

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2314 27Nov22
Hash Location:	The Fox, Hermitage
Hares:	MadMoose, Kate

Fox Trailers



Spot Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Gannet PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Jackie Chris Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby WaveRider NappyRash Posh Bomber Iceman Motox LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Masie and Ava CabinBuoy WhoTheF*ckIsAlice AWOL Slapper Simon (now CockUp – see own Downs) Betsy Lilo and dog Minx Slips Snowy Foghorn MessengerBoy and dog Willow NoStyle ChocChuck and dog Bonnie Swallow SlowSucker Twanky Florence FalseTart Shifty Phantom Imogen Adam JJ

MadMoose and Kate's Maiden Hash

And didn't they make a good job of it! We had plenty of shiggy, fields, forests, a beer and snacks stop and an excellent Trail. Their only problem now is that, having raised their own bar so high, will they reach the same dizzy heights next time? We look forward to finding out.

We've had a couple of maiden Trails recently – Sleazy and PrettyInPink, WetWipe and Hashtray a couple of weeks ago. The thing your reporter has noticed is that the Hares get unnecessarily worried that the day won't go right or they've made a mistake in the Trail laying.



Today's Hares - MooseKate.

There's absolutely no need to be concerned. If anyone does get a bit lost (I'm thinking Donut and Jackie here) or anyone moans about the Trail (no-one did on this or the previous one) then you know, as a Hare, that you've done a good job. So there was no need for Hare Kate to inhale almost a packet of Woodbines and pace worriedly up and down before the Circle. By the way, it's about time she was named and, because of her propensity to light up at any opportunity, The Gobsheet editorial team would like to suggest 'Gasper' – singularly appropriate for a running Hasher – 'FagAshLil' – slightly dated but nonetheless amusing, or 'Smokin' – because she does and she is. 😊

Donut and I found both Kate and Spot behind our car after we'd (finally – see Down Downs) parked. While Kate puffed away and worried, Spot rather naively admitted he'd been for a warm-up run. Which is why he received a Down Down later. Sorry about that Spot – this reporter dobbed you in.

The weather today was on the cool side and with a distinctly damp tinge round the edges of it so we were pleased to have a fairly short Circle and get going. Mr Blobby trotted down the tarmac slope of the road that ran past the pub with Minx on a lead. Lilo's little black and white dog is perfectly happy with The Blobster since she knows she will get a good run around the countryside at a pace suited to her. As we turned into the first field she rather obviously felt the need to, ahem, jettison some weight, while Mr Blobby stood slightly apart, whistling up at the sky and pretending Minx wasn't attached to his wrist by a fairly short lead.

The first of the shoe-sucking shiggy greeted us as we slurped our way uphill in a forest, meeting the walkers' group at the top. I was pleased to see that Snowy was still in a pristine state. He'd told me earlier about a walk he went on where he had carefully avoided a muddy area where someone had previously slid, only to place his foot down and find himself pratfalling with a "Whump!" into the shiggy, covering most of one side

of himself. Ah, if only we'd been there to see/video it... Surprisingly, we all managed to run past the walkers and down the extremely slippery hill beyond them without falling over – despite Gannet's 'accidentally' outstretched leg.

Now you see a lot of strange things during a Hash but we haven't seen much stranger than the gentleman with a Harris Hawk (*Parabuteo unicinctus*) clutching his forearm with its talons. Mr Blobby and I had just run through a gate (held open by the Hare Kate, the gate lady) when there he was. Mr B stopped for a chat, making sure Minx, was firmly on her lead. It seemed that, due to the miserable weather, our feathered friend hadn't been able to fly for a week so today was his first outing for a while. He was a fine old bird and so was the hawk. Magnificent plumage don't you know.

Talking of strange sights, here's a weird one. Some people go big and go early on Christmas. This family certainly have. It's a curious pre-celebration and bah-humbug presentation. In contrast to the huge wreath, baubles and sign pointing to Santa's Grotto, Reindeer End and Elf Village, The Grinch stares grimly at passers-by, daring them to enjoy the festive festoonery. We zipped past, fearful of both the inhabitants and The Grinch.



Another chunk of wet forest met us and we slipped and slapped along shiggy paths covered in a layer of brightly coloured leaves. It was really nice to run on since it was springy and the daylight seemed to scintillate amongst the semi-bare trees. On a narrow path with a field to our left and a tall wire fence to our right we came across what Kate, when she caught up with me as I was taking this photo, called 'their little joke'. They'd laid a Check right next to a little gap in the fence that was there to let small animals through. Nice one, Hares. Here's the picture.



Once again we met up with the walking group. Clever Trail-laying by our Hares ensured that the groups encountered each other at various times along the route. This time it was in a forest where tree-felling had taken place recently so there were mountainous muddy tyre tracks across which we had to pick our way, filling our running shoes with a variety of viscous material on the way. I picked my way past Chris, Mrs Blobby, PennyPitstop and Ms Whiplash and almost caught up with Pack (they had all been caught by a particularly gnarly Check) just as they found the Trail and ran off. Mind you, both Twanky and Slapper took some time to catch up too, since they had run up the False Trails. As we ran down what had been a track but seemed now like a massively rutted, winter, tank training ground we met a couple with a little dog who were most amused by Iceman's stentorian "On On" a little further away. I had to explain what we were doing and that we were following flour blobs. The gentleman, with a smile and since they had come from the direction in which we were heading, told me that I should go right at the next turn, then left and straight on at the crossroads. "Why thank you for your assistance." I replied, my own smile in place.

After a bit more wet woods and damp fields we fetched up at the Regroup/Beer Stop by the smart, wood-clad Eling Estate office. Our Hares had gone eyeballs out on this. There were cans of Brewdog beer, water and softies, a tin of Cadburys mini chocolates, crisps. And, curiously, a bag full of split logs! NappyRash and I were all for taking one each in memory of a Tough Guy event some years ago when all the participants had to carry a log round the course. 5 minutes after the runners had arrived the walkers turned up. Again, nicely planned by the Hares. 10 minutes later, Donut, Jackie and Motox appeared, having become slightly lost. We enjoyed a very convivial Beer Stop. That's the third in consecutive weeks. A Beer Stop Hat Trick! Just as our party was getting into full swing the On Out was called. Long Trailers headed off back towards the way they had come and the shorter trailers the opposite way.

The Trails were very clearly marked with an 'S', an 'L' and arrows so Cabin Buoy and I, on entering the top of a steeply sloping forest from a One-Blob Check, were surprised when WhoTheF*ckIsAlice, slightly ahead of us, asked us to kick out the Check. "We should leave it for the runners." I replied, slightly

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puzzled as to why he would want to kick it out. There was a moment's silence. "Aren't we on the Long Trail?" He asked, sheepishly. "Mmm. No." We replied. "It was marked at the Beer Stop." "Hm. I must have missed it." He said, beginning to make his way back up the hill, while we skittered down. Poor chap. He had a good ½ mile to get back to the Beer Stop and then had to try and catch the runners. CabinBuoy and I didn't snigger once. Oh well, maybe a bit. 😊

It wasn't too far now through the slippery forest until we spotted the 'On Inn' just by the road that runs past the pub car park.



Just one final piece, told to me by ChocChuck. During the Trail she went past a house that had an iron labrador outside it – a number of the rest of us had noticed how still this dog seemed, until we realised it was not a real one. Her dog, Bonnie, however, also thought it was a real dog, taking the mickey out of her by being the same colour and standing stock still. She rushed over, barking and leaping about, determined to give this upstart a right good duffing over. ChocChuck finally managed to placate her canine companion but, as you can see in the photo, Bonnie is still eyeing the thing with more than a little disdain.

Well done and thank you to our maiden Hares. A good length, fine Trail through perfect Hashing country, a fun Beer Stop and a good pub to finish in.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Since we were sitting in the outside covered areas RA Motox didn't have to call us 'On Out'. He presented the following.

Recipient	Reason
Donut, Jackie	(Lost) babes in the wood.
Chris	I believe this was for joining us (her first Hash was last week). Look forward to seeing you again Chris.
LittleStiffy	Didn't check before she sat on a wet bench – with inevitable results!
Rampant	Actually asked a dog walker the way while running. Tch!
Hashgate	Parking in the car park like a learner driver.
Simon	Named 'Cockup' because he told Motox he never makes one. Ms Whiplash assisted with the naming. A photo appears below.
Spot	Warming-up before the Trail. Very naughty!
Slapper	Florence passed on the 'David' apron to him because she thought she would. Following Motox' request on what we should sing, Slapper kindly took the stage with a rendition of 'Do Your Balls Hang Low' just to raise the cultural tone.
MadMoose, Kate	Today's worthy 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>
2316	Saturday 10Dec22 Trail starts at 15:15.	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
2317	17Dec22	Double Barrelled Brewery Unit 20, Stadium Way, Tilehurst Reading, RG30 6BX What3words: visit.clown.puff	Pimp 4Pack



Cockup is named. The dustbin was where he put his ambition of achieving a prestigious Hash Name.