

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2282 17Apr22
Hash Location:	The Royal Oak, Tilehurst
Hares/Bunnies:	Pimp, Kirsty

## Good Eggs



Crusty BGB Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee RandyMandy Twanky Gnasher CanalBob AWOL Spot C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby WaveRider NappyRash Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Montse Motox CouchPotato SkinnyDipper Dumb Dumber Max Swallow SlowSucker Pyro Valhalla Kate Dorothy Wimpy LemonySnicket MessengerBoy and dog Willow Imogen Lucy Jack

## The Great Easter Egg Hunt

There's a defibrillator attached to the pub wall and I began to think that either RandyMandy or AWOL might need to use it. Their stress levels rose as they performed a parking waltz in the packed car park. Mandy was driving her chap BlindPew's car and he had warned her to be careful of the very steep entrance. She'd managed that ok but there was an awful lot of to'ing and fro'ing, with the occasional grounding in a gravelly hole, before she managed to insinuate the car backwards into a space as wide as the Bristol Channel. AWOL, meanwhile, lurched forwards and backwards, nearly stove in WaveRider's door, blocked the way while another car tried to get out, then finally sighed to rest next to the side of the pub. Both he and RandyMandy looked exhausted – Lord knows how they'd get the energy to run.

While I was gathering the above list of attendees Twanky called me over to the rear of Gnasher's car where they and RandyMandy were viewing some, er, 'works of art'. The three of them had been log-painting for Easter and asked me to judge the best effort. Not an easy task – you're always going to put someone's nose out of joint. I summoned up my best diplomatic persona and approached the assessment with a ready smile.



As you can see from the picture, Van Gogh need not worry about his artistic status. The left one is Twanky's and I was rather put off selecting it for first place when RandyMandy pointed out that the rabbit had got boobs. Gnasher's was the middle one and

despite the subject relevance and judicious use of complimentary colouring, the overall impression was of a staring and somewhat malevolent chick that was about to land on you, grip you with its orange talons and perform grievous beakily harm. I selected RandyMandy's effort as winner. Apart from its apparent total lack of Easter-like content, the desert-like plain, populated with roaming dinosaurs(?) and (I believe) an elephant contained sufficient surrealistic elements to land the winner's accolade. Well done Mandy... I think.

Various Hashers, including our Hares, had really got into the Easter bunny thing by wearing what they fondly imagined were appropriate outfits. Here, we see Dumb sporting a fine pair of (oops! Nearly wrote the wrong word there) ears. Note SkinnyDipper in the background. She had promised, then forgotten, to bring some herself. Hare (or should I say rabbit) Pimp wears his bunny girl outfit. I hadn't realised it was one until he turned round and showed me his tail. It took a moment or two to for me compose myself. Hare Kirsty had bought what had been described as a bunny outfit from Amazon. She was in fact wearing the only marsupial, orange rabbit onesy (with legless orange baby rabbit in the pouch) that we had ever seen. No photograph I'm afraid. Think yourselves lucky.



At the Circle our Hares told us that they had laid on a treat for us in the form of bags of Easter goodies that had been hidden in trees along our route. It was up to us to find them. They called "On Out!" and damn nearly everyone went scooting up the hill the way we usually go. Amazing, that sheep mentality, isn't it? You could almost hear the "Me-e-e-h"s and "B-a-a-a"s as the woolly-headed Pack trotted up there. However, NappyRash, SlowSucker, Dumber, Donut and I went the right way – down the alley that led from the back of the car park. Of course, it was just an extra loop and all those who had gone uphill joined us at the foot of it as we ran by. There was a fair bit of tarmac and a few alleys to get through until we hoofed it up on to the wide-open fields at the top of a slope overlooking Sulham Woods and surrounding area. Mr Blobby, Spot and I enjoyed the sight and sound of several hovering skylarks who were singing their hearts out in the morning sunshine. We were also pleased to see BillyBullshit and SlowSucker going entirely the wrong way along the Walkers' Trail.

We entered the woods, and the Pack drew together when we found a Check with several possible paths and confusion descended. Hashers filed along the paths until Mr Blobby triumphed by finding the first of the treats: a bag of chocolate mini Easter eggs. Yummy! He took one and passed the bag back along the line of following Hashers and chocolate fiends. Pimp and I agreed that running while having one of the little eggs in your mouth might result in choking suffocation but it was worth it for the delicious taste!





Jack retrieved the second packet of mini Easter eggs from high up in a tree and, like Mr Blobby before him, generously shared them round.

Dorothy then executed a perfect pratfall, tripping over a Lilliputian root and spreading himself face-down on the sward. I was delighted that he'd arranged this in front of your correspondent so that it could be properly reported in the Gobsheet. He also kindly posed, along with C5, for the below photograph. The idea was to



illustrate the dynamism of our BH<sup>3</sup> members with the beautiful carpet of bluebells in the background. Unfortunately, it looks like Dorothy is gleefully(!) indicating the size of his gentlemanly appendage while C5 exhibits the intelligence and charisma of a crash test dummy. Oh well, the bluebells look nice.

A bit more crashing about in the woods and we skittered downhill into that well-known and beautiful green valley that we have run through before, fetching up at the Regroup. NappyRash **finally** caught up with us all as we stood around chatting in the sunshine. We had a choice of Long or Medium Trails from here and, since I was concerned for C5's health and well-being (let alone my own...) I opted for

the Medium. Just as we'd started out on the narrow footpath, bounded by bushes, my mobile rang. Wonderful stuff, technology. One minute I was wondering where Donut had got to (she hadn't been at the Regroup), the next we were chatting away and I could see her, waving, at the top of the hill with SkinnyDipper. Of course, while I stopped to make sure my wife was ok C5 had b\*ggged off at speed and was nowhere to be seen. Huh! Out of the goodness of your heart you offer to look after someone old and vulnerable and they just leave you without so much as a "By your leave"! However, I have to admit that, at the end of this fairly lengthy path, he **was** waiting for me by the gate. I'll let him off then.

Donut and SkinnyDipper caught up with us and we sloped along the unmade road that went past the church, enjoying the sight of BGB, Motox, Crusty and A.N.Other struggling round a lengthy loop in the field below us. Why on earth they went down there when it was bleedin' obvious that we would have to go back up the hill into Sulham Woods I don't know. Did they?

We found a pair of flour arrows that pointed up from the road towards the woods so went that way. Could we find any more floury route indicators? No, we couldn't. We tried a number of steep tracks and finally figured we'd head to the woods more or less in the direction of Tilehurst. We found a single blob of flour, then... nothing. C5 and I started off confidently along the edge of the wood - we had a pretty good idea of where we needed to go even though my mobile OS map app didn't seem to know where we were, due to a weak signal. SkinnyDipper then had an idea. "If we go to the top of the hill." We peered upwards at the wooded Everest and gulped. "We can probably see where we need to go." There was a short discussion terminated by C5 announcing that she only wanted to do this because, if proved right, she could say, "I told you so." Since she and Donut agreed on this course of action, C5 and I felt the safest option would be to concur and we set off manfully (and breathlessly) up the hill. We finally managed to reach the top and I checked the OS app while my heartbeat slowed to that of a racing cheetah. Bingo! I had a signal and the thing pointed out where we needed to go. "I told you so." Said SkinnyDipper.

We finally found our way on to a road that not only had flour blobs on it but, some way ahead of us, Motox and his little group. It was literally all downhill from here to the pub and we enjoyed a relaxed run, finally back on the Trail and overtaken only by Rampant and Dumber.

As you know, Motox has laid many a Trail from this pub. So it was with a slight intake of breath that we overheard NappyRash tell him in the pub garden that today's was the best he's ever been on from here. How he didn't get a Dirty Down Down I do not know. 😊

It was indeed a fine Trail (with Easter treats!) and our thanks go to Pimp and Kirsty for a lot of fun.

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

In the pub garden, in the sunshine, RA Motox awarded the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
SlowSucker	Identified the river Pang as the Thames during the Trail. Duh!
Spot, Dorothy	Both Hash Crashing.
Bomber	Skewering his scalp on a tree branch. Ouch!
SkinnyDipper	Her upcoming birthday. A happy one to her.
Imogen	Today's virgin. An excellent Down – she'll make a good Hasher.
Valhalla	Two weeks ago she climbed over a gate and fell off. Then left before the Down Downs in the vain hope of not getting one. She certainly got one today.
Jack	Found the second Easter treat high up in a tree, being described as like a dog after a squirrel.
CanalBob	He was last week's recipient of the 'David' apron for his rampant sexist comments regarding the washing and ironing of said garment. His lady, Gnasher, told us all that the blighter had arranged for her to wash it after last week's wearing so presented it to him for a second week to rousing cheers.
Kirsty, Pimp	Today's bunnies Hares.

### Future Hashes - Now on Monday evenings.

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2284	02May22 * 18:00 *	<b>BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY</b> <b>Hare &amp; Hounds</b> 12 Woodlands Road, Sonning Common, Reading RG4 9TE What3words: <a href="#">solder.laughs.louder</a>	WaveRider Nappyrash
2285	09May22 * 19:00 *	<b>COFFEE &amp; CAKE</b> <b>Pavilion Cricket Club</b> Stoke Row Road Peppard Common, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5JD What3words: <a href="#">hours.mooring.constants</a>	Rampant Dunny





This week's unpublished Daily Telegraph Matt cartoon.