



# 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:** 2473 14Dec25

**Location:** The Swan, Compton

**Hares:** Dumb, Dumber, Agatha and cartographer SweetPee

## RIDGEWAY RAMBLERS



One of the hills.

WaveRider NappyRash Hashgate Iceman Plod SpecialBranch HotDog DeerHunter Slapper NoSole Sonic Twanky Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Pyro and dog Bunjy SkinnyDipper OldDog Motox Lungs Dunny Rampant Dorothy C5 Legova Spot CallGirl Foghorn Motox Joel Cuddles SexSlave SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo Cloggs NonStick MessengerBoy Posh Bomber Trish Jen and dogs Luna and Loki NumberTwo Caboose Foxy Floater Gnasher CanalBobb JJ Florence

## UPS AND DOWNS

“ Thing is,” replied Hare Dumber to my question regarding the possibility of hills being incorporated into the Trail, “there’s as much down as there is up.” That stopped me for a second since, logically, we wouldn’t get back to where we started if there wasn’t. Hmm. This area, of course, is pretty damn close to the Ridgeway, allegedly Britain’s oldest road, which extends from Wiltshire through the Berkshire Downs. It’s name aptly describes its location: it’s a way along a ridge. Dumber explained about the Trail more clearly during the Circle. “It’s like me,” he said, “short, simple and hard-going”. Many heads nodded in agreement, including his wife, Dumb. 😊



Before we On Outed we were very pleased to welcome virgin Joel, who usually runs with Didcot and returnees DeerHunter and son HotDog. The former is C5’s daughter and we haven’t seen either of them for a long time. So long that HotDog is now at least twice the size that he was (in a manly, muscly way) when we saw him last. Nice to have them back.

So where did we go when we started? Why, upwards of course. Though we were stopped in our tracks (that could be a pun when you read the next bit... or not; please yourselves) when we came to a halt 😊 at what appeared to be a railway station half way up the hill. Here’s a picture.



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Caboose, our railway expert and aficionado was highly impressed.

We reached the inaptly named Downs Road, which led ever skywards. It started off as a pulse-raising slope, moved up into a wheeze-inducing incline and raised itself to a 'phone the emergency services!' 1 in 3 hill. Ok, maybe there's a touch of hyperbole there but you get the picture. Not that the lack of oxygen bothered people like Plod, who belied her Hash name and skipped lightly upwards, a Spring lamb amongst the mutton Pack. Some way up SkinnyDipper asked me, "Can I borrow you for a photograph?" A somewhat curious request but a person of my good looks, intelligence and charm is used to the paparazzi. "Will you stand by that house sign?" she asked. "I was hoping to get one of the girls with the right colour hair, but you'll have to do." The sign read "Greyladies". I posed. The balloon of my ego punctured, fizzed around for a bit and dropped limply into the shiggy. I guess the photo may end up in the private BH<sup>3</sup> facebook location.

As Dorothy and I gasped up the last bit of the long track that led to the Regroup, CanalBobb suddenly appeared out of the bushes to our left. "That'll be a False Trail then." he said, rather too quickly. Our interpretation was that he'd been taking a bio-break while enjoying the superb view across the valley below. And then, we were at the Regroup. Here we are, enjoying the very fresh breeze. The only question is, what exactly is Bomber doing in that position?



From this point the Trail split into a Long and Medium versions. Those of us who had recently experienced an excess of exhausting sporting activities (or were just keen to get to the pub bar before anyone else) took the Medium; the rest made the mistake of going on the Long. Our elite group comprised WaveRider, Lungs, C5, SkinnyDipper and me. As Long Trailer HotDog, along with others, returned from a False, SkinnyDipper warned him that his shoelace was undone and he should tie it up. He illustrated how perfectly in tune with the Hash spirit he is, despite the long absence. "I can't be ar\*ed." was his smiling reply.

Our route led along a fairly straight, but lengthy, wide and undulating bridleway, along which were newish-looking police signs warning anyone who drove a car along it with death by firing squad or a possible fine. We ran along it, yomped along it, wheezed up the hilly bits and coasted down the other sides. The views on either side of the track were spectacularly beautiful, even in this leafless, damp December. Most of the time we were high enough up to see for miles. We certainly received our portion of fresh air.

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)



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Thus it is that the Gobsheet can't report on the, apparently very lengthy, Long Trail shenanigans. However, CallGirl was kind enough to send some photos to the newsroom and we reproduce one here, having reimbursed her with an appropriate copyright fee, of course. Cheque's in the post. This photo shows Spot with a new friend. Now I shan't stoop to the level of those 'Spot was feeling a little horse' jokes. I think it's a very sweet picture. My only concern is about the other equines apparently racing from behind to warn their pal about human fraternization. Having just checked for any more suitable term I was initially horrified that Word offered 'intercourse' as a synonym. I, and I'm sure you, are relieved to understand that this word relates to interaction and communication. If you're reading this, Spot, I'm sure you'll be relieved too. 😊



The Long Trail was quite 'hard-going', as Dumber had indicated earlier and those who ran it came back to the pub some time after our group had trotted in. It was a relief to enter the warm and welcoming pub, with its Christmas decorations.

Our Hares had kindly provided very tasty mince pies and these were handed round on silver trays. Posh came over to our group of WaveRider, NappyRash, Slapper, Joel and Caboose. Posh is not at all used to any servant rôle (obviously) and this is why she tipped one of the sticky Christmas confections into his lap. There was that moment of silence just before the hearty guffaws. Poor Posh was quite embarrassed, not sure whether to pluck the pie from its resting place or apologise while backing away. I'm pleased to report that Caboose took it in good humour. Not sure whether he later ate it or not...

More food was available in the form of the gourmet leftovers from last week's Christmas Party that NoSole had brought. BH<sup>3</sup> made short work of these epicurean comestibles.

We enjoyed a fine Trail from and to a great pub. Our grateful thanks to the Hares and their cartographer.

*Your Gobsheet editor will be away next week so I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of all the staff to wish our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. 🎄*

### On On Hashgate

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Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)



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## DOWN DOWNS

**D**oubling her jobs today, RA Dumber awarded the following. She gave out sweets with the drinks and got us to intone “Chew, chew, chew...” when the recipients had finished their “Down, Down, Down...” and were eating the sweets.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Joel	Our sole visitor from Didcot – this Hash was meant to be joint with them. 😊
CallGirl, Rampant, Gnasher, Cloggs, NonStick, Foxy	Running through a chicane on the Long Trail. Thy all received a chocolate coin.
Agatha	While laying the Trail on Saturday, a lady confused him with her lost dog. We sang a whole lot of ‘Woof’s to him.
CallGirl	As one of our more hunky Hashers passed her she called out, “Sumo athlete coming through!” Who could it have been?
Bomber	Advising one and all that he was concerned that he’d, “taken Gnasher up the wrong way.”
Posh	She was having trouble with her tongue (👅) and asked CanalBobb to assist.
SkinnyDipper	Lost property. She’d left a wooden box behind last week. We sang (she asked us to, her being Dutch) ‘All Dutch people are born illegitimate’. Not true, of course and fearfully rude.
HotDog, DeerHunter	Returns. Wow! HotDog necked both his and hers in record time! Nice one.
OldDog	Happy birthday to her!
Dumb, Dumber, Agatha	The Hares, who drank with their pinkies stuck out.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2474	21Dec25	<p><b>The Last Crumb</b> Prospect St, Caversham, Reading RG4 8JN. What3words: ///What3words: ///<a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/value/gladiators.hotels">value.gladiators.hotels</a> Street Map: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/value/gladiators.hotels">value.gladiators.hotels</a> Park in the Chester St Car Park RG4 8JH (free on Sundays) What3words: ///What3words: ///<a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/modes/frozen.cowboy">modes.frozen.cowboy</a> Street Map: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/modes/frozen.cowboy">modes.frozen.cowboy</a> Gather round at the Pub</p> <p><b>SANTA RUN - wear your best costume</b> 🎅</p>	Posh Bomber
2475	28Dec25	<p><b>The Black Horse</b> Burncote Lane Checkendon RG8 0TE. What3words: ///<a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/swoop/amplifier.asteroid">swoop.amplifier.asteroid</a> Street Map: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/swoop/amplifier.asteroid">swoop.amplifier.asteroid</a></p>	Dunny Rampant

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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
Bonus Hash	01Jan26 <b>*12 noon*</b>	<b>Hamlet's legendary New Years Day live trail.</b> <b>The Calleva Arms</b> Little London Road, Silchester RG7 2PH What3Words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/shopper.norms.securing">///shopper.norms.securing</a> Street Map: <a href="https://www.what3maps.com/#/shopper.norms.securing">shopper.norms.securing</a> Park at the Sports Pavilion - What3Words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/#!/onto.bypassed.oils">///onto.bypassed.oils</a> Street Map: <a href="https://www.what3maps.com/#/onto.bypassed.oils">onto.bypassed.oils</a>	Hamlet



Up on the Downs with BH3. 😊