Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2108 16Apr18

Venue: The Pelican
               Pamber Heath

Hares: Mr Blobby, C5

Birds and Beasts

Swallow SlowSucker Donut Hashgate Hamlet OldFart PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash FlashBangWallop Foghorn MissDirection Stradlevarious HedleyHound RandyMandy BlindPew Mrs Blobby Iceman Motox Desperate Shitfor Snowy Falsetart Shifty MessengerBoy C4 SkinnyDipper Spot Slapper NoSole Lungs Kim Twanky

Unfortunately, my voice recording machine threw a bit of a wobbler and failed to retain any of the names I told it. So the above are from memory. If I missed anyone out, my apologies. 😊

A Curious Bird is the Pelican…

Pelicans are renowned for having a great capacity; particularly in the beak department. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the car park at the pub. But then there were rather a lot of Hashers, including a contingent from R2D2. SlowSucker abandoned his car on the main road and OldFart and we located our wagons on a quiet side road – it seemed much more classy there and much less chance of a side swipe by a speeding jalopy.

Both our Hares tonight were suffering from the lurghi. C5 advised me that he had felt like a microwaved cadaver on Saturday and was just about recovering. Just as well, since he was off to Dubai the next day. Barotrauma (otherwise known as 'airplane ear') is no fun. Been there. Don't want to go back again.

The Hares view the Scribe with deep suspicion before reading the Gobsheet.

Mr Blobby, largely irrepressible though he is usually, looked like he'd been washed on a fast spin cycle and hung out in a stiff breeze to flap limply on the rotary dryer. After which a strong-armed maid had given him six of the best with a carpet-beater. How either of them had gone out and laid the (surely longer than the 5½ miles they said) Trail, then gone out again with us, I don't know. Tough chaps, obviously.

Actually, Zebedee looked like he might be suffering too. Every five minutes he applied an increasingly damp handkerchief to his nose.

We On Outed and the first part of this Trail led us through a fair bit of urban stuff in order to get us into more Hashing-friendly forest and shiggy. C5 almost tripped over in front of RandyMandy and me and she immediately offered to catch him. Well that would have been quite a sight to see. I had visions of an appalled RandyMandy, having realised the mistake she had made, disappearing under the weight of the collapsing C5 with a lung-emptying, "Ooofff!!" Surely the resulting lifelong limp and regular Charley Horse events would not be worth the effort. Better to stand by and watch. Perhaps shout, "Timber!" and wait for the ground to stop shaking.

Now one of the problems with using technology to record what happens on the Hash is that it occasionally misbehaves – a bit like my mobile today that has decided it won't make any outgoing calls because call blocking has ben set on. Except it hasn't. I am almost at the 'let's find the club hammer in my toolbox' point. But I digress marginally. My nifty little recorder decided to keep itself switched on all the way through this 1½ hour Trail. Which meant that any commentary jewels I spoke into it have never been recorded. And it doesn't have a fast-forward button. I don't have the time, the patience, or indeed the stamina to listen to 90 minutes of inane chatting, heavy breathing, crunching footsteps… mainly mine.

So let's skip some of it. After all, it's Thursday night, my energy levels are lower than a Duracell bunny after a hard night in the sack and the Gobsheet must be published. 😌

Perhaps one of the best bits was when we reached the Regroup. SlowSucker and Spot had gone about half a mile away from it due to the 'RG' having been eaten by a passing swan. So C5 had to call them back. There were certain chortlings of glee from some Hashers (who shall not be named) but when SlowSucker reappeared we noticed he had a rather large and bloody gash on his knee. Bit like he'd ben sabred by a member of the cavalry during charging practise. Fortunately, the fellow was ok (otherwise he wouldn't have been running, would he?)

Ok. That's it! I know when I'm beaten. One of my neighbours just came round, selling raffle tickets for charity and talking interminably. It's now beginning to get dark and I need a cup of tea.

So there you have it, a Gobsheet characterised by brevity and general frustration. May I say that our Hares' Trail was certainly not characterised by the former (5½ miles my foot!) and the only frustration was our occasional inability to figure out the Trail from the Checks. A fine run through a lot of woodland, scrub, a stream (for those who didn't ignore the Bar on the bridge) and a nice pub to end up in. Thanks chaps and we hope you feel better Mr Blobby.

On On. **Hashgate**.

BH³ Hash Blog

When your fingers lie still on the keyboard
And your brain has turned to suet.
It's time to switch off in more than one way,
For your mind will just not do it.

'Night (Yawn) 'night everybody. See you next week. zzzzzzzz

Down Downs

We got our own room in the pub for the Down Downs and made the most of it, Hashers hanging from the lamp shades and, of course, on every word from our RA, Foghorn.

Who Got It	Why
SkinnyDipper, Shifty	Their birthdays
Desperate, NoSole	The former lapped the car park twice, looking for a suitable spot. The latter was berating Motox and Iceman.
Motox, Florence	He gave Florence the Pecarina apron because she said it would look better on him backwards.
SlowSucker, Zebedee	Today's Hash Crashers.
C5, Mr Blobby	Today's intrepid Hares staggered up to receive their awards.
Rampant	Awarded by Shitfor for leaving drug paraphernalia in Bratislava last week!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
Extra Hash	Saturday 28Apr18 16:00	SU700868	BH3's Ruby Anniversary Run and Celebration **Nettlebed Village Club** High Street Nettlebed RG9 5DD	Zebedee Florence Pyro
2110	30Apr18 19:00	SU635748	**The Greyhound** Tidmarsh RG8 8ER	Slapper BRC
2111	07May18 19:30	TBA	**TBA**	HappyFeet DoorMatt