

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

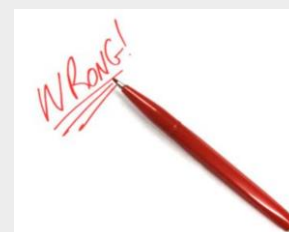
Hash Number:	2326 19Feb23
Hash Location:	The Queen's Head, Bradfield South End
Hares:	Betsy and Murphy, her dog, with assistance from husband Matt and friend Matt

## Boomers 🤪 and Snowflakes ❄️

Gannet Iceman Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dumb Dumber Swallow SlowSucker Mike Cockup CouchPotato Spot Posh Bomber Lonely Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Gnasher CanalBobb BGB Sleazy PrettyInPink Pyro and dog Whisper (who sensibly slept in her car during the Trail) SweetPea Agatha Glittertits PissQuick Foghorn MadMoose WetWipe Dunny Rampant Twanky Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby AWOL YogaJulie NoSole Slapper MessengerBoy and dog Willow Desperate Shitfer Becks and dog Dougie Dorothy Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Motox Jackie Mark Pauline Dee WaveRider NappyRash Carol Gordon C5 HappyFeet DoorMatt Peter Trout DeepLunge TurnOff

## An Important Message From the Editor

Following the recent revelation that Roald Dahl's stories have been bowdlerized by publisher Puffin's 'sensitivity reader' your editor felt the Gobsheet would benefit from the same procedure. Several candidates were interviewed but none were suitable; solely because, having read a selection of previously written Gobsheets, they all fled in horror, appalled at the contentious, dismissive, offensive, factual content of the scribbblings. The editor has thus decided to appoint an 'insensitivity reader' to ensure that the high standard of offensive content will continue to be met and upset the greatest number of readers.



## Trigger Warning

The text below contains descriptions which may cause some readers to experience uncontrollable laughter attacks. They also describe non risk-assessed activities undertaken by the elderly that may have resulted in permanent physical or psychological damage.

## Horses and Hills

“Fast and furious”. Was Dunny's description of the Trail in the pub afterwards. She may, of course, have been referring to the herd of horses that galloped through an accidentally left-open gate, frightened the crap out of the trembling Pack and partially knocked over a fence. Fortunately, no person, horse or other creature was injured during the stampede. Special mention goes to Betsy's fine dog, Murphy, who, on command, lay down quietly next to her while the iron-hoofed dobbins thundered closely past them. Betsy later visited the horse owners to apologise and I am pleased to report that they accepted her apology in good grace.

So, a reminder to all members: **ensure gates are closed unless it's obvious that they should be left open.**

This was Betsy's first foray into Haring (in this century anyway – she used to Hash pre-children so probably laid some then) and she had been assisted by two Matt's. One was her husband and she told your reporter that she hadn't let him do too much since he is directionally challenged. 😊 She had asked us to park in the village hall car park but was unaware that it would be full of the cars of people attending a 'Fun Dog Show' event. Some 'interesting' parking in the not large pub car park ensued. One side of it was almost full when Posh rolled in and located her car a car's width distance from the end fence. BillyBullshit then arrived in his van and parked two spaces away from her, ensuring that Posh's car stood in splendid isolation. BGB merely whacked his automobile in a space at an acute angle and SlowSucker, during a bit of straightening up almost ran me over twice. Always fun, the parking part of a Hash.





Feb 19, 2023, 11:03 AM - 12:24 PM

### Sunday Morning Run

Distance    Total Dura...    Moving Time

**5.03** mi    **01:21:08**    **01:21:08**

Having welcomed newbies Mark, Pauline and Dee at the Circle we On Outed to enjoy the first part of the 'fast and furious' Trail. The route 'run' (ha ha) by your reporter is to the left and you can see that from the '95' mark that we went way down, then way up, crossed through a narrow bit of woodland, then went way down and way up again. We could have saved ourselves a whole lot of lung-rattling effort by merely nipping along the road. But that wouldn't be Hashing, right? MessengerBoy had the rather unpleasant task of carrying the results of his dog Willow's excretion (curry last night, I understand) in a small plastic bag that dangled floppily between his unwilling finger and thumb. He asked me innocently if I might have a spare pocket and I was pleased to reply that I hadn't.

I enjoyed a rather surreal chat with Lonely on our way up the second hill. The topics, I'm sure you'll understand, have to remain private but I can reveal that the conversation was mostly one-sided since I was gasping like a small gudgeon that's been caught by a disappointed salmon fisher and tossed aside, flapping and wheezing.

As you have probably guessed, by this time the Pack had completely disappeared, which means that I am unable to report

on its progress for the rest of the Trail. Apologies for that. Perhaps I should invest in some performance-enhancing EPO? Mind you, drinking beetroot juice is purportedly a safer and more effective bet. If you see me apparently wearing lipstick you'll know why. Maybe a dabble in anabolic steroids? On second thoughts, even if I did become as 'well-muscled' as WetWipe I don't fancy the side-effect of cobbler shrinkage. Guess I'll just have to make do with a suave, devil-may-care, attractive personality...

I caught up with Jackie and we enjoyed trotting through the forest, spotting the pretty clumps of snowdrops on the way. We eventually caught sight of C5 and MessengerBoy below us as we came out on top of a grassy hill. Let's short-cut across and down this frost-heaved, lumpy field, we agreed. We might catch up with the Pack. What we didn't realise, until we caught up with them, was that there had already been a Regroup and they had decided on the medium, rather than the long Trail. Their intention, they wheedled, was purely to ensure the well-being of MessengerBoy's dog, Willow. Ohhh Kkk, we replied with a sly smile. Then we'll help to look after this young, fit and strong black labrador too. Perfect. Off we went.

Shortly after we came across a Check with a large arrow next to it, pointing in the correct direction. Hmm. Either the Pack has secretly got past us and the Hare has marked the way or this is the kind of Trail-laying that ensures that nobody can ever get lost. Never did get entirely to the bottom of this, despite asking the Hare later. Still, it saved us some effort. Which, given that we were going up and down steep inclines like a manic half-pipe skateboarder, was very helpful.

We caught up with the walking group. Lilo and Minx at the rear and Gannet and Ms Whiplash at the front, interpreting their Hare-supplied maps. But not too well perhaps since Jackie and I had to point out the huge flour blob by a gate into a field to them which was next to the private drive up which they were leading the everyone` . 😊

A couple of excited horses galloped past us as we crossed the field and then we were in a narrow path next to a paddock full of little Christmas trees and three Shetland ponies. Here's a picture of Jackie bothering one of them.

A few more False Trails and enjoyable canters got us back to the field behind the village hall with its 'Fun Dog Show' where C5, MessengerBoy and I chatted while watching the Pack stream in after an excellent Trail. Our thanks to Betsy and we look forward to her next one. 😊



## On On Hashgate

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)



## Down Downs

The sun shone brightly on us as we waited for the Down Downs. Mr Blobby was anticipating summer so much he was wearing just a T-shirt, shorts and flip-flops. Lord knows what he'll be wearing when it gets really warm! 😊 RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
PennyPitstop	Before the Hash, she went to the village hall for a whizzer, carrying her walking sticks, and returned without them. Doh!
Shitfer	Fearful aggression towards a householder outside whose house Desperate had parked, leaving him with just enough space to squeeze through if he had buttered himself on both sides.
Sleazy	Awarded her 50 Hashes badge. Well done Sleazy!
Mark, Pauline, Dee	Today's virgin Hashers. Nice to see them. Come back soon.
Agatha	His birthday. Happy one to him.
Trout	Struggled to open a gate. Having finally achieved this his hat was scooped off by a tree branch.
CouchPotato	<b>Allegedly</b> leaving a gate open.
Twanky	Awarded his 600 Hashes badge and a well-wrapped 'surprise'. The 'surprise' turned out to be a box of After Eights which he generously shared around.
Mr Blobby, BGB	Today's Hash Crashers. No real surprise there, then.
Florence, Sleazy's mum	Both stripped off (though not entirely) at the Regroup. Wahey!
Motox	Awarded the 'David' apron by Desperate for being "very bossy!"
Betsy	Today's Hare received a well-deserved round of applause. 😊



*Sleazy approaches her 50 Hashes Down with the insouciance of a catwalk model.*



*Twanky receives his 600 Hashes badge from Hon. President Hashgate. He finally faced the camera during a photo!*

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>
2327	26Feb23	Frilsham Clubroom The Coffee and Cake Hash Hatchets Lane, Frilsham RG18 9XQ What3words: <a href="#">derailed.alien.hamsters</a> Bring a coffee mug & any booze you want.	Dunny Rampant
2328	05Mar	YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Lane, Padworth, RG7 4QT What3words: <a href="#">promise.microfilm.thinking</a>	MessengerBoy Twanky



Here's the Pack at the Regroup, looking very happy in the sunshine. Nice to see Betsy's little lad there (apologies Betsy - I didn't catch his name).

If you look closely you'll notice that MadMoose has one eye closed - Why? And WaveRider looks almost as grumpy as her husband, NappyRash, when he's been told he has to join in a pub quiz. 😊