



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Berkshire Women's Aid](#).

Hash Number and Date: 2429 09Feb25

Location: The Mill House, Thatcham

Hares: Little Stiffy, Slackbladder, ChockChuck and No Style

HASHERS

A warm welcome to Twig the dog and owner Jill (newcomer) and also to R2D2 Strads and Deepcut visitors

Zebedee, Wave Rider, Twanky, Tree Trollop, Tin Opener, Swallow, Spot, Sonic the Hedgehog, Slowsucker, Slackbladder, SexSlave, Rampant, Potty, Plod, Peter, Penny Pitstop, Old Dog, Nutty, No Sole, Nappy Rash, Mr and Mrs Blobby, Motox, Miss Whiplash, Messenger Boy, Lucy, Little Stiffy, Lilo, Legover, Iceman, Headley Hound, Francis, Foxy, Foggy, Flo, Floater, Dunny, Dorothy, Deep Lunge, Cuddles, Cockup, Chockchuck, C5 and Blowjob.



DON'T BELIEVE A WORD

Picture this, sun, sea, sand and seventy degrees.... Yes that's what the Treasurer is experiencing

whilst we hardy hashers partook of Thatcham's finest mud, slime, gloom and depression. Yes Skinny Dipper is enjoying the delights of the Antipodean warmth whilst us stiff upper lipped souls trudge boldly on through February's hail, rain, chill and endless supply of mud!! We all rocked up in anticipation of our prayers being answered that despite the weather the hash would be pleasant, picturesque and warm with a thirst quenching, appetite satisfying pub as it's climax. Previous experience was re-inforced but let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Hashgate, our master of the quill and parchment, is off enjoying himself again so I'm afraid I have taken up the nib and blotting paper and any reference to people/places/events should be read sitting down with a large pinch of salt. Remember, never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

Good news though, Lilo was suffering from a nasty bout of laryngitis and couldn't talk so it was a very quiet greeting in the car park until there was a bit of a debate about gender recognition. Normally, pubs are closed when we park, then open (I'm setting the scene here so bear with..) but the doors opened wide and a chap shouted if you need the loo, hurry up, 'cos we're closing! Mmm. At this point Motox and 'A N Other' rushed forward. Little Stiffy said, 'Gosh, Gnasher's a bit desperate!' To which Iceman piped up, 'That's not Gnasher, Gnasher's a girl!' There then followed questions about length of hair, type of beard and general disposition but it was then agreed, as Floater emerged with a relieved sigh from the said open doors, that Gnasher's beard isn't quite as distinctive but they do look a bit similar from behind.



Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

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Then there was lots of concern about Slapper having to live out of the boot of his car. Bags of clothes and general flotsam and jetsam were stuffing the gunnels of it. What has he done to make No Sole change the keys to the house? Been out marathon training again, sorting out flights to the four corners of the globe? Nope, Granpa had been doing the week's wash as a result of a broken washing machine. We suggested he check the temperature setting though, he'll never fit those pants!

Since I'm not as fit as one would like to be, what actually happened on the run, well, who knows. Lots of mud, minimal amounts of flour, exasperated groups lost and wandering from mudhole to mudhole in the vain search of a trail. Checks not kicked out, runners abandoning the weary. Poor C5, Iceman and Blowjob came across a 5 way footpath and not an inkling of which one to choose. Dunny was at the back so couldn't quote on much at all.

Motox was one of many who tried to lose their footwear in a rather cleverly disguised mudpile that was in fact a shoe trap. Mrs Blobby and Miss Whiplash did the same. Poor old Flo came a cropper when she was dazzled by Francis' pink shoes and Swallow and TT kept coming across bars. Messenger Boy insisted of getting out the poo bags when I suggested we stop to look at the view... What do you mean I have a funny accent!

Nutty was the one who made sure that at least the weather was kind to us. She wore sunglasses, so the sun didn't shine and she had a broly in her pocket so it definitely wouldn't rain. At least till we got back anyway.

I'm sure you all have other things to do so I'll bring the event to a close now. We all got back, in one piece if not up to our knees in mud. It was a grand day out, except of course for the pub. Oh dear. They ran out of beer, as has happened before and they didn't even have any crisps. Hats off to Little Stiffy who popped to the shops and bought a few bags and generously handed them out.

Well done to the Hares, as always, without Hares we wouldn't have the excuse for a good moan about the weather, mud, hills and lack of beer and price of petrol.



Sadly there was no Beaver as you can tell from newspaper headlines here.

Notices: Please see below for next week's hash as it has moved, Iceman will send out an email.

BLT is at the WoodPecker, Wash Water and there will be NO MUD

**On On
OldDog**





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DOWN DOWNS

- Chock Chuck had a birthday
- Nappy Rash couldn't park, despite many attempts
- Swallow parked in that space first time
- Cock-up called Rampant an old man
- Rampant for asking an Old Man with a wheelbarrow had he seen any flour
- Francis called On On at a False and wore Pink Shoes
- Flo for paying too much attention to the pink shoes and falling over
- Nutty for saying Little Stiffy didn't have a brain



Beneficiary	Awarded For
Little Stiffy	300 Runs
Legover	50 Runs





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Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.

<u>Hash #</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2430	16Feb25	RED DRESS RUN The Club Bar and Lounge 5 Cheap Street Newbury RG14 5DD What3Words: /// scan.surely.valid Free Parking available round the back of Station Approach from 10:30am. We'll also Circle Up there. Off Station Approach Newbury RG14 5DG What3Words: /// demand.jazzy.rises	Slapper, AWOL
2431	23Feb25	The Six Bells The Hatch Burghfield Village RG30 3TH What3words: /// stages.skips.cute Please park around the Recreation Ground What3words: /// gangs.keep.hint	Canal Bobb