

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2298 08Aug22
Hash Location:	The Horns, Crazies Hill, Wargrave
Hares:	Cerberus, TC, Desperate, Becky

Birthday Celebrationists



Chris Kate Donut Hashgate Shitfor Duggie the dog Pyro and Whisper the dog Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant BillyBullshit Ms Whiplash Valhalla MessengerBoy Horny Helmet Swallow SlowSucker Twanky Blowjob WhoTheF*ckIsAlice Spex LoudonTasteless Cuddles SexSlave CouchPotato Lofty SkinnyDipper BGB Gannet Spot Julia Phil Cheryl Naomi and dogs Doris and Flossy HappyFeet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Motox Jamie Hashtray Fiddler Itsyor Sleazy PrettyinPink C5 Slapper Caboose Kathryn Mark James BumWiper and dog Ebony Lonely Lily BlowHarder

Cerberus' 70th Birthday Hash or Just Deserts

Just deserts indeed! The Trail, like most of the rest of the country was drier than the sole of a camel's foot. The sun had blazed down on our intrepid Hares while they had laid the Trail during the day and seemed just as hot while we stood about in the shaded areas of the stony car park.

Birthday girl Cerberus and her co-Hares had organised a cracker of a Hash for us. She had persuaded the pub to open just for us on their usually closed evening and food was to be made available after we had finished. Or rather **been** finished, given the heat and the hills! 😊

It was amusing to watch a number of Hashers drive their cars to the end of the car park, only to turn round, come back and park half way down. The navigationally challenged included SlowSucker and Swallow, WhoTheF*ckIsAlice (who took a number of goes to make his mind up) and LoudonTasteless and Spex (who swept to a stop in a shower of pebbles). Driver LoudonTasteless had obviously been watching Fast and Furious but what he has in common with Vin Diesel (particularly in the hair department) escapes me.



LoudonTasteless, after the haircut Spex has longed for.

At the Circle, we warmly welcomed tonight's virgin Kathryn (hope that's spelt correctly – let me know if it isn't) and we were off. Now that sounds like there was an explosion of Hashers, all vying for pole position in their attempts to find the Trail. Nothing of the sort. It was more of a geriatric shuffle in a variety of doddering, myopic directions. I include many of our younger members in that description. We finally figured out the way which we were supposed to go and Itsyor advised us that there were two opposing sets of flour blobs but no Check.

He came back from checking one of them... which was a shame because that was actually the way to go. Hare TC took charge and ran into the woods with us following. Very helpful. I must just mention that our Hares had laid two Trails; one with white flour for the runners and one with pink flour for the walkers. Occasionally, blobs of both colours would appear on the same route. Confused? So were we. But then we always are... and nobody got lost.

BGB seemed to be having a particularly difficult time as we headed on through the crackly, arid forest. First, he struggled to get his leg over a not too challenging log. Then he battled to bend enough to get under a low-hanging branch. Following this, he tripped and dropped his glasses. Finally, he Hash Crashed on to his back and had to be helped up by Sleazy and Dunny. Poor old sausage – the home for retired Hashers beckons.

We continued through the tinder-dry forest, following Slapper who was as surprised as us to find an 'F from a Check five blobs on! Slapper, Dunny, Kate, Sleazy Donut and I took a diagonal, uphill, off-Trail route to



where we could hear other Hashers calling and came out to another Check by which stood a Hare. I told her about the five blobs and False and she intimated that another of the Hares (no names, no pack drill 😊) had walked the Trail after it had been laid, possibly adding extra blobs to 'clarify' the route. Smiles all round and off we went again.

Hashers trotted carefully (the bone-hard ground included innumerable roots) downhill, across the little wooden troll-bridge that the Hares had thoughtfully placed at the bottom of the valley; then more slowly up the other side.

Rampant, Hashtray, Lofty and Spot crackled past, through the dry leaves. They told us they had just been on a wild goose chase, which was why they had been behind. It looked like they hadn't been successful for none of them had a goose slung over their shoulder. At the top of the hill Spot stopped to, um, water the dry forest floor while we made our way to the white and pink Trails' split. The white arrow depressingly pointed uphill and, of course, that's the way we went. Donut and I had walked this path during winter when it was essentially a muddy stream that almost came up to our ankles. Right now it was like concrete that had set after a particularly well-fought Flamenco dancing contest. Rock-hard little



It was a bit like this. We didn't hang about.

valleys, cliffs, curves and holes threatened ankles and knees as we stumbled and staggered across this area. We were almost pleased to come out on to a tarmacked hill; a **very steep** tarmacked hill. Mind you, it didn't seem to bother Alice and Chris, who both skipped up it with verve, aplomb and no apparent shortness of breath. I schlepped wheezingly up it with Caboose who didn't seem all that keen when I told him that if I collapsed he'd have to give me the kiss of life. I didn't see him much after we'd reached the top of the hill...

Lonely, BGB and I were led by Hare Becky through the woods until we came to a fallen tree with a Check (a white one) on it. Becky was pawing at the flour with her foot to show the direction the Trail went. I suggested to her that she was emulating those show horses that paw the ground a number of times to indicate how old they are when asked by their trainer. My further suggestion that she had pawed 47 times was met with the old fish eye and a silent look that said, "One more crack like that Hashgate and your cobblers will be meeting my knee." I trotted on.



We bumped into Posh, HappyFeet and Dunny, who needed a little assistance from Hare TC to find their way back to the Pack who were just in front of us. They also had stopped at the end of a field, unsure which way to go. Have to wonder why – the Trail had been superbly marked. However, the Hares got them on their way and we loped around the sunlit and hot, shaved fields before plunging once more into the shady relief of a forest. By this time the Pack had disappeared and I got caught up by Donut, who had been waylaid when checking a lengthy False Trail. We came to the signs you see in the picture and were a tad flummoxed. The Check pointed to the right and the arrow to the left. It was only when we tried going right and came to the little well we had passed during the On Out that we realised we should go the other way. So we did and Twanky and Blowjob suddenly appeared behind us. Lord knows where they'd been. Still, when we reached

the road in which the pub stood we had only a few more minutes before we could stop, towel down, change and enjoy a drink and some food.

Cerberus had arranged for the pub to cook pizzas in their outdoor oven. Each was its own mini artwork of surreal swirls of tomato, sweet corn, peppers and pepperoni set in the frame of its outer crust. Delicious they were, along with chips, salad, tomatoes in balsamic vinegar and potato salad. Our crowd munched and chatted, enjoying the après Hash experience. Cakes appeared. Cuddles had brought one too since it was also her birthday. Hashers were very happy.

This was an excellent, well-organised Hash and birthday celebration and the Hares had laid an exceptionally good Trail. Our birthday wishes go to Cerberus and our thanks to her and her partner Hares. 😊



On On Hashgate

Down Downs

As darkness descended, RA Motox awarded the following.

Recipient	Reason
LoudonTasteless	Calling On On the wrong way just after we had started.
Mark	Being far too nice to everyone.
BlowHarder	He's so shy he waits for ladies to go through kissing gates before he passes through.
Cerberus, Cuddles, Itsyor, Blowjob	Happy birthday to them!
Kate	She was so confused she bade "Good morning." to Motox on the Trail.
Utopia	Not helping the RA to identify a walker who should get a Down Down.
Kathryn	The evening's virgin. Superb swallowing by her!
Cerberus, TC, Desperate, Becky	Tonight's excellent Hares.



Our Hares (Cerberus, TC, Becky, Desperate) enjoy their Down Downs.

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>
2300	22Aug22	Frilsham Clubroom Hatchets Lane, Frilsham RG18 9XQ What3words: derailed.alien.hamsters	Zebedee Florence
Sunday Hashes Begin			
2301	Sunday 28Aug22 11:00	The Wellington Arms 203 Yorktown Rd, Sandhurst GU47 9BN Limited Parking so please park at recreation ground car park opposite the pub, called Pyes Acre car park. What3words will take you here What3words: shampoos.rumble.winds	Itsyor Fiddler