

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2313 20Nov22
Hash Location:	Mortimer West End Village Hall
Referees:	Slapper, CanalBobb

Forwards and Backs

WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate NightOwl Lynne Laura Phantom Slips Snowy RandyMandy BlindPew Gnasher Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 SkinnyDipper Motox Foghorn Spot Cuddles SexSlave Iceman Crusty BGB PissQuick Glittertits Betsy Dunny Rampant Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee AWOL NoSole Chris Cloggs Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Gannet Hamlet MessengerBoy and dog Willow Twanky ChocChuck and dog Bonnie NoStyle Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener JJ Jackie Itsyor HappyFeet DoorMatt WetWipe Dorothy Kevin

England 1 I-Ran 0

Mortimer West End Village Hall may not be the most likely setting for the World Cup but it was certainly where our Hares had organised the opening ceremony. GM Rampant, our very own Gianni Infantino, launched proceedings from the (centre) Circle, then handed over to the dual-refereeing team of Slapper and CanalBobb. They had organised a football extravaganza, they told us, and needed two volunteers to be captain of England and captain of the rest-of-the-world-team: I-Ran.



Step forward RandyMandy and AWOL. Mandy's knowledge of football could be described as sweet FA. AWOL's encyclopaedic. During the match (Trail ☺) they were to select 5 each of the BH³ footballing galacticos to be on their team. Bound to be difficult choices with the number of players (Hashers) injured, retired or under investigation for betting irregularities. But then a captain's job is never easy.

The whistle blew, the crowd rose to its feet with a, well, more of a whimper than a roar, and the match was under way. The FRBs (Forward Running B*stards) streamed up the pitch. Literally. There was one on the other side of the road. They were seeking an early goal but all were caught offside as they ran past the walkers only to be called back towards the road they had just crossed over. BGB was an early casualty, pulling a muscle in midfield. Fortunately, no stretcher was needed and he managed to drag himself off the field of play.

The game progressed fairly unevenly, with a few struggling with their keepy-uppy on the shiggier sections of the pitch. Unusually in a match the referee called a halt to proceedings so the teams could enjoy the Hash View over a lake. The Gobsheet's sports photographer captured the moment in the picture below which rather illustrates the lack of cohesion in both teams' approach to the game. Mr Blobby is finding it difficult to believe that the ref could blow up just to look at a lake. Florence has no interest in it at all. C5 is unable to see it because he's looking in the wrong direction. Posh has wandered on to the pitch, bemused by the activity of the lower classes. While JJ is looking for his captain so he can be substituted. Thank goodness our photographer didn't capture more players – we could be here all day!



While team members stretched and discussed tactics, Slapper told me that when he was marking out the pitch/Trail earlier (he's multi-talented) he thought he saw a beautiful white heron standing on a branch way out in the lake. Closer inspection proved it was a rather scruffy seagull. As we all say at various times, the ref needs glasses. 🕶️



The match then split into two sections. Players could choose between a Long version or take a short cut. Since nobody seemed likely to score (well, we're all getting on a bit...) some of the players decided to cut some out, hoping for the possibility of an early bath. They were Motox, MessengerBoy, NoStyle, Dunny, Foghorn, Jackie and me. There was another split soon after when NoStyle and I went off down the wing (a loop around, then into, fields) while the rest tried out the Route 1 approach. The two of us were more than surprised when three horses galloped past us. They weren't even police horses. Bit of a shock when you're halfway through a match but no whistle blew so we just got on with the game. After we'd made another cross-field foray we came across a llama, several sheep and a Shetland pony. Now we're all happy to get agricultural at times during play but pastoral farming just isn't in our game plan. Forwards Betsy, Bomber and WetWipe finally caught up with our goal-hanging attempts; WetWipe opening his legs and showing his class as he skidded on a patch of shiggy by the Check. You've got to hand it to a player who doesn't dive but carries straight on. Mind you, if he had gone down and rolled (many times) in theatrical agony the only free kick he would have got would have been from the rest of the team for time-wasting. From the Check, Betsy executed a defence-bewildering Inside Right shimmy and run and found the way through. Ah, if she'd only had the ball...

The game had gone well past half-time (we hadn't even noticed it) when we found ourselves running off the ball by Silchester. Florence found herself out on her own with no backup while checking and was called back by the ref before she was caught offside. We eventually found ourselves on the far side of the pitch by The Calleva Arms. The clock was ticking, the end of the game was near and TinOpener, Twanky and I noticed a strange marking on the ground. Perhaps the line marker was having an off-day because he'd marked out the letters 'NB'. TinOpener interpreted it as an indication that we were 'Near Beer'. Twanky had a go at the ref by insisting it meant 'Bloody Nincompoop'. Pick whichever you prefer. 😊

It was a goalless draw so we headed over to Trainer NoSole's car for alcoholic refreshment in the form of Butcombe Bitter. Always good to replace lost fluid after a hard game/Trail. But we had more to come. In an unusual twist referee Slapper called for the Captains and teams to head on to the pitch for a penalty shootout. How strange, we thought, since we knew we were in for extra time – at least another half hour.



Mr Blobby tries to psych out the goalie by appearing nonchalant. There's a dog on the pitch!

The set up was unusual too. BlindPew would be goalkeeper for all the penalty kicks! We wondered if a fix

had been put in since England team captain RandyMandy is, of course, his good lady. We needn't have worried. He saved almost every effort that was on target with the aplomb of Peter (The Cat) Bonetti... and managed not to throw the ball into his own goal.

Penalty taking was more than a touch chaotic but the crowd enjoyed it hugely, laughing like drains at every effort. Team members were as follows: England under RandyMandy – Hashgate, Betsy, WetWipe, Spot, C5. I-Ran under AWOL – WaveRider, Florence, JJ, Rampant, Mr Blobby. The shots went like this:-

Saved by the keeper: Mr (Golden Balls) Blobby, Rampant (The Guv'nor), C5 (The Divine Ponytail), Rampant (again), Cloggs (Crazy Dribbler)

A gentle pass to the keeper: Hashgate (The Smiling Assassin), Spot (Psycho), SkinnyDipper (The Non-Flying Dutchman)

Missed the goal completely: WaveRider (Mighty Mouse), JJ (The Giraffe), HappyFeet (Atomic Flea), DoorMatt (The Pit Bull) almost demolished the metal storage container next to the goal!

Skied it into the car park: WetWipe (Wonder Boy)

Scored: WetWipe rocketed it past the green jersey of the spreadeagled net custodian to win the match for England. The fans erupted in a thunderous frenzy.

And then, believe it or not, the ref called for extra time! Had there been a tunnel most of us would have been heading down it. However, we stretched out cramped calves, tied up bootlaces and carried on with no substitutions. While running on some of the rougher parts of the pitch I was sure I was hallucinating due to exhaustion. There seemed to be large and inquisitive cattle chewing the cud among scratchy bushes. I-Ran captain AWOL broke into my psychotic episode by telling me that, following the penalty shootout defeat, he had been called to the boardroom and summarily dismissed. Apparently also with no severance pay. As mentioned, a captain's job is never easy.

And the unnecessary extra time wasn't easy too. We had a mountain to climb (or so it seemed from the many hills) even though some of us had been on the winning side. We must have covered every blade of grass on the pitch. It may have been a game of two halves but we had had a penalty shootout and were playing **another** two halves! Funny old game, football. We were beginning to wish somebody had parked the bus nearby, so we could catch it back to the village hall. We certainly weren't out of the woods – literally. There was a lot more running before the end of this game. We were desperate for the final whistle but only found a quarry. We had to dig deep...

Finally, finally the forwards were back, the backs were back. We staggered into the village hall car park. The supporters raised a final cheer.

As they said when they saw us: "They think it's all over. It is now."

Our thanks to today's refereeing team of Slapper and CanalBobb. Nice concept Hash and really good fun at the penalty shootout.



The number of extra time additional miles.

On On Hashgate

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



Down Downs

These were held in the warm and cosy environs of the village hall. After getting outside of his sandwiches our RA, Motox, presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Cuddles	Finding and picking up booty in the car park (5p) before the Circle.
Jackie	Doing some additional strolling after the Hash to ensure her recorded mileage got up to 6 miles. Sad... but we've all done it.
Florence	Not only forgot to bring the 'David' apron but also ran over a False!
PennyPitstop	Motox had forgotten what her misdemeanour was and who had dobbed her in. Donut, the dobber-in, owned up to the dobbing and refreshed Motox' memory with the fact that Penny had become lost on the walk after stopping to tie up a shoelace.
Hamlet, DoorMatt	Birthday boys. Happy ones to them!
WetWipe, BlindPew	The former scored the only goal in the penalty shootout. The latter, as goalkeeper, saved every ball (apart from that one) that was actually on target.
Laura	Visited us by travelling all the way from Dresden. As NappyRash said, she should have taken the penalty kicks. At least we could have been sure she would have scored.
NightOwl, Lynne	Our two special visitors from Cheshire. (See below)
BGB, AWOL	BGB has taken part in 1100 Hashes and AWOL in 300. Well done to both. They were awarded their badges by Hon. President Hashgate and Motox presented them with delicately wrapped boxes (Bran Flakes and Typhoo Tea) that contained chocolate eclairs. The chaps generously handed them out amongst the crowd.
Slapper, CanalBobb	Today's Hares and football managers.

A Visit From a BH³ Founder

Following the Down Downs, Hashgate announced that we were fortunate to be enjoying the company of a very special visitor. Night Owl had travelled down from his home in Cheshire to attend Max (Dribbler)'s memorial service on Thursday and had stayed to join our Hash on the Sunday. He, along with Max and Angie (Madame Butterfly) had started Berkshire Hash House Harriers 44 years ago. We gave him a roaring round of applause and he said he was very pleased to see that, after 44 years, BH³ is successful and going strong. Great to see you, Night Owl. Please join us again, any time.

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>
2315	04Dec22	Dribbler/Max's Memorial Hash South Hill Park Arts Centre, Ringmead, Bracknell RG12 7PA What3Words: lift.tops.cubs	ShutupWally HoneyMonster C5
2316	*Saturday* 10Dec22 3:15 pm start	BH³ Christmas Party Toby Carvery , Richfield Ave, Reading RG1 8EQ What3words: after.visits.diner Don't forget secret Santa, Max £4 Members £12 Non-Members £17 5pm to 10pm in The Carvery	SkinnyDipper PrettyInPink Sleazy



If you don't know who the above footballers' nicknames are, here's a list. 😊🏈

Golden Balls – David Beckham

The Guv'nor – Paul Ince

The Divine Ponytail – Roberto Baggio (if only LoudonTasteless had been there! 😊)

Crazy Dribbler – Chris Waddle

The Smiling Assassin – Dwight Yorke

Psycho – Stuart Pearce

The Non-Flying Dutchman – Dennis Bergkamp

Mighty Mouse – Kevin Keegan

The Giraffe – Jack Charlton

Atomic Flea – Lionel Messi

The Pit Bull – Gennaro Gattuso

Wonder Boy – Michael Owen

