

The Trail had been laid as one-blob-and-on, although it took Lungs about 2 miles to figure this out. Very sensible to lay these Checks if there's only one Hare. As we streamed down towards a rather well-known pond (from the annual Fun Run) we assumed we must be On because there, surprisingly, was one Blob. Mr Blobby had left his sick-bed to stagger over and see how we were doing. No stiffening carcass we were relieved to see and very nice of him. However, NappyRash and I pondered on the tongue-lashing he would get from Mrs Blobby later. His best bet, we thought, would be to trowel on a thick layer of man-flu symptoms – he might even get tomorrow's breakfast in bed (cue a tortured sigh; "I'll eat it just for you dear").

Just before that also well-known, dilapidated, sideless shed, Kerry and Victoria left us, waving and smiling, to run to wherever they were going. Great to have them join us and hopefully we'll see them again. As we entered the shed BGB told me that he'd once become lost inside it, during a Fun Run. Did he mean he couldn't work out where the exit was? I imagined him bumbling about. "Ooh. I'm in a sideless shed. Wonder how I get out?" I couldn't believe even BGB would have been that daft. 😊

We were in some lovely deciduous forest, springy underfoot and with sunshine streaming through Autumn leaves. I say 'we'. The Pack was somewhere ahead and I was on my own. Pathetic really but it is what it is. Luckily, I happened across what turned out to be a shortcut and rejoined the merry throng, capering blindly along to an impromptu, sunny Regroup. After setting off again we met three cyclists who were most amused that we had no real idea where we should run – we'd somehow lost flour. They were even more amused when we met them again later after losing the Trail and following virgin Simon who said he'd seen a Check kicked out further up the path along which he'd just returned (he hadn't).

The Pack again disappeared and I was enjoying my sunlit solo perambulation in a slightly more open forest area when I heard the sound of running footsteps behind me. I turned to see Slapper. "Where did you get to?" I asked and he gave me two reasons why he had been so far back. 1) He'd gone a long way the wrong way from a Check and had become slightly lost. 2) He'd been at the Burghfield Beer Festival on Friday and Saturday and was suffering from over-indulgence. I commiserated with him on the first reason and congratulated him on the second. He staggered off, with a smile on his slightly green face.



Slapper's attempt to insert the spigot fails spectacularly. Quickly adjusting his position to take the spray directly into his mouth didn't resolve the issue but made him feel a lot less concerned about it.

I eventually found myself on a road, opposite The Victoria pub, and no flour to be seen. A bit of a surprise since the rest of the Trail had been very clearly marked. Perhaps a small, flour-obsessed creature had licked up the blobs. Let's go left, I decided and came across the first Check I'd seen that hadn't been kicked out. Oh well. There seemed to be a church spire in the distance and I spotted first Lonely and then Utopia. Back at last and before all the food was eaten. Perfect!

Our thanks to the health-stuttering Mr Blobby for a well-laid and enjoyable Trail. We all send our best wishes to him for a speedy recovery from whatever lurghi he's suffering from.

The 2022 AGM

St John's Hall is a good size for the AGM. Three lines of tables were set out for the BH³ members (or 'rabble' as Committee members like to refer to them) while a Putin-style formation of tables is set across and well-apart from the three. While the masses clinked open their beer bottles and hungrily eyed the serving hatch where food would be provided after the meeting, colleagues in the Committee cadre sauntered superciliously across to the high tables, networking, plotting and greeting the GM with toe-curling, unctuous deference. The Committee generally meets secretly and little is known of the power-play politics, rampant

(not just him; the whole bunch of them!) exploitation, back-stabbing and fluid conspiracies. Here they all were. Finally out in the open, red in tooth and claw and ready to carve up the positions of power among themselves.

You will have access to the minutes of the AGM when On Sex, Swallow, has finished her redactions and insertion of the Committee's version of events so I don't need to report all the details of the meeting. The GM's speech included a list of successful events BH³ held during the year. Hash Cash SkinnyDipper then skipped lightly over the accounts, baffling everyone very cleverly with references to monetarist theory, quantitative easing and the rôle of cryptocurrency in a fiat-based economy. Imagine a lucky white rabbit zig-zagging knowledgeably across a minefield before looking back at a fortunate escape and nibbling on its reward carrot. Breathtaking stuff and the healthy accounts were accepted without question. Then came the 'election' of the Committee members. Slam-dunk and shoo-in are a couple of terms that come to mind. There are only two changes from last year. Joint Hash Mash PrettyInPink has 'stepped down' (read 'been forced to quit because he's too young and full of good ideas'. Ok, it was because he literally doesn't have the time to spare in his busy life.) and Shifty has been tossed the bone of Dogsboddy (ok, he volunteered to help... and paid the requisite bribe). You'll find a table below that lists the Committee members and their rôles.

There was one more change. Honorary President BGB was stepping down after serving his 2-year term. After several months of lobbying, arm-twisting and bribery the Committee had agreed that Hashgate should be awarded this supreme and exalted position. An excellent decision, I feel. Interesting that Hashgate's original Hash Name was 'Mr President' because, at the time, President Clinton had very similar hair to him. What goes around comes around. 😊 One has to wonder what exactly Hashgate is planning. He has a fairly firm grasp on the position of Scribe, he's a bank account signatory and now he's El Presidente. Could this be the latest step in his long march for ultimate power? A takeover of the entire Committee? Time will tell.

GM Rampant ended the AGM and food was ready to be served to the slaving horde. A jostling queue quickly appeared. Guess who was at the front? Here's a picture.



Gannet and Motox take pole pasty position.

Pasty and baked beans with bread chunks on the side comprised the main course. People were very happy with this menu and several went up for seconds. It was fascinating to watch how different people ate their pasty. Crusty edge first or cut in half or snip off the corners. Perhaps the way one eats one's pasty provides a window into personality. If so, Mrs Blobby struck me as the most interesting. She approached the thing in a medically forensic manner. Like a medical examiner with a scalpel, she carefully sliced around the top of it. She meticulously peeled back the outer layer and proceeded to extract the contents. I don't know if she later placed the outer layer back and sewed it up but I wouldn't be surprised.

All in all an excellent Trail, an amiable AGM and a hearty meal amongst friends with good conversation. It's been another successful year for BH³. Here's to the next.

Committee Members

The below table lists the greasy pole-climbers and raging self-servers who will feast at the trough of power and privilege for another year.

<u>Role</u>	<u>Incumbent</u>	<u>Capability</u>
Grand Master	RampantRabbit	He has the gavel, the tie, the briefcase, the gravitas. Who can do it better?
Hare Raiser	Dunny	Who can resist Dunny's charm when she asks for/demands volunteer Hares?

<u>Role</u>	<u>Incumbent</u>	<u>Capability</u>
Hash Cash	SkinnyDipper	She is the mistress of financial obfuscation and figure massaging. That reminds me, I must make an appointment.
Haberdash	Mr Blobby	His designs are legendary. His negotiating powers on behalf of BH ³ awesome.
Hash Scribe	Hashgate	The poor hack can't get a job anywhere else.
Membership and Tick	Florence and C5	A fearsome duo. Confronted with them everybody pays subs and tick.
RA	Motox	He's really quite good at it.
Webmaster	Iceman	Our only expert in this field provides and maintains a compelling website.
On Sex	Swallow	In complete contrast to the Gobsheets, her minutes are exclusively factual.
Hash Mash	FalseTart	Delia Smith and Mary Berry rolled into one. But so much younger and better-looking than either of course.
Dogsbody	Shifty	A rôle for which he has been trained at his marital home.
Hash Ents	Vacant	Twanky – we need you... 😊

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

In the comfort of the hall, RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
SkinnyDipper	Actually asking a pedestrian the way during the Trail.
Spex	Map-holder Spot abuse (see above).
SlowSucker	The day's Hash Crasher.
Zebedee	Groping on the Hash! Dirty boy!
Dumber	His birthday. A happy one to him.
Lilo	Held up the entire walking party while dog Minx enjoyed a poo. Getting her to drink the Down was eventually impossible with her throwing a good-natured hissy fit and letting Minx lap some of it. Chaos. Motox has put her on his naughty list.
MessengerBoy	His inability to control dog Willow. He calls out commands and she does whatever she likes. Lovely dog.
Simon	A virgin Hasher. Surprisingly, he chose to drink the Down that Minx had lapped at. He woofed it down. Er, well done Simon...
Hashgate, BGB	The incoming and outgoing Honorary President.
Glittertits, Lungs, Rampant	A limited list of those providing assistance with kitchen activities. Dunny had done a lot of the work with the help of SkinnyDipper. Many other Hashers helped with setting out and putting away the chairs and tables and generally tidying up. Another great group effort.
Mrs Blobby, Spot	She led the walkers and Spot led the runners (until he got lost towards the end 😊). Mr Blobby was awarded a (well-deserved) virtual Down Down.





Newly-appointed Honorary President Hashgate and outgoing Honorary President BGB enjoy their Down Downs.

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2307	09Oct22	Loddon Brewery Dunsden Green Farmhouse Church Lane, Dunsden, Reading RG4 9QD What3words: going.goal.limes	PrettyInPink Sleazy
2308	16Oct22	The Fox & Hounds 116 City Road Tilehurst, RG31 5SD What3words: homes.reveal.petal	Motox Foghorn

