

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2270 23Jan22
Hash Location:	The Coach and Horses, Rotherwick
Hares:	SlowSucker, Swallow

Runners and Sliders (there was much shiggy)



BH³ erupts from the traps.

PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Donut Hashgate Motox Montsy Pimp
 RandyMandy BlindPew Spot AWOL Twanky Slips Snowy Caboose
 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Brenda ShutupWally WaveRider NappyRash
 Posh Bomber Spex LoudonTasteless SkinnyDipper Crusty BGB C5
 Cloggs NonStick Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Iceman Dumb
 Dumber Judas and dog Lacey Hooker Dunny Rampant
 WhoTheF*ckIsAlice MessengerBoy and dog Willow Florence
 Zebedee Gnasher CanalBob Dorothy NoSole Slapper

A Bit of a Race...

SlowSucker didn't really sell his and Swallow's Trail too well. In an email sent to all of us before the event he advised us:-

- Please do not park in the pub car park.
- There are road closed signs in Swallowfield.
- Dress up in warm clothes as there is very limited space in the pub, as busy with normal customers.
- No toilet is available before the Hash as doors do not open until 12. Opportunities for AI fresco relief!

Particularly given that last piece of information, the fact that the morning was cold and damp and the average age of the group is somewhere in the 60's it was surprising then that a large number of Hashers appeared, BH³ being augmented by some SH³ members. I guess we all like a challenge and if the Hares have taken the time and effort to lay a Trail the least we can do is turn up. We did. 😊

Ms Whiplash was acting as traffic warden (or is the latest description, 'vehicular Transport Executive Enforcement Officer'?), directing cars to various parking places away from the pub. "You can't park 'ere sunshine. Move it or I'll slap a ticket on you." If only someone had brought a high vis jacket for her to wear. Great to see C5 moving about slowly on his crutches after his hip operation (I was thinking we might change his Hash Committee title to 'Hon Sticks'). The lad is coming on nicely although TinOpener mentioned to me that, when he had his hip op he was on crutches sooner – BH³ is so competitive!



Ms Whiplash' dream job.

We On Outed through the pleasant churchyard of Rotherwick church. If you'd like to find out about it, click [here](#). A rapid shuffle (stiff muscles – that's my excuse) across a fairly bare field brought us nose-to-nose with an inquisitive and very hairy, small horse. This multi-

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



coloured chap gazed through his thick fringe at the pack of hounds that zipped past it, wondering why on earth everyone was in such a hurry. It was all right for him – he was covered from ears to hooves in a thick eiderdown of horsehair – we wore very little and most of us weren't that hairy. Just down the track from here Mr Blobby and I exchanged surprise looks. In the paddock next to us was a car, but it seemed as if all of it up to the windows was submerged into the mud and grass that surrounded it. We agreed that running through that area might not be the safest thing to do.

And from here the Trail essentially became a race.

On that first grassy slope Spex and I alternated between walking (when the other ran past) and running (when one of us ran past the other). NappyRash, I am pleased to report, jogged slowly, but purposefully up the hill to where WaveRider waited. Glad to see he is recovering from his bout of pneumonia. But keep taking it easy, NappyRash – giving you the Kiss of Life is not high on my wish list. Slapper caught us up and scurried past on



"Mmm onnn Onnn"

a lengthy, roughly concreted farm track. This was just before LoudonTasteles and I were treated to a significant volley of mooing that emanated from the other side of a thick hedge. It was only after we had gone a little way along the road that we could see a monstrous regiment of Friesian cows packed against the hedge, all voicing their own bovine versions of the "On On"'s that we were shouting. Just as well we didn't shout, "On Back!" That would've foxed them.

At least there was a Regroup soon so that everyone could catch up after the long and fast-running straight bits. With a nod to the fourth piece of advice SlowSucker had given us (see first page) both RandyMandy and NappyRash availed themselves of the outdoor opportunity. Separately, I might add. 😊

SlowSucker did kindly offer a short cut but everyone assumed there would be other options later and decided to continue *en masse*. Looking back on it, that was probably a mistake. I estimate that the next One-Blob Check was about a mile and a half away. So it was essentially an eyeballs-out race and devil take

the hindmost.

By the time we popped out on the road next to the 'Rotherwick' road sign the Pack was spread thinner than jam on a miser's sandwich. If we'd had any sense we'd have turned down along the road to the pub instead of beasting off into the forest. Slopping along through the shiggy I noticed a problem ahead of me that needed solving. Zebedee was walking along at some pace (hopefully his leg will be better soon) and next to him, chattering inanely, was ShutupWally. Poor Zebedee. No chance of running off at speed. ShutupWally has, in the past, attached himself to me like an irritating, wrinkled limpet in order to tell me how to write the Gobsheet. I was determined this time that I would either hang him by his shirt collar from the nearest tree branch or whisper past him on flying feet, giving him no chance to catch up. Fortunately, I managed the latter, giving poor Zebedee a conciliatory pat on the back as I missiled past. Phew!

Gnasher and RandyMandy – where'd they come from – came up behind me in a particularly slippery set of shiggy patches. And then it was out of the forest and on to a steep, sodden, grassy slope for a chat with TinOpener while we followed Motox. He told me about his recent visit to the New Forest, where he was wearing wellington boots because of the deep shiggy. Unfortunately for him, one of his boots got sucked off by the grasping fingers of mud and he was left slop-hopping around on one leg while the viscous shiggy oozed over

the top of the marooned boot and filled it to the brim. It took some while to extract it and apparently the video recorded by TinOpener's companions has gone viral. 😊

Despite Motox's best efforts, when TinOpener and I caught up with him, to lead us well away from any flour blobs, LoudonTasteless found the Trail and we hurtled onwards along the virtually Check-free route. Up and down hills in the root-tangled forest. Over a stream where a chap was washing the shiggy off his two dogs. LoudonTasteles told me that he had laid many a Trail in this area but had, "Never come this far South before." Encouraging words indeed.

Eventually, we came upon SlowSucker at the top of yet another hill. Good of the chap to look out for us. "It's a long run in." He said. Oh good, I thought. "Then through the cabbage patch and you'll be at the pub." At least it was mainly downhill. I came across a bunch of people walking their dogs through the muddy field who apologized for being in the way and invited me to join them at the pub they were due to visit. Very tempting but it wasn't far now (I kept telling myself). The cabbage patch SlowSucker had mentioned turned out to be the most enormous cabbage field. The depressed-looking cabbages were covered in glutinous shiggy and smelled slightly rank. Rather like my running shoes. Here's a picture of it.



This reminds me of Donut's story (she did the Walkers' Trail with Swallow) about MessengerBoy and his lovely new young companion, black labrador Willow. This was her first foray into Hashing and MessengerBoy found out that she doesn't like shiggy. Understandable, given that she has the most beautiful, sleek black coat and doesn't want to get it dirty. Apparently, she dug in her paws at the dirtier mud patches and poor MessengerBoy had to pick her up and carry her across them. 😊

Thank goodness that just across the cabbage field was the back of the pub and a cheery Slapper doing up a shoelace. It was **very** nice to be back.

Got to thank our Hares for going out in the cold and damp and laying the Trail. Roll on Spring and Summer!

Announcements

The Gobsheet is delighted to announce the engagement of Gnasher and CanalBob. Their wedding is likely to take place next Spring and BH³ is very much looking forward to organising a humdinger of a Hash Wedding. Your editor mentioned to Gnasher that, since she had picked up one of the garters during last week's Hash quest she wouldn't need to buy one specially for her wedding. She agreed that, yes, that would be such a great idea Hashgate...

Down Downs

We On Outed from the deliciously warm confines of the pub – fortunately there was plenty of room for both us and the usual customers – and RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
TA, JuicyLucy	Returnees after 5 years! Nice to see 'em back. Mr Blobby was nominated by the lady and knocked it back with relish.
Caboose	Going up to SkinnyDipper, dropping his trousers and saying he had something to show her! Bit of a surprise on a day as cold as this...
Gnasher, CanalBob	To celebrate their engagement. They had to hold hands through their legs, bum to bum, while drinking the Down. Great fun!
Ms Whiplash	Her birthday. She had earlier handed around sweets in the pub to us all. Happy one to her.
Dunny	Received her 600 Hashes badge from President BGB. Well done!
SkinnyDipper	Managed to HashCrash in the middle of a shiggy-free, flat field.
Snowy	He led the Walkers round in a number of circles.
C5	He only turned up to take the Tick money and hope for a Down Down. He duly got one, enjoyed it and hobbled off.
Twanky	Awarded the apron by Snowy who he had roundly abused.
SlowSucker, Swallow	Today's Hares. Swallow is aptly named. She got outside her Down with style and grace. Unlike her husband. 😊



Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2272	06Feb22	Badger's Wood Wolverton Road, Baughurst RG26 5JH. What3words:dash.shackles.quintet	Hamlet CabinBuoy
2273	13Feb22	The Red Dress Run Saracens Head 129 Greys Road, Henley on Thames, RG9 1TE What3words: habits.woods.successor Park on the road or in the Scout hut car park.	SkinnyDipper Spot

