

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2327 26Feb23
Hash Location:	Frilsham Clubroom, Frilsham
Hares:	Dunny, Rampant

Clubbers

Cockup Dorothy Donut Hashgate Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Iceman Dumb Dumber Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby WaveRider NappyRash LittleStiffy SlackBladder C5 Motox PissQuick Glittertits Gnasher CanalBobb Swallow SlowSucker YogaJulie Dee and dog Peanuts NoStyle ChocChuck and dogs Bonnie, Teddy and Poppy Spot Slips Snowy Twanky Betsy and dog Murphy Foxy Floater Foghorn CouchPotato Gannet Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop MessengerBoy and dog Willow NoSole Slapper Florence CabinBuoy Sleazy PrettyInPink Nicky John (PIP's parents) WetWipe Molly Mark NonStick Cloggs Lonely DeepLunge Turnoff... and London Hashers Sir Humpalot and MingeandTonic



BH³ rips it up.

Derailed.Alien.Hamsters

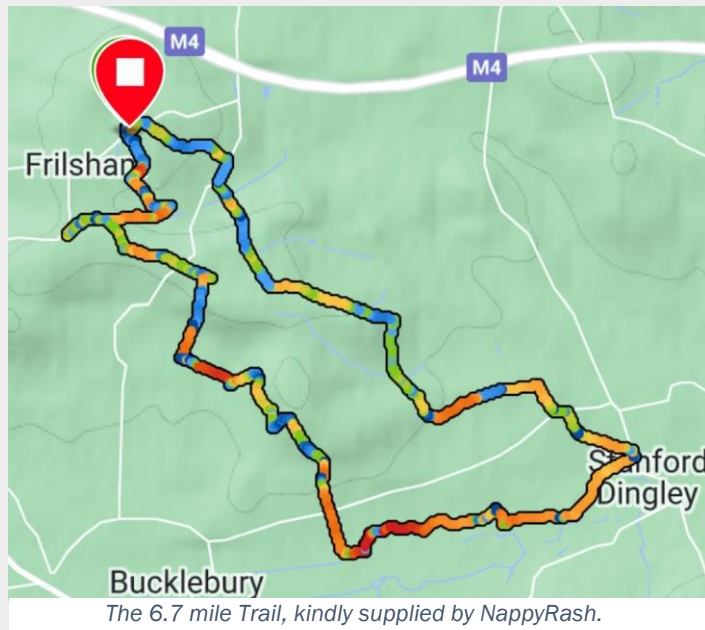
Yep. I'd look at this headline twice if I didn't know what it meant. Surprisingly, it's not a perfect description of BH³ members enjoying themselves at a Hash event. It's the What3Words location reference. Mind you, looking around the car park on this cold, but fresh and clear, Sunday morning I could see a few who seemed pretty derailed, some who looked alien and perhaps just a couple of hamsters. No names, no pack drill, of course.

I thought it might be amusing to look into some of the stranger What3Words locations so here are a few. [///slap.many.thighs](#) will take you to the wilderness in Alaska. [///grab.sour.ears](#) plonks you in the middle of the Chinese province of Heilongjiang. [///dogs.pile.stuff](#) sits you near to Maroubra in New South Wales. And how about [///huge.chunky.head](#) near Carrizo Springs, Texas; [///moles.like.cakes](#) near Rochedga, Arkhangelsk Oblast (where!?!). And a final rude one: [///front.bottom.singe](#) (eek!) which is near La Broquerie in Manitoba. One could spend hours on this stuff... but we won't.

Quite a few dogs were among our company as we Circl'd up. ChocChuck was surrounded by three and NoStyle, all begging for attention. The little black and white one was trembling, either with anticipation or cold. Many of us felt the same – it was distinctly nippy. Willow, MessengerBoy's fine black labrador, was attached to him by a sturdy collar and lead... until she decided to lay down for a bit, whereby the collar slipped easily over her silky head and MessengerBoy was left holding a dog-free control system. He looked down at her. She looked up at him with a hint of a canine smile.

GM Rampant welcomed our London guests (see above for their names), then jumped into his Hare role with Dunny to tell us there would be two Regroups and the walking group would need a map. Unluckily for them, Gannet and Ms Whiplash stepped forward...

We were off. Almost straight into the thickly wooded forest and out of that cold wind for a while. It didn't take long for us to go the wrong way and most of the Pack had to reverse their route. Pity really, since it meant we had to haul



our not yet warm bodies uphill on a lumpy field, back in the breeze. Ah, if only we'd known that, when we reached the gate at the top, we'd have to hairpin all the way back down on the other side of the barbed wire fence, skittering along through the patches of rusty, dead leaves. Nice cruise though.

We started going downhill, via a narrow, slippery, root-gnarled, shiggy path. WaveRider and Rampant were just in front of me when Willow came barging past. Now not much will stop a chunky black labrador with a determined set to its jaw and both Rampant and WaveRider were very nearly knocked sideways into the scrub by the charging animal. We decided and agreed with MessengerBoy that her Hash name should be DarkDestroyer from now on.

Having weathered this particular Labradorian storm we came out of the woodland and on to a footpath



that gave us a glorious view across the countryside. The photo shows how lovely it was, spoiled only by the rear views of CouchPotato and C5 as they raced across the field. 😊

Later, on our way up a fairly steep field that led into some woods, we came upon a dinghy, lying on its side.

One has to wonder why. Perhaps it had been repurposed as a sheep shelter? Maybe the farmer, wishing to diversify, had attempted to start field rowing as a sport, to be thwarted by a) the physical impossibility of the concept, or b) the total lack of agricultural scullers. At least the thought took my mind off the lung-heaving gasping that emanated from me as I lurched upwards.

Later, while skittering gingerly down a narrow, root-strewn, potholed path fairly well behind the Pack, PrettyInPink suddenly appeared behind me. Bit of a surprise since he's about 40 years younger than me. I stood by to let him past and he huffed out that he'd been caught out by "a massive False." We ran straight over the next little road and down into what turned out to be a completely unnecessary, lengthy, U-shaped loop. I say 'unnecessary' because had we turned left along the road we would have cut across the top of it. But then we would have missed the joy of meeting up at the Regroup. In fact, I **did** miss this. Coming across the breezy field at the bottom of the 'U' I noticed that the Pack, which had stopped the other side of a hedge some way off, had split into two, one part running downhill and the other going more slowly up. Hare Dunny saw me and very kindly waved, pointed and shouted at me. Not that I could see or understand her. I assumed she was performing some kind of semaphore and concentrated on the message. Which seemed to be: Y.O.U'.R.E T.O.O. L.A.T.E. F.O.R. T.H.E. R.E.G.R.O.U.P. Y.O.U. P.R.A.T. W.E'.R.E. N.O.T. G.O.I.N.G. T.O. W.A.I.T. and, with a friendly wave, she turned to go up the hill. I was very impressed that she could signal the apostrophes. When I got to where she'd been I saw that the medium length Trail led uphill and the long downhill. I think you can guess which way I went...

It was a fair old schlep up that hill, through a farmyard and partially up the hill behind it. Which was where I met Dunny who had patiently waited for me. She explained that the medium-Trailers had gone up and over the hill, would be checking the Trail and that I should get a move on so I didn't get lost. She then initiated a lengthy conversation about laying the Trail, the lovely countryside, the Clubhouse at Frilsham. I tried edging away, essayed the body language foot-pointing trick, desperately tried to become invisible. But to no avail. 10 minutes later Dunny finished with, "Ooh. You'd better catch up with the group or you'll get left behind" I thanked her for her considerate advice and scurried upwards.

How lucky I was then to eventually catch sight of a Foghorn leg as it followed its owner up a left turn in the forest. I could just see the spread-out group in the distance, struggling uphill through the pleasant but physically challenging woodland. Now, as you know, Motox is renowned for his rapid walking pace so I was a bit surprised to see him at the back. Then I noticed he was chatting fairly non-stop to our attractive London lady visitor MingeandTonic. Obviously, being a gentleman, Motox was concerned to ensure our guest was safe and going in the right direction...

We plunged on towards and past The Pot Kiln with CanalBobb, Foghorn and SirHumpalot. Another grassy hill and we came upon the On Inn Where LittleStiffy and SlackBladder were walking without their dogs Masie and Ava this week – they were enjoying a rest at home in the warm. Sensible them.

Cakes and Coffee in the Clubroom

Oh how nice it was to get out of the cold and into the warmth of a room full of noisy conversations. Somewhat curious then that Mr Blobby was wearing shorts, a thin T-shirt and his bare feet were in a pair of sliders. Perhaps you'd like to ask Mrs Blobby to confirm but I assume he must be hot stuff. The rest of us gratefully curled cold hands around steaming mugs of hot coffee or added internally to the external cold by scarfing pints of beer. We'd been asked to bring along cakes and two tables creaked and groaned under the weight of freshly baked confections. Here's a picture of just some of them. They were



delicious and far too moreish. Not a soggy bottom in sight and handshakes all round. Dunny and Rampant were the Victoria Wood and Anne Reid Dinnerladies who were preparing and handing out teas and coffees.

As soon as Dunny gave the ok to have cakes there was a set of loud rumbles when chairs were rapidly pushed back on the wooden floor as people stood up and raced towards the tables. There was a lot of elbowing, kicking, gouging and cursing as the cake-rabid throng thrashed their way to their chosen

comestibles. Think vultures on a carcass. As soon as a Hasher had grabbed their chunks of choice they'd rapidly back away from the seething mass, eyes triumphant and glassy, daring anyone to challenge them for the booty they gripped in their claws. Regaining their chair, they'd squat on it and feast, rapidly looking this way and that until every last crumb had been licked up. Then, with a manic grin, they were off for seconds.

As you can tell from the above, the Hash was a great success and very well organised by our Hares: Dunny and Rampant. A superb Trail, run in the freshest of air, followed by a highly congenial *après Hash*. Our thanks to them for a job well done.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Inside the Clubroom Motox sat regally behind a corner table that faced the hoi poloi, arranging the Down Down drinks before presenting the following.

Recipient	Reason
SlackBladder	For nearly giving himself a heart attack by stopping at The Pot Kiln towards the end of the Trail, ordering two pints and finding the cost was £13!
WetWipe	Allegedly calling 'On' when it wasn't. He categorically denied this.
Mr Blobby	Climbed over a stile despite there being no fence either side of it.



DeepLunge	Serious short-cutting. And her a good runner. Shame!
Ms Whiplash	Attempted a short cut but was foiled by a barbed wire fence.
Sir Humpalot MingeandTonic	Our very welcome visitors from London.
PrettyInPink	'Massaging' during the Trail. Dirty boy.
Foghorn	Leaving his phone (and possibly some money) on top of his car.
Donut	Leering at PrettyInPink while he was changing his shreds in the car park.
Snowy	He'll be away next week and it will be his birthday. Happy one to him from us all.
MessengerBoy	Today's Hash Crasher.
Glittertits	According to Motox, he was extremely unhelpful with the Down Down preparation.
NoSole	Awarded a cider Down because she really likes cider!
Lilo	Awarded the 'David' apron by Motox because he had to save her dog, Minx, last week when she wandered into the middle of a road.
Dunny, Rampant	Today's 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>
2328	05Mar23	YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Lane, Padworth, RG7 4QT There will be some BEER What3words: rebel.opened.courier Bring own food, glass and booze.	MessengerBoy Twanky
2329	12Mar23	Butchers Arms 9 Lower Armour Road, Tilehurst, RG31 6HH What3Words: maker.cult.gender	Dumb Dumber Lungs



BH³ enjoys coffee and cake. I think that's SlackBladder's nose in the bottom right-hand corner. 😊