps I'd better explain that. On the recreation ground stands a fine dragon, carved from a fallen tree. While laying the Walkers' Trail, WaveRider had figured she'd put the garter in its eye and see if anyone found it.

After the CPV loop we sloshed back into the forest and I followed Dorothy, Lucy and Jack. The latter was rather pussy-footing around the deeper patches of shiggy so I gave him a bit of light-hearted verbal stick. However, it turned out he wasn't afraid of getting dirty - his running shoes were fairly flat on the bottom and he didn't fancy 'doing an Iceman'. Wise chap.

We eventually reached the magnificent Dunsden Church and I pointed out the **very** Short Cut back to the brewery along the Walkers' Trail to SkinnyDipper and Dunny, just in case they fancied it. Certainly not! We all staggered up a little hill road and headed towards the Short and Long Trail split. Having got there I found Dorothy, Lucy and Jack debating whether to take the Long or not. The Long led across a... well, it was more of a bog or fen than a field. I decided to help them make up their minds and addressed Lucy and Jack in particular. "You're young and fit and I'll have run across this twice in two days. Now get on with it!" That did the trick and they splashed onwards, into the shoe-sucking, glutinous morass. Lovely! SkinnyDipper and I followed.

Bomber and co had already been along this part of the Trail and he had checked out the False we had laid in an exceptionally narrow, ivy-festooned alley off the road where Donut and I live. This was where he found the

Long Trail garter and he placed it around his upper leg with a worrying display of achievement and pride, wearing it for the last part of the Trail.

And the last part of the Trail we had saved as the best part. Well, we thought so. This is a notorious (in winter) narrow track named Tagg Lane that leads back down towards the brewery and the 'On Inn' Donut had laid earlier. Water tends to run down it and horses' hooves stir up the resulting mud and biscuits into a calf-deep quagmire. It's impossible to run down. Each slurping footstep is an effort to heave your shiggy-heavy running shoe out of the clinging mess. Still, everyone managed it without slipping over or losing a shoe and Donut and I (having met up again) brought up the rear, enjoying our passage down mire alley for the second time in two days. 😊

Here are pictures of the Garter Challenge winners. Well done, all!



Cheryl sports her garter.



Gnasher's garter-wearing innovation.



Bomber – hmm. Not doing it for me..

Afterwards, at Loddon Brewery

We were very lucky that the sun had come out so we could sit in its warmth at tables outside the covered taproom area. Although the brewery had kindly reserved inside spaces for 35 or so people there were, of course, many more of us. Fat Tabby Catering did a roaring trade in freshly baked flatbreads, containing delicious fillings. Perfect for an après Hash restorative meal. People chatted and smiled and caught up with returnees Desperate, Shitfer, Cerberus, BillyBullshit, Cheryl and Peter. Tasty beer flowed from the bar. The excellent farm shop sold great products. It was a really relaxing and pleasant place to be.

Donut and I thank all of you who were there and hope you enjoyed it as much as we did. Thanks also to our co-Hares TC, WaveRider and NappyRash.

**On On
Hashgate**

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Down Downs

RA Motox finally sorted out his list of recipients and got to the head of the queue at the bar. I awarded the incredible Garter Challenge prizes to the winners. Then Motox got on with the Down Downs.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Mrs Blobby	Last week, she was wearing the 'David' apron under instead of on top of her coat. Naughty!
Jamie, Sean	Given a packet of crisps each to eat before their Down. Something to do with not getting any food earlier. Scoffing the crisps proved a very dry experience. Drinking the beer afterwards was an 'interesting' one.
Alice, Gnasher, Pyro, Gannet	All enjoyed a Happy Birthday Down.
Iceman	Hash Crashing/Splashing in the shiggy. Apparently, he performed either a parachute roll or a sausage roll, according to Motox.
Rampant	Serious short-cutting. NappyRash berated him as one who he looked up to in the past. Not anymore. Shame on him! 😊
CanalBob	Awarded his 50 Hashes badge by President BGB.
Jack	Today's virgin. Excellent drinking. He'll make a fine Hasher.
Dumber	Dobbed in by Donut for losing the Trail and standing, lost, in the middle of a huge field full of shiggy.
Hashgate, Donut, WaveRider, NappyRash	Today's Hares. TC was unable to be with us so we all gave her a solid round of applause and best wishes to her and Whinge.

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2271	30Jan22	The Three Horseshoes 90 Reading Rd, Henley-on-Thames RG9 What3words:belt.surcharge.sizzled	Bomber Posh
2272	06Feb22	The Badger's Wood Wolverton Road Baughurst RG26 5JH What3Words: dash.shackles.quintet	Hamlet CabinBuoy

