

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2323 29Jan23
Hash Location:	The Bottle and Glass, Binfield Heath
(Mad March) Hares:	WhoTheF*ckIsAlice, Bomber

## Rabbits and Caterpillars



Spot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate RandyMandy BlindPew Shitfer Becks and dog Dougie Imogen Adam CanalBobb TC Gannet Cerberus and dog Chilll BillyBullshit Foghorn Motox Iceman NappyRash Horny Helmet Chris Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Swallow SlowSucker Cuddles SexSlave Dunny Rampant Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Twanky MessengerBoy and dog Willow Pyro Fiddler C5 Fran Squeaky HappyFeet DoorMatt Kate MadMoose NoSole Slapper



CouchPotato WetWipe HashTray FalseTart Shifty PissQuick Glittertits Betsy Cloggs BumWiper Florence Zebedee Sleazy PrettyInPink

Our editor would like to apologise for the late publication of this week’s Gobsheet. This was due to the entire reporting and editorial team being away for most of the week on a team-building exercise at Sporting Manor near Okehampton. Following days filled with classes of Bollywood dancing (if only we had videoed this for you), Pilates, Tai Chi, Hatha Yoga, games of tennis, pool and table tennis and, of course, evening events to further bond the team using the social lubricant of alcohol, this Gobsheet is being written on the Friday following last Sunday’s Hash. We can only hope that our webmaster and facebook updaters can stay away from the bottle long enough to get it published before the next Hash. 😊

## Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

“Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!”

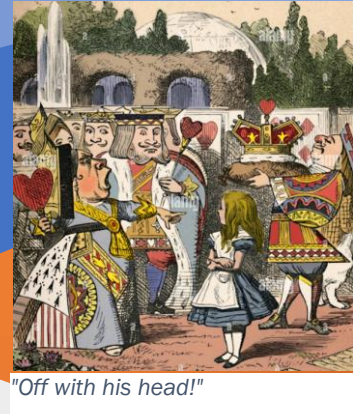
### The Red Queen, Alice in Wonderland

Unlike the White Rabbit, Alice was not late for his Trail. He had been accompanied by Cheshire Cat. Bomber. So named because he has been known to disappear during a Hash to go off and do his own thing, leaving behind merely a smile. As you can see from the list above, a great many unusual and fantastic creatures had gathered to enjoy the magical Trail which started, not down a rabbit hole but along the wood-chip covered track that enjoys the name Bones Lane. It was to be a fast start to what was to be a fairly fast Trail.

Alice and the Cheshire Cat led us down and down into the silent (but for our calls) forest, bereft of leaves and with no hookah-smoking caterpillars in sight. They twisted us around on a loop until we reached the main path where we met the walkers coming the opposite way, apparently off to a tea party somewhere in the woods. Given the chatter emanating from the group there would be little chance of the poor dormouse remaining asleep in the teapot.



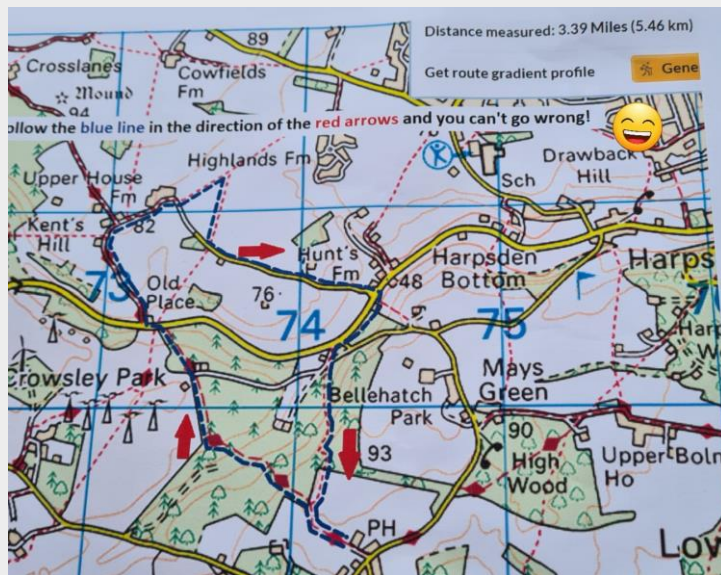
The Mad Moose was walking (on the runner's Trail) today. He told me earlier on that he just couldn't be ar\*ed to run. Mind you, his walking is almost as fast as most runners. He strode up a steep narrow road, talking to Donut, who was trotting to keep up with him, as though the Red Queen had just ordered, "Off with his head!" Even if she had, the playing card soldiers would never have caught him.



We clogged our way up the steep, wet, muddy grass to the top of Crowsley Park to where a group of horses paused in their pastoral browsing to regard our scurrying, brightly-coloured crew with equine curiosity. This lovely open space was not very far from the track where we had met the walkers earlier and we felt as confused as Alice when she met the gardeners painting white roses red. Luckily for us, the real Alice was keeping a close eye on us all so that no-one would get lost. We skittered down the other side of Crowsley Park and, just as we reached the gate at the bottom, a runner appeared behind us. His name was Neil and he knew Alice. Nothing to do with the Hash – just a lucky coincidence.

Our journey up the steep hill to the Regroup resulted in much gasping and wheezing. If only we'd had a nibble of mushroom to make us much taller! We could have got there in a couple of strides, eaten a piece from the other side of the mushroom and shrunk back to normal size. Donut and I got there just as the Long Trailers were climbing over a stile to run on the long route. As you can see from the quotation at the start of this Gobsheet we'd have had to run at least **three** times as fast to get round the Long Trail so decided to take the Medium. We met Shifty on the way and things got curiouser and curiouser as we loped a long way diagonally across a bare field... only to reach the apex of the Trail triangle and lollop slightly dispiritedly back along the other side. It was enough to make us think about shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all around us. Fortunately, we just caught sight of what we thought was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. Or it might just have been the back side of Dunny as she slipped through an opening in the hedge by the side of the field. Whichever it was, we followed.

Much later the three of us popped out at the top of the (yet again!) steep woodland path by White Hill and made the mistake of knowing where we were and where we were going, rather than looking for flour. We



started off along the narrow, dangerous, country road that led to the pub. Almost immediately afterwards, Betsy and SlowSucker panted past us... also going the wrong way. If Bomber had seen us he would have melted away, leaving behind a huge smile.

Alice's Wonderland map to your left shows the route we should have taken. 'Follow the blue line in the direction of the red arrows...' That would certainly have confused the White Rabbit.

But we were fine on the road and came up behind the walking group just before the pub and the sight of Sleazy running in from the opposite direction! 😞

Thank you Alice and the Cheshire Cat, for an excellent adventure!

*"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?" Alice asked.  
"That depends a good deal on where you want to go to," said the Cheshire Cat.*

## On On Hashgate

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## Down Downs

Well, there were no Down Downs because a) the pub doesn't take cash, and b) it would have taken a day or so to order and receive the drinks. The Bottle and Glass is a nice pub/restaurant in a great area for Hashing. But the service in their barn is not good, despite the expensive drinks. People grew beards waiting for their drinks – not the ladies, of course! FalseTart, Shifty, Swallow, SlowSucker, Donut and I decided to splinter off and go to Loddon Brewery, not far away, cheaper and far more welcoming. NappyRash and WaveRider arrived, to our cheers. Then Motox, WetWipe, MadMoose, HashTray and Foghorn, all to rousing cheers. A fun time was had by us all. Here is a picture of our group. Motox said he will do double Down Downs next week. Cheers! 🍷



Clockwise from front left: MadMoose, Foghorn, Shifty, FalseTart, SlowSucker(hidden), Swallow, Donut, WaveRider, NappyRash, WetWipe, Motox, HashTray.

## 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>
2324	05Feb23	The Bird in Hand Peppard Road Reading Sonning Common RG4 9NP What3Words: <a href="#">employ.delays.nags</a>	HappyFeet DoorMatt
2325	12Feb23	<b>The Red Dress Run</b> The Saracens Head 129 Greys Road, Henley on Thames. RG9 1TE Please park in the Scouts car park opposite the pub. What3Words: <a href="#">making.glue.lurching</a>	Cloggs NonStick