



## Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH<sup>3</sup> is pleased to be supporting [Berkshire Women's Aid](#).

**Hash Number and Date:** 2438 15Apr25

**Location:** The Rising Sun, Witheridge Hill

**Hares:** Swallow, SlowSucker and Bomber

### RISERS AND FALLERS

Dumb Dumber Donut Hashgate LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Milo and Ava Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop MessengerBoy and dog Willow WaveRider NappyRash WellLaid Pimp SkinnyDipper and dog Miffy Emma Rob Jonathan Lonely Dunny Rampant Spot Posh Gnasher CanalBobb LemonySnicket Wimpey Iceman NoSole Slapper Florence Zebedee Mrs Blobby Utopia Legova C5 Slips Snowy Sonic AWOL Pyro and dog Bunjy

### THE UPS AND DOWNS OF HASHING

If you were at this Hash you'll know that there were plenty of ups during this hill-infested Trail; The (Down) downs came later. Since Hare SlowSucker has b\*ggged his knee Bomber kindly offered to help lay the Trail. This was a great relief to SlowSucker and a royal pain to we Hashers since Bomber's fitness and running ability meant that we couldn't get away with a nice, easy route that hadn't troubled our injured Hare too much.

Before we start, here are a couple of pictures of WellLaid who is showing the BH<sup>3</sup> Athens 2025 visit T-shirt. In one of the Greek national colours it wittily puns on the mythological god of the sea, Poseidon and the 1972 film The Poseidon Adventure. I'm making the assumption that this particular shirt is a tad on the large size for WellLaid. Dangling pleats of wrinkled material do not suit runners. Mind you, I can think of several Hashers who employ this peculiar style. Or is that their skin?



Front.



Back.

because their two labradors are roughly the size of small ponies, they qualified to park there.

At the Circle we were advised by our Hares that the Trail would have been 5 miles long but, since Bomber got involved and laid lots of Falses, it had ballooned to about 9 miles. How we chortled. Our Hares advised us to get a move on because dusk was imminent and no-one would want to be out in the dark forest, no idea where to go and with a quivering bottom lip. Actually, we do this most of the time so not really a problem. 😊 Was there a Regroup and was that where Foxy's Beaver was hiding, we asked. Um, there isn't a Regroup, replied the Hares and SlowSucker added that Foxy's Beaver was actually in his car. Doh!

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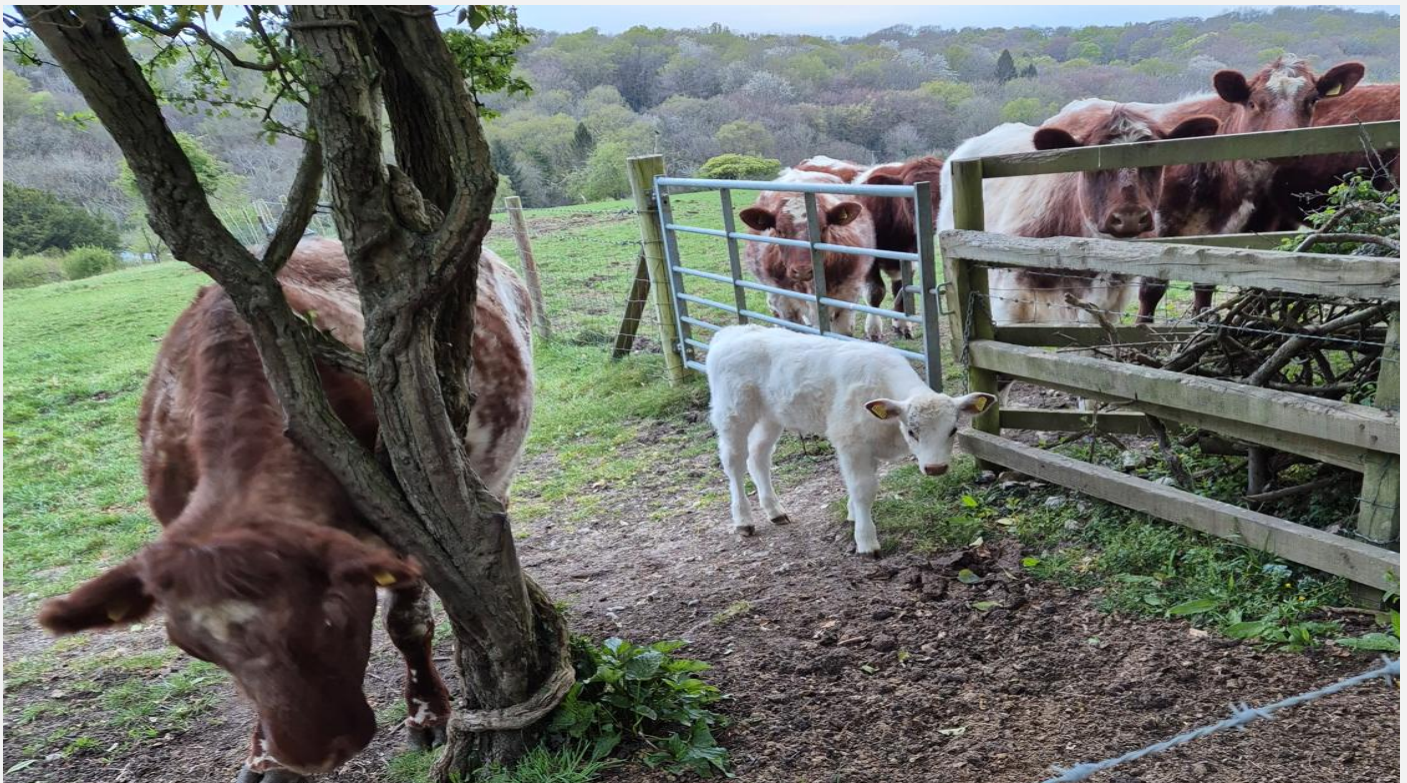
Running with the Pack

We On Outed quickly. Or not so quickly if you were C5. The chap has a painful hip – hope it gets better soon. Most of the running group were suckered into running downhill on the root-infested forest path that we usually start on. It was not to be; our Hares had sneakily sent us in a different direction. It was quite a pleasant woodland trot and we learned a spot of botany on the way. “What are those?” Asked Wimpey, pointing at some pretty little flowers by our path. His phytologically inclined wife, LemonySnicket, replied, “They’re Wooden Enemies.” Curious, I thought. Of course she may have said Wood Anemones. Either way, a difficult phrase to say, or spell, especially if you’ve imbibed 6 or 7 pints.

We yomped breathlessly along lengthy tarmac lanes, plunged gaspingly along extensive and stony forest paths. There was quite a bit of this and we duly blamed Bomber, even though he was with us and had already run 8 or so miles while laying the Trail. Got to have somebody to blame haven’t we? Just as we started coming back down a steep, flint-strewn hill with an ‘F’ at the top of it Fiddler suddenly appeared, bounding past us like a Spring lamb with a cocaine habit. No idea where he had come from – he hadn’t been with us at the start.

We came upon The Crooked Billet, a nice pub/restaurant where Swallow and SlowSucker had their wedding reception. We noticed Spot and Dunny careering down the hill behind the pub and disappearing into the bushes with wild shrieks. Sorry, I couldn’t resist the vision that inspired. I should have said: they ran down the footpath that led through the bushes at the foot of the hill. Yes, you’re right – I prefer the first version too. 😄

This led to one of the massive hills up which we had to clamber. They certainly raised one’s heart rate and, after a few of them, one’s blood pressure. We consoled ourselves with the thought that Bomber had had to do them twice. I also took my mind off imminent heart failure by taking the below photo of a cute little calf with Mum and several aunties.



Aaahh.

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It was about here that Lonely caught up with me. A bit of a surprise since I thought I was at the back of the Pack. But a pleasant one. We chatted, following the Pack into an open field before we dived off into some more



woodland. Which is where this photo was taken. It's that time of year when the bluebells are just coming out. Lonely insisted on including me in the picture so I adopted a kind of 'male dryad offers the viewer the shimmering fruits of the forest floor' pose. I should concentrate your focus on the bluebells if I were you.

We hurried past a sign that read: 'Deer cull. No entry. Firearms in use'. Even though very few of us could be mistaken for a magnificent stag or a graceful fawn we didn't fancy half a pound of buckshot heading towards the bum. I kept closely behind Slapper

and Lonely while they discussed the Easter Monday Mortimer 10k that Slapper is running.

We caught up with the walking group and I fell in with Zebedee, accidentally taking the shorter walking route rather than the runners'. Oh dear, what a pity, never mind. We had a most enjoyable chat and the nearby Posh split off to go for a whizzer. A hundred yards further on we came across LittleStiffy who was blowing a little dog whistle. Though she insisted it was for one of her labradors Zeb, C5 and I were sure it was to call Posh back to the Pack. 😊

As the light receded and the temperature began to dip we reached the foot of the hill on top of which perched the pub. Excellent! A swift clothes change and a pint was waiting in the warm pub.

Thanks to our Hares for a very nice couple of Trails. Since I managed to do bits of both I speak from knowledge. Thanks especially to Bomber for offering to help when he heard that SlowSucker had an injury.

While we were in the pub and since it will be Skinny's Big Birthday on Saturday she handed round delicious pieces of cake. She'll be off to Sweden to celebrate. Ha en fantastisk födelsedag<sup>1</sup>, Skinny! 🎂

## On On Hashgate

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<sup>1</sup> Swedish for: 'Have a fantastic birthday'



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## DOWN DOWNS

Since RA Foxy was on her way back from Scotland, Gnasher kindly stepped in and awarded the following in the warm environs of the pub.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
SkinnyDipper	Happy Birthday to her!
NappyRash	Wearing bright pink, long socks and Hash Crashing on the running Trail.
Legova	Hash Crashing on the walking Trail!
Fiddler	Drove all around the pub car park and area, trying to find a parking space. Also went up every False on the Trail. Well done Fiddler!
Posh	Falling during the weekly Basildon Park run and receiving seven stitches in her knee. Ouch!
MessengerBoy	Pimp passed on the 'David' apron to him for making him unduly apprehensive. He'd told Pimp a Tilehurst pub landlord was looking for him... but only because he hadn't seen him for a while.
Swallow, SlowSucker, Bomber	The Hares

## Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2439	21 April 2025 <b>Easter Monday</b> <b>6pm</b>	<b>The Calleva Arms</b> Little London Rd, Silchester, Reading RG7 2PH Park around the pub, the Cricket Club car park will be locked at dusk. No food. What3Words: <a href="#">///intruders.paler.inform</a>	Spot Hamlet
2440	28 April 2025 Monday 7pm	<b>The Packhorse,</b> Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG What3Words: <a href="#">///rate.cracks.buddy</a>	WetWipe



A better bluebell photo, supplied by Donut. 😊