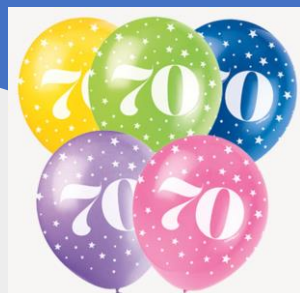


# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2296 25Jul22
Hash Location:	Pavilion Cricket Club, Peppard Common
Hares:	CouchPotato, WhoTheF*ckIsAlice

## Party Guests



NappyRash Donut Hashgate Kate Chris (aka Fred - see below) Posh Bomber PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Motox SlackBladder Little Stffy and dogs Masie and Ava Dunny Rampant Spex LoudonTasteless Swallow SlowSucker BlowHarder Gannet SkinnyDipper RandyMandy Twanky Itsyor Fiddler Cuddles SexSlave JJ Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Gnasher CanalBob C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Karen Desperate Shitfer Becky and dog Duggie Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Lofty Spot Crusty BGB Lonely Jamie Hashtray Valhalla Slapper Florence LemonySnicket Wimpy Dorothy Lucy Jack Caboose... and a whole load of Reading Joggers

And later: WaveRider Pyro and dog Whisper

## Couch Potato's 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday Hospital Hash

Very nice of CouchPotato to organise and invite us and his friends from Reading Joggers along to his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday Hash. I'm sure he didn't realise quite how many injuries would occur during his excellent Trail. So we're all aware, here's a list of the wounded:-

Name	Injury Details
John (Reading Joggers)	He looked like a very running-fit chap at the start. Pity then that he stepped on an unseen golf ball(!) just after we started on the other side of the cricket pitch and twisted his ankle/foot. At his Down Down the poor chap could hardly walk.
BillyBullshit	He and I were tramping alone up a steep and flinty hill when he told me his Achilles tendon was giving him a bit of gyp. 5 minutes later, when he was alone with Donut, he felt what he described as a 'red hot poker' in his ankle and he had to limp back to the cricket ground, helped by the concerned Donut.
Desperate	She twisted her knee quite badly while running. There was limping and a support bandage after the Hash.
Dunny	A Hash Crash that resulted in her apparently having three elbows, two on one arm. She has a nasty lump and I don't entirely mean Rampant.
LoudonTasteless	A seriously stubbed toe literally put him out of the running.
C5	Yet another crash for our elder statesman left him with two bloody knees and a lot of stick from other Hashers. His arm also streamed bloodily after an unfortunate meeting with a stropmy bramble intent on inflicting ABH.
SlowSucker	Tripping over a root or bramble saw our intrepid racer slam to the earth. He just as quickly got back up and ran on.
Lilo	A fair old pratfall but, fortunately, no harm done.
Posh	Prior to the Hash, she had fallen again on that knee she injured last week and had a fearsome bruise on her arm.
Mr Blobby	He was looking surprisingly lively following his very recent operation. He joined the walking wounded and managed 3 miles.



## Shitfer

He arrived with a fat face and a fat finger, the results of two separate insect bites. As well as several psychological issues we don't like to talk about.

The entire Gobsheet editorial team and reporting staff would like to send their best wishes to everyone in the above list and hope they recover quickly.

We were pleased to see that SlowSucker had returned to us after his bout of Covid. Though it was interesting that people cringed back slightly when he approached them (or is that the usual reaction... 😊). Cuddles and SexSlave had been watching the almost unmoving water sprays spurting from the hose on the cricket square and suggested SlowSucker might want to walk through them if they were antiseptic. A little harsh, but certainly funny.

Meanwhile, Lonely and BlowHarder were having a bit of an old rally in their cars round the extremely full car park. Luckily (and surprisingly) neither of them bashed into anything but it was fun watching BlowHarder (who only passed his test recently) jerking about in the pebbles with his handbrake on.

At the Gather Round CouchPotato laudably but vainly attempted to explain the 'rules' of the Hash (there are none) to our friends from Reading Joggers. After 10 minutes several of them were looking to see if there was any chance they could sneak away while the rest stood in glazed somnolence. Just in time we On Outed across the cricket pitch and piled off into the bushes and confusion behind it. It took us quite some time to figure out where the hell we were going and I felt quite sorry for the Joggers who largely didn't have a clue what was going on.

We finally reached where the walkers were and set off to enjoy the delights of Kingwood Common, 60 Hectares of lovely woodland and initially the location where Hare CouchPotato (who lived round here as a boy) couldn't quite remember where he was. He pointed out to the Pack that there was a short and long



*CouchPotato points to the real Short Trail.*

Trail and we all found it quite fascinating that each paralleled the other as we ran along. We all waved at each other, wondering who was doing the Long and who the Short. To give CouchPotato the benefit of the doubt, the first bit of wood looked very much like the second, where there really was a shorter Trail. Mind you, when we got there almost the entire Pack yomped forward along the Short and had to be called back. It was all going very well.

BGB, BillyBullshit, Donut, Spex and I got separated from the Pack and found ourselves in the FRB position. Billy and I had a rough idea that the Trail went straight up a steep, flint and pebble-covered track and we were rather pleased when we found that it did. Further on we found a well-hidden One-Blob Check with three possible tracks. Pity then that I checked out the one that went in exactly the opposite direction to the correct route! Doh! It was about now that the rest of the Pack caught up and a) SlowSucker plunged earthwards and was picked up by C5 and BlowHarder, then b) Billy injured his Achilles.

Bomber returned from the False on a Two-Way Check. I reminded the passing CouchPotato that he hadn't mentioned Two-Way Checks during his Gather Round teaching session and he was polite enough not to tell me to "B\*gger off Hashgate!"

There was a fast trot downhill by neat gardens followed by the dense woodland of the Wyfold Estate where I eventually caught up with the walking Fred. Or at least I had been advised a couple of weeks ago that his name was Fred. He came up to me after the Hash and asked me smilingly why I was using that name when his real name is Chris. Hmm. Wish I could remember who told me his name was Fred. I have a sneaking

suspicion that it might be Billy. Oh well, Chris didn't mind at all and quite liked the idea. Maybe when he's given a Hash name?

We all fetched up at the Regroup in the middle of the woods and I chatted to Becky who said that the 2-year old fit and healthy black labrador attached to her waist by a lead was quite knackered. Even as we spoke Duggie flopped to the ground and looked quite ready for a kip. Poor chap. We still had a couple of miles to go. We On Outed. Luckily, still downhill.

In fact, it was a nice, steep green field we were heading down. Towards a fence with a metal gate in it and as C5, Florence and I trotted down to it one of the taller Joggers hurtled towards us shouting, "Coming in hot!" The poor chap's probably seen the latest Top Gun film recently and fancies himself as Tom Cruise's Maverick character. I was rather hoping he might end up bent double over the gate but, lucky for him, he managed to screech to a halt.

Fred/Chris, JJ, Spex and I found ourselves at the curiously named Nipper's Grove. An area I know well, though the Trail went off at an angle I didn't expect in order to get to the rather lovely woods that are owned by generous people who allow the public to be in them. Here's a picture of one of the beautiful views.



It all got a bit gnarly here, though I have to say that the Hares had marked the Trail superbly well – not much chance of getting lost. Mind you, Spex, Fred/Chris and JJ did precisely that and had to backtrack to find the Trail again. It headed to the narrow country lane that leads to The Unicorn pub, just up hill from the cricket ground. So not too much of a trek back. I noticed Hare Alice following up behind everyone to make sure no-one was lost. Nice bit of responsible Haring. Thanks Alice.

Back at the pavilion, chairs were unfolded and people chatted as dusk began to gather. We very much enjoyed the beer and cakes CouchPotato had provided. A pile of birthday cards from various people tottered on the cake table.

Our thanks to CouchPotato and Alice for an excellent Trail. It was a great way to celebrate Couch's birthday and being able to use of the pavilion was the icing on the (birthday) cake.

## On On Hashgate

## Down Downs

RA Motox awarded the following well-deserved Downs.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
LoudonTasteless Desperate BillyBullshit John	Recipients of injuries today. Poor John had to be helped to get over to the Down Downs table then sit down with his bare foot supported.
Shitfer, CanalBob, WimpyCouchPotato	Birthday boys. Happy ones to them!
BlowHarder	Stunt driving in the car park.
C5, Dunny, Lilo	Some of today's Hash Crashers.
Pyro, WaveRider	Only arriving after the Trail so they could take advantage of the free beer and cake.
CouchPotato WhoTheF*ckIsAlice	Our Hares.

## 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>
2298	08Aug22	<b>The Horns</b> Crazies Hill, Wargrave, RG10 8LY What3words: <a href="#">scoring.goodness.coil</a>	Cerberus, TC, Desperate
2299	15Aug22	<b>Nettlebed Village Hall</b> 32 High Street, Nettlebed RG9 5DD What3words: <a href="#">imperious.blaring.goodbye</a>	Pyro (no doubt assisted by Whisper 😊)

