



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2439 21Apr25

Location: The Calleva Arms, Silchester

Hares: Spot, Hamlet, Motox

LEGIONS OF HASHERS



Twanky AWOL Donut Hashgate FalseTart Shifty Swallow SlowSucker MessengerBoy and dog Willow Dunny Rampant WellLaid Pimp TinOpener Lilo Yvonne Florence Zebedee Gnasher CanalBobb Foxy Plod SpecialBranch Cuddles SexSlave Kate Lonely Jonathan Iceman Foghorn Motox YellowPeril BGB Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Posh Bomber Wimpey MelanieSnicket Dumb Dumber Emma Rob Kate Mark DildoShaggins Slapper

ROMAN AROUND

Silchester, otherwise known as Calleva Atrebatum, contains the ruins of an important town that was abandoned in the 6th or 7th century. The car park in front of The Calleva Arms contained the ruins of a number of ex-athletes who now stumble about, calling themselves Hashers. In fact, there was a large number of us. Surprisingly, given that it was Easter Monday. In addition to the usual ramshackle crew we were pleased to welcome YellowPeril, who generally attends Hampshire Hashes and the curiously named DildoShaggins from USA. I'd be delighted to inform you of the origin of that particular sobriquet but I felt a bit embarrassed to ask. Just thank your lucky stars, BH³, that our choice of nicknames is relatively reserved. 😊

At the Circle, Motox advised the walkers that they didn't want to walk the runners' Trail, just follow him for an altogether better route. Which is why he is also listed as a Hare. See Down Downs for his awards.

The walkers streamed one way. The runners streamed the other, soon plunging into the root-gnarled woodland where False Tart delighted us all by misjudging the firmness of the bottom of what had been a stream, engulfing her foot and ankle in a foul-smelling, dark mess and hurtling sideways and backwards on to a patch of grass. At least she didn't end up in the same morass that her foot was in otherwise husband Shifty would have banned her from the car on the drive home later.

I must mention the cast-iron loyalty of Foxy and Slapper, who came along to the Hash despite having run the



rather hilly Mortimer 10k race earlier in the day. Slapper joined the walkers while Foxy ran the medium runners' Trail. That tells you that either a) Slapper ran a harder race than Foxy, or b) Foxy is a damn sight fitter than he is. I leave it to you to decide.

Before we move on, here's a photo (taken by Donut) of Mrs Blobby, Utopia, Slapper, Ms Whiplash and Lilo, with walk leader Motox, enjoying the sight of some of the old Roman wall. Some quite dramatic dark clouds there, despite the sunshine. Luckily, it didn't rain.

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I ran for a while with Posh, who was taking it easy following the stitches she had had inserted into her knee after a recent fall. She informed me she was doing the 'Donut Trot' in order not to trip over any of the myriad tree roots that criss-crossed our path, waiting to catch the unwary. Posh explained that the 'Donut Trot' is a graceful, high-stepping running action not unlike that employed by the sleek horses who take part in American harness racing. I quite like the description of Posh as a thoroughbred, high-steppin', spirited filly. I hope she does or I'm for it...

In the woodlands Mr Blobby bumped into Woodentop, who is a Hasher who used to run with BH³. Amazing the coincidence of being in the same place at the same time. A few months ago, in the middle of a forest, we met up with Mudman, another old-time Hasher.

We reached a little stony bridge across a stream, fully expecting to see a Bar Check on top of it so we would have to wade through the water. But, no, there was just a Check on the other side of it. Perhaps our Hares were being kind. However, Florence and I decided to blame Spot for terrible Trail-laying. 😊

We came up a steep, stony path out of the woods, past some travellers who were just about to go for a trot on several pony and traps. It was an unusual and fine sight and you can just see one of the traps and ponies in the Regroup photo below.



Florence fails in her vegetation camouflage attempt.

After we started off again we headed into the heathland that surrounds this area. Spiky furze, adorned with bright yellow flowers attempted to snag us as we shouldered through narrow paths. While checking, Bomber startled a large, black, horned bullock that had been grazing contentedly among the ling. From a fair distance away we weren't sure if he was running away from it or it from him, but it was an enjoyable sight. I have to report that FalseTart was not entirely happy to know that there were (generally unseen) beasts grazing nearby. All those who



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saw her being chased by a cow on Dartmoor a few years ago will know she has a bit of an aversion to beeves. However, as she agreed at the time, it made her run the fastest she has ever run! 🐶

The second Regroup appeared, next to a metal gate that led on to a road. The space in front of it was tiny, bounded by thorny furze. It took a while for the group of sardine-packed-like Hashers to realise that they could open the gate and go through into a large space. Doh! From here there was a Long (4k) and Medium (2.4k) Trail split. Hare Hamlet told us that he'd laid the Medium Trail backwards, "so God knows how it'll work out." No change there then. Off we went; Foxy, Wimpey, FalseTart, Shifty and I taking the sensible(?) option. It was all going pretty well until Foxy found a 'F'alse four blobs after a One-Blob Check. We'd been told at the start that there would only be One-Blob Checks so this stopped us for a while. However, intrepid checker Shifty finally found the real Trail which snaked off to the right from the Check and into some hilly woods. Another couple of miles (or so it seemed) of stony tracks and we popped out on to the road next to the cricket ground, not far from the pub.

This was a fine runners' Trail(s) and Motox' walk was enjoyed by all. So it was a nice way to round off the Easter weekend. Thank you Hares.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

In front of the pub, in the cooling air and setting sun, RA Foxy presented the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Mark	He asked Foxy to pull something out of his back passage/pouch – Foxy wasn't sure which.
Dumber	He did an emergency stop, while running, which almost caused a massive pile-up.
TinOpener	His wife Lilo was in need of assistance during the Trail. He waited for someone else to help her. What a cad!
SpecialBranch	Hash Crashing twice.
FalseTart	Sliding over in the fetid stream.
Foghorn	Managing to Hash Crash during the walking Trail, nearly taking out three other people.
DildoShaggins	Our (very welcome) visitor from the U.S.
Shifty	Happy Birthday to him.
Donut	Presented the 'David' apron by MessengerBoy because she said he looked nice in it. He attached a poo bag that (allegedly) contained some of the contents of his labrador, Willow. Donut said it was "still warm". Ooer.
WellLaid	Awarded her 50 Hashes badge by Hon. Pres. Spot.
Lilo	Awarded her 600 Hashes T-shirt by Hon. Pres. Spot.
Hamlet, Spot, Motox	Our Hares. Since Motox made up his own walking Trail Foxy awarded him a packet of Walkers crisps and a brightly coloured Walkers crisps beany so the walking group always know where he/the leader is.



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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2440	28Apr25	The Packhorse, Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG What3Words: /// rate.cracks.buddy	WetWipe
2441	05May25 * 17:00 *	The Rowbarge Station Road, Woolhampton RG7 5SH What3words: /// stupidly.brain.bloomers	Lonely SkinnyDipper



Lilo and WellLaid display their awards while RA Foxy appears to enjoy a gargantuan sneeze.

Walk leader Motox peruses his Down Down thoughtfully before scarfing it in one.

