

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2308 16Oct22
Hash Location:	The Fox and Hounds, Tilehurst
Hares:	Motox, Foghorn

Sunbathers (for it was a lovely sunny day)



Snowy Gannet Donut Hashgate Spot NappyRash BillyBullshit Cerberus and dog Chilli TinOpener BGB Rampant Bomber MessengerBoy and dog Willow CouchPotato HappyFeet DoorMatt AWOL PissQuick Glittertits Jackie Caboose Chris Kate Imogen Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Gnasher CanalBobb Iceman Swallow SlowSucker JJ Dumb Dumber Twanky FalseTart Shifty C5 SweetPea Agatha Lungs Sleazy PrettyInPink and his Dad John, Nicky, Pirouette, Hungover, NomdePlume Alan Jane Betsy Karen Desperate SkinnyDipper MonaLisa Steph Simon WetWipe Hashtray Rebecca Justin Dorothy Jack Lucy... and later: WaveRider and grandchildren Katy and Harry, NearlyTwice with her daughter Pearl, Pimp

A Pleasant Morning's Hashing

You'd think that, in the middle of October, it should be pretty cold, dull and probably raining. Whether it was due to global warming or the gods smiling down on BH³ the weather was sunny, clear-skied and warm. Maybe it was the Spring-like morning, the pub (site of the infamous Tutu Hash on January 19th 2020!) or knowledge that our highly experienced Hares would lay a fine Trail that encouraged a positive throng of Hashers and friends to completely fill the small car park and surrounding roads with their cars. The masses chatted and squinted at each other in the October sunshine before GM Rampant called us to order and introduced our Hares. Motox warned us of low-hanging branches, roots that might trip us up and advised that the only Checks were One-Blob Checks because he and Foghorn are too old and knackered to lay proper False Trails. Fair enough. Many of us are too old and knackered to run up and back along them.

We On Outed, wondering why we'd put on so many clothes. Now, since your chief reporter has been gripped tightly in the claws of the lurgh monster during the week and was still coughing with a sound like a large bear that has a salmon bone caught in its throat the chance of running (and not suffering some kind of seizure) was nil. Hence, I was with the walking group. Hence also, there is very little in this report regarding the runners. But there is just a bit, so maybe you might want to read on if you ran...

Glittertits and I were in the middle of the group that filtered through that first alleyway near and opposite the pub and generally got in the way of the runners, who had initially gone the wrong way. We enjoyed a chat while perambulating down the urban hill before meeting a lady at the bottom of a sloping alley. She was carrying a cardboard wine box full of what appeared to be old slippers. Smiling at her, we scurried on rapidly. Straight into a bit of forest where Motox' warning of branches and tree roots made immediate sense. We were crouching and lifting legs high. It was more stretching and exercise than most people had done for months and we could hardly hear ourselves speak for the arthritic crackling and knee joint crepitus that filled the air.

We reached the top of a downhill-sloping, large sports field. Snowy appeared. He was carrying a map and a certainty that he was not walking any further than was absolutely necessary. He showed us the route, which went all the way down the field to the bottom, where there was a Check, then all the way back up it on the other side. Both he and Donut slithered across the neck of the large loop, leaving the rest of us feeling quite righteous... if knackered by the time we'd completed the loop. The runners completely messed up the Check and milled about aimlessly on the other side of the busy road, desperate to believe there



Probably the best TV advert (John West) of all time. See it [here](#).

would be flour there when, as Motox told us before calling them all On Back, it was actually a Back Check! Nice one, Hares. 😊

I fell in with Dumb, Gnasher, Lungs and SweetPea as we topped the playing field and tramped off up a grassy footpath that went even further uphill. The runners had dived off left on to what we described as a pointless loop. There followed some very erudite philosophical discussion between us on whether a loop could ever have a point since, after all, it is physically and mathematically basically circular. Fascinating stuff eh? And intellectual discourse is certainly one of the reasons why I attached myself to this group of attractive ladies.

Another stroll through some more of urban Tilehurst took us to the entrance to an alley that led past fields and into more woodland. We stood aside to let the supreme athlete NappyRash puff his way back streak past to catch up with the rest of the Pack. It was a really nice walk in the brilliant sunshine before the dappled woods. I was walking with MonaLisa and Jackie, discussing the benefits of eating blueberries and nuts and 'forest bathing' which, previously had been known as 'walking in the woods'. Whatever you call it, the physical benefits of ambling amongst the trees and the psychological benefits of interacting (being friendly and chatting) with people at the same time are obvious. One of the perks of Hashing.

We came to a tree that had fallen across our path and this was where PissQuick and Glittertits earned their Down Down (see below) following Twanky's sudden appearance like a wood nymph in trainers. At least PissQuick's struggle to get her leg over gave us a few minutes respite from the hilly paths we were ascending and descending.

We continued to follow the flour blobs on the earthen path and were rather surprised when we noticed Jack, Lucy, Caboose and TinOpener coming to meet us on a path above where we were. "We're on flour." We called up to them. "So are we." Came the confusing reply. Still, we all ended up on the same route so I guess our Hares had known what they were doing.

I believe that while we were busy doing our thing the runners were beasting off towards the folly some distance away from where we were. We thought it best to let them. Meanwhile, Mrs Blobby and I caught up with Gannet and Iceman on a road by a school where Mrs Blobby's son used to teach. Apart from this snippet of information she also asserted confidently that, "I know the way." Three sets of eyebrows raised slowly from the horizontal but, being gentlemen, barely a snort left our lips. Iceman bit his knuckle (pity it was the injured one), Gannet ferreted in his pocket for some, any food and I concentrated fiercely on my reporting duties. It turned out we should never have doubted our companion - not that we ever did, you understand. She's not called Mrs Blobby for nothing; the next one (blob that is) was literally just around the corner. She strode positively on. We followed like the sheep we were.



Just at the end of a forest alley that led to the road whereon the pub stands was the largest written in flour 'On Inn' I think I have ever seen. Gannet was so excited by this that he tripped over the only ½ inch of protruding paving stone in Tilehurst, risking a personal, earth-shaking pratfall and laughter-induced heart attacks in the rest of us. It was a perfect end to a perfect Trail.

An excellent Hash from two of the BH³ grandees. Our thanks go to them.

The Gobsheet has a treat in store for you over the next three weeks. Your reporter and his good lady will be enjoying a variety of leisure activities in Asian climes so, to ensure no break in Gobsheet publication for our valued readers, no less than three BH³ members have been invited to take up (and accepted!) the Quill of Destiny. They are PrettyInPink (23rd October), MessengerBoy (30th October) and Dumb (6th November). The entire journalist and editorial teams thank them for their altruism. I'm sure all BH³ members (who didn't quite make it on to the invitation list) thank them too...

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

Since Motox had Hared today, Spot kindly stood in as RA and presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
AWOL	Making snoring noises behind SkinnyDipper because (he thought) she was running so slowly. We fell asleep waiting for AWOL to complete his Down!
BGB, SkinnyDipper	Today's Hash Crashers.
C5	For (so far) laying at least 100 Trails. Well done C5!
Pimp	Spying on the Hares when they were laying the Trail. Though much good did it do him.
NappyRash	It's the old fellow's Birthday. A happy one to him! He dribbled a bit but then he is quite agèd now.
Alan, Jane	Today's virgin Hashers. A warm welcome to them... and a huge round of applause for the rapid Down of Jane.
Glittertits, PissQuick	Coming to a fallen tree across a forest footpath, GT urged PQ to "sit on it" in order to facilitate her crossing. Twanky, following closely behind intoned, "I bet you haven't said that for a long time." GT felt he could only agree. 😊
Motox, Foghorn	Today's Hares.

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>
2310	30Oct22	The Three Horseshoes 90 Reading Road, Henley RG9 1DN. What3words: belt.surcharge.sizzled	Posh Bomber
2311	06Nov22	Hursley H³ Camra Event You must register at: Hash Camra Event (jotform.com) Alresford Community Centre 7 West Street Alresford SO24 9AG What3Words: shakes.unsightly.cosmic	TBA

