

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2288 30May22
Hash Location:	The Red Lion, Mortimer West End
Hares:	The irrepressible Mr Blobby

## Lionhearts



Andy Slapper Motox Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfer Cerberus BillyBullshit Gnasher CanalBob PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Florence Zebedee Iceman DryRot Gannet Mrs Blobby Utopia C5 Dumber Twanky SweetPea Agatha Foghorn Dunny Rampant Spot Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener MontyPylon and dog Monty MessengerBoy and dog Willow SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Masie and Ava Cuddles SexSlave Dorothy Wimpy LemonySnicket Swallow SlowSucker Pimp Montse (now Squeaky – see Down Downs) Shifty FalseTart Posh Bomber AWOL Itsyor Dr Pooh Lucy Jack

## Mr Blobby's Hash

Firstly, let's all give a **great big thanks** to Mr Blobby. Since no-one had stepped forward to be a Hare he volunteered at the last minute, organised the pub, worked out a Trail, laid it all by himself in the evening, then ran round it with us, leaving clear flour direction arrows for the back markers. Here's a picture of the Blobmeister in the middle of the Trail, standing in front of the rather beautiful rhododendron (possibly a [Purple Passion](#)) he had just pointed out to me.



A mass of Hashers (and virgin Andy) turned up in the, fortunately large, car park. Some of the parking was a joy to behold. Firstly, Slapper, with Motox navigating, attempted to back into a universe-sized space but succumbed to internal pressure when he saw that I was patiently waiting for him to complete. I believe the term 'dog's dinner' could easily be applied to the final, skewed location of his car. The second was C5, who was chauffeuring Mrs Blobby and Utopia. His parking choice was to head at an angle directly between an old horse box and an overflowing dumpster. An interesting selection, given the range of other spaces open to him. The third was Lucy, who turned up with Jack just as the Pack was On Outing. Stuck in the middle of the car park, at an angle, she was surrounded by milling runners, walkers and general hangers-on. She did the only thing possible (apart from mowing down the less agile amongst us) and just sat there with a smile on her face until the itinerants had passed.

GM Rampant and HareRazor Dunny welcomed everyone and advised us that, since our hard-working Hare had not yet returned from Trail-laying, it was up to us to find out where it started. Off we went, streaming round, over, under and through the back doors of Lucy's car, like leaf ants off for a forage (well, not quite, but it's a fun image to enjoy). Just at the entrance to the car park we met Mr Blobby. The poor chap had only just completed the Trail and now he had to come back out with us again! We thanked and congratulated him on his efforts and let him know we had the Air Ambulance number on speed dial in our mobiles should the need arise.



*I'd put a caption here but you will already have moved on to the next section...*

Now it's come to your editor's attention that some recent Gobsheets have been a tad lengthy recently. A long time ago, when they had to be printed, 2 pages was the maximum or the photocopying would have taken ages (it took long enough as it was!). So the editorial team have decided to restrict this Gobsheet to a reasonable length, knowing that our readership generally has the attention span of a mayfly – they only live for 1 day so you can understand why they want to cram in as much as possible. We could, of course, opt for something along the lines of Proust's 'À la Recherche du Temps Perdu', but we thought that 3,000

pages in 7 volumes might be a tad over the top. Sorry, beginning to wander. I'll get on with it. 😊

As expected, we started off uphill, which sorted out the fit from the 80-a-day gaspers. I found myself trotting along with C5, who told me that he'd done a Pilates session in the morning, followed by a 19-mile bike ride. Not too bad, I thought, for a bloke who had a hip replacement not that long ago. I also thought, Cripes! He must be barmy. We ankled along what Mr Blobby described as 'a long straight bit' and were joined by Bomber who had been prancing about who knows where. He does that. Wavers around off-Trail for a bit, then rejoins us. But then, he's a fairly fit fellow so can easily do the additional mileage. TinOpener joined us just as three old deers (go on then; who were the 3 old deers you immediately thought of? 😄) ran in front of us through the tangly forest. Fortunately, unlike the one that cannoned furrily into Rampant some time ago, these three weren't intent on GBH (Galloping into Berkshire Hashers).

We finally caught up with the Pack at a forest Check, noting that poor Itsyor had run back from a very long attempt to find the Trail (it was One Blob and On all the way round – no Falses). It was at this point that Mr Blobby very kindly laid a short cut for us. What a chap! He did it again, a little further on in the forest. We were very impressed at his philanthropy and felt it ungentlemanly to refuse his generous directional offers.

We reached the first of the 2 Bar-Checks that were laid on small bridges that straddled gurgling streams. I felt it my reporting duty to record (rather than join) Montse (Squeaky), Dr Pooh, LemonySnicket, Twanky, Gnasher, Desperate and Mr Blobby splashing their way across. Meanwhile Wimp, or do I mean Pimp, took one look at the stream, pursed his lips, drew in a breath and minced lightly over the bridge! And we thought he was a tough guy, a diamond geezer, a rough-hewn son of toil unfazed by anything! Appearances can be deceptive.

The rest of our enjoyable Trail twisted around in the springy-floored forest, up and down hills in the remarkably fresh air. C5, Mr Blobby and I eventually slipped out of the undergrowth on to the road that led

down to the pub and, since there was a rather pleasant downhill slope, we decided to run down it to make it look like we were real athletes. Well, it worked for us.

Mr Blobby – what an expertly laid Trail with very clear flour arrows for slower runners. Great fun. Thanks so much.

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

RA Motox hauled us out of the nice warm pub to award the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
DryRot	C5 awarded his son a Down for being daft enough to be running a 100 mile race in a couple of weeks. Best of luck DryRot!
Slapper	Parking. See above. 😊
Pimp	Wimping out on the stream crossing.
Cerberus	Going far too fast during the walking Trail.
Cuddles	It had just started raining and she had raised a very twee umbrella that was covered in playing card pictures.
Lilo, SweetPea	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.
Montse	Since she has never done anything wrong or silly she is squeaky clean. Hence, she was renamed 'Squeaky'. The girl did really well – pictures below.
SlowSucker	Not only pushed in at the bar but all the way along the Trail.
Dr Pooh	When asked by the RA, at the bar, if he had done anything wrong during the Trail he replied that no, he was perfect. An obvious Down for that.
Mr Blobby, Mrs Blobby	Our Trail-Layer and Walking Trail Hares. Motox joined them so that the single, left-over Down would not be wasted.

### Future Hashes (Starting at 19:00 on Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2290	13Jun22	<b>Hares needed – please contact <a href="mailto:rampantdunny@gmail.com">rampantdunny@gmail.com</a> to volunteer.</b>	TBA
2291	20Jun22	<b>The Bull</b> Barkham Road, Barkham, Wokingham RG41 4TL What3words: <a href="#">loom.campfires.cities</a>	Twanky BlowJob
16	Tuesday 21Jun22 04:40 am	<b>Longest Day Run</b> <b>Woodcote Village Hall car park</b> Reading Road Woodcote RG8 0QY What3words: <a href="#">draining.shun.tastes</a> Bring your own drink. Breakfast is included. <b>Please email <a href="mailto:lemonydh3@gmail.com">lemonydh3@gmail.com</a></b> <b>– she needs to know numbers for breakfast (Tick £2!)</b>	Spot LemonySnicket



## Squeaky's Naming



*Motox and Ms Whiplash effect the baptism.*



*Squeaky Downs with style and aplomb.*

So there you go. A Gobsheet that's not too long and provides entertainment.

Rather like Mr Blobby's Trail. 😊