

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2335 24Apr23
Hash Location:	Stoke Row Sports & Leisure Club
Hares:	Spot, Pyro, Rampant (with some assistance by Dunny)

Party Goers



Lonely Utopia Mrs Blobby Donut Hashgate SweetPee Agatha Dumb Dumber
Iceman RandyMandy BlindPew BGB Twanky MadMoose Cuddles SexSlave Spex
LoudonTasteless Swallow SlowSucker Gnasher CanalBobb Plod

Spot's Birthday Hash

Amazing, isn't it!? A whole year has passed since Spot's Big Birthday Hash at The Calleva Arms (click [here](#) to read that Gobsheet). I am pleased to report that he doesn't look a day older and is running with all the spare insouciance of old. This sports and social club location is perfect for a birthday



The birthday boy enjoys his Down Down.

Hash since cakes, coffee, tea and booze can all be ingested in comfort in the warm pavilion. And we certainly needed a bit of warmth. The whole day had been cold, interspersed with periods of heavy rain and, locally, thunder. April showers? Nope. More wintry than that. In contrast the BH³ group who are in Bulgaria at present are enjoying warm sunshine. You may have seen some of the videos of them on a pirate ship, viewing a tortoise in dappled sunlight and dancing in bars with the locals.

This is why, of course, tonight's Hash attendance was much reduced. Presumably the Bulgarian cohort didn't go there just to get away from celebrating Spot's birthday. 😊 I like to think of Spot's attendees as the BH³ elite group. I'm sure you'll all agree.

We didn't waste much time in zipping On Out, following Spot and Rampant through the wet grass downhill. Then through the soaking forest further downhill... then a bit more slopping through running water... downhill. I think you'll see where this is going. Yep. Uphill. Not surprising really since the area is like a rumpled green duvet that's been left in a heaped mess after a restless night.

At the top was a Check. SlowSucker and BlindPew continued along the country road up which we had just panted while BGB and others stood at a gate into a lumpy, sloping-down field. Someone asked him when Crusty would be returning and he replied that she was very keen on heat so would be back in Summer. Plod completely misheard this and asked sharply and with possibly over-keen interest, "Who's on heat!?" Worrying.

Rampant gleefully called "On Back" to the two Checkers and we tottered and stumbled our way down to the bottom of the hill. Oh dear. In front of us stood the most mountainous grassy incline we have seen for a long time. It was the kind of terrain Hillary and Tenzing would have faced during their ascent of Everest...



Hillary stopped to adjust the bulky oxygen cylinder and squinted upwards through his dark goggles. "I say, Tenzing old fruit, this is awfully steep. Do we have to go this way?" From the depths of his head-enclosing, yak fur helmet, Tenzing replied, "Ho." ('Yes' in Nepalese.) Being polite he hadn't added, "Ma har.aye" ('I'm lost') since he figured he wouldn't get his full Sherpa fee if he admitted it. Hillary fiddled with his oxygen demand valve, not realising that he'd turned it on full and it was beginning to affect him. "You know, Tenzing, you're an absolutely top banana when it comes to this mountaineering guff."

He began to fidget and stamp about, getting higher every second on the rich flow of gas. "Tell you what, I'll race you to the top. Last one there's an absolute pill!" And with that he raced off up the almost vertical slope. "Ke gar.ne?" ('What's to be done?') Said Tenzing, falling back on a familiar Nepalese saying which is akin to a shoulder shrug when things aren't quite going your way. He trudged off after his friend, gasping a little despite being very used to the lack of breathable air at high altitudes.



Hillary and Tenzing - conquerors of Everest.

Hillary and Tenzing were the first to reach the summit of Mount Everest. Hillary was a New Zealander and would not have spoken like a character out of a Bertie Wooster novel. Second, Tenzing would never have got lost, even on a Hash. Well done for noticing both irregularities.

You'll no doubt have spotted the two things that we writers like to call 'literary licence'. Firstly, Hillary was a New Zealander and would not have spoken like a character out of a Bertie Wooster novel. Second, Tenzing would never have got lost, even on a Hash. Well done for noticing both irregularities.

Iceman, Twanky and I staggered up that bloody big hill without saying a word. There was an awful lot of heavy breathing. But nary a word. At the top there was a Regroup (thank you from the bottom of our hearts, Hares!) and we hung over a wire fence by a large garden, dangling feebly and sucking in great lungfuls of oxygen while two friendly, but noisy, labradors barked incessantly at us.

Having brought our heart rates down to the low 150s we set off again and it was interesting to note that RandyMandy had a Sticky Willy in her hand. I'd better just explain, before you get the wrong idea, that this particular item was *Galium aparine*, the annual, herbaceous plant so named because of its propensity for sticking to things. Incidentally, some of its other common names include catchweed, sticky bob, grip grass and robin-run-the-hedge. Fascinating eh? Anyway, Mandy's intention was that she would throw it at Twanky and it would stick to him. Sadly, her joke of the century fell flat - like the Sticky Willy when it dropped straight off Twanky into the shiggy. We slopped on.

By a Check we came upon the group of animals you can see below. Some people went into their field so Rampant shouted to them, "Don't be allama'd", chortling at his own perspicacious wit. He was most disappointed when I called out immediately after him, "They're alpacas." providing the spoiler to his two-part joke. It's all about timing. 😊



At the top of another leg-sapping hill was an impromptu Regroup where we met many of the walkers. The Hares had laid W's and arrows for the walkers, which worked very well.

From here we could either take a short cut or continue on the longer Trail. Since our Hares had said at the Circle that the full Trail would be about 5½ miles the runners thought 'why not?' and we trotted off across the shiggy and into the gathering gloom. 5½ miles was a bit of a geographical mis-speak. By the time we finished most people had recorded over 6. The route was varied and wet, incorporating soaking fields,

tracks, paths, roads; uphill, downhill and anything in between. I spent most of the time with Lonely and we agreed that the route would be quite delightful in summer, when it would be warm, dry and light. A long, long straight track, full of slippery shiggy, abandoned machinery and dirty puddles was the last bit. We overtook Spex and LoudonTasteless to finally find Spot, who was making sure the stragglers went the correct way over the green next to the Maharajah's Well. We caught up with Iceman, who had been sensible enough to bring a working head torch, and wandered back to the sports ground and that warm pavilion.

A fine Trail was laid by our Hares and we were lucky that the rain held off while we were running and walking round it. In the pavilion afterwards we were treated to cakes and coffee which warmed us nicely after our cold Hash. Many thanks to our Hares and to those who tidied up the pavilion when we were leaving. Especially MadMoose who single-handedly vacuumed every Millimetre of the carpet!

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Since our regular RA, Motox, is away in Bulgaria, Iceman kindly stepped in to officiate. His awards were...

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
LoudonTasteless Hashgate	Some very naughty short-cutting. There was a blind choice of opaque plastic tumblers to drink out of. Hashgate chose the very small beer amount. It was, said the RA, a 'short cut'. Doh!
Spot	It was his (Happy) Birthday!
Gnasher	To illustrate her lack of hiding skills, RA Iceman held up a stick next to Gnasher and asked us if we could still see her. She had played hide-and-seek in the woods but hid behind a ridiculously small tree.
SlowSucker	Suggesting that, when Crusty arrived back from the Philippines, she would be deported to Rwanda.
SexSlave	Given the 'David' apron by Rampant because he felt that a sex slave should wear one. He almost gave it to Donut who had told him to naff off when he had got in the way in the kitchen while she was serving coffees.
MadMoose	Iceman has asked for suggestions for the next song to be sung. MadMoose suggested 'Ought to be publicly p*ssed on...' so he got the Down. And the song...
Spot, Rampant, Pyro	Today's Hares.

Future Hashes (Starting at 17:30 for these two Bank Holiday Hashes.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2336	01May23 * 17:30 *	The Rising Sun Witheridge Hill, Henley on Thames RG9 5PF What3Words: tips.duet.tiger Wear Blue for Bluebell run.	SlowSucker Shifty
2337	08May23 * 17:30 *	Kings & Queens Hash Dress as Kings & Queens Frilsham Clubroom Hatchets Lane, Frilsham RG18 9XQ What3words: derailed.alien.hamsters Bring a glass, plate, cutlery, coffee Cup. Food and Booze will be provided.	Dunny Rampant

