



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2476 04Jan26

Location: The Hare and Hounds, Sonning Common

Hares: Hashgate, Donut, WaveRider, Nappyrash

HOUNDS



Gannet ForestDump Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener Dumb Dumber Ms Whiplash Dunny Rampant NoSole Slapper AWOL SkinnyDipper Cuddles Sexslave Crawler EverReady and dog Bella MessengerBoy and dog Willow Spot Twanky Lungs Motox Foghorn Kate Cockup Julia Dumb Dumber Iceman Foxy Floater Plod Posh Bomber WellLaid Pimp Lonely Gnasher CanalBobb Pyro Dorothy HappyFeet DoorMatt Florence Number2

SABOTAGE, BY THUNDER!

The definition of sabotage is 'The deliberate attempt to damage, destroy, or hinder a cause or activity.' The activity in this case was our Trail, which the four of us Hares had laid so carefully in the skin-shrivelling cold on Saturday. It was beyond surreal that someone (unknown) had placed a flour 'On In' or maybe it was, as CanalBobb described, 'On ion' on a large, felled tree base quite some way from the end of the Trail and a couple of misleading flour blobs after this. Why? Who? And since there was no way they could have picked up enough flour from our legally placed blobs to write the words, was it someone who carries flour around with them? We'll never know. It certainly messed up even experienced Hashers among whom were Bomber, Dunny and Rampant who decided that they should carry on to The Butcher's Arms and beyond despite there being no flour. 😬 Oh well, they all got back safely.

We'd set a 1980s theme for this Hash and a number of us, despite the freezing weather, wore a variety of stylish clothing, though there were no poodle hairdos! Here we are at the pub, before we started out.



Those brightly coloured shirts are what a bunch of us are going to wear at an 80s music weekend at Butlins in Bognor Regis in a couple of weeks' time. Sounds tacky, but it's really good fun.

But back to our Trail. We'd laid a 4-mile walking Trail, a 5-mile medium running Trail and a 6-mile longer running Trail. The running trails' distances are, of course, dependent on how many False Trails one does. So, for example, Plod and Kate

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ran about 8 miles! Just as well they're as fit as (and certainly have no other similarities to) butchers' dogs. We wanted to include the entire gamut of Trail markings so you enjoyed standard Checks, One-blob Checks, Bar Checks, Two-Way Checks, a Field Check, a Naughty Stop and two Regroups. We thought about a Fishhook but figured the FRBs might not be so keen to run backwards, given the cold weather.

We On Outed towards the often visited copse and I was pleased to see that the early Checks had caught out a couple of people. Everyone, walkers, dogs and runners were all going the same way and tramped, skittered or scuttled across the carpet of leaves covering the surprisingly dryish forest floor. Our next Check went even better than we'd hoped. Since the flour circle had been eaten or scuffed out no-one had a clue where to go. Hashers spread over the wide field and ran hopefully to where we'd laid 'F'alses in the forest. It certainly let everyone catch up with the faster runners, including some of the walkers. I noticed Lungs and Motox pacing along.

Having sorted everyone out and called Plod back from one of those 'F'alses she is so fond of running up we



Lonely's car gives up the ghost and he and passengers head for the hills.

proceeded to a feature we were sure would be popular with those who are nuts up for a challenge. This is what we call The Bomb Hole. It's a deep hollow amongst the trees and the way out is a very slippery scramble up the precipitous slope where Foghorn and his boyhood friends used to cycle down. In the photo is Pimp, WellLaid, Dumber and Lonely. I'd just reached the top of the slope when they came into view. Dumber provided the cabaret moment when his foot slid from under him and he was left dangling one-handed from a tree root like a small gibbon wearing a headscarf. Sadly, there is no photo of that. 😊

From here, a fast canter brought everyone to the first Regroup. We'd had no access to Foxy's Beaver so WaveRider came up with a replacement in the form of a small, furry bear, carrying a back pack in which were some sweets. We'd hung him in a holly bush a little way from the

'RG'. It was quite amazing how many people walked past without seeing him. Eventually, CanalBobb spotted him. Here he is, chomping on one of the sweets while Hare WaveRider and an excited Number2 look on.

This is where the walking group split off on their own Trail while I exhorted the runners to "Check it out!". Plod came over. "Which way did we come in?" she asked. "Um, from that way." I replied, having seen her arrive but five minutes ago. Confusingly, well, for me, she sped off back the way she'd come. I was even more confused when I noticed Hares WaveRider and NappyRash seemingly leading the Pack away in the wrong direction. I had to call them "On back!" a couple of times before the blighters returned. Doh! The best laid plans etc.

We enjoyed a fine cruise across the crunchy leaves by the edge of the woods, the warm sun slightly easing the effect of the cold air and tinting everything it touched with a bright hue. Another Check foxed everyone and



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allowed the Pack to get back together... before we plunged into a huge patch of fibrous, clingy rhododendrons. This had been a slight mistake when we laid the Trail, but we thought it was quite fun and would slow down the Pack before a long, fast bit. Worked a treat. It was like wading through a mangrove swamp, without the water. There wasn't too much swearing.

The runners came to a Check where NappyRash's cheeky 'F'alse had them streaming off rapidly in diametrically the wrong direction. The crafty fellow had led it to a lane, placing a warning 'P' next to it before drawing the 'F' some way over the other side. Posh, trotting back from it, described it as, "Sneaky". Too right. Potential Hares, take note. 😊

A lengthy and fast, undulating footpath between fields took us to the second Regroup where we Hares were pleased to note that quite a few FRBs had gone a long way towards the Bar Check. Always appreciated when one's hard work bears fruit. Lonely, Pimp and WellLaid had been waiting at the RG and were well pleased not to have used energy on the Bar Check. We scurried away along the rest of this lengthy path, towards Wyfold. I passed Motox and SkinnyDipper, the former asking her if she had recently fallen off a bus. Don't ask me why.

We turned into the woodland of Kingwood Common. Another fast canter where the day before Hare Donut and I had seen two beautiful deer trotting silently through the undergrowth. No such luck today. The thudding of Hashers' feet going along and back a number of 'F'alse Trails was enough to frighten the bravest of stags. Eventually, we reached the part of the Trail where the Medium route split off from the longer.

We'd placed a Check around the antique wheel/tyre that has sat patiently in these woods for at least twenty years. It's a given that any Trail that includes it has to. Hare NappyRash had thoughtfully laid a pleasantly situated 'F'alse most of the way up the hill going away from the wheel and several of the FRBs were kind enough to go and inspect it. 😊 The rest of the Pack hoofed lengthily through

the stunning wood. Whatever the time of year, this is a lovely, peaceful place to be, even if you are out of breath like Spot and Dorothy, who had enjoyed yet another 'F'alse. I have to say that it is most gratifying to a Hare to know that the effort you put in in laying a 'F'alse is matched by those Hashers who run to and from it. Thank you to all of you who did this today. There were quite a few.

At the end of the forest track was the quiet road that leads either up to The Unicorn or over towards Peppard. The Check had lots of Hashers disappearing into the two nearby woodland paths. Deviously, we'd led the Trail up the road towards Peppard. Iceman and Dorothy were among the last to pass me on the hill, having guessed that the Trail would go up the other big hill towards The Unicorn. I really felt for them...

Just across the main road was a bench where we'd placed an 'FC' (Field Check) and 'NS' (Naughty Stop). I'm not aware that anyone took advantage of the NS but if you did I trust you enjoyed a good spanking. 😊 From here we skipped lightly down into MessengerBoy's favourite valley. It's one of mine too. While we were laying the Trail on Saturday we just had to stop and look at it – it was so beautiful. Here's the photo I took at the time.



Needed a picture on this page so here's Slapper, channelling his 80s persona.

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Fantastic, isn't it? Delighting in places like this is one of the excellent benefits of Hashing. Aren't we lucky?

We trotted into the forest you see on the right of the picture, panted up its steep hill, scampered along the leaf-strewn, tree-dotted pathways and finally popped out into the sunshine by the little chapel. From here it was just a step to the downhill alley that led to the main road before another alley and icy road that led us to the real 'On Inn'.

Well, I hope this Gobsheet isn't too much of a route description. I guess that knowing/running the Trail as a Hare (mainly by the back of the Pack) and trying to write it up in an objective viewpoint leads to that style of presentation. However, we Hares very much enjoyed laying it and running/walking with you on this strikingly cold, sunny day. We hope you enjoyed it too. 😊

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Pub landladies Nicky and Mandy kindly allowed us to have the DownDowns inside in the warm pub. RA Foxy efficiently and amusingly dispensed the following awards. Bomber, assisted by individual soloists, obligingly sang a Hash version of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas', supplied by Foxy.

Before the awards I presented Slapper with the award for Best 80s Outfit: a box of fruit pastilles. Also, 80s-style Curly Wurlies to my fellow Hares and one to Foxy who just deserved one for all her RA innovation and effort.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
CanalBobb	Finding the 'Bear Hiker' at the Regroup.

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Donut	Awarded her '600 Hashes' cup of tea ☺ . Well done Donut!
Rampant	Slapping Dunny's bottom as he ran past her. I suppose they are married. But he should have done it at the Naughty Stop!
Foxy	Presented by WaveRider for turning up at the New Year's Day live Trail wearing her 80s gear. Wrong week Foxy! Doh!
Plod, Twanky, EverReady	The day's Hash Crashers.
Foghorn, TinOpener, Hashgate	Happy Birthday to us!
Donut, WaveRider, NappyRash, Hashgate	The Hares

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2477	11Jan26	The Pelican 8 Silchester Rd Tadley, RG26 3EA What3Words: ///What3words: ///cheeses.flaked.gratuity Street Map: cheeses.flaked.gratuity	C5 DryRot
2478	18Jan26	Peppard Cricket Pavillion Stoke Row Road Peppard Common RG9 5JD What3Words: ///What3words: ///hours.mooring.constants Street Map: hours.mooring.constants	CouchPotato