

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2286 16May22
Hash Location:	The Butchers Arms, Tilehurst
Hares:	Dumb, Dumber

Scrag Ends and Skirt



The butcher's arms...

Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate NappyRash Crusty BGB Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant Georgie RandyMandy Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia C5 Motox Iceman Pyro Spot Shifty FalseTart Swallow SlowSucker Foghorn MessengerBoy Pimp Max (now MontyPylon – see Down Downs) Cuddles SexSlave PissQuick Glittertits Caboose Gnasher CanalBob Lungs NearlyTwice and daughter Pearl SkinnyDipper Lonely Dorothy Twanky Sleazy PrettyInPink Stephanie Harvinder (hope the spelling is correct!) Alison Lizzie Lucy Jack Betsy Zebedee Florence Slapper. A friendly contingent from Kowloon joined us. They were: FannySniffer Mole Machinist BeanCounter GoldenBoll*cks Annie. WaveRider turned up later, having exhausted her circuit training class. 😊

Dumb and Dumber's Clever Trail

Wow! What a lot of people! Great to see old friends and returnees PissQuick, Glittertits, NearlyTwice, Pearl, Betsy and Foghorn. And to be visited by the Kowloon group. It was a truly international pals evening. BH³ must also thank The Butchers Arms and staff for their warm welcome to such a large group at their small pub. After the Hash they kindly supplied chilli, pizza and bread and butter. As NappyRash said later, it's really important that groups like ours support individual pubs like this or we'll lose them. So well done to everyone who was there!

Some of those who had been Hashing and travelling in Trinidad, Panama, USA etc had come along this evening. C5 and Slapper in particular seemed more than wasted after some fairly solid drinking and/or Hashing sessions. Zebedee and Florence surprisingly appeared to be quite lively. Zeb and C5 told me about one of the Trails they ran which started in a river, then went up a slippery 1 in 4 jungle slope. Zeb had been really quite crafty with his parking location tonight. Knowing that the area around the pub would be full of cars he had parked his about ¼ mile away – right by the first Check! Nice one Zeb.

Good also to see Mr Blobby who was, I'm pleased to say, walking without a limp. A limp what? I hear you ask. Ho ho. The old jokes are the best! During SkinnyDipper's Moonlight Hash recently the poor fellow was rapidly approached by a bulldog who headbutted him in the goolies. Then, as he doubled over in a protective folding motion the damn thing headbutted him again on the forehead. Mr Blobby showed your reporter the purple bruise there and I offered sympathy. I am pleased to report that a) he mentioned he has no lasting damage, and b) he didn't offer to show me bruising in any other area. I understand he has now binned '[Hey Bulldog](#)' by The Beatles from his record collection.



After a welcome to all the returnees and visitors by GM Rampant our Hares, Dumb and Dumber, told us that the Trail they had laid this evening was so clever that they might need to be renamed (Smart and Smarter? Wise and Sagacious?). They also told us what we thought was a joke: that because we usually run in Tilehurst from The Royal Oak in Westwood Glen, we would go there first. How we laughed. Until the initial, circuitous route through the suburban jungle of Tilehurst brought us into the back of the car park at, you guessed it, The

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Royal Oak. It was very noticeable that this car park had only two cars in it, one of which was about to leave. Just shows how much trade a Hash can bring to a pub.

We staggered breathlessly up that well-known hill from the pub and out into Sulham Woods. Always a pleasure to run here. It's an excellent mixture of forest and wide-open grassland. As we zigged and zagged about in the woods CanalBob got so excited he had to stop for a wee, which meant that his lady, Gnasher, had to wait for him. The poor girl seems to do this quite often – it's only a week or so since I found her waiting for RandyMandy who was similarly, er, disposing of liquid assets.

Rampant found himself at the back of the Pack, following some ill-thought-out checking. Everyone was weaving along a narrow path and there was nowhere for him to pass. Frustration obviously got the better of him for he nipped off the Trail into the field next to it and, to our immense surprise - he is our GM after all, proceeded to (I can scarcely write it!) short-cut (!) past the Pack. And we thought of him as a gentleman and a model of probity. Oh, our gods have such feet of clay.

Having arrived, after the Pack, at a 4-way Check in the middle of a field, PrettyInPink, Lucy, Jack and I were pointed in what we understood to be the correct direction by Hare Dumber who was being lambasted by SlowSucker for not calling him back from running in the opposite direction to absolutely everyone else. We entered the forest and were just congratulating ourselves on getting to the front after being at the back when we found an 'F' on the path to our right and an 'F' on the only other path to our left. Blast! Back we came and realised that, since everyone had stopped in a milling group a few hundred yards away at the Regroup, **that** was the direction that Dumber's inaccurate arm-wave had been (vaguely) pointing to. Oh well. We trotted over to the chatting bunch. I say chatting, though one of our number stood off about 50 Yards away, emulating CanalBob. Yes, SlowSucker was, um, refreshing the greens. We had already been told that there was to be a Long and Short split from here and several of the more eager Long Trailers urged the others to run off towards SlowSucker for a laugh. Surprising how rapidly (on hearing this) SlowSucker completed his turf invigoration and rejoined the rest. 😊

A group consisting of Donut, Stephanie, C5, SkinnyDipper, Lonely, MessengerBoy and me took the sensible route and we were soon bounding along a wide track in the forest along which Stephanie had walked her dog earlier in the day. A useful bit of prior knowledge. We thundered along until a small and mischievous squirrel stuck out a furry grey foot over which Donut tripped and turned her ankle. Oh dear! We thought. Shades of WaveRider and Sleazy. Fortunately, it wasn't as bad as those and some gentle walking got the joint moving again (albeit tenderly). Here's Donut (post Squirrel-trip) and Stephanie in the middle of that beautiful area.



Stephanie is the sister of Mona Lisa. She has now run with us 3 times and enjoys it so much that she bought herself a new pair of running shoes. Previously, she's only run on tarmac and for a distance of about 5K and she told me that to run in forests and countryside she has never been in before is a huge pleasure. Rather proves the point about how enjoyable Hashing can be. You get exercise, go to places you haven't been before and meet new, friendly people. Today's virgin, Harvinder, said he enjoyed the evening's entertainment and he'll certainly be back. Great to have people coming along to BH³ and having fun. 😊

We came back into the urban conglomeration that is Tilehurst and I naïvely followed Stephanie's advice (she lives around here) to try along Dark Lane from a Check. Silly me. The Trail, of course, went in exactly the opposite direction and it was, shall we say, interesting (in an oxygen deprivation sense) trying to run hard and catch up. As I passed Stephanie she was highly apologetic. Since I had no breath to speak I gave her a thumbs-up and a lop-sided, eyebrow-raised, panting smile. Lord knows what she made of that.

Caboose caught up with me as we loped down a steep alley. "I don't mind a snicket." He grinned at me. It was indeed very pleasant to cruise downhill. But the old saying is true and the very next snicket went as steeply upwards as the previous one had gone down. Crikey, it was a bit of an effort! I was surprised there was any air left to breathe in the local area given the stentorian gasping going on amongst the Pack. Why the council doesn't install a multi-person stairlift on slopes like this I don't know. Really must write in and complain.

How pleased we were when, on reaching a Check at a crossroads, we noticed that the road opposite was named Armour Hill. Given that the pub lies in Lower Armour Road our spirits were lifted. However, we obviously hadn't read the inference in the word 'Hill'. Cripes! It was a switchback road. A curate's egg of a road – good in (the downhill) parts. Eventually we came across Lower Armour Road and thankfully noted the 'On Inn' sign. I also noted two other things: 1) There was a very friendly pussycat standing on a bin, inviting me to scratch his ears – I did and he was politely grateful. 2) In front of me, just before I reached the pub, was Pyro, bent right over, doing up a shoelace. Now the invitation to apply a mighty boot to the proffered backside was almost too much to ignore. My thigh tightened, toes curled in my running shoe, distance to target was obtained, effort required calculated, post-boot fallout evaluated... Luckily, the mental wrestling match between my angel and devil resulted in a win for the fellow in white. I trotted by, gulping out an almost falsetto, "Hi Pyro."

Thanks to Hares Dumb and Dumber for an excellent Trail and their fourth this year. Hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

SkinnyDipper won last week's competition in Gobsheet 2285. The first she has ever won, she tells me. There were 15 cricket terms hidden in the text of last week's Gobsheet. She used electronic means to identify the words and advised me that this action should be regarded as resourcefulness, rather than cheating... Congratulations Skinny. A winner's drink is on its way. 🍷

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Darkness fell and RA Motox awarded the following. During the awards WaveRider and Mr Blobby saw a shooting star in the night sky. Lucky them! ✨

Recipient	Reason
Zebedee	Sneakily parking by that first Check. Well done him!
SlowSucker	Whizzing at the Regroup.
Pimp	Confused a gate's padlock for a blob of flour! Should have gone to Specsavers.
Mr Blobby, Glittertits	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.

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Alison, Harvinder	Today's virgin Hashers. Welcome to both and excellent Downs.
Donut	Today's Hash Crasher enjoyed almost a pint of (apparently) Ribena.
Betsy, Foghorn	Betsy is a returnee after 12 years! Her excuse is... children!
Ms Whiplash	C5 stepped forward to display a tie-dye T shirt that AWOL had created for him to take on the InterHash. He said that the first person to spot a mistake on it would get a Down Down. Ms Whiplash spotted the logo: 'Bekshire Hash' on the front.
The Kowloon Hashers	Enjoyed their Down after a rendition of 'I've Got Covid Again' to the tune of ' Those Were The Days My Friend ' by Mary Hopkin.
Max	Renamed MontyPylon. A clever construct from her dog's name (Monty) and her earlier penchant for discussing electricity pylons with Cloggs. Ms Whiplash and Motox applied the baptismal flour and beer and she did really well to drink her Down without too much spillage. Pictures below.
Dumb, Dumber	The Hares.

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2288	30May22	Hares needed. Contact Hare Razor please.	TBA
2289	05Jun22 * Sunday 11:00 *	40 Years of BH3 Hashing YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Lane, Padworth RG7 4QT What3Words: promise.microfilm.thinking	BGB Zebedee TinOpener Motox Spot

