



# 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:** 2479 25Jan26

**Location:** The Sun, Hill Bottom, Whitchurch

**Hares:** McFoxy, McFloater

## WEE, SLEEKIT, COW'RIN, TIM'ROUS BEASTIES



Gannet Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash C5 Iceman Spot Posh Bomber Lilo and dog Flora SpecialBranch Motox Cuddles SexSlave MesengerBoy and dog Willow Cloggs NonStick WellLaid Pimp Twanky Swallow SlowSucker WhoTheF\*ckIsAlice Dorothy Lungs Florence Zebedee Number2 DipStick Crawler EverReady and dog Bella

## THE BURNS NIGHT HASH

Just so you are aware, there will be in this Gobsheet a number of elements of cultural misappropriation and misrepresentation. Our early apologies to Scots Iceman, OldDog and anyone else who has Scottish blood in their lineage.

The morning was not a 'moonlit nicht' but it was 'braw' and 'bricht'<sup>1</sup>, as Sir Harry Lauder used to sing. Surprisingly sunny and almost warm as Donut and I slid expertly into the gap as wide as Lossiemouth on the grassy car park hill next to Hares Foxy and Floater. Winding down the window to chat we noticed that Foxy looked drawn, wan and cadaverous. Turned out she had quite a cold. So very well done to her (and, of course, the Floater support group) for laying the Trail the day before and freshening it on the morning. She did manage to brighten up while watching Gannet, the third Hasher to park, slide his car slightly sideways while backing up next to us, stall the engine and fail to start it for a couple of minutes. Excellent cabaret moment and thank you very much Gannet. 😊



A number of people had made a sartorial effort to celebrate this Burns Night Hash. Here you see Bomber - he's the one wearing the Tam o'Shanter (the name of a Burns poem) and beard in case you were unsure - and Posh. If we ever lose Foxy's Beaver we'll know who to turn to for a substitute. No, I don't mean Posh.

We On Outed, eager to make the most of the warming sunshine... which promptly hid behind thick cloud, chilling the air and making us walk fast to get warm. I say 'walk' because I was with the walking group today. It's good to get a different perspective on the Trail. That's one of my excuses anyway. After the runners realised they had gone wrong by going up the hill from the pub instead of down, they panted past us in a flurry of tartan. As partly expected, we turned off the narrow road and on to the lengthy, narrow footpath that we have gone along in the past. Dogs Flora and Willow (aka 'The Dark Destroyer') did their best to barge

<sup>1</sup> Beautiful and bright



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past Lilo, MessengerBoy, Swallow, Donut and Twanky and try to knock us over or trip us up during their front-to-back-and-back-again forays. Luckily, we all stayed upright.

We squished across any number of wet shiggy fields, enjoying the superb countryside views. I found myself in the pleasant company of Lungs, touching on a wide variety of subjects during our conversation. Since we were walking quite rapidly we put some distance between us and the Pack, becoming FWBs (Front Walking B\*stards 🤪). We reached the Regroup. It must have been a little while after the runners since we could find no trace of Foxy's Beaver. We found out later that Spot had bagged our furry friend. After the split between the runners and walkers' Trails we got it right at every Check, picking the correct way to go using a combination of experience, guile and sheer luck. Until we got it wrong! Doh! It had been going so well. I have to throw up my hand and admit it was my recommendation that we took the wrong lane out of the selection of two – the Down Down Lungs received for apparently being responsible may have been due to a slight error on my part when I reported the incident to the RA later... 😞



A lot of text on this page so here's a photo of some pretty snowdrops we saw during the Trail.

We backtracked, seeing Donut, Swallow, Spot, Number2 and a number of others hurtling away from us in the right direction. We caught up with

them next to a paddock where a group of very woolly sheep and their demon-eyed goat friends regarded us suspiciously. We plunged into a forest, winding our way between fallen trees on a narrow, earth path. Heavy breathing sounded behind us before a polite tenor voice enquired, "Can I go past please?" What manners has DipStick. A true gent. He plodded past, dressed in a selection of running gear even Vivienne Westwood might have found visually challenging.

It wasn't too long before Lungs and I came out on to the road that leads downhill (lovely) to the pub, warmth and a friendly welcome from the new landlord.

In the pub, Donut, Gannet, MessengerBoy and Twanky enjoyed some games (supplied by the pub) of Shut The Box... until Dorothy and Number2 eased the game over towards them, putting Donut and Twanky out of the action, the cads! Spot had placed Foxy's Beaver on his table and I asked Cloggs (also at that table) to pass her over for a photograph, since she was sporting a rather racy little cloak. On picking her up we realised she was quite damp (presumably from a recent spot of lodge repair). I'm not sure whether it was Cloggs or me who mentioned, "Oh you don't want a moist beaver..." with the sentence trailing off and the simultaneous raise of a marginally embarrassed eyebrow. Ah well, I'm sure Spot would have plied the hairdryer when he got her home. 🐻

'The best-laid schemes o'mice an' men gang aft agley'; however, this was yet another fine Trail laid by the busy Foxy and Floater. Many thanks to them.

### On On Hashgate

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

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



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## DOWN DOWNS – WE’LL TAK A CUP O’ KINDNESS YET

**F**oxy was not only a Hare but also the RA today. She awarded the following ‘wee deoch an’ doris’<sup>2</sup> Downs in the tightly packed wooden extension by the pub entrance. If I understand correctly she forgot to award a Down to Bomber for peeing on some of the flour blobs with which the Hares had laid the Trail. Sorry, you’ll have to ask him if you want to learn more. See below for the Monty Python ‘Horace’ poem read by Foxy, Bomber and Floater before she handed out the awards. 😊

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Spot	Given a ‘Flaps’ chocolate bar for finding Foxy’s Beaver.
Dorothy	Spotted a Hare laying flour while he drove to the pub but couldn’t figure out which way the Trail actually went when he came to run it. Doh!
Gannet	Dire parking and advising people that his slightly bald patch is a solar panel that fuels a ‘sex machine’. Oh dear.
Lungs	She not only dumped her usual walking companion Motox for me but insisted on going the wrong way at that Check...
Lilo	She asked Zebedee why he was wearing a green frog on his head when it was clearly the Loch Ness Monster. 🐸
Number2	He couldn’t figure out whether he was with the running group or the walking group.
Bomber	Presented the David apron by Ms Whiplash for his pseudo-Scottish hat and beard.
Ms Whiplash Florence	Happy Birthday to them!
McFoxy McFloater	Our ‘sgoinneil’ <sup>3</sup> Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2480	01Feb26	<b>The Ferryboat</b> High St, Whitchurch-on-Thames Reading RG8 7DB What3Words: hobbit.darts.zones Parking TBC.	Florence Zebedee
2481	08Feb26	<b>The Royal Oak</b> 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst Reading RG31 5NW What3Words: marked.slick.path	Plod Motox

## DAISY’S DREAM RAFFLE

You, and anyone you know are welcome to enter the raffle to win a free place in this year’s Reading ½ Marathon. Tickets only £5 at <https://www.givewheel.com/fundraising/12380/berkshire-hash-house-harriers-charity-raffle-win-a/> 100% of the money raised will go to the charity. For more details, see the email sent to you on January 22<sup>nd</sup> entitled ‘BH3 Daisy's Dream Raffle Opportunity’. You don’t have to run if you win... 😊

<sup>2</sup> A small drink by the door

<sup>3</sup> brilliant



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### HORACE BY MONTY PYTHON

Much to his Mum and Dad's dismay,  
Horace ate himself one day.  
He didn't stop to say his grace,  
He just sat down and ate his face.  
"We can't have this!" His Dad declared,  
"If that lad's ate, he should be shared."  
But even as they spoke they saw,  
Horace eating more and more:  
First his legs and then his thighs,  
His arms, his nose, his hair, his eyes...  
"Stop him someone!" Mother cried,  
"Those eyeballs would be better fried!"  
But all too late, for they were gone,  
And he had started on his dong...  
"Oh! foolish child!" the father mourns,  
"You could have deep fried that with prawns,  
Some parsley and some tartar sauce..."  
But H. was on his second course:  
His liver and his lights and lung,  
His ears, his neck, his chin, his tongue;  
"To think I raised him from the cot,  
And now he's going to scoff the lot!"  
His Mother cried: "What shall we do?  
What's left won't even make a stew..."  
And as she wept her son was seen,  
To eat his head, his heart, his spleen.  
And there he lay, a boy no more,  
Just a stomach, on the floor...  
None the less, since it was his,  
They ate it - that's what haggis is. \*

\* No it isn't. Ed. Haggis is a kind of stuffed black pudding eaten by the Scots and considered by them to be not only a delicacy but fit for human consumption. The minced heart, liver, and lungs of a sheep, calf or other animal's inner organs are mixed with oatmeal, sealed and boiled in maw in the sheep's intestinal stomach-bag and... Excuse me a minute. Ed.