



# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

**Hash Number and Date:** 2472 7<sup>th</sup> December 2025 – The Christmas Party

**Location:** Upper Basildon Village Hall

**Hares:** Plod and Special Branch

## HASHERS

Lots of hashers turned up – I'm not listing names for several reasons:

- 1: I didn't know that I was scribing until we were about to start the Hash
- 2: It was peeing down and so my phone stayed well cocooned in its case and I had no other way of making notes.
- 3: There was no tick this week, so I couldn't rely on Flo to rescue me by sending a copy of the tick sheet.
- 4: Once we had settled in the hall, I had no intention of deserting my food and beer to wander round making notes.

So, you'll just have to remember if you were there and regret it if you weren't

## SOGGY SANTAS

I seem to remember that last years Christmas lunch hash was a very damp affair. Is something about the Upper Basildon micro-climate? Are we just so high up that Upper Basildon is permanently in the clouds? Maybe Zeb and Flo know, as they are local people.



As you might have gathered, the Gobsheet is a bit short on detail this week. Partly due to the short-notice, partly due to the weather, partly due to getting separated from the pack on numerous occasions and partly, at the lunch, just enjoying myself too much to pay any attention to what was going on.

We slowly gathered in the drizzle-soaked car park outside the Village Hall just as the local footballing boys were leaving. "Dad, why are all those people wearing Santa hats?" Dad looked around at the assorted "athletes" milling about – "I think they are festive walkers". Well, that's what I think he said, it could have been (and possibly was) much worse.

Circling up during a momentary pause in the rain, Old Dog shuffled up to me and whispered conspiratorially "are you doing it?". "I will if you want me to" I whispered back, but not quietly enough as Gromit overhead and then started pressing me as to what "it" might be. I assured her that she would find out later, she promised that she would stay in a state of excitement until she found out – that was material for a down-down if ever I heard it.



On-outing down the steps and onto the road, we slowly broke into some semblance of a jog. This was probably the flattest and driest section of the entire hash and wasn't to last long. We wiggled through the back alleys of Upper Basildon confusing the local dog walkers, before eventually entering the woods. I was running with Flo, whose local knowledge sometimes bore fruit but also, sometimes, led to a very long false. Our hares had laid some extremely long falses, so as it's normally Plod's job to check out in the obviously wrong direction and she was otherwise engaged as hare – I felt that it was only my duty to step up and go the wrong way.

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This is not a flat part of Berkshire; I have it on good authority that by the end of the first trail recce, Special Branch was cursing Plod or at least trying to whenever he could get a breath in. Most of the runners staggered down and up all the hills, except for Slowsucker and Wet Wipe, who took a massive short cut skipping several hills and a lot of mud – however, they did get back to the hall and the beer well before the rest of the pack.

This was not a dry part of Berkshire either. Squelching down forest tracks, we reached the regroup. I have no idea whether the beaver was there or not as I arrived late; but it looked as if an entire colony of beavers had set up camp and flooded the forest.



From there, a few more hills with the pack visibly wilting in the rain before we emerged out of the woods into the back of the playing fields and the Village Hall!

### On On Bomber (guest scribe)

#### DOWN DOWNS & ENTERTAINMENT

We had two sets of Down Downs.

The first was led by super-RA Foxy and the awards were all for innuendos captured over the previous years. I've lost track of all who were awarded beers as several weren't present and she kept getting interrupted by C5 and myself who added new victims. MotorX, AWOL, Plod, Wet Wipe, Sex Slave, Fog Horn, Foxy, C5, Bomber & Gromit – apologies to any that I've missed

We then broke for lunch – hurrah!

Unusually for the Hash, we formed very orderly queues to fill up on superbly cooked turkey, all-the-trimmings, sprouts, carrots & parsnips, roast potatoes and lashings of gravy – vegetarian options were available. The hall fell strangely quiet as the masses concentrated on eating until the dynamic Hash-Ents duo of Twanky and Messenger Boy tore our attention away from food and drink and onto the serious matter of the entertainment.

They had devised two cunning quizzes; pinning names onto photos of unidentified Hashers' backsides and a "name that tune" round with a twist. I think our team got about three answers correct in each round and so came resoundingly last.

Pudding was then served – piles of Christmas pud with lashings of custard and/or cream, with rather appealing looking alternatives for the dietary challenged. Slapper was spotted helping himself to a bit of everything and was resoundly (and figuratively) spanked by No Sole.

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Rudolph the Red Nosed Old Dog led out the Hairy Virgin and Father Sonicmas for the Secret Santa. As usual, some of our number lucked out with marvellous gifts whilst others were left wondering what the local charity shop had thrown away recently. Slapper seemed delighted with his, rather snug, onesy. Any deviation from his diet will be instantly apparent.

Finally, our terrific catering team were summoned up by Skinny for thanks and the obligatory half. Excellent food and plenty of it.



## Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday.

| Hash #            | Date       | Location   | Hares         |
|-------------------|------------|--|---------------|
| 2473              | 14/12/2025 | <b>The Swan at Compton,</b><br>High Street,<br>Compton, Newbury, RG20 6NJ.<br>What3words: ///What3words:<br>///truffles.scorching.frost<br>Street Map: truffles.scorching.frost<br>Please fill the gravel car park at the back first.<br>They serve a great roast, please check their menu<br>and pre book with them direct.                               | Dumb & Dumber |
| 2474<br>Santa R#n | 21/12/2025 | <b>The Last Crumb</b><br>Prospect St, Caversham, Reading RG4 8JN.<br>What3words: ///What3words:<br>///value.gladiators.hotels<br>Street Map: value.gladiators.hotels<br>Park in the Chester St Car Park RG4 8JH (free on<br>Sundays)<br>What3words: ///What3words:<br>///modes.frozen.cowboy<br>Street Map: modes.frozen.cowboy<br>Gather round at the Pub | Posh & Bomber |

**Christmas Day:** See MotorX & Slapper

**New Years Day:** The return of Hamlet’s New Year recovery live trail. 12 Noon, The Calleva Arms, Silchester.

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