

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2332 02Apr23
Hash Location:	The Pelican, Tadley
Hares:	Mr Blobby, C5

## Stags and Old Deers

Gannet Hashgate BGB Desperate and dog Doug Shitfer Chris Mrs Blobby Liza YogaJulie Dee TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Iceman Motox MadMoose SweetPee Agatha Twanky Foghorn SkinnyDipper Lungs Dumb Dumber Foxy Gnasher CanalBobb CabinBuoy Cuddles SexSlave Pimp Dunny Rampant FalseTart Shifty Swallow SlowSucker Spot Fran Posh Slapper Florence Zebedee Pyro MessengerBoy and dog Willow Cloggs AWOL HeadleyHound Trout DeepLunge Turnoff Dorothy Lucy Jack Dipstick. And later... Bomber

## A Perfect Trail

**Grandee** (grăn-dē'): a person of eminence or high rank. Someone to be revered.

The above description applies to both of the Hares. They are truly Hash grandees. Their experience, knowledge, osmotic inclusion of Hash awareness over many years guarantees that any Trail they lay will be an absolute cracker. So it proved today.



*The type of shiggy we were up against today.*

They advised us, during the Circle, that the runners should follow only **blobs** of flour while walkers should follow **arrows**. There would be, they continued, two Regroups and it was a tad damp underfoot. Out of those three statements I can confidently assert that, at most, one of them was true. That would be the last one and even that was a mite understated. Following the biblical rainfall on Thursday and Friday much of the Trail was under a few inches of black, muddy water and the rest was a mixture of glutinous shiggy and shoe-sucking bog. Two Regroups? Well, I only found one – perhaps others were luckier? Did the runners often have to go in the same direction as walkers' arrows? Yes, we did. Sneaky, Hares. 😊

Since it was a grey, cold morning and the road closures due to the Reading ½ Marathon had forced many of us to travel more miles than we would have we were keen to get going. We did, trotting stiffly past the front of The Pelican and down a side road where we found... the first Regroup just the other side of a hedge! Talk about innovation! This was the quickest we have ever reached one. About 400 Yards from the start. This was where the walkers and runners split into two groups. As we runners splashed off across the dirty puddles and through the spiky-furze on the common we noted Dumber's dainty foot placement during his inevitable failure to keep his shoes dry and clean (see Down Downs). I found myself next to CanalBobb, who was suffering a bit following his stag night (he was the designated drinker 🍷) the evening before. Fair play to him for actually getting to and running the Hash. Dumber was also a bit fragile and we were surprised to

see Slapper at all since the last anyone had seen of him on the stag was when he stumbled rather drunkenly on to a bus late at night.

The carefully crafted Trail coiled its way around various woodland areas, confusing us so much that the Pack kept very much together. This was great because slower runners didn't get left behind, walkers like Shitfer, Dee, Liza and Shifty stayed with the runners and it made for a much more sociable event, rather than a racing scramble. Surprise though it may be, even SlowSucker was enjoying himself, bemoaning falling Trail-laying standards when we found the first walkers' arrow that pointed us runners the way to go. Potential Hares take note. P\*ssing off SlowSucker indicates a very successful Trail. 🏆

We came across the first of the streams. Actually, when I say 'came across' I mean slogged through. The photo below shows what it was like. I deliberately have not added a caption because you will no doubt be able to think up your own for the eye-widening Slapper/Twanky scenario...

The stream proved quite refreshing on the feet and enabled those of us who did it to once again see that we were wearing running shoes rather than mud clogs. However, this didn't last long for me. While navigating a sea of mud and biscuits, MessengerBoy splashed past, covering one side of me in shiggy. Unwarranted and severe Hon. Pres. and Scribe abuse. I nearly kicked his dog (since MB is much bigger than me). Mind you, Willow is a growing bundle of muscle and energy so I let the mud slide... (you see what I did there?! 😂 Oh, please yourselves).



A period of utter confusion followed when half the Pack, including Dipstick, Cloggs and Foxy, hurtled uphill following flour and the other half, including Iceman, a woozy CanalBobb and Pimp, sped off at an angle, also uphill and also apparently following flour. Hare Mr Blobby was both pleased and dumfounded at our actions and had finally to call us all On Back to the Trail that led downhill in completely the opposite direction. Very tricky Trail-laying.

Towards the end, our Hares had provided a few straight bits for the FRBs to stretch their legs before we came back into the spiky furze, puddles and gloopy shiggy country like we had originally started in. At a One Blob Check a friendly bloke and his son very kindly told us that there were "quite a lot of flour blobs that way." And pointed in the direction. Thanks fellows. We beasted off, scratching our legs on the gorse and covering our shoes once again in black ooze until we came out on to the slim road that led to where The Pelican nested. Iceman and I enjoyed a leisurely stroll and chat, agreeing that we were 'tapering' at the end of the run...

This was a most enjoyable Trail that cleverly kept the Pack together for most of it. The sunshine that shone after we had finished would have been nice when we were running/walking but at least we didn't suffer the deluges that occurred on Thursday and Friday. Our thanks to Hares Mr Blobby and C5.

## On On Hashgate

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## Down Downs

RA Motox dragged us out into the chill of the tented pub back yard to deliver the following awards.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Dumber	Amazingly, he was asked for ID when in a pub during CanalBobb's stag night! Also for trying to tippy toe round shiggy and puddles early on during the Trail.
Dipstick	Turning up late at 11:20.
BGB	His (happy!) birthday.
MessengerBoy	It seems that this should have gone to Spot... for stepping hard on a stick that whipped up and whacked him on the dick!
MadMoose	Tried to immerse himself completely in one of the bogs on the Trail.
Liza	Today's virgin Hasher. She has a great sense of humour and swigs well. Should make a good Hasher.
Posh	Allegedly a Hash Crasher today.
Rampant	Short-cutting! Bad boy!
C5	Awarded his 1000 Hashes badge and embroidered top. Also awarded by Fran a butt plug (according to Bomber) on a lanyard. See below photo.
Florence	Asking loudly if C5's 1000 Hashes top would actually fit him. Cheeky!
BGB	Awarded the 'David' apron by Pyro for berating her during the Trail for not bringing the apron to last week's Hash. She hadn't actually attended and was miffed that he remembered the apron but not her.
C5, Mr Blobby	Today's excellent Hares



C5 receives his 1000 Hashes badge and top from Hon. Pres. Hashgate and RA Motox.

Hashes (Starting at 19:00 on Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2333	10Apr23 Monday Bank Holiday <b>Start 5:00pm</b>	Hash Wedding of Gnasher and CanalBobb Ye Old Leathern Bottel 221 Barkham Road, Barkham RG41 4BY What3words: <a href="#">fairly.formed.pulled</a> <b>Please double-park on the right-hand side of the car park.</b>	MadMoose Kate
2334	17Apr23 Monday 7pm	The Fox Inn High Street, Hermitage, RG18 9RB What3words: <a href="#">negotiators.owns.obey</a>	ChocChuck NoStyle SlackBladder



*One for the ladies. Ripped and buff MadMoose strips off and cleans up in a car park puddle.*