

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2280 03Apr22
Hash Location:	The Black Horse, Checkenden
Hares:	SlowSucker, Swallow

Lost Boys and Girls

WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Desperate and dog Dougie Shitfer BillyBullshit and dog Chilli MessengerBoy and dog Willow Pyro Valhalla Lonely Iceman Motox Rampant Gannet SkinnyDipper Crusty BGB Dumb Dumber C5 Raph TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lucy Spot Posh Bomber Twanky Dr Pooh Itsyor Sleazy PrettyinPink HappyFeet DoorMatt

The Figure of Eight Hash

BillyBullshit came over to us as we parked in the paddock in bright sunshine. “Hashgate,” he asked, “Have you got any spare shorts?” It seemed that the fellow had forgotten to pack any. Even if I’d had any (and I didn’t) the answer would still have been “No.” The thought of Billy’s nether regions invading my shorts for even a micro-second brings on a shudder. Fortunately for him, NappyRash had a spare pair of stripey boxer shorts in his car (one has to wonder why...) and Billy duly encased himself in them. Luckily for everyone he had to wear the apron this week, which hid from view the appalling (and modest) appendages that dangled sickeningly from the front of his body. Donut, in spite of any misgivings about being anywhere near him, rushed over to tie up the back of the apron to ensure maximum coverage. Our picture to the left records the scene. Afterwards, Donut submitted gratefully to an all-over antiseptic spray and a damn good scrubbing with my yard broom. I did make the joke later to NappyRash that Billy had been wanting for years to get into his pants. Not sure whether he found it funny or not since he underwent a severe attack of barfing...



Our acclaimed GM, Rampant, called us to order and gave us all a welcome, including virgin Raph. He was probably three-quarters of the way through his address when Hare SlowSucker launched into his own information speech. I guess he was very eager to let us know what a treat we were in for. He advised us that the Short Trail was marked with an ‘M’ (for Medium, rather than Short). This is starting well, we thought. Then he warned us, “You may encounter two large animals.” Bomber drily suggested they might be Motox and Twanky. Since no fight broke out I assume the two gents in question hadn’t heard. Our Hares invited us to “Check it out!” So we did, immediately exploding into the surrounding countryside and losing any sight of a marked Trail. 😊

Little did we know that the Trail had been laid by our Hares in the shape of a figure-of-eight. They should have known that any clever stuff only confuses Hashers, which is why only 4 people (Rampant, Lonely, Itsyor and Spot) ran all the Trail the right way round. Everyone else, apart from the Walkers (who managed to miss the On Inn path and came back via a different direction) ran it backwards! I’d wondered why a number of Checks had been kicked out in the wrong direction.

But let’s begin at the beginning.

After we had been pointed in the right direction following the débacle of the On Out a largish group of us found ourselves by a metal gate. Twanky kindly opened it for WaveRider to pass through. He had held back a low-hanging branch to let her pass and sang out, “Watch out. Twiggy bit.” WaveRider interpreted this as a

description of her and called back over her shoulder, "I've never been called twiggy bit with the size of my bum." Let me assure the good lady that the Gobsheet staff held a thorough discussion on the subject and all agreed that the item in question is perfectly attractive and not anywhere near the size of Cardiff.

As is his wont, Itsyor suddenly appeared, initially walking with Swallow and Donut. Sleazy and PrettyinPink also joined us and I am pleased to report that Sleazy's badly sprained ankle is mending quite nicely. Also with us was C5, recipient of a new hip not so long ago. He was actually doing a little jogging today – great to see he is recovering well. Here's a photo of him hurtling past us at a rate of knots. Good to know that Mr Blobby will soon have his running companion back. 😊

MessengerBoy (with his fine young labrador, Willow) and I were walking today and we careered onwards, leading the group and chatting about so many topics that we missed a turning and found ourselves at the back. Really must concentrate more. However, Swallow and Donut appeared and Swallow kindly gave me her map (with a wry smile, I believe) before she and Donut sidled off to update some of the flour markings where the figure-of-eight Trail crossed in the middle. As you have read earlier, they needn't have bothered...

As we came back into Stoke Row we met the below delightful little sheepy group.



Perhaps not the best picture of C5 but he swept past our photographer so rapidly he couldn't catch up with him.

Whoever looks after them deserves a pat on the back. At Easter they gather round 3 crosses. At Christmas they protect the Nativity scene. Lovely little things!

Going downhill in a field we reached a possible short cut in the Walkers' Trail where you could either go down into the forest, then back up (in a V shape) or walk across the top of it on a minor road. Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Gannet and Dumb opted for this, while MessengerBoy, Willow, Raph and I rather stupidly headed off into the woodland. It all went very well for us for a while. Until we reached the Check at the bottom. MessengerBoy and Willow disappeared completely. No idea what happened to them – possibly accosted by marauding goblins, intent on labrador sandwiches. Raph and I strode up what we thought was the return route but was actually a flour-free uphill slog. Luckily, I knew where we were and where we wanted to go and we eventually came up a steep path that took us out through The Crooked Billet and back on to the Trail. I have to say that I was a bit surprised that new boy Raph stuck with me, it was obvious that my Trail following and map reading abilities were not perhaps my optimum skills.

It took us a bit of a yomp but we eventually caught up with Dumb, Ms Whiplash et al. This was just about where the figure-of-eight crossed over. We initially followed Gannet, who wielded a map confidently. Our confidence took a bit of a pummelling when Dumber and I couldn't find the right turn into the field by the road along which we had been walking. This was when we realised we had gone somewhat off-trail. Oops!

And then Spot appeared, running alongside of us and saying that most of the BH³ runners had gone round backwards. Of course, he must have gone wrong too because he was on the same road as we were! Excellent! This is Hashing at its best! Luckily, we finally recognized the road we were on and figured out where we could go to get back to the pub. It was actually quite a pleasant stroll through the woods and down to that Quiet Lane where the pub is located. Swallow, SlowSucker, Donut and Shitfor stood there. They had been waiting for us, looking out across the field over which we should have come. It was a bit of a surprise to the Hares when we arrived from a different direction. 😊 They took it well.

At the pub afterwards we initially delighted in sitting outside in the sunshine before the clouds rolled darkly across and dropped a light semi-snow shower on to us. Twanky had been given a tin of Cadbury's Roses by BlowJob who wanted us to have them because she's missing us, not having been for some time. Well, thank you Bev – we're missing you too and hope to see you soon.

So this was an almost perfect Hash, with people getting lost or running the Trail backwards. Excellent stuff! Hares SlowSucker and Swallow – you should be proud of yourselves. Our grateful thanks for your efforts (especially laying the Trail in the morning when it was -3 Celsius! 😞😞).

Btw I understand NappyRash will be burning the underpants!

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Eventually, RA Motox awarded the following.

Recipient	Reason
Sleazy	Advising RA Motox that Raph's name was Reph or Jeff.
SkinnyDipper	Covering her bottom with flour and showing it off to everyone! Weird!
WaveRider, Dumber	Allegedly the ringleaders of the group who ran the Trail backwards.
Ms Whiplash	Allegedly leading the walkers astray.
NappyRash	Awarded the 'David' apron by BillyBullshit for lending him his underpants!
Swallow, SlowSucker	Of course, the lady got there first. They were lauded appropriately by BH ³ for the simplicity of their Trail.

Future Hashes

Hash Number	Date	Location	Hares
2282	17Apr22	The Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen Tilehurst, Reading RG31 5NW What3words: damp.neat.bring	Pimp
2283	24Apr22	A 70th Birthday Celebration The Calleva Arms Little London Rd, Silchester, Reading RG7 2PH What3words: shopper.norms.securig	Spot

