



## 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:** 2477 11Jan26

**Location:** The Pelican, Silchester Road, Tadley

**Hares:** C5, DryRot, Legova

### BIRD LOVERS

HeyBabe CIAC Posh Bomber Donut Hashgate Plod MessengerBoy and dog Willow Motox Foxy Floater Trout Gnasher CanalBobb Sonic NoSole Slapper WaveRider NappyRash HairyVirgin Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener ForestDump DampPatch Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Ms Whiplash Cockup Legova FalseTart Shifty Florence AWOL Cloggs NonStick Lungs Dumb Dumber Iceman Slips Snowy Dunny Rampant Pinky Dorothy Spot JJ Aqua and dog

### 'A WONDERFUL BIRD IS THE PELICAN...

... his bill can hold more than his belly can.' So the limerick, penned by Dixon Lanier Merritt in 1910, goes. The pub where we gathered on Sunday is also wonderful with its cosy and welcoming ambience. It's probable that its name originates either from heraldry, where the pelican is a symbol of self-sacrifice, or it's related to the



symbol for Queen Elizabeth I, or the name of Sir Francis Drake's ship, The Golden Hind, which was originally named The Pelican. Here endeth today's lesson. 🏆

As you can see from the above list, many people turned up for the Trail. Probably for one of two reasons. Firstly, because it was fairly centrally placed, so easy to get to. Secondly, they hadn't noticed that one of the Hares was DryRot, who is fitter than an entire pack of butchers' dogs and probably would, if not reined in by his Dad C5, lay a Trail of 20 miles or so. Luckily, C5 had fitted him with an electronic GPS tracker anti-

bark dog collar. This excellent device enabled C5 constantly to monitor DryRot's location and give him a quick (bark-free) zap if he strayed. Nevertheless, he ran 10 miles in the morning while laying the Trail and C5 ran about 8. Well done you chaps.

We were delighted to welcome returnees HeyBabe and CIAC, who used to Hash with us before they moved to Austria quite a number of years ago. The last time I saw them was 16 years ago! Let's hope they visit again soon.

We On Outed from the pub fairly quickly since a strong, cold breeze had sprung up and we wanted to get warm. It wasn't long before we plunged into the damp forest that surrounds this area. Helpful, since it provided some shelter from the wind. The Pack kept pretty well together since there were initially plenty of Checks to slow us down. Hare DryRot was accompanying us and our belief in him grew exponentially when, at one Check, he pointed us in a direction with the confident assertion that, "I think it goes this way." Yes, there is a hint of irony in the previous sentence. 😊

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Page 1 of 3



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The going was a lot damper than last week's icy Trail, with several patches of glutinous shiggy and some standing water to dampen our running shoes. We caught up with the walking group, or was it the other way round, at a Check in the forest. The walkers were to go straight on. The runners off to the left... except for Bomber and NappyRash. Hare C5 called "On Back!" to them but they were too far gone (a common trait with those two) to hear, or they just decided to ignore him. While we dog-legged through the damp woodland they just went straight across and joined up with the rest of the Pack further up. Actually, it was a good idea. Wish I'd followed them. 😊

Now somewhere on the Trail was the Regroup/Beaver Stop. Somehow, Neither Donut nor I found it. Maybe we'd been too slow. Here's a photo which was sent to the editor by SexSlave. To the left you can see Spot and DampPatch comparing their two-handled teapot impressions. This picture was taken just about the time when Motox found Foxy's Beaver. Well done, Motox.



I guess around this time was when I was running with Donut and Slapper. He told us that he'd run about 6 miles with Burghfield Running Club the day before and was feeling it in the legs. Which was probably why he suddenly split away from us, saying, "I've had enough. I'm off home." Home being the pub, of course. We continued and met up with C5

who told us, as we tramped upwards through wet woodland that, "You'll be pleased to know this is the last hill." We were **very** pleased – there seemed to have been quite a few of them. Having reached the road on which the pub was located we were a tad miffed to discover that yet another loop awaited us. However, we decided to assist C5 with his health and safety efforts by checking out the walking route. Shame that we missed the much longer running route, but safety comes first. Snowy and MessengerBoy appeared and we walked towards the pub road with them, spotting Itsyor on the other side, having come from the opposite direction. He'd arrived late and had problems with forest-based Checks. Not only that, but he'd been very nearly savagely mauled by an obstreperous dachshund. He told us that he'd dealt with the yapping creature by picking it up and drop-kicking it a good forty metres into the forest. Um, I think my voice recorder may have logged that detail incorrectly. Pretty sure Itsyor said he'd clapped his hands and the doggy had run away. Technology eh? Tcha!

It was but a few steps to the pub car park, a change into warm clothing and a drink. Mind you, while we were all getting changed we were surprised by Motox who crept up behind people and offered them his balls. I assume he meant the bag full of orb-shaped savoury snacks. 😊

Now I must admit to some serious dog abuse in the pub. On my way to the loo through the crowd in the bar I felt a sudden soft impedance against my foot at the same time as I heard a canine squeak from below. It turned out that I'd accidentally kicked Aqua's dog (sorry, can't remember the name) who was lying in the middle of the narrow path between drinkers. Oops! On my way back from the loo I stopped again to apologise, saying to JJ, "I do hope she's ok." His smiling reply was, "She's a he." Oops! Not only physical but misgendering dog abuse.

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Thank you to the family of Hares for a superbly laid Trail through great woodland. I reckon that electronic dog collar saved us from a much longer Trail. I found out from C5 that DryRot is in training for The Grizzly, The London Marathon and a solo Endure 24. Urk! Good luck, DryRot.

## On On Hashgate

### DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher dragged us out into the cold to award the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Motox	Received a 'W**ker' chocolate bar for finding Foxy's Beaver.
HeyBabe, CIAC	Our returnees. Come back soon!
Foxy	Hon. Pres. Spot had tripped and was in the process of plunging earthwards when Foxy dashed forward and caught him. What a girl!
Slapper	He ran straight across a Bar-Check. Naughty. He got an expanding dog biscuit in his Down and was ordered to "Sit!" when he'd finished it.
Dumber	He was taken out by Willow aka 'The Dark Destroyer'.
Rampant	Running carelessly through the walking group and almost knocking over Sonic.
Gnasher, Cloggs	Presented with their Happy Birthday drinks by fellow RA Dumb.
C5, DryRot, Legova	The Hares. Flo stepped in to help Legova and downed it in one gulp, to massive applause.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2478	18Jan26	<b>Peppard Cricket Pavillion</b> Stoke Row Road Peppard Common RG9 5JD What3Words: ///What3words: ///hours.mooring.constants Street Map: <a href="#">hours.mooring.constants</a>	CouchPotato
2479	25Jan26	<b>The Sun, Hill Bottom</b> Whitchurch Hill RG8 7PU What3Words: ///What3words: ///clockwork.soothing.cheese Street Map: <a href="#">clockwork.soothing.cheese</a> BURNS NIGHT - WEAR SOMETHING APPROPRIATE	Foxy