

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2279 27Mar22
Hash Location:	The Hare and Hounds, Sonning Common
Hares:	Pyro, Valhalla (and a little help from Whisper the dog 🐶)

Hares (above) and Hounds

iceman (he gets first billing since I forgot to include him last week and he moaned about it) AWOL Donut Hashgate Motox SkinnyDipper Cerberus and dog Chilli Billy Desperate Shitfer Becky and Doug the dog Gannet Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Crusty BGB Rampant Swallow SlowSucker Twanky Posh Bomber Mr Blobby Dipstick Slapper Lucy WaveRider NappyRash Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Lonely Cloggs Dorothy Florence Pimp Kirsty

Sisters Are Doin' It All Themselves

It's been around 20 years since Valhalla (Pyro's sister) hashed with BH³. Very nice to have her back and laying a trail from one of our favourite pubs. The landlord and landlady are very welcoming, the food and drink are great and we had one of the best Hash weddings ever, here, in 2015 (Donut's and mine 😊).



To your left are today's special people: Valhalla, Whisper, Pyro and GM Rampant. They are enjoying the backchat from BH³ after Valhalla unfurled the scroll she is holding that displayed the route of a mile-long circular route that anyone who wanted some extra mileage could take. She spent some time on this, explaining how difficult it would be to get lost, since it was so clearly marked with flour blobs. Despite her school-marm-like, clear delivery, there was an awful lot of chatter from the likes of NappyRash and Lonely and SlowSucker, just afterwards, asked me if he'd missed anything important. What a bunch! Since the Trail was very well marked on that extra loop no-one did get lost – but it would have been their own fault if anyone had.

Our friendly landlord had kindly opened the door that led to the loos so a number of our, um, mature group made use of the facilities, hoping desperately that they would make it at least to the first Check before thinking about going again.

We On Outed down the road, towards, then into, the woodland. We haven't been out that way for some time and that's probably why everyone shot off in different directions. I noticed what appeared to be flour on a tree some way off to our left and mentioned to WaveRider, "There's a big blob over there." "That's Slapper." She replied, on seeing him close to it. A little harsh, I felt, but fair. Bomber, Dorothy and I slogged past a group of walkers and we agreed that the collective noun for them should be a 'waddle'. Descriptive and alliterative; we liked it. What should it be for Hash runners? A 'rabble'? As we approached a complex wooden gate Pyro's lovely dog Whisper barged past and very nearly (to a chorus of: "Well done Whisper." and "Good dog.") knocked Bomber over. A moment to treasure.

We were thoroughly enjoying the Trail, which went via a number of places that we had run before, but not in the same direction. Shortly after a large group of people were suckered into running uphill in that wide, 'quiet lane' before running sheepishly back down, we drifted over towards the crossroads and AWOL spotted a Ukrainian flag that had been planted in someone's hedge. It was, he called to me, a moment to show our

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solidarity so he pulled Motox, Posh and Dipstick over for a photo. The result is to your left. A good idea and a concept I believe we all support.



We arrived on CouchPotato's cricket ground (surprised he wasn't there to tell us off for stamping about all over it) and were unable to find flour until Pyro appeared and gave us a bit of a clue. Our next confused stop was at The Unicorn pub, where the Trail could have gone any one of 5 ways. I found myself by the bus shelter, next to Pimp and Kirsty. She had just told him that she wasn't sure where she was. He, eager to show off his extensive geographical knowledge, opined superciliously, "I think you'll find we're in Rotherfield Peppard." Of course, he hadn't a clue where we were but had read the notice board headed 'Rotherfield Peppard Parish Council' attached to the shelter. Naughty fellow. A pompous Pimp!

The Trail led down the steep road towards Kingwood Common and we all cruised down it, enjoying the easy running and expecting to run into the Common. It was great to be able to chat to Desperate, Becky and Florence as we flew along. But, of course, this is the Hash, so there was a Bar half way down. Doh! Such fun dragging ourselves back up to enter the little alley that sneaks off the road.

However, this path gave us more than a bit of amusement. We passed by the back of a house where a young gent sporting a long, multi-coloured dressing gown was rather vacantly reviewing a large number of empty booze bottles on

a table. Pimp and I gave him a 'View Hallo' to which he returned a wincing smile. I found out later from Donut and Swallow that the fellow had been celebrating his 30th birthday the night before and was feeling hungover and, he said, "old"! I'd have thought he'd have been mightily encouraged at the sight of a group of Hashers, just a little bit older than him, dashing merrily past his back garden.

We eventually (and it did take some time) fetched up at a Regroup opposite The Red Lion and chatted idly while Hare Pyro caught up. She told us that there was a short cut (Motox sensibly decided to take this this), a medium length trail and the additional circular route for the masochists amongst us. The full length of the latter two would be about 6 and 7 miles, respectively. We trotted off along what I knew to be a pretty long, straight mud path through the trees. Fortunately, I had Lonely to run with and we chatted about cinema and various artistic topics. Always a pleasure to converse with Lonely - we seem to have similar cultural tastes and I find our intellectual exchanges quite stimulating. Got to wonder what on earth we're doing sloggng through mud and biscuits on a Hash, then. Still, it takes all sorts.

We reached the Long and Medium split and Lonely and I bid each other a temporary farewell when he took the opposite path to me (I'll let you figure out which one 😊). I could just see the backs of WaveRider, Iceman and Desperate and put on a spurt to try and catch up. But they disappeared from sight along the next lengthy mud path and I figured they had gone the wrong way at a crafty Check. When they caught up with Dipstick and me at Cross Lanes, by the wood, they confirmed that they had. And quite a long False it had turned out to be. WaveRider steamed off into the forest, along the well-known path that leads down to the golf course and spotted a Motox, closely followed by a Shitfer, on the path that crossed at the bottom of the hill. There was no way we weren't going across the golf course and we followed Motox, FRBing like a good'un. A bit further on we came across BillyBullshit, who was lurking idly on the path. Lord knows how he had got there or why but there he was. Can't say I noticed him again between here and the end of the Trail; but then, you know Billy, he likes to do his own thing.

We eventually skittered down into and across MessengerBoy's favourite valley, being passed on the way by the panting Rampant and SlowSucker who were trying to beat each other... to having the first heart attack. Thing was, we knew there are only two ways up through the forest on the other side of the valley to get back to Sonning Common and the pub but both contained a False. Hmm. Time for a rethink. Before the edge of the forest was fenced in with barbed wire there used to be a way in up the far end of the valley, so we galloped over *en masse*. Becky was finding the uphill slope easy since Doug was attached to her waist and was dragging her along. Lucky girl! We eventually found a Check the other side of the barbed wire and eased our way through it. There was a False just up in the forest on the way to one of the paths that led out of it so SkinnyDipper, WaveRider, Cerberus and Chilli and I decided "S*d this. We know where we're going so let's go there." We did and were joined by Dipstick, who doesn't know where he is most of the time, let alone where he's going.

One way or another we all met up at the bottom of that alley that leads up to the road containing the pub. At the top we were treated to the sight of Ms Whiplash easing down her walking trousers, their job done. So was ours - we repaired to the pleasant and undercover pub garden for restorative drinks and BGB-supplied birthday cake. Very nice.

Thanks to our Hares for a fine Trail. Always good to Hash in this area.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

In the comfortable, covered pub garden, RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Dipstick	Not turning up to Hare his own Trail a couple of weeks ago. Motox invited everyone to contribute some of their drink into a glass and added some sugar and crisps to give it additional flavour. Full marks to Dipstick for downing it in one!
Pimp	Having scratches on his face that were allegedly obtained during a particularly manic sex session. Motox advised him to, erm, meet ladiees who wore gloves.
Florence	Complained about the lack of flour while standing next to a post piled high with the stuff. She had to wear an 'L' plate while doing the down.
Donut, Swallow	Using electronic devices to work out where the walkers Trail went. Very high tech.
BGB	His birthday. Happy one to him. Only 83...
Bomber	His (happy) birthday too. Not 83...
Lucy	Today's virgin Hasher. An excellent Down by her.
BillyBullshit	Awarded the 'David' apron for short-cutting on the Trail.
Pyro, Valhalla	Our Hares.



Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2281	10Apr22	Mrs Blobby's Belated Birthday Hash Location TBA	Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby
2282	17Apr22	The Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen Tilehurst, Reading RG31 5NW What3words: damp.neat.bring	Pimp

A little joke to end with...



And, yes, I know the title of the song is 'Sisters are doin' it for themselves' 🤔