

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2281 10Apr22
Hash Location:	The Turners Arms, Mortimer Common
Hares:	Mr Blobby, assisted by C5 who led the Walkers

## Birthday Party Guests

**Mrs Blobby – the birthday girl!** Spot Donut Hashgate Crusty BGB Cerebus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor WaveRider with grandson Harry NappyRash MessengerBoy Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dumb Dumber Brenda ShutupWally Gnasher CanalBob SkinnyDipper Iceman Motox Spex LoudonTasteless Pimp Max and dog Monty Freya Dunny Rampant Cloggs NonStick Montse Kirsty Becky and dog Doug FalseTart Shifty C5 NoSole Slapper YogaJulie Pantaloon CabinBuoy LemonySnicket Wimpy Lonely AWOL Dr Pooh Florence Zebedee Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Mark Liz Adam Charlotte Tim Itsyor DoorMatt HappyFeet Gina Tim Natalie

## Mrs Blobby's Belated Birthday Hash

**M**rs Blobby is very popular, which explains the mass of people who turned up to the Hash this morning. Nothing at all to do with the free sausages and chips that the Blobbies had kindly arranged for later. Mr Blobby asked me to count the number of attendees/hangers-on since he was expecting to cater for around 40. In the event, 64 turned up; but I am pleased to report that no-one was later left chipless or sausage-free.

Quite a few had arrived early, knowing that parking at The Turners can be a mite challenging. Included in this group were Cloggs and NonStick. They decided to park next to the wall on the outside of the car park and NonStick hopped out of the passenger side to help guide Cloggs back the car into a neat space. This was obviously an exhausting experience since, when Cloggs disembarked, he hopped back in, eased his seat to almost horizontal, lay back and emigrated to The Land of Nod. Here's a picture of him obviously ready to party on down to celebrate Mrs Blobby's birthday. He very kindly gave your reporter permission to publish this photograph... knowing full well that we would publish (and be damned!) it anyway. 😊



We On Outed fairly quickly. Possibly to get away from ShutupWally. There are a number of ways to start from here and a few kind souls actually checked it out. The rest hung about in a straggling, chattering mob, probably hoping the whole thing would be called off and they could start posting sausage and chips into themselves. Mr Blobby set us off in the right direction and we trudged, loped, cantered and sped towards and into the forest. This area is surrounded by delightful woodland and it was good to get under the beginning-to-bud trees and bounce about on the springy, damp earth. For a short while that is. We came to a confused halt, with no-one able to find flour. Given that Mr Blobby is an expert Trail-layer the blaming finger of



suspicion has to hover over the entire Pack, one of whom was Iceman who, in his own words later, “Called the Trail correctly, then ran off in the wrong direction”. Whether this was a devious Caledonian plan to b\*gger up the sassenachs (it did!) or just weird behaviour on his part we have yet to find out. The area in which we were ‘running’ was covered in bits of fallen branches, tree roots, a small stream and confused Hashers. I nodded to Mr Blobby, “Trail going well then.” He smiled.

HappyFeet and DoorMatt appeared from nowhere as we crossed by the lake, then went partially round it and stopped to enjoy watching Monty, Minx and (I think) Doug splashing about in the lake and having a great time. Desperate was standing down on the water’s edge, throwing a stick in for the dogs and a couple of ‘gentlemen’ came over to me to voice their opinion that the canine swimming gala would be greatly enhanced if Desperate was pushed in. *(Your editor would like to point out that the fivers that were donated to The Gobsheet Widows and Orphans Fund are not the reason that the names of the miscreants have not been included in this edition.)*

Here’s a picture of BH<sup>3</sup> and our friends enjoying the Break By The Lake.



We reached a road and, due to the cars on it we called out the standard warning of, “Petrol!” Some day soon perhaps we will have to call out “Electric!” or “Hydrogen! Max caught up with me on the forest track on the other side (no, we’d only ‘passed over’ the road, not been run over. Doh!) and told me she’s certain she is becoming a committed Hasher because she was on a walk a few days ago and, on spotting an approaching bike, she’d called out, “Petrol!” to the surprise of her friends.

A Regroup appeared and we stood about, chatting in the sunshine, saying how much we were enjoying the Trail and it was good that the Pack was keeping mostly together. As mentioned, Mr Blobby is an excellent Trail layer. From here there was a Long and Medium split. As we all knew that the Long was a highly manageable 5 or so miles most people continued on it. We came to the first we had seen of a series of signs, giving information about the Englefield Estate (in which we were running). This particular sign (I hope you can read it!) was all about ‘Forest Bathing’ or, as it used to be known, walking in the woods. We weren’t too sure that the written instructions really applied to the Hash. ‘being calm and quiet amongst the trees’ Hmm. Hardly what we do. ‘Move slowly through the forest’. Well, only when we’ve lost the Trail. ‘Take deep breaths’. That’s more like it – most of us sound like asthmatic grampus whales after 10 minutes of running. ‘smell what’s around you. What can you smell?’ Depends on who you’re running next to and their use (or otherwise) of anti-



perspirant. Or it might be dog Monty or one of his friends after a spot of mucky lake immersion. Phew! (Cue for music hall joke: "I say, I say. My dog's got no nose." "How does it smell?" "Awful!")

According to Mr Blobby, all these sign boards contain a QR code that, when scanned with your phone, go to a site that informs you where all the signs are located in the Englefield Estate. Guess the code must have just fallen off this Forest Bathing sign... 😊

As we trotted along a forest path Florence did the same on the road that ran alongside it. "I'm running in a parallel universe." She called over to us. She has, of course, been doing that for years... Twanky and SkinnyDipper gave ShutupWally a good dose of his own garrulous vacuity just after he'd wittered on about yet another nonsensical inanity. A silent cheer evaporated into the trees from Hashers who heard it.

Max and Florence, for some reason, followed BillyBullshit as he blundered around an extra, unmarked loop. We, meanwhile, had been following those who had lucked out on the numerous One-Blob Checks that now adorned the route. It was good to see these since Mr Blobby, at the Circle, had said there would be some towards the end of the Trail – as the sole Hare he'd been too knackered to lay any more Falses. No problem with us. And quite often a single blob Check slows the FRBs more than a conventional Check.

While running with Mr Blobby, Donut and I came across a highly artistic flour marking that, according to Mr Blobby, had been laid by C5. It was apparently supposed to be a 'W' to indicate the Walkers' Trail but we all saw it as an impressionist Queen Alexandra's Birdwing butterfly. Here's one so you can see what it looks like. The wingspan can be up to 27.3 cm, which is a bloody big butterfly! Our congratulations to C5 for his excellent artwork.



It wasn't too far from here to the pub. Though newby Mark went entirely the wrong way. Donut, Spex, LoudonTasteless and I congratulated him on his commitment to Checking. 😊

Just across the football field, by the Scout Hut, and we were back, having enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

Later in the pub garden, in the sunshine and pleasantly warm air, we got ourselves outside a large number of sausages and chips while commending ourselves for enjoying the morning's healthy run/walk.

An excellent Trail. Our thanks to Mr Blobby for laying it all on his own. Thanks also to Mrs Blobby and him for our après Hash nosh and BH's best to Mrs Blobby on her birthday.

## On On Hashgate

## Down Downs

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Iceman	Called "On On!!" so loudly next to Motox he nearly fell over.
Dumber	Today's Hash Crasher. No harm done fortunately.
Gina, Charlotte, Natalie	Today's lady virgins. Nice to see 'em.
Mark, Adam, Tim	Today's gentlemen virgins. Nice to see 'em too.
Mrs Blobby	The birthday girl!
Motox	The birthday boy! Happy one to him.
PennyPitstop, Shitfer	Received their 400 Hashes award, presented by President BGB. Well done to them.
SkinnyDipper	She suggested that Motox wore his 'birthday suit' to go dancing.
FalseTart	Talking so much to the walking group leader that they went the wrong way.
CanalBob	Received the 'David' apron from NappyRash for rank sexism in stating to him that he should give the apron to one of the ladies to wash and iron. The cad!
Mr Blobby	Today's superlative Hare.

## Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2283	24Apr22	Spot's 70 <sup>th</sup> Birthday Hash The Calleva Arms Little London Road, Silchester RG7 3PH What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/spotter-norms-securing">shopper.norms.securing</a>	Spot
2284	01May22	TBA	TBA

