



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2431 23Feb25

Location: The Six Bells, Burghfield Village

Hares: CanalBobb ably assisted by Gnasher

SLIPPERS



Swallow SlowSucker Donut Hashgate WaveRider Nappyrash Dumb Dumber Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Slips Snowy Foxy Floater Iceman Twanky Peter Foghorn Motox Pimp WellLaid DeepLunge Spot Tim LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Milo and Ava MessengerBoy FalseTart Shifty C5 SpecialBranch AWOL Cuddles SexSlave Dunny Rampant Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Alison Plod Dorothy Lonely Mike Cockup Hilary Neil Slapper NoSole Sonic Lilo and dog Minx Booby

SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY

Our main photograph today is not quite worthy of Page 3. It is SlowSucker, modelling the latest in his (almost) Spring Collection. Known simply as 'Shiggy' it combines the latest in senior *haute couture* with what might be described as 'down-to-earth' accessorizing. He obtained inspiration during a trek through one of the Hares' more muddy areas of the Trail (there were quite a number) when his footwear refused to grip and he slid sideways, gracefully and with a minimum of expletives. This is the second week he's Hash Crashed. When I spoke to Mr Blobby later he expressed his concern that SlowSucker is after his Hash Crash Crown. Mind you, the Blobster did manage to slip over immediately after the 'On Out' in the recreation ground so I think he's still way ahead in the number of falls.



How good it was to welcome three Virgins: Hilary, Neil and Tim. All told me later that they'd thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Nice people. We look forward to seeing them again. We were also joined by Mike, who we met last week during the Red Dress Run in Newbury. I believe his reason for running with us this week was that he expected the blokes to be wearing red dresses again. Afraid not, Mike. But you never know... 😊

WaveRider and NappyRash had just returned after a break in Birmingham, where they'd participated in the Edgebaston Reservoir parkrun. WaveRider was haring round the 5k course when a voice from the crowd, with a seriously Brunny accent, shouted, "Gew on luve. Give it sewm beans!". 😄

So it was windy, the clouds were mostly grey and low and it had rained heavily in the previous couple of days. Perfect for Hashing then. Since I had partaken rather liberally of the grape and the grain on Friday and Saturday night I felt it best to walk, rather than run, so my apologies for being unable to report on the running Pack. To add to the paucity of content in this Gobsheet I barely saw many other walkers during the Trail so there's not that much to report on there.



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Most of my time was taken up in erudite, intellectually nimble conversation with Lonely, who also walked. Now since you don't believe that either Lonely or I have an iota of erudition or intellectual capability I won't report the content of our conversation. Suffice to say and just to pique your interest, chicken nuggets and the price of fish were included.

We began the Trail with a lengthy tarmac tramp that led to a steep and sticky hill. Slithering up it, Lonely and I congratulated each other on not having run, since the effort of hauling our carcasses up this thing would probably have resulted in a heart attack. It looked as though some other creature may have suffered this since we passed a person-sized, stuffed toy horse, hanging forlornly on a wire fence. Weird what you see on the Hash sometimes. After a while we crossed a road, entered a wood... and lost flour completely. We had to track back and met Motox who said he'd go through the wood anyway because he knew where he was and he wanted to walk off-road. Fair enough. We, meanwhile, bumped into Billy. Always a mistake doing that, especially if you follow his advice on where to go. Fortunately, for us, we'd found a fairly rained-out flour arrow so we smiled at him and went on our way. This led us down a steep hill towards a ford. On the way down we were passed by Cockup, who hadn't a clue where he was supposed to be going, followed by Spot, then DeepLunge, then Rampant. We stepped into the sticky woodland just before the ford, where a Regroup awaited us. Here we are.

Hare CanalBobb turned up and told us that Foxy's Beaver had been hidden nearby, which prompted a scurrying hunt amongst the bushes and trees. For the first time I was lucky enough to spot our furry friend. Dunny had seen her at almost the same time and told me she was pleased I had got to her first because she wouldn't have to take her round on the rest of the Trail. A sensible viewpoint, given that there was a good mile of slanting, unpredictable, slippery shiggy to negotiate after this point. Floater avoided some of



it by running along the bed of the nearby stream. It was certainly some of the greasiest shiggy we've encountered and I'm surprised more people didn't hurtle earthwards (see Down Downs for Hash Crashers). Lonely, Hilary and I slid and squelched along the alleged footpath, meeting Motox who was coming towards us from the opposite direction! He fancied a bit more forest, rather than road. We managed to negotiate the stream crossing without getting a shoe full of water or falling in. However, Lonely almost knocked himself out on the metal pipe that ran 5 Feet above the stream. Having made sure he was ok, we (including Lonely) enjoyed the obligatory guffawing. Nice to know Hilary has a Hasher's sense of humour. 😊

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

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Our Trail was almost done and we met Hare Gnasher on the long, straight road that led back towards the cars. A concerned Neil was waiting for Hilary as we got back. Nice of him but as we confirmed, no-one ever really gets lost on the Hash. Unless, of course, they follow Billy's advice.

Thank you, CanalBobb and Gnasher for laying the Trail for us. It was a combination of shiggy and enjoyment.

On On Hashgate

BERKSHIRE WOMENS AID

Slapper is running the Reading Half Marathon on March 23rd in aid of our supported charity. If you would like to sponsor him please click [here](#) (for facebook readers the Just Giving page is <https://www.justgiving.com/page/david-friend-14>).

DOWN DOWNS

We squeezed into the large marquee in the pub garden and listened intently while RA Foxy awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Booby	Lost property. Leaving his skiing helmet.
PennyPitstop	She had to cable-tie her failing footwear before she could walk the Trail.
Plod	Amazingly, Plod actually chose the right way at a Field Check.
Motox	He frightened a family so much that they deliberately walked in the opposite direction to him. Then sang 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters'. I know not why but I bet he didn't hit the top notes.
Mr Blobby	Falling over before he left the field where we had Circled Up! 😊
SlowSucker	Major Hash Crashing into viscous shiggy to the delight of surrounding onlookers.
NoSole	Yet another Hash Crasher.
Dumber	Hash Splashed by falling into the ford. 😊
BillyBullshit	Presented the 'David' apron by SlackBladder because he suddenly appeared in front of Slack while emerging from private M.O.D. property.
Floater	Happy birthday to him!
Neil, Hilary, Tim	Today's Virgins. Welcome all and hope you join us again.
Floater	Was presented a small and furry fox keyring by C5 so he always has foxy near him. Ahh.
CanalBob, Gnasher	Today's hard-working Hares. We found out that CanalBobb had accused his wife, Gnasher, of 'falling asleep on the job' by not providing a Beer Stop when the Pack ran past their house. It was mentioned by another Hasher that if she was indeed falling asleep on the job then CanalBobb needs to improve his technique. 😊



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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2432	02Mar25	The Sun Hill Bottom Cl Witchurch Hill RG8 7PU What3Words: ///dividing.mountains.duck	Pimp WellLaid
2433	09Mar25	H&W Crowthorne Fosters Lane Crowthorne RG45 6UF What3Words: ///twice.caked.scale	Gnasher BlowJob Twanky



Hashgate triumphantly displays Foxy's Beaver.