

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2348 24Jul23
Hash Location:	The Queen's Head, Bradfield South End
Hares:	Dunny, Rampant

## Bradfield Bounders

NappyRash BGB Motox Foghorn Desperate Shitfer Pimp Spot HappyFeet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Chris Utopia Twanky Iceman Slapper NoSole Rob SkinnyDipper Plod SpecialBranch (this is Mark – named last week) CabinBuoy Gnasher CanalBobb Posh Bomber TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx MessengerBoy and dog Willow WetWipe Floater Pyro Swallow SlowSucker Fiddler Itsyor FlashBangWallop SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and MasieWimpey LemonySnicket AWOL JJ Florence Zebedee TreeT Jonathan JustMatt Lonely... and later Sleazy PrettyInPink

Another busy week for me so the Gobsheet is slightly abridged. But the essence of the event is here. 😊

## Dunny and Rampant Smash It Again

The landlady told Hare Dunny that we could park in the village hall car park to save overwhelming her car park with Hash cars. The sign indicating that gates would be locked at 8 o'clock? We could confidently ignore it, she had said. 10 minutes later we found out that the gates would, indeed, be locked. So there was quite a lot of to'ing and fro'ing, parking on the road, people driving up and asking the question. An excellent start to the Hash evening.

NappyRash and I, ensconced in our get-there-early-to-find-a-parking-space car noticed Mr Blobby wandering around with a large white bandage on his elbow. "Where's he fallen over now?" We asked. He told Bomber and me later that he'd tumbled over on a stony track during the Wednesday Whinge. He was ok but the stones had shredded his skin so that the elbow had a kind of latticed appearance. Bomber and I wondered if he might not have been able to darn it, like we used to do with socks. Not sure he appreciated this helpful suggestion. NappyRash and I agreed that Mr Blobby's only sure-fire method of not damaging himself was to run either in American Football kit or a padded suit of armour. We are waiting to see which he picks. I did mention to the Blobster during the trail that if he'd fallen backwards he might not have got so hurt. But then he doesn't know his a\*se from his elbow...



The similarity to Mr Blobby's elbow is breathtaking.

Our visitor from Frankfurt, JustMatt, was welcomed in the Circle. Then our Hares, one of whom is, of course, the GM, told us all about the Trail. It had been mostly laid yesterday and there had been some heavy rain since. Sooo, some of the flour might have been washed away. Oh good, we thought. There was a Long Trail, a Medium Length Trail and a Walkers' Trail. Typical Dunny and Rampant really. They work hard at producing good Trails. I'm sure that soon they'll come up with one... 😊

We On Outed towards the large field at the rear of the Village Hall - 'cos it always goes that way. Well, it didn't. We looped back to the road, crossed it and hurtled headlong down a stony track. Hoping to goodness

that Mr Blobby wouldn't graunch his other elbow. It was a pleasant start. Downhill always is. But, of course, what goes down...

Mind you, the views across the valleys were superb. Here's a taster.



The Regroup appeared not too long into the Trail and there was a Long and Medium split at this point. Dunny, leading the Medium Trail runners, told us that the Long was just a huge loop that brought the participants back to the Medium Trail. Fiddler, Itsyor, Plod and FlashBangWallop checked out the Long and found themselves going in exactly the opposite direction to where they should have gone. They exhibited wry smiles to the Medium Trailers, who were going in the direction from which they'd just returned.

The elite Medium group comprised Pyro, SkinnyDipper, CabinBuoy, Swallow, TinOpener and me, led by Dunny. We entered a forest that was fairly covered with shiggy. This was where Dunny had managed to get herself lost while laying the Trail. She was most concerned that we wouldn't make the same mistake so she ran back and forth between front and back of our straggly line like MessengerBoy's black labrador, Willow. But without Willow's (also known as The Dark Destroyer) intention to barge people over. She called out to us at the front, "There's a check up there, shortly." Much merriment as we wondered which of us she was calling 'shortly'.

We crossed a country lane and I called "On" as BGB came up behind me. "How do we know it's this way?" he asked, with a very concerned expression on his face. Silently, I pointed at the large, white flour arrow that pointed across the road to where we stood. "Ah." He said. We ran, or in Motox' case, stonked between two paddocks. In one some mares munched away at their hay dinner while two beautiful foals excitedly pranced about, trying to understand who we were and what we were doing. BGB later berated me for leading him the wrong way in a dark and dank forest. However, I pointed out that I was merely checking and if he didn't wish to follow me he was very welcome. 😊

A little further on and Swallow was delighted to spot a badger who shuffled across the woodland track ahead of her. I mentioned to her that I would get the incident down in the Gobsheet in black and white... (oh, please yourselves).

A fearsomely steep tarmac hill awaited us and we were suddenly overtaken by Fiddler and Plod who shot up it like rats up a drain. Though I did notice they both stopped at the top, ostensibly 'looking for flour'. I should think they needed a breather after running up that.

The Trail wound on and we were met by walkers Donut, NoSole and Rob, coming at us diagonally across a field. WetWipe, Zebedee and SlowSucker came past and the latter turned right, up a path that Fiddler had just come back from, saying there was no flour that way. I mentioned it to the good Mr Sucker

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but he had got it into his head that the Trail probably went that way. I met him again a couple of minutes later when he came back...

We then enjoyed a lengthy downhill cruise along a straight footpath through a leafy forest before finding the On Inn at the edge of, you guessed it, the large field behind the Village Hall.

This was a fun Trail through some lovely countryside and the rain held off until we got back to the pub. Our thanks to the Hares for a job well done.

In the pub later TreeT announced at our table what I feel is the quote of the week – “Every man needs a bit of discipline.” I will leave you to make your own conclusions about that. I should point out that certain ‘gentleman’ sitting at our table seemed very keen to explore this statement further. 😊

## On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following at the front of the pub as raindrops began to fall.

Recipient	Reason
Pyro	Laying down in the car park before the On Out. She told us she was demonstrating like Just Stop Oil. Just Stop Hashing? 😊
Itsyor	He drove off with his T-shirt on (and then off) the roof of his car.
CanalBobb, Wimpey	Their birthdays! Happy ones to them. CanalBobb struggled with his Down because he'd ben stung on the tongue by a wasp! Weird!
Floater	For playing on a slide during the Long Trail.
Zebedee	Racing on the Hash! He was <b>so</b> excited that he'd come third.
JustMatt	Our visitor from the Frankfurt H <sup>3</sup> .
Rob	Tonight's welcome returnee.
Pimp	Awarded his 50 Hashes badge by Hon. Pres. Hashgate. See below picture. Well done to him.
AWOL	It's his birthday next week. "Do you want it this week?" Asked Motox. "Naah, next week's fine." Replied AWOL. "Come on up then." Said Motox. We were a tad confused. Still, happy birthday for whenever, AWOL.
WetWipe	Probably for squirting Hashers with his water bottle.
Dunny, Rampant	Our Hares.

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

Hash Number	Date	Location	Hares
2349	31Jul23	Church Hall opposite the The Plough, Henley Rd, Shiplake RG9 4BX. Gather & park Church Hall After run go to Ark which is directly behind church What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/">connected.missions.mango</a>	SkinnyDipper Spot
2350	07Aug23	TBA	TBA





*Pimp receives his 50 Hashes badge from Hon. Pres. Hashgate.*