

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2340 29May23
Hash Location:	Abbey Rugby Club, Peppard Road, Reading
Hares:	WaveRider, NappyRash

## Jet Skiers, Surfers and Paddle Boarders



Diver Treacle Katy Harry Adam Amy Nicki Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash Hashtray WetWipe Sophie Louis Florence SweetPee Agatha Foghorn RandyMandy BlindPugh Motox Cloggs NonStick Plod Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Fran Bomber Hotlips BigStiffy Spot TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SkinnyDipper Dumb Dumber Swallow SlowSucker Dunny Rampant MessengerBoy and dog Willow Twanky Cuddles SexSlave Gannet Utopia Mark Kathy Pimp Desperate Shitfer Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Spex LoudonTasteless CouchPotato WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice Wimpey LemonySnicket Pyro Valhalla Sleazy PrettyInPink Lonely Slapper Gnasher CanalBobb Foxy Floater Dipstick... and later: TC Daphne Colin

## WaveRider's 60th Birthday Hash 🇬🇧 🎉

**H**ow utterly ridiculous! WaveRider, 60?! Impossible to believe that that such a vibrant person who fizzes exhaustingly with energy could have reached this age. Even her grandchildren (😊) can't believe it. She and husband NappyRash laid on an excellent Trail, culminating in a nosh and boozefest at Abbey R.F.C. Apart from the popularity of the two of them, the provision of free food and drink may have had a part in the large number of Hashers, relatives and friends who noisily thronged the car park before we started. It was nice to see the Hares' daughter, Diver, with her husband Treacle and children Katy and Harry and great to see a couple of virgins from WaveRider's circuit training class: Amy and Adam.

As we gathered for the Circle, Billy commented on Desperate's toned and buff body (she's been exercising). "You've got pronounced muscles." He noted. There was a short, puzzled silence before the laughter. That's



*Here's a photo I took of Desperate. Have to admit she looks well hench.*

the thing with Billy's announcements; you never know whether they're compliments or not.

We On Outed, Amy and Adam not having a clue what was going on. Rather like the rest of the runners, since we knew we had to go out the back of the club ground - there being only the main road in the other direction - and the walkers had already gone that way. However, it **was** WaveRider's birthday, so we indulged the Hares and trotted around the rugby pitches, enjoying the evening sun. Luckily, Dumber, C5 and I were running next to Hare

NappyRash, who gave us the nod where to turn back and we found ourselves at the front of the Pack, heading out of the gate and on to the track behind the club ground. Now when Donut and I laid a Trail that went along this track in January it was difficult to even lift a foot to move because of the glutinous shiggy. Tonight the ground was drier than a Saharan camel's armpit.

The Pack began to spread out as we loped, cantered and staggered (depending on the level of one's running fitness) up the fairly steep, stony track, finally gasping across the road at the top and down another lengthy, dry track that was littered with flints, bits of dead wood and desiccated rodent carcasses. As I



clattered down this, first MessengerBoy, then NonStick joined me and told me that C5 had taken the opportunity offered to him and tripped over. I can't say I was surprised. Both he and Mr Blobby have a penchant for hurling themselves to the ground. I met C5 later and am pleased to report that, though he was bloody (hand and knee) he was unbowed.

It began to get more hilly. We hiked breathlessly up a grassy one, then ran down another; this covered in tarmac. Oddly, I came upon three young blokes walking up it, two of them with babies swinging on their fronts. I assumed their wives had had enough, with both them **and the babies**, and told them to go out for a walk. Just past them an older gent who was watering his garden saw me and offered an uplifting, "Well done!" He obviously hadn't seen me struggling for breath at the top of the previous hill, like a just-landed salmon. We passed Dipstick, Motox and Cerberus on the way down a narrow, flinty track; then past Cuddles and RandyMandy, who kindly stepped to one side. "Thank you." I sang as I swept past. "The pleasure's all mine." Replied RandyMandy. "I get to look at your bottom." Crikey! That reddened my cheeks (not those; the ones on my face).

We entered the urban environment of Bugs Bottom and its surrounding area. Checks aplenty slowed the Pack. At one we noticed that Hare NappyRash had sneaked quietly up a hilly road to stand near a footpath that led off into the bushes. This completely fooled BillyBullshit, WetWipe, Mr Blobby and SlowSucker. Just as they were about to enter the path NappyRash tripped lightly back down the hill and called "On On" in the other direction. SlowSucker rumbled past me on his way back down. "That was unnecessarily complicated." He intoned sepulchraly.



We trekked through some hilly woods and came across a swing. WetWipe has form with these things, having torn one to pieces on a previous Hash. Though Twanky and others exhorted him to give it a go, he declined. However, Foxy did not, as our picture shows. Floater is the one giving her a mighty push and hoping the rope will break...

There was rather a lot more up-and-down running amongst both houses and woodland. It's surprising what a mixture of the two there is. We eventually fetched up at the Regroup in Emmer Green at about 4½ miles and stopped to get our breath. Our Hares told us that we could either do a shortish run back to the rugby club or add another mile...ish. Since we'd been enjoying ourselves so much just about everyone took the longer option and we sped off into the inner-city jungle that is Caversham Park Village.

A brief distraction along some of the myriad paths that bisect this housing area saw us pounce into the nature reserve of Clayfield Copse. Since I know this area very well I thought I'd take a bit of a short cut. SkinnyDipper and TinOpener joined me, while the rest of the Pack trooped round a loop. All went well until we found a massive fallen tree blocking our path. Oh well, it was to be a sneak through the undergrowth to the road I had expected to come out on further along the path. We saw the Pack along the road and SkinnyDipper and TinOpener set off towards them while I took the more direct route towards the rugby club. As expected, We all met up

again by the stables at the top of the track that leads back to the club. Mr Blobby, Florence, Bomber, SlowSucker, Dumber, Plod, Spot, Slapper rattled down its stony way, finally turning into the gate at the On Inn.

We give our thanks to WaveRider and NappyRash for not only excellent runners' and walkers' Trails but also for providing us with polypins of beer and other drinks, flapjacks, muffins and chip butties. We ate and drank outside the clubhouse in the sun and the blustery wind. Those of us who hadn't brought coats rather regretted it. None more so, perhaps, than Desperate, who, not having brought long trousers or a coat, wrapped herself in a blanket and sat in her folding chair like a (very buff – see above 😊) old lady waiting to be driven back to her care home.

Gannet, ever the gent, was seen opening a large pub-style umbrella and trying to place it as a wind-break at the end of his table for the benefit of the others sitting there. Mind you, as the wind buffeted it, he nearly had somebody's eye out and whacked one of the gentleman in the groin with the pole. Huge fun and well worth watching!

We had a great, fun time and wish WaveRider a truly Happy Birthday! 🎂

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

The sun slipped behind the and the breeze blew more strongly. RA Motox got on with the awards before we got too cold.

Recipient	Reason
Valhalla	She suggested, last week, that the Down Downs could be brightened up by putting things in the drinks... like pubic hair! She had a variety of items put in her Down.
C5, BlindPew, Wimpey	Today's Hash Crashers.
CanalBobb, Gnasher	<b>Almost</b> having sex on the Hash. Gnasher asked him, "Have you finished?" after she'd downed her Down...
WaveRider, NonStick, BlindPew, Lilo	It was their birthdays. Very happy ones to them!
WetWipe	Getting lost on the Trail because he had to stop for, um, a call of nature.
LoudonTasteless	Living up to his name, he farted at a Check.
Foxy	Being a swinger...
Dumber	Also living up to his name. He was passed the 'David' apron by BlindPew because he said he didn't know where the Trail went while standing on a flour arrow. Doh!
WaveRider, NappyRash	Our two Birthday Hash Hares.

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

Hash Number	Date	Location	Hares
2341	05Jun23	<b>Ye Olde Red Lion</b> Green Lane, Chieveley, Newbury RG20 8XB Just off Junction13 of M4. What3Words: <a href="#">nothing.slings.disarmed</a> <b>Please do not park at the pub.</b> Use School Lane, the High Street or School Road. This is the first turning on the left past the pub.	FalseTart Shifty
2342	12Jun23	<b>The Pangbourne Working Men's Club.</b> Rosewood Hall, 1 Whitchurch Rd, RG8 7BS. What3words: <a href="#">ivory.fancy.power</a>	Plod Mark Pimp





Hash  
Number

Date

Location

Hares

There are several parking options which I'll rank nearest to furthest away:  
Next to (but not in) the club  
What3words: [suffix.nightcap.fallen](#) (pay and display)  
Dolphin Centre \*\*\*Free\*\*\*  
What3words: [frantic.dumps.amounting](#)  
Station Road \*\*\*Free\*\*\*  
What3words: [dumplings.mammoth.dugouts](#)

