

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2330 19Mar23
Hash Location:	The Sun Inn, Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill
Hares:	Foxy, Floater

Mud Skippers

TC Gannet Donut Hashgate Dumb Dumber BGB Dunny Rampant CouchPotato Desperate Shitfer Spot SkinnyDipper and dog Minx Pyro and Whisper Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit MesssengerBoy and dog Willow Cockup Mike Twanky Gnasher CanalBobb Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Caroline WaveRider NappyRash Florence Zebedee Motox Iceman Posh Bomber NoSole Slapper Foghorn Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Chris PissQuick Jacqui CabinBuoy Dorothy Plod Horny Helmet Lonely Hooker Judas JJ AWOL Sleazy PrettyInPink and later Colin Daphne (Whinge's Dad and his lady



- nice to see them both)

The Trail With a Tail

Foxy pedalled slowly, but determinedly upwards. Driving to the pub we came up behind her in a narrow road. She must have been thinking: "For fox sake! Floater and I exhausted ourselves laying the Trail yesterday until it was too dark to see; I go out on my bike this morning to finish off and freshen bits up and some muppet drives right up behind me on a flipping hill!" The road eventually widened and she kindly slowed so we could pass, giving her a friendly wave and entirely agreeing with her thoughts. She, of course, gave us one of here lovely smiles - one of which you can see in the picture.



Foxy shows off her magnificent brush.

We hadn't Hashed from the pub since the latest landlord and lady took over and it was pleasing to see that the entrance to the fairly steep overflow, grassy car park had been concreted over. However, just about everybody was caught out by the slippery surface that had been slicked by the recent rain. We were given a rousing cheer by watching Hashers as we slid about and wheelspun on the mud. As I mentioned during my Down Down later, I was merely doing a Donut in the car park (she is filing for separation on the grounds of ungentlemanly embarrassment. 😊). Gnasher managed a quite spectacular entrance by driving in, then sliding back down by the side(why?!) of the concrete ramp. Most impressive to us and most disturbing to the cars following her. Posh and Bomber were the most sensible - they ran to the pub. Did I say sensible?

At the Circle, Foxy told us about the 4 mile walkers' Trail and the 6 mile for runners and advised us that anyone who touched her tail would be reported to the RSPCA for fox abuse. Quite right too. We On Outed. The wrong way. Up the hill where we have been before. And then we swept all the way back down and on to a narrow path between fields that must have been about 2 miles long. Or so it felt. The Pack was on a mission and none of the Checks really held them up despite the squishy shiggy underfoot. It was two steps forward and one step back on the hills and

there were plenty of them.

On this morning, as our Hares had mentioned previously, the [Reading 20 and 10 mile race](#) was taking place in the same area where we were. Which is why we came across a friendly, yellow-bibbed race marshal at a crossroads in the track along which we had come. She was very helpful in pointing us in the direction

which Hare Foxy had marked while spinning round and pointing panting racers the opposite way. I was rather surprised she didn't either fall over from giddiness or screw herself into the ground. 😊 Nice lady.

Twanky, Dorothy, Gnasher and I entered a field behind the main Pack where a crowd of inquisitive cows were investigating the leading runners. Now Gnasher (like many other people) finds bovines rather more than challenging and told us she wasn't too happy about the mooing bunch being near her. I pointed out that she had three hunky blokes to protect her. To which Twanky replied that he could see Dorothy and himself but where was the other one? Cheeky blighter. Fortunately, the beeves lost interest in us and mooed (haha!) off to another part of the field.

After a lengthy, shiggy and water slop, slip and slosh through the wet forest, Lonely and I reached the Regroup, intimating strongly that the reason we were a tad late was because we'd put in some extra loops just for fun. I believe the group snorting was a form of applause for our efforts...

There was a minor short cut from here and I enjoyed the company of TC, Twanky, Gnasher MessengerBoy and his dog The Dark Destroyer (actually Willow but, as mentioned in a previous Gobsheet, she is black and does like to cannon into running Hashers). As we splattered through the shiggy-strewn forest we came upon Hare Floater who was lurking in the middle of the wood and pointing us in the right direction. It was just after here that FRB Rampant passed us, exhibiting no signs of physical distress and being quite chatty as he swept along. He was followed by Mike, then Cockup, then Plod and finally, Dumber, who kindly fell in with my pace and chatted amiably about his teenage years when he lived in this area. The On Inn appeared and we trotted down the hill (that we had wrongly gone up when we started) to the pub and a welcome pint.



Our Hares worked hard to give us a very good Trail through a variety of great countryside. This is the second Trail Foxy and Floater have laid in a month (their very first was at The Hatchgate, Burghfield on January 15th.) Our thanks to them and to the other new Hares who have shown a great keenness to give up their time for others' enjoyment.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

BH³ completely filled the outside seating area and shivered in anticipation (and cold) of RA Motox' awards.

Recipient	Reason
Hashgate	Performing car wheelspin tricks in the muddy car park.
Pyro	Throwing beer over BGB.
Hooker	Appalling lack of canine control by her beau, Judas, who had sneaked off, leaving her to carry the can. What a cad!
BillyBullshit, Dunny, Bomber	Happy Birthday to them!

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

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Mike	Silly boy wore new shoes today and had to drink his Down out of one. He did it well.
Dorothy, CabinBuoy	Awarded their 200 Hashes badges by On Pres. Hashgate. Well done chaps!
Pyro	Awarded the 'David' apron (after a lengthy spiel by apron wearer BGB) for throwing beer over him. To cheers, she threw ½ of her Down over him while wearing her award!
Foxy, Floater	Our hard-working Hares.

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

Hash Number	Date	Location	Hares
2331	26Mar23	Coach & Horses The Street, Rotherwick, Hook RG27 9BG What3Words:dean.headers.trifle	Hamlet CabinBuoy
2332	02Apr23	The Pelican 8 Silchester Rd, Tadley, RG26 3EA What3words: cheeses.flaked.gratuity	Mr Blobby C5

CabinBuoy and Dorothy receive their 200 Hashes jackets and badges.

