



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Hash Number and Date: 2475 28Dec25

Location: The Black Horse, Checkenden

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

(BLACK) HORSE LOVERS



Iceman Donut Hashgate Cloggs NonStick WaveRider NappyRash Rob Legova C5 Pyro Caboose Foghorn Motox SkinnyDipper Swallow SlowSucker Hotlips BigStiffy LittleStiffy and dogs Milo and Ava SlackBladder Dumb Dumber PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash LemonySnicket Wimpey EverReady and dog Bella Crawler Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener FalseTart Shifty Pinky Dorothy Lonely AWOL JJ Aqua and dog Paddy DipStick Florence Zebedee Itsyor WhoTheF*ckIsAlice Spot

THE CRIMBO LIMBO HASH

Appropriately named by SkinnyDipper, this Trail sat neatly between Christmas and the New Year celebrations. But that didn't stop BH³ and some welcome friends from Didcot H³ from their own active celebrations of a reasonably successful emergence from our plunge into the lake of feasting and alcoholic over-indulgence. Some emerged more dripping wet than others...

After enjoying Iceman's cabaret parking turn when he backed into the slim space next to Donut and me on just three wheels – perhaps he was keeping that right rear back wheel clear of the mud by rolling up the earth bank on his left – I wandered over to the front of the pub, recording names and realising that I had forgotten the name of the slim lady with the eau-de-nil dog who tarried there. I found out from her later that it is a Standard Schnauzer. Like the one to your right, but Bella (her name) doesn't look quite so manic. Even so, the dog's very (head)strong and, just as Michelle told me her Hash name is EverReady, it yanked its lead backwards and EverReady fell over the log behind her feet. No harm done fortunately, but an awful lot of tittering... some from Bella.

The Circle formed up fairly quickly since everyone was keen to get away, warm up, get back and get in the cosy pub. Noticeable in our midst was AWOL, who was not only apparently sporting new running shoes but appeared to be wearing a black cat on his head. AWOL is well known for his, ah, sartorial aspirations but feline head furniture was a first. The creature looked dead, or catatonic. Perhaps AWOL had spent his lottery kitty and won the tom bowler...



We On Outed into the damp woodland behind the pub, off on a series of lengthy runs between Checks. Underfoot, the going was surprisingly unsticky despite the biblical rainfall during the week before Christmas. Our route took us on a wide, circular way through fields, over crunchy-leaved forest floors and past the magnificent house and gardens next to St. Peter's and St. Paul's church in the centre of Checkenden. Bizarrely, I found myself chatting to Hare Rampant as we trotted across the winter grass of the cricket ground about cosplay, the practice of dressing up in costume and rôle-playing. This came about because I had asked him whether there would be a Beaver-search during today's Trail and would he pass our furry friend on to me later so that Donut and I could use her in our January Trail. He'd said he hadn't been able to get the creature so I

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said the next best thing would be for me to dress up as an animal, probably a sheep. “Dangerous.” Warned Rampant. “You’d keep an eye out for anyone wearing wellington boots.” Fair point, I conceded. “I’ll see what Donut and I can use from our Furry Room. We’ve got hundreds of...” My voice petered out when I saw the alarmed look in his eye. “I’d better make sure everyone’s on Trail.” he said quickly and shot off like AWOL’s headgear would if it had been scalded. 😊

The Pack had been keeping well together, until we reached a Check and the front runners ran off in the wrong direction. WaveRider and I found ourselves FRBing as we trotted gleefully along the correct path. When he caught up with us (via a shortcut from the False Trail), NappyRash said he was perfectly happy to take the blame as long as he was awarded a free drink at the Down Downs. Certainly worth a try, Nappy.

The first of the two Regroups appeared and here is a photo of our happy group.



In the foreground you can see Crawler holding desperately on to the eager-to-be-off-again Bella. Just after we left this point I was chatting to EverReady again and she told me that she’d got Bella because she believed she was intelligent. “That didn’t work out too well then.” I replied with a smile, adding, “Did you apply the same reasoning to the selection of Crawler as your partner?” “Yes,” she replied, rather distractedly, “Not doing too well, am I...” I’m 100% certain she was joking.

We reached a Check in a wood by which Hare Rampant stood, giving nothing away. Hotlips said, “He looks like he’s thinking very deeply.” At which, a voice behind me suggested, “He’s trying to remember which way the Trail goes.” “Or,” I added, “there’s no actual brain activity.” The lad took his ribbing well.

We were caught up by the fleet-of-foot, extremely fit Rob, whose very first Hash it was. He’d been persuaded to come along by CouchPotato... who’d failed to turn up. He probably had a valid excuse – he’d run a hill race in Streatley the day before. An excellent runner is Rob and a nice chap. Hope you join us again soon.

After a few more lengthy runs up and down hills, we reached the second Regroup where the longer Trail went uphill and the not-so-long went along the valley floor. As WaveRider and I, along with quite a few others, took the flatter route we met NappyRash, Dumber and Spot who had checked out from the Regroup, found the flatter Trail

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and were moaning, whinging and bleating about having to run all the way back before heading uphill on the longer route. We gave them the sympathy they deserved. i.e. none. 😊

It wasn't long before we came to the road to Checkenden and crossed into the Quiet Lane that leads to The Black Horse and a welcome pint in the warm pub.

This was an excellent Trail through fine country for both runners (despite the hilly 10k distance) and walkers. Our thanks to the Hares for a job well done.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

RA Dumb presented the following in the chilly area by the front of the pub. Brr! 🥶

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Rob	Our virgin Hasher who (not surprisingly) struggled to guzzle a pint of very cold water. The lad done well.
AWOL	Leaving two of his Christmas Cards at last week's Hash and wearing a cat on his head.
Caboose	Running in thin shorts; allegedly his undercrackers.
EverReady	Being dragged over that log by dog Bella.
Spot	He'd put on his clean running shoes at home, driven to the pub, then changed into his ordinary trainers for the Hash. Doh!
Zebedee	Presented the 'David' apron to... himself! For insisting on the way to the pub that it was the Black Lion at Woodcote that he and Florence should be going to. Another doh!
Dunny, Rampant	The Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
Bonus Hash	01Jan26 *Noon*	<u>Hamlet's legendary New Year's Day live trail.</u> The Calleva Arms Little London Rd Silchester RG7 2PH What3Words: ///What3words: ///shopper.norms.securig Street Map: shopper.norms.securig Park at the Sports Pavillion What3Words: ///What3words: ///onto.bypassed.oils Street Map: onto.bypassed.oils	Hamlet



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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2476	04Jan26	<p><u>1980s Theme - wear those shoulder pads!</u></p> <p>The Hare and Hounds 12 Woodlands Road Sonning Common RG4 9TE What3Words: ///What3words: ///solder.laughslouder Street Map: solder.laughslouder</p> <p><i>If you want food please email mandy/nicky at info@hareandhoundssc.co.uk in the week before the hash.</i></p>	Hashgate Donut WaveRider NappyRash
2477	11Jan26	<p>The Pelican 8 Silchester Rd Tadley, RG26 3EA What3Words: ///What3words: ///cheeses.flaked.gratuity Street Map: cheeses.flaked.gratuity</p>	C5 DryRot