



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2436 30Mar25

Location: The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen, Tilehurst

Hares: Plod, Foxy

HEARTS OF OAK



See [Queen Elizabeth's Oak](#)

Spot Donut Hashgate Agatha Dumb Dumber WaveRider NappyRash SpecialBranch Dunny Rampant Iceman TC Ms Whiplash Lilo TinOpener C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Legova Gnasher Slapper NoSole Sonic Slips Snowy Motox Potty Nutty MessengerBoy and dog Willow Peter Mandy and dog Enzo Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit SlowSucker Swallow SkinnyDipper AWOL Charlotte Kate Twanky Florence Zebedee Gannet Desperate Shitfer CouchPotato. Later: Judas, Hooker

THE BH³ BST HASH

Yes, British Summer Time finally arrived and with it, spectacular sunshine and quite warm air. In the freshly-tarmacked car park we luxuriated in it like happy moggies. We welcomed virgins Charlotte (Plod's fit friend) and Peter, Mandy and their dog, Enzo (Slips' Tai Chi class members – no, not Enzo; did you think a dog could adopt the 'white crane spreads wings' move?)

Amazingly, no-one had forgotten to put their clocks forward an hour, though Lilo freely admitted that working out how to change the time in her car was more complex than understanding String Theory. Speaking of her car, husband TinOpener drove this week and Donut, Spot, NappyRash, Gannet and I thoroughly enjoyed his Herculean struggle to park in a space the size of Cardiff. He duly received a Down Down later. Well deserved. 😊

Dumb and Dumber arrived carrying backpacks that would have bent an Everest sherpa double. Dumb's was actually larger than Dumber's. I understand she was carrying at least two changes of clothes, a makeup bag (because she's worth it) the size of a young aardvark, a step ladder, a set of folding doors, a bag of adjustable spanners, two sink plungers, an oxygen tank, sheep-shearing equipment and some potted shrimps. A girl just needs stuff sometimes.

Before we plunge into the maelstrom that was the Trail, here's a photo that was taken at the Regroup/Beer Stop.





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Some of our group were still lumbering up those damn great hills that formed part of the route so unfortunately NoSole, Mrs Blobby, Sonic, Dumber, Lilo, Slips, Legova and Zebedee are not in the posers.

So we started by gasping our way up the tarmac slopes to the left of the pub. This led us into the first bit of woodland where we had our first faller. No prizes for guessing it was Mr Blobby. Unfortunately, he'd landed with his ribs on his clenched fist and he lay prone for a bit, worrying Agatha and me. I'm pleased to report that His Hardiness finally stood up, did not utter any rude words but bravely ran on. If the SAS ever get short of members I'm going to put his name forward. Five minutes later he tripped and almost plummeted earthwards for a second time before recovering his balance.

We wriggled along snake-like forest paths where tree roots deliberately tried to trip us. The Pack was met by SkinnyDipper and C5, who had intentionally run across a large 'F'alse to join those of us who had gone the right way. Naughty. Immediately after this we were presented with a massive leg-over opportunity. No, not that one. A large tree had fallen and blocked the path. "I wonder when that fell." Said Hare Foxy casually. Hm. Ok Foxy. Some people went a long way around it; some people, like BillyBullshit, trampled their way over the top of it with all the grace of a three-legged camel.

We started going way downhill. Familiar territory in the valley below Sulham Woods. Foxy, SkinnyDipper and I reached the gravel road that leads to St. Nicholas' Church. There were two options: a long loop or the walkers' Trail that cut across the top of it. SkinnyDipper curiously chose the former – perhaps a touch of summer madness? I felt it beholding to me to support Hare Foxy as she turned right, on to the walkers' Trail. Foxy told me that Plod had laid that particular loop on her own and although she'd managed to rein her in while laying the rest of the Trail (10 miles or more to Plod is nothing 😊) she figured Plod had channelled her inner demon and

included all the distance Foxy had dissuaded her from incorporating. Gulp!



Foxy and I waited by the gate where the long loopers would appear and chatted, mostly about gardening (how sad is that?) for about ten minutes, with no sign of the poor runners. Eventually, Snowy and Nutty, then Donut and Swallow, then Motox arrived, having taken the sensible route. But still no long trailers. Oh well; we ran on.

It was indeed a couple of huge slopes, one in a field, the second through the woods that brought us to the Regroup/Beer Stop where Plod's husband Matt and lovely dog Murphy guarded the drinks and their son Joseph carefully hid Foxy's Beaver. Snowy found our furry friend. Here he is, proudly displaying his find.

While Foxy exhibited her beer-pouring skills in paper cups (4 inches of froth, ½ inch of liquid 😊) we marvelled at the probability of coincidence. Who should be taking a walk in the woods just at that place and time but Booby with his lady, Emma and little girl, Phoenix. It was great to see and chat with them. I went over... my mistake. Phoenix, in her daddy's arms, took one look at the titanium-haired fellow



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gurning at her and burst into tears. I have to say that I usually get on very well with small children. I can only assume that Phoenix is a far more discerning judge of character than others.

We On Outed again and I caught up with Twanky. He, like most of us, was struggling to get going again. "You stop," he said, "and everything stiffens up. Ooer. Har har." Well, if you can't be juvenile during the Hash, when can you? Talking of juvenile, or more likely senile, let me include a photo of NappyRash and BillyBullshit. They're hurling Red Bull cans into the air in the vain hope that it will give them wings. Oh dear.

We came out into a winding mass of tarmac and newly-built houses, following Mr Blobby, Snowy, Donut and Swallow, with Hare Foxy stating, "I don't know where this goes." which gave us much confidence. But the Trail had been well-laid and much of the time we were heading downhill, which made a nice change. Eventually, we popped out near Westwood Glen and Snowy and I heaved our carcasses up the final hill to the pub, rather disquieting an old fellow on the pavement when he saw Foxy's Beaver in Snowy's hand overtaking him. 😊

Well what an excellent Trail on a lovely sunny day. Even Slapper and NappyRash enjoyed it, despite hangovers after an evening of debauchery, beer and music. Our thanks to Hares Plod and Foxy and of course to Matt, Joseph and Murphy for a great Beer Stop.



On On Hashgate

BERKSHIRE WOMENS AID

The money raised for the charity BH³ is supporting from the Red Dress Run and Slapper's sponsored Reading Half Marathon stands at £736.10 plus £109 gift aid = £845.10. Thank you to everyone who has donated and a very well done to Slapper for running in that red dress! See <https://www.justgiving.com/page/david-friend-14> for details and a picture of him.

DOWN DOWNS

Since RA Foxy had been Hare, Dunny kindly stood in for her. She awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Snowy	Presented with a Penguin for finding Foxy's Beaver.
TinOpener	Dreadful parking – see above.
NappyRash, BillyBullshit	That Red Bull thing – see above.
Potty	Having great difficulty getting his leg over that fallen tree and almost catching his 'bits'.
Twanky, Swallow, Donut	They were all trying to get Twanky's leg over that tree. 🤪
Motox	Boasting that he can still get his leg over...
Peter, Mandy	Two of today's Virgins. Hope we see them again.



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Gnasher	Awarded her 200 Hashes jacket by Hon. Pres. Spot. She got it on a damn sight quicker than CouchPotato did a couple of weeks ago!
Slapper	Awarded a 600 Hashes badge by Hon. Pres. Spot.
Slips	Awarded a 300 Hashes badge by Hon. Pres. Spot.
Slapper	Awarded for a plethora of things, including Hash Crashing.
Plod, Foxy	Our Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2437	06Apr25	The New Inn Chalkhouse Green Rd, Kidmore End, Reading RG4 9AU What3Words: /// expel.yummy.twists	Dipstick SkinnyDipper
Monday Night Hashes Begin			
2438	14Apr25 * 19:00 *	The Rising Sun, Witheridge Hill, Highmoor Cross, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5PF What3Words: /// leotard.snuggled.ulterior	SlowSucker Swallow



Gnasher, Slapper and Slips enjoy their awards.



Foxy's Beaver has gained a green beret and a car!