

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2324 05Feb23
Hash Location:	The Bird in Hand, Sonning Common
Hares:	HappyFeet, DoorMatt

They'd Seen It All Before...

Desperate Shitfer Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Foghorn Swallow SlowSucker LittleStiffy and doga Ava and Masie SlackBladder CouchPotato Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Chris Agatha SweetPea Imogen (now Foxy) Adam (now Floater – see Down Downs) Gnasher CanalBobb CabinBuoy PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Gannet Betsy Slapper NoSole Dumb Dumber WhoTheF*ckIsAlice Steve Mark Hamlet Spot TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Lungs CockUp Motox Cloggs NonStick Iceman Lonely FalseTart Shifty BillyBullshit Sleazy PrettyInPink Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy and dog Willow Twanky Dorothy BGB Valhalla

The Déjà Vu Hash

Just after we'd started SlowSucker sidled up to me and intoned, "I remember when clustering was something you'd get medication for." How true. I still have an old tube of cream somewhere at the back of my medicine cabinet in case of a resurgence. What he was referring to was the number of Hashes we've held recently in virtually the same area. First (and best... 😊) was the Hashgate birthday extravaganza at the Loddon Brewery on January 8th. Then WhoTheF*ckIsAlice and Bomber's adventure in Wonderland from The Bottle and Glass last week. This week HappyFeet and DoorMatt treated us to several reprises of parts of the previous Trails. Not that this was any less enjoyable than those. Though the Trail-laying was apparently a bit of a *cauchemar* since quite a bit of flour was still out there. But let's begin at the beginning...

The car park at The Bird in Hand is not designed to accommodate legions of Hashers and our Hares had to turn away a number to enable other pub customers to park there. It was an area of merry chaos with all



The bird in hand. Anyone recognise its type? Goes by the name of Jason if that helps.

the chatting, bright clothes, dogs, getting in the way of the parking cars etc. Quite fun really. Hare DoorMatt advised the Circle that, although there was flour on the Trail from the earlier Hashes, we would be able to recognise his and HappyFeet's because it was Tesco Value brand. We were relieved that this would make things so much easier... Though the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky it was pretty cold and we were glad to get started, slipping out round the back of the pub and on to the route (though in reverse) that Donut and I had laid for the birthday Hash. Incidentally, wherever in this Gobsheet some light ribbing about route repetition occurs it is no criticism. I found out from the Hares that they had planned their Trail quite some time ago so the duplication was purely due to the 'clustering'. 😊

It was great to see NappyRash running again, not really so long after his operation. His wife, WaveRider, though suffering from a fairly severe cough and throat condition that made her speaking voice sound like Bette Davis after a night on the fags, ran with him to make sure that the b*gger didn't get carried away. Literally, that is, if he had done so. Jog and walk was the order of the day. Fortunately, he experienced no

ill effects. I was very pleased about that since I was fairly near him at times and the thought of possibly having to give him the kiss of life was, let's say, uncomfortable.

We found ourselves on the top of Crowsley Park – just like last week. The FRB's knew it so well that they streamed off down the track that we had come up last week. Silly them. That wasn't the way. Back they came and we trotted off in the opposite direction in the sunshine, finding that the herd of sleek horses we had seen in the distance were suddenly and rather worryingly a lot nearer. Most of us slowed to a walk, but not a stop and the horses began to get a bit skittish, surrounding us. Desperate, who works at a vet surgery and knows all about large animals (she does live with Shitfer after all) figured a little horse whispering might prevent the people at the front of the group from being trampled. "DON'T RUN!!! JUST WALK!!!" She, er, whispered. Well, it certainly slowed the people at the front but didn't stop the horses, which suddenly decided to stampede across the front of us to the centre of the field with stamping hooves and wild eyes. Poor Gnasher was right in the middle of the two mane-flying streams of horses that galloped either side of her. She stood stock still, her hands together under her chin and her eyes closed in a completely understandable praying pose. It must have worked because she was completely unscathed. Gulp! We carried on. Down the other side of the grassy hill that we had gone down last week. 😊

Our Hares had been rather clever. When we reached the bottom of the hill our FRBs found an 'F' a way up the track through the woods that eventually leads to The Bottle and Glass. The Trail at this point actually went up the hilly field on the other side of the road. However, we found out later that we would return to this location and go up that woodland track after all! It was a figure-of-eight Hash! Excellent! Mr Blobby kindly sent your reporter his recording of the route to your right. You can see where the Trail crosses over. We haven't had one of these for a long time so well done Hares.

After we reached the top of the hilly field we found ourselves running a part of last week's Trail backwards. We went up the side of the familiar triangular path in the bare field, then back along the other side. Though it should be reported that MessengerBoy short-cutted significantly by sneaking across well before the apex. Actually, if we'd had more sense we'd just have gone across the base like walkers Cloggs, Shitfer, TinOpener and BGB. Oh well, I expect we'll get another chance soon.



And so we found ourselves back at the figure-of-eight crossover point, then gasping our way up the steep, leaf-strewn, slippery chalk path, vainly attempting a breathless "Good morning." to several, descending dog walkers. It got a bit gnarly at the top since we found a Check with an arrow that pointed through the wire fence by the side of the path. "B*gger that." Said Donut and, since we knew where the path went, we carried on. We found later an 'F', Twanky and Lonely running back from we knew not where and, finally, some flour blobs. We followed them. And Motox, BGB, CabinBuoy and Lungs followed us. Trouble was, we came upon a Check with an arrow pointing in our direction, which meant we had been running the Trail backwards. Oops! Our fellow Hashers were not impressed, Motox announcing loudly that, "I'll never follow you again, Hashgate!" Sensible decision if you ask me.

At least we were back on Trail and 'enjoyed' the several up and down hills that followed until we reached the pub. The rolling countryside was perfectly beautiful and skylarks, blackbirds and robins were singing in the still, clear, sunlit air. What more could we have asked for? Oh yes, a helicopter...

Many thanks to our Hares for all their hard work in creating this superb Trail. Much appreciated.

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

We were lucky. The sun was still shining (though the air was cold) so we all sat in the back garden of the pub. It would have been bedlam if we had been in its small bar. RA Motox eventually awarded the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
WhoTheF*ckIsAlice	We couldn't do Down Downs last week so he received one for his Trail. Co-Hare Bomber was not with us this week so missed out.
Sorry - name unknown.	Using a mobile during the Hash. Goodness me!
Shitfer	Consistently reading the Trail markings wrongly and generally cocking things up.
Gannet	Awarded his 50 Hashes badge by Hon. President Hashgate. Well done Gannet!
Lungs	Hash Crashing. (Gannet and Imogen also tripped over).
Twanky	Barging past Shitfer and almost making him fall over. I think he got the Down Down because he didn't make Shitfer fall over.
CabinBuoy	Trying to buy a pint in the pub with a discount card. Deary me.
Adam, Imogen	Adam was named Floater (because he said we may have needed water wings on his Trail some weeks ago). Imogen was named Foxy because she wore a fox onesie on the Hashgate Birthday Trail. Desperate assisted with the baptismal flour and the two were roundly cheered. Nice people. See pictures below.
Cloggs	Was awarded the 'David' apron by Cockup because he said she had been 'coveting' it.
FalseTart	For a birthday that we missed a little while ago. Happy late one to her!
HappyFeet, DoorMatt	Today's excellent Hares.



Floater and Foxy are named by Desperate and Motox.



Foxy in her suit being 'tailed' by Floater.

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>
2325	12Feb23	The Red Dress Run The Saracens Head 129 Greys Road, Henley on Thames. RG9 1TE Please park in the Scouts car park opposite the pub. What3Words: making.glue.lurching	Cloggs NonStick
2326	19Feb23	The Queens Head Southend Road, Bradfield South End, RG7 6EY What3words: shipwreck.flick.raves Please park in Bradfield Village Hall. What3words: Ready.chat.snug	Betsy

