

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2355 11Sep23
Hash Location:	The Black Lion, Greenmore, Woodcote
Hares:	Dumb, Dumber

Mushrooms (we were kept mostly in the dark)



A dark mushroom. If I'd put in a mushroom in the dark you'd never have seen it.

NappyRash Donut Hashgate Crusty BGB FlashBangWallop Kathy (now WellLaid – see Down Downs) Pimp Gannet Ms Whiplash MessengerBoy and dog Willow Foxy Floater Spot RandyMandy BlindPew Pyro Mark Valhalla Jonathan TinOpener Dunny Rampant Motox Iceman Gnasher CanalBobb Cuddles SexSlave SkinnyDipper and dog Fivos Wimpey LemonySnicket WetWipe HashTray Plod SpecialBranch Legova C5 Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Florence Zebedee Caboose SweetPee Agatha Sleazy PrettyInPink Twanky

On Root... En Route

Apparently BGB was unable to use his car indicator. He turned into the pub car park directly in front of my car, employing just one activity from the list of 'mirror, signal, manoeuvre'. When I quizzed him about it he admitted he has recently been caught speeding. I told him he should also be nicked for driving without due care and attention. NappyRash, who was next to me at the time, noted that, although BGB may have been caught speeding while driving a car, the same will never occur when he's running.



Foxy's subtle-as-a-brick ploy.

Foxy was holding Plod's bum bag while Plod went to the loo. She had attached half a brick to it to try and slow her down when she was running. Great idea but the chance of Plod not noticing was a tad on the remote side. 😊

GM Rampant called us to the Circle and MessengerBoy vainly tried to get Willow to sit on his new, luminous green running shoes. I think that, even if Willow had acquiesced, the shoes were so radioactively brilliant that rays from them would have shone through the dog showing her skeleton and what she'd had for lunch. It was a forlorn attempt and RA Motox eagerly licked the end of his pencil before writing the details in his Down Down notebook.

Our Hares informed us that both runners' and walkers' Trails were quite short (I did 4.85 miles...) and just as we On Outed Dumb called out to us that there were quite a number of One-Blob Checks. Mainly because Dumber "likes drawing boobies." Make of that what you will.

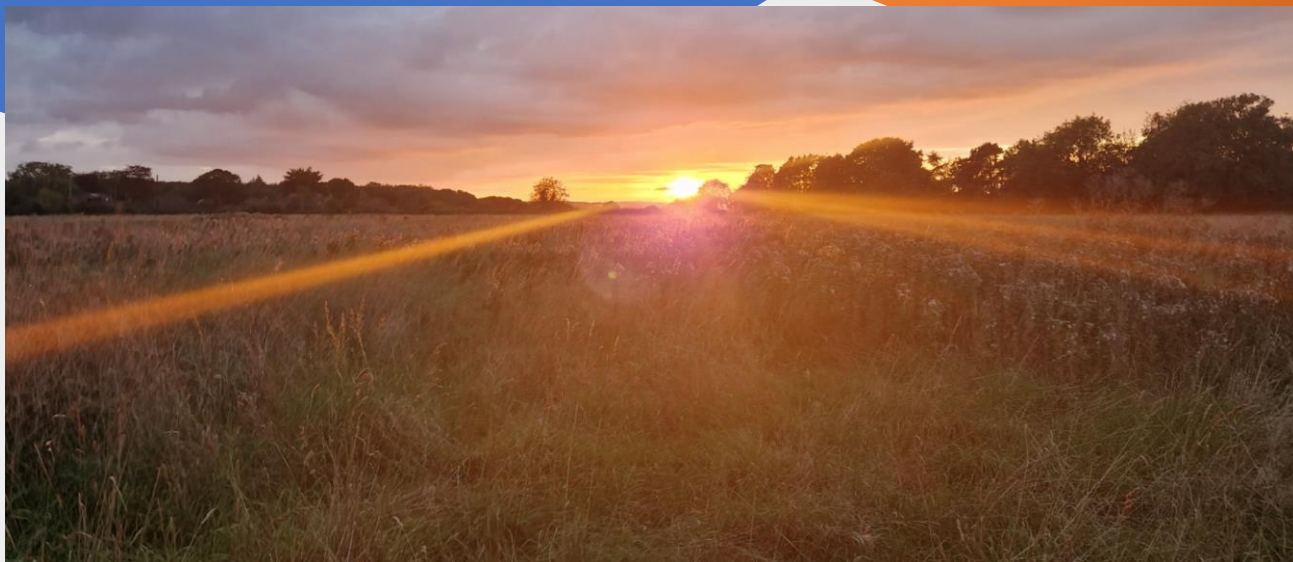
We lurched off down the road towards the nearby housing estate. As NappyRash mentioned during our tour of the tarmac and dwellings, "You'd have thought perhaps the Hares might have led us back this way since it will be well lit." A fair point but we felt it best to trust our Hares. Later, in the pitch dark, we wondered why we'd done that.

We reached the Woodcote recreation ground and, er, ground to a halt. No-one could find any flour and the Pack seemed assailed by an nonchalant attitude of 'What will be, will be'. At least it gave the slower runners the chance to catch up and join in the chatting. Dumber finally gave us the nod and we trooped off in the direction that none of us had expected, finally leaving the tarmac and swinging left into a field by a footpath sign.



Now the **actual** footpath ran along the left of the field, bounded by a barbed wire fence on its right. Everyone took the well-trodden route **next** to the path – apart from Iceman. He and we realised, about half way along the path, why all the local pedestrians had opted to use the track that we were on. Poor Iceman had to fight sprouting bramble dreadlocks that blocked his way and threatened to strip the skin from any bare area.

As MessengerBoy ran past on our left Caboose mentioned that it was almost impossible to see anything, what with the roseate rays of the sinking sun to our right and the lurid glow emanating from MessengerBoy's new, green shoes on our left. The sunset was certainly spectacular. Here's a photo to give you a flavour. Beautiful!



A little later we trotted alongside a paddock within which a manic horse and two of its equine acolytes ran and stamped about in a lunatic manner. We were in a narrow track and the neurotic beast kept galloping up to the fence, putting its long face over it and snorting wildly at any Hasher who dared to run past his field. I assume it was the most fun he'd had for a long time. It wasn't quite so for us and we whizzed past as quickly as we could and darted into the forest. I was running behind Mr Blobby and it was beginning to get rather gloomy. Just as we approached a road the Blobster caught his toe on a root. Amazing how time almost stops at moments like these. His arms slowly windmilled, a cry of, "Nnnnoooooo." Burst from him. He took one giant leap (you may have heard that term before...) and just managed to stay upright. I'm unsure whether he or I was the most relieved. He does have a lot of history in the pratfall area and I didn't fancy having to drag him all the way back to the pub by the leg he hadn't broken.

We finally fetched up at a fairly main road and repeated the offhand checking we had practiced earlier at the recreation ground. Mainly because we couldn't figure out where the Trail went. Until we did and raced across a large field, WetWipe joining us via a shortcut after his checking along the road proved fruitless. By this time dusk was falling silently around us like a grey cloak. We entered woodland and slowed down to a walk. The title of this Gobsheet came to me at that moment. There were many, many, mostly unseen, roots the we could easily trip over *en route*. Of course, the cry of "On Root" was heard many times. I like to include a little intellectuality to these pamphlets on occasions. If the cargo plane of wit has rumbled noisily over your head on this occasion, don't worry; there'll be others.

NappyRash and I ran just behind SpecialBranch. We were arcing diagonally down a grassy slope when he turned and blinded us with his head torch. "You want to watch that light." I said. "It'll attract moths and flies. You'll be covered." "No worries," he replied. "I'll switch it to red." And did so. "I shouldn't if I were you." I advised him. "They'll think you're an insect brothel."

This was just before we encountered the bloke who CanalBobb described as a, um, bishop basher (see Down Downs). I'm afraid I don't know what he said to CanalBobb but certainly my pleasant, "Good evening." was met by a stare as stony as the Cairngorms. Some people just wallow in being miserable. We don't. 😊

As we cantered through a lush field in the gathering gloom I came upon Gnasher and RandyMandy, who was wearing a head torch. The beam of it was wandering between bright and not-so-bright and Gnasher had a novel idea for the reason. She reckoned that the brightness was directly influenced by the speed at which RandyMandy ran. Quite like one of the old bike (I'm, of course, not likening RandyMandy to an old bike!) dynamos that was powered by the spin of a wheel. Excellent logic and it seemed to spur on Mandy as they both disappeared into the darkness ahead of me.

It was, now, as dark as a coal merchant's collar. Dumber was doing a great job of ensuring that no-one got lost by laying bright flour blobs and keeping an eye on the back markers. As we entered another woodland area I had to switch on my phone light so Pyro, Mark, Dumber and I could see the path. Foxy kindly stood a little further on, waiting for us, She was wearing a head torch that mimicked the brightness and pulsing of the Eddystone Lighthouse as she moved her head. Should the battery ever run out on that particular mariner's friend I know who we could stand on top of it until the Duracell people arrive.

It was a fairly short, dark, uphill climb until we slipped out on to the road that leads up to the pub. Nice to be back and apparently only Wimpey got slightly lost.

Thanks to our Hares for a well-laid Trail that we all enjoyed. The advice to bring torches was very necessary.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

An ebullient crowd of Hashers gathered in the lamp-lit garden to listen to RA Motox award the following.

Recipient	Reason
CanalBobb	He described the miserable bloke who berated us as a "Wan*er". Never a truer word was spoke.
Iceman	Apparently suffering from a spot of laryngitis during the Trail. The Down put it right, as he demonstrated, causing a number of eardrums to quiver uncontrollably. When he was called and started to walk over to Motox he tripped over black labrador Willow who was virtually invisible in the dark! Wonderful!
Floater	He 'enjoyed' his drink out of his new shoes. Not surprisingly there was a bit of a blowback and some spillage.
Cuddles	Presented her 50 Hashes badge by Hon. Pres. Hashgate. See below photo.
HashTray	Dobbed in by Floater. Previously having laid a Trail, then sitting in the pub while everyone else went round it.
Jonathan	This was his Virgin's Down, despite the fact that he's now Hashed with us a number of times.
Pyro	It was all a bit confusing but the essence of the jumbled description was that she nearly Hash Crashed.
Kathy	For her excellent Haring skills she was named 'WellLaid'. To roars of approval by the crowd she almost stripped off all her upper body clothing before taking her baptism very well. Ms Whiplash assisted. See below photo.
Dumb, Dumber	The Hares. Dumb a tad messy on the drinking but we forgave her.

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

Hash Number	Date	Location	Hares
2356	17Sep23	The Sun Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill, RG8 7PU	Plod SpecialBranch



		What3words: broadcast.skin.finishing	
2357	24Sep23	BH³ AGM St. John's Hall West End Rd Mortimer Common RG7 3TF What3words: drops.risen.served Please bring your own mug and drink, plate, fork, etc Food & coffee available	WetWipe HashTray



Cuddles receives her badge from a rather manic-looking Honoray President.



WellLaid enjoys her BH baptism.