



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2432 02Mar25

Location: The Sun, Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill

Hares: Pimp, WellLaid

SUN BATHERS



PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Hashgate BillyBullsht Cerberus and dogs Chilli and Indie TC MessengerBoy and dog Willow Pyro and dog Bunjie Iceman Foxy Floater Gnasher CanalBobb Dunny Rampant Dumb Dumber Spot Motox Foghorn Peter Lonely Swallow SlowSucker WaveRider NappyRash Twanky Gannet Dipstick NoSole slapper Sonic Plod Francis Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Cloggs SpecialBranch Florence Cockup Falsetart Shifty WetWipe SweetPee Agatha AWOL SexSlave Cuddles Fiddler TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx

A WELL-LAID 'PIMP MY TRAIL'

This country's weather is amazing, isn't it? One day it's being deluged with rain or is freezing cold, the next, like this day, lovely, warm sunshine bathes the land and gives us hope that Spring is finally on its way. While waiting to Circle Up we delighted in feeling warm, chatting on the grassy slope of the car park, watching Dumber stall his car while parking and Florence parking on some daffodils. WaveRider and I were talking with SlowSucker, who is still recovering from his trip and fall over a road sign a couple of weeks ago on the Red Dress Run. When we asked him how he was he kindly showed us the suppurating and gangrenous lesions he had sustained. We thanked him, wished him well and went to find a bush in which to barf.



Plod and Lonely lead the Pack in the sunshine.

We OnOuted. Running Pack to the left and walking Pack to the right. Now this is an area of outstanding natural beauty... but it's very hilly, as Hare Pimp had warned us, with a smile, at the Circle. The Trail was something of a roller-coaster. But it was sunny. Though still frosty in the shady bits. We warmed up on the first of the lengthy, uphill bits; a narrow track that led ever higher and contributed to a lot of laboured breathing.

Going through some woodland we came to a bench overlooking a steep, grassy valley. Foxy very kindly offered me a Naughty Stop spanking. Ordinarily, I'd have jumped at the opportunity but I could see the Pack leaders way off in the distance, climbing up the other side of the

valley. So I declined, even though I could see Foxy's disappointment. 🙄 The descent of the side of the valley was



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quite fraught since it was incredibly slippery and Iceman, AWOL, Foxy and I were surprised at reaching the bottom of the valley without having slid down most of it.

Our Hares' Trail led us through a paddock that was virtually filled with squidgy, liquid horse doings. Delightful. We celebrated leaving it with loud shouts of "On On!" which frightened the crap out of a young gent, his wife, their small boy and their Shetland pony. I'm pleased to report that they were all ok and friendly and the only slightly spooked Shetland didn't contribute to the contents of the paddock.

While running down (for a change!) a rocky and overgrown path I overheard SpecialBranch and Slapper talking about Slapper's training for the Reading Half Marathon (see below) that he is due to run on March 23rd. He said that he had 're-launched' his schedule so that he has a week of running followed by two weeks of tapering which he reckons should set him up nicely for the event. 😊

A long climb through slippery woodland and we popped out into the sunshine, the Hash View and the Regroup. Here we are, with that stunning view behind us.



Our Hares had hidden Foxy's Beaver here; a fair distance away and in the forest. Slapper appeared to be searching for her by standing next to a bush and waving his Beaver Search and Rescue equipment to left and right. It was Plod who scrambled through thicket and over a fallen tree to find the little creature. Here she is, holding her tightly so she didn't scuttle off into the undergrowth.



A long, narrow and very shiggly-filled path eventually led us downhill to a steep drop which led us on to a track that led to a road. Iceman and I approached it with much caution; twisting your knee out of joint in the middle of the country is not a good idea. I must thank Pimp and WellLaid for providing a hand to get me safely down the thing. I'm sure their main thought was that they didn't want to have to carry a whinging GM all the way back to the pub. 😊

A huge tarmac hill followed. Both Iceman and AWOL bravely trotted breathlessly up it and were a bit miffed when my walking self caught up with them. We turned off on to a hugely steep flint and grass track. Crikey! When would this torture stop? But we were to be tortured even more when we reached a very large, fortunately flat, field. Lonely and Cloggs were discussing music and they decided to frighten Iceman



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and me by attempting to sing a soprano, then middle C. Suffice it to say that we were 'minim'ally impressed at the 'quaver'ing tones issuing from these two 'crotchet'y Hashers which made us want to head for the 'bar' 'sharp'ish in a 'flat' out run.

Thank goodness it wasn't too far until we saw the pub. It was a pleasant, final, sunny trot down the road to it.

Many thanks to our Hares for organising such a sunny day. And the Trail was brilliant... if exhausting. 😊


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 sat in the pub garden, enjoying the uplifting experience of warm sun. Cerberus was enjoying it too, sitting at a bench, until I happened to stand behind her. I received a right earful about fat blokes blocking out the sun. Quite right too. I moved swiftly out of the stream of invective. 🙄 RA Foxy awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Hashgate	Foxy had forgotten to bring the 'Finder of Foxy's Beaver Bar' last week to present to me so she brought it this week. If you can figure out all the sweetie bar names she made this up from you're a cleverer person than me... though the last two letters come from a KitKat. 
Plod	She found Foxy's Beaver this week and was awarded a more mundane (and less rude!) chocolate bar.
Dumber	Stalled his car when driving up the slope into the grassy car park.
NappyRash	He seemed to have a bit of an obsession about "Lots of men playing with their instruments".
WetWipe	Telling all and sundry that "I could have brought my phone today but I forgot to bring my strapon". Ooer.
Lucy	Curiously, offering the opportunity to Hashers to "smell my fingers".
Lonely	Arguing with AWOL about sleeping arrangements!
BillyBullshit	Arguing with AWOL about who was older. Also, at the Regroup, asking "Where is the pony?" rather than "Where is the beaver?" Doh.
Dorothy	Allegedly making people 'wobble in my slipstream'.
SpecialBranch	It was either (or both) him or Floater who left their filthy running shoes in the garage all week, then brought them in, placed them by a radiator and stinking the house out. He was given some eco-deodorisers.



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TC	Our returnee from Australia. Welcome back TC!
Fiddler	Presented his 200 Hashes white T-shirt by Hon. Pres. Spot.
PennyPitstop	Presented the 'David' apron by BillyBullshit to protect her when dogs like Willow and Bunjie jump up at her. As they did this morning.
Plod	Happy birthday to her!
Sonic	Invading the pub Gents before the Hash, thereby delaying Motox from a desperately-needed activity. Sonic nominated Motox to drink her Down... which he was well pleased about.
WellLaid, Pimp	Our Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2433	09Mar25	H&W Crowthorne Fosters Lane Crowthorne RG45 6UF What3Words: ///twice.caked.scale	Gnasher BlowJob Twanky
2434	16Mar25	Coffee & Cakes Run Stoke Row Sports & Leisure Club Newlands Lane, Stoke Row, RG9 5PS What3Words: ///gets.cookie.waltz Please bring your own booze & drinking vessels. Tea & Coffee will be available	Dunny Rampant



Fiddler searches in vain for Foxy's Beaver.



Foxy is foxed by a confusing Check.