

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2322 22Jan23
Hash Location:	The Royal Oak, Knowl Hill
Hares:	SlowSucker, Swallow

Hoar Frost Hashers

WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Gannet Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Pyro and dog Whisper BGB Slips Snowy Spot Kate MadMoose BlowJob Iceman RandyMandy BlindPew Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant Twanky Foghorn Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Chris Mark Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit MessengerBoy and dog Willow HashTray WetWipe Gnasher CanalBobb Cockup Shitfer Cloggs Zebedee Florence Dorothy

Freezer Jolly Good Fellow...

SlowSucker that is. Along with Swallow for getting up early on Sunday morning when the temperature was hovering around a balmy -7C to lay a Trail for us to follow. It was truly nippy. Should any brass monkeys have been present they would have been casting around for lost spherical objects. The car park shivered under a draping of cold mist and frost and Hashers, the sensible ones that is, stayed in their cars until the very last minute before the Circle. Understandably, one of these was Swallow, who seemed very much to be asleep when we looked at her from our car on the other side of the car park. Donut rang her up. "The sun was shining directly in my eyes." She bleated. "So I shut them." A likely story. But you could hardly blame her after all the work she and SlowSucker had put in in the icy conditions. Spot drove

several times around the car park in an effort to make the difficult decision on where to park. Kate, swaddled in a long, black puffer coat, thawed out and didn't over-indulge by walking about quickly and smoking a lung-warming cigarette. It really is time she was named 'Gasper'. Motox - please note.



Our GM, Rampant, and his good lady, Dunny, had very recently returned from skiing, so had made the effort to be with us today. Given the weather they must have wondered if they had really come back or whether they were still out in an icy mountain area. Mind you, the roar of the nearby A4 traffic probably gave them a clue. Rampant got on with the welcome rapidly and handed over to the Hares, who repeated the swift procedure and got us on our way.

It was so damn cold that I was actually wearing gloves (unlike the walking Shitfer, who was wearing shorts!). These (not the shorts, the gloves) did nothing to warm the fingertips; merely enclosed them in insulating material that retained the cold. Which made taking out my mobile from its arm holster and dabbing the appropriate voice recorder screen commands nigh on impossible. I decided to wing it, trusting that my memory would provide crystal

clear recollections rather than foggy half-memories. After all, the Gobsheet is an entirely factual account of proceedings, with no hint of hyperbole, bathos or imagined goings-on...

We crunched our way over the solid earth of the narrow woodland strip that runs alongside the A4, before crossing over it, galloping stiffly down the roadside path and diving off up (literally) a track that led us towards the forest.

This area is renowned for its hills, a fact we readily agreed as true as we gasped upwards. We plunged into a sleeping forest, the trees devoid of leaves, which lay scattered thickly on the ground, covering some of the ankle-grabbing brambles and unexpected dips in the ground. Not easy terrain to negotiate and the Pack spread out. I was with the amiable group comprising Twanky, RandyMandy and BlowJob and we could hear the Pack calling somewhere off to our right in the frozen forest. We dropped down into a natural bowl through which a stream ran, a small wooden troll bridge spanning it. Just as BlowJob skipped over it, Bomber appeared. Neither we nor he had any idea where he'd been. He raced up the muddy hill to join the Pack while the rest of us cannily joined SlowSucker, who led us across the base of the loop he'd laid. A useful catchup ploy and one that enabled your reporter to hear a highly surreal conversation between RandyMandy and Twanky. He, apparently, has chained her to his sink on occasions. She admitted to being highly excited by this activity, then highly disappointed when he has turned away to do something else. I'll let your imaginations fill in the blanks.

We reached the first Regroup at the top of a steep, sticky hill and were delighted when WetWipe decided to try out one of the rope swings that hung from a tree. Now WetWipe is a well-muscled fellow and the stick on to which he launched himself was designed for younger and lighter bodies. The stick broke, he crashed down on to his back with his legs in the air and the forest quiet was split with a roar of applause. Wonderful stuff! Meanwhile, Pyro was taking it easy... and not breaking any branches. She looks quite relaxed, doesn't she? I must thank Florence for pointing her out. 😊

We moved on, up some frozen shiggy hills, down others. Posh had kindly deigned to trot with Twanky and me, with SlowSucker keeping an eye on the back markers. Twanky and I expressed our regret at a missed journalistic opportunity when Posh skipped lightly across a stream without so much as a soaked foot and a dainty scream. Most disappointing – we would all have enjoyed the resultant photo.



When we finally came to fields they were shrouded in a cold mist and the grass and hedgerows were tipped with spiky hoar frost. Quite beautiful but extremely chilly. We were very pleased to start downhill towards where we knew the A4 lay. Our Hares' Trail led us through a housing estate rather than the usual fields. Perhaps this was why Pyro and I lost flour and wandered lonely as clouds around an urban crescent before realising our mistake, slapping our foreheads and retracing our steps. It didn't take long to reach the pub.

How nice it was to get into warmer clothes and get inside, in the warmth. Ms Whiplash had very kindly brought along cakes to celebrate her upcoming birthday and these were warmly received, along with, during the Down Downs, the Hash chips our Hares had organised.

A very good and different Trail that took us to an area we haven't explored before. Grateful thanks to our Hares for their excellent, voluntary, work.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

RA Motox forced us out in the freezing environs at the side of the pub to frostily present the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
WetWipe	Breaking the tree swing.
Pyro, Ms Whiplash	Their birthdays. One of them is fairly significant... Happy ones to them.
Zebedee	Blood emanating from his ear during the Trail.
Iceman	Having a bloody hand. Maybe he cuffed Zeb round the earhole?
Cockup	Cloggs passed the 'David' apron to him so that he keeps 'nice and dry' (!?) when he goes caving. That'll really work then.
SlowSucker, Swallow	Today's nippy 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>
2323	29Jan23	The Bottle & Glass Harpsden Road, Binfield Heath, Henley-On-Thames RG9 4JT What3words: taker.sprinter.hologram	WhoTheF*ckIsAlice
2324	05Feb23	TBA	TBA



Swallow and SlowSucker thoroughly enjoy their cold Down Downs ☺