

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2321 15Jan23
Hash Location:	The Hatchgate, Burghfield
Hares:	Imogen, Adam

## Cold People

WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Betsy SkinnyDipper Motox Iceman Posh Bomber Florence Zebedee Spot Ms Whiplash Snowy Swallow SlowSucker Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Chris Jack Lucy Dorothy CouchPotatoSleazy PrettyInPink Fran C5 Cerberus and dog Chill BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfer Lungs Lonely JJ PennyPitstop WetWipe HeadleyHound (from R2D2) Spex LoudonTasteless PissQuick Valhalla Pyro MessengerBoy with dog Willow ChocChuck with dog Bonnie NoStyle BGB MadMoose Cloggs NonStick and eventually, Gannet

## The Hatchgate Hash

**7** bags of flour! This was the number our virgin Hares had been advised to use to lay the Trail. I'd love to know who gave them this suggestion. Presumably it wasn't BGB... In the event, they used about 4 and provided us with a very clearly marked route. The attention to detail was so thorough that Imogen even went round the course the day before with some secateurs, snipping off the more fearsome brambles. Now that's what I call dedication. Or was it anxiety crisis? 😊 Being a virgin Hare, one's bound to be concerned that things go well. It certainly did.

Most of us had parked as requested, literally along the raised side of the road by the pub. Skinnydipper seemed to be wanting a quick getaway later since her car was teetering by the skin of its rubber teeth over



One of CouchPotato's woolly 'friends'.

the edge of the parking area. CouchPotato, wearing wellies, stonked over to NappyRash and Snowy, who asked him if he was hoping to meet sheep on the Trail. It was around this time that Donut and I received a call from Gannet. "I think I've messed up." He began. He certainly had. He was at The Bottle and Glass, which is the venue on January 29<sup>th</sup>. Duh! A classic case of RTFM or rather RTF Runsheet.

We stiff-legged it in the freezing cold air to the pub car park where stand-in and previous GM, SkinnyDipper, addressed the Circle (Rampant is away skiing) before handing over to our newby Hares. "There's one Check..." Started Hare Adam, leaving a gap in his speech into which almost the entire group guffawed at the idea of a single Check Trail. Little things etc. Whatever he was about to tell us became rather lost in the general merriment and loose chatter that exemplifies the lack of attention from which most BH<sup>3</sup> members suffer.

We On Outed, round the back of the pub and headed towards the first of the wet fields we were to enjoy. Squelchy is the onomatopoeic word to describe our shoe-sucking progress. If you stayed in one place for too long you were likely to sink into the lush but swamp-like grass. We eventually ran through a farmyard, on the far side of which we could hear quite a number of explosions to our left. Mr Blobby advised the Pack that, "You probably don't want to go that way." Unless you were a pigeon with a death wish. We weren't, so we galloped on past a brightly coloured, covered trailer with the somewhat confusing logo of 'Kinky Coffee' written large on its side. "Some whipped cream in your hot chocolate Madam?"

The first of the two Regroups appeared. We were by the side of the sailing lake near Burghfield. A perfect spot for a group photograph. Here it is for you to enjoy.



And, no, I have no idea why Spex is trying to stick her finger up Spot's nose.

MadMoose sidled over to me. "You know, Hashgate, I **was** going to bring a snorkel to wear today." He intoned. "But I didn't." One of the pleasures of being the Scribe is that people tell you the oddest things. They certainly don't get much odder than that.

After a careful walk/trot through the tangled undergrowth a little way off the side of the A4 with Iceman, Donut, Lonely, Dorothy and Lucy we found ourselves at Garston Lock, where our Hares had placed a Hash View mark. We were beginning to be impressed by the clarity of the Trail, the Checks that had been marked through after the Trail had been found and now a Hash View. Here's a snap, looking along the canal from the lock with Donut and Imogen in the foreground. Note LoudonTasteless, who photo-bombed the picture in order to show us his lustrous ponytail. Lucky for us then that we can't see very much of him... 😊



At the end of the towpath we came to our second Regroup. Wow! Like our other recent virgin Hares, Imogen and Adam had gone deliriously over-the-top on their hosting duties. Home-made fairy cakes, fruit cake, squishy doughnuts, a tin of Quality Street, drinks, both alcoholic and not, awaited us in the cornucopia that was their car's boot. The Pack took one look at the goods and rushed forward in a whirling scrum of elbows and grasping hands. Ever seen a pack of hyenas happening upon a juicy buffalo, recently deceased? Then you can visualize the scene. PrettyInPink, in order to ensure his future sugar requirements were fulfilled, had stuck a chocolate muffin in a sock in the waistband of his shorts. He lifted his shirt and showed Sleazy, Iceman, SlowSucker and me the obscenely wagging appendage. We backed away, only to bump into WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice who was intent on showing us the contents of the see-through (fortunately external) pockets on his own shorts. The one with the car key was ok but the other seemed to contain a variety of small, slippery sachets containing lubricant and condoms! He assured us that they were merely energy gels but we certainly weren't convinced. Perhaps he was later expecting to meet up with CouchPotato and a willing sheep...

There was a Long and Shorter Trail from here and Imogen kindly led the Shorter runners through a number of fields until we came to the five-bar gate mentioned in the Down Downs. As C5 limped, cross-legged on to the road the other side of it Spex advised him that, "I don't think you've damaged the gate."

Another 10 - 15 minutes trotting along a lengthy, straight road saw us arrive at the first On Out Check where we had trudged into the first squelchy field. Our cars were just a little further on.



We had all parked in a long row, one behind the other. Donut decided to change in the car, since we were wet and it was damn cold. I figured there weren't too many people around so I'd strip off behind it. I'd just hooked my thumbs into the back of my running tights when I glanced round... to see WaveRider sitting in her car right behind me with a huge grin on her face. My thumbs slid out and a rosy glow spread to my cheeks; the ones on my face that is. WaveRider did pull down her sun visor but I could still see the smile. I changed in the car.



*This is similar to, but not quite the same as, the view WaveRider enjoyed.*

Many thanks to our Hares, who gave us an excellently-laid Trail that was full of interest and a superbly hosted Regroup. Most enjoyable! We look forward to the next one!

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

**D**espite the pub having to replace the barrel of beer that we had emptied, RA Motox just managed to present the awards before 3 o'clock... To assuage us he handed out some well-aged mince pies, left over from Christmas. Mmm, yummy!

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Desperate	Climbed up on to a gate that someone else then opened, leaving her swinging with embarrassment.
Cloggs	Showing off by expertly vaulting a gate.
Mr Blobby	Taking no notice of the Hares and going off in his chosen direction. He used some of the Down to wash his face!
C5	While climbing over a 5-bar gate his front foot slipped and he slammed down, a leg either side and a pained expression on his face. Not the best of outcomes for a gentleman, or a lady, for that matter.
Gannet, WhoTheF*ckIsAlice	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.
Spot	He has achieved the magnificent total of 1,200 Hashes. Well done, Spot! Honorary President Hashgate presented him with his artistically crafted (by Motox) badge. See picture below.
Cerberus	Threw her poor doggie Chilli over a fence like a canine shot putt so that she landed on her side. Serious dog abuse.
BGB	Forgot his running shoes and had to go back to his house to get them. He also got the walkers lost.
Cloggs	WetWipe passed her the 'David' apron for being 'splashy'. She was jumping into every puddle she could find.
Imogen, Adam	Our two excellent virgin 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>
2322	22Jan23	<b>The Royal Oak</b> Round the Hill, Knowl Hill Common, Knowl Hill, RG10 9YE What3Words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/adopters.shoppers.coasters">adopters.shoppers.coasters</a>	SlowSucker Swallow
2323	29Jan23	<b>The Bottle &amp; Glass</b> Harpsden Road, Binfield Heath, Henley- On-Thames RG9 4JT What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/taker.sprinter.hologram">taker.sprinter.hologram</a>	WhoTheF*ckIsAlice



Spot is presented with his 1200 Hashes badge.